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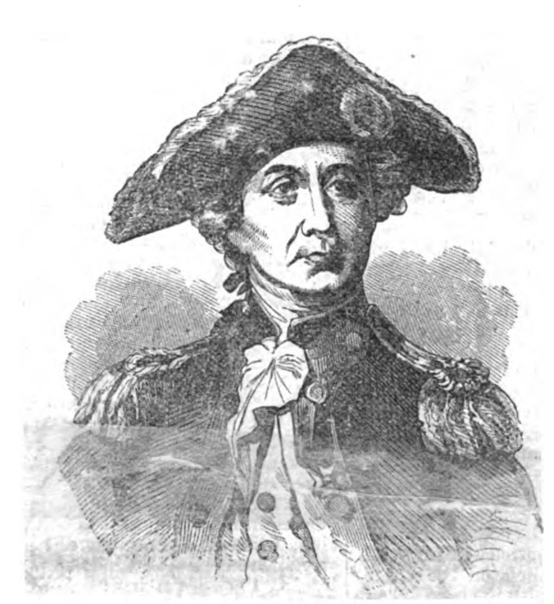

Paul Jones

John Paul Jones—The Washington of the American Navy—Its Founder—The First to Hoist the American Flag and Secure its Recognition—No Pirate—A Freemason.

John Paul Jones was born July 6, 1747, on the estate of Arbingland, in the parish of Kukbean, in Scotland. His grandfather was a gardener. John Paul, the father of our hero, followed the same occupation. The estate of Arbingland, occupying a jutting promontory of the Galloway shore, was well suited to cherish an adventurous temperament, and create an inclination for the sea. While yet a mere child he hoisted his flag on board his mimic ship, and issued audible mandates to his imaginary officers and crew, with all the consequence of a legimitate commander. At the age of twelve years, with the consent of his parents, he crossed the Frith of Solway to Whitehaven, opposite his father's residence, to be bound apprentice to Mr. Younger, a merchant in the American trade.

Paul soon after went to sea in the *Friendship*, Capt. Benson, bound to the Rappahannock. While in port he passed his time on shore with his brother William, who had married and settled at Fredericksburg, Va. Paul studied closely, particularly navigation. His good conduct and aptitude for knowledge secured the good will of Mr. Younger, but becoming embarrassed he surrendered his indentures. He was immediately employed as third mate of the *King George*, slaver, of Whitehaven.

1766, only nineteen years of age, he became the chief mate of the brigantine *Two Friends*, a slaver of Jamacia. The slave trade was exceedingly profitable, building up the early fortunes of Bristol, Liverpool and other ports of England, and enterprising young men generally enlisted in it. John Paul became disgusted at the cruelties and horrors of the slave traffic and abandoned it, notwithstanding the lucrative inducements held out to him.

After several voyages Paul attempted agriculture, and the American Revolution found him in the retirement of the country, and overwhelmed by penury. He became identified with the colonies, sympathized with their cause, became enthusiastic for America, and, filled with a spirit of adventure and a chivalrous longing for glory, he offered to Congress his services in the navy. The following from his own pen indicates his mind in espousing the American cause, written to Baron Capellan, and provoked by being stigmatized as a pirate and a rebel:

> "I was indeed born in Britain; but I do not inherit the degenerate spirit of that fallen nation, which I at once lament and despise. It is far beneath me to reply to their hireling invectives. They are strangers to the inward approbation that greatly animates and rewards the man who draws his sword only in support of the dignity of freedom. America has been the country of my fond election from the age of thirteen, when I first saw it. I had the honor to hoist with my own hands the flag of freedom, the first time it was displayed on the Delaware, and I have attended it with veneration ever since, on the ocean."

His services were accepted, and he was commissioned as a lieutenant in the navy, December 22, 1775, the following resolution: "Resolved, that the following naval officers be appointed: * * * John Paul Jones." [His name was *John Paul*, but on account of the feelings of his friends, whom he supposed would espouse the loyal cause, he from this period was known as John Paul Jones]. He was appointed first lieutenant of the *Alfred* flag-ship, and, when the commander-in-chief came on board of her, *Jones hoisted the American flag with his own hands*, being the first time it was ever displayed. It represented a pine tree, with a rattlesnake coiled at its root, as if about to strike. Our present national standard was not adopted until two years later. Jones had been offered the command of the sloop *Providence*, which he declined; because, as he says, he had never sailed in a sloop, and considered that rank the most acceptable in which he could be most useful in a moment of public calamity, thus obeying his Masonic lesson, not to accept any position for which he was not qualified.

Jones was now in the twenty-ninth year of his age, with excellent health, graceful and active figure, and capable of enduring great fatigue. It is universally agreed that if his character had been comprehended at the first, the events leading to our independence would have been much accelerated. An English biographer observes:

> "It is singular that during the first five years of the American navy, with the exception of Paul Jones, no man of any talent is to be found directing its operations. Had it not been for the exertions of this individual, who was unsupported by fortune or connection, it is very probable that the American naval power would have gradually disappeared."

The first American squadron was intended to act against Lord Dunmore, who was ravaging the shores of Virginia. The Delaware freezing up, its course was shaped for the Bahama Islands. The best account of it is that of Jones's journal, drawn up by himself for Louis the Sixteenth, and read by this unfortunate king shortly before his execution.

The squadron captured sixteen prizes in forty-seven days, attacked the British ship Glasgow, entered the harbor of New Providence, carried away a hundred cannon, other military stores, and the Governor, broke up the fishery of Canso and destroyed the shipping of Madan. His tact may be seen in the case of the frigate *Solebay*, which he supposed to be a merchantman.

After a chase of four hours by the wind, with a heavy sea, the *Solebay* had got within musket shot, on the lee quarter of the *Providence*, keeping up a fire with her bow chasers, which Jones returned with his light guns, his colors being kept flying. Capture seemed inevitable; but Jones had no thought of yielding while a single expedient remained untried. He had gradually edged away until he had brought the *Solebay* on his weather quarter, when, putting his helm suddenly up, he stood dead before the wind, setting all his light sails together. This manœuvre brought the vessels within pistol shot; but, before the *Solebay* could imitate it, the *Providence* had got a considerable start, and, sailing better than the *Solebay* with the wind aft, she escaped. Jones subsequently had an encounter with the British frigate *Milford*, off the Isle of Sable, from which he escaped with equal success, and some little display of bravado. He was lying to, in order to allow his men to fish, when the *Milford* was first seen. He made sail to try his speed, and, finding he had the advantage, shortened sail again, to let the *Milford* approach near enough to waste her ammunition. The ship, as he expected, kept up her fire at a great distance, occasionally rounding to and discharging her broadside. "He excited my contempt so much," said Paul Jones, in his report of the cruise to the Marine Committee, "by his continued firing at more than twice the proper distance, that when he rounded to, to give his broadside, I ordered my marine officer to return the salute with only a single musket."

His next expedition was to capture the coal fleet and break up the fishery at Cape Breton, and liberate 100 Americans confined at hard labor in the mines. He took a brig and its cargo of dry goods, three coal vessels, a scow laden with fish, a Liverpool letter of marque, and an armed ship with clothing for the troops of the enemy. He destroyed transports and a warehouse of oil.

Jones's reward was to be superseded in command, and placed eighteenth in the list of Captains, whereas in the original appointment he was the fifth. Some, upon entering the navy, were placed at once before him in rank. He maintained the sacredness of his "rank," but he failed not to do his duty because sons of more respectable and influential families were preferred. Jones's Masonic lessons operating on his honorable mind prevented his spirit of discontent, unlike Arnold's, from ripening into treason.

Congress, by resolution, authorized Jones to choose the best ship purchaseable in Boston, and fit out "until better provision could be made for him."

To Robert Morris, a member of the Marine Committee, and his steadfast friend, he addressed suggestions respecting the navy, which have been finally adopted, showing his sound discriminating judgment and practical good sense.

Paul's affectionate regard for his family is seen at this time, by forwarding power of attorney to his friend in Virginia to close his accounts, and send the balance to his mother in Scotland, for her support.

Paul was ordered by Congress to France to take command of a heavy ship, to be purchased in Europe. Congress next ordered Jones to the command of the *Ranger*, a new ship, built for the service at Portsmouth. The following are the resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

"*Resolved*, That Captain John Paul Jones be appointed to command the ship *Ranger*.

"*Resolved*, That William Whipple, Esquire, Member of Congress and of the Marine Committee, John Langdon, Esquire, Continental Agent, and the said John Paul Jones, be authorized to appoint lieutenants and other commissioned and warrant officers necessary for the said ship."

Jones was the first to hoist the new flag of the Republic as he was the first to hoist the original one, with his own hands, two years before.

The *Ranger* was crank, but Jones made two prizes, and chased a fleet of ten sail under strong convoy. He was consulted by the French Commissioners, and it is now conceded that if his plans had been fully and promptly adopted, the war would have quickly ended.

February 22, 1778, he secured the first recognition of the American flag, in the fullest manner, by the flag of France, in the firing of salutes. This was, in fact, an acknowledgement of American independence.

April 10, 1778, he commenced the wonderful attack upon the British coast itself. He took a brigantine between Scilly and Cape Clear, ran into the Irish Channel, took a ship laden with porter and other goods, bound from London to Dublin; entered Whitehaven itself, spiked its guns, and said he had done enough to show

"That not all their boasted navy could protect their own coasts, and that the scenes of distress which they have occasioned in America might soon be brought home to their own doors."

It is creditable to Jones's humanity, that he mentions as a gratifying circumstance, that in the course of this well contrived and most coolly executed service, not one of his own men or of the enemy was either killed or wounded.

Few naval enterprises exhibit a character of greater daring and originality than this descent on Whitehaven. The hardihood with which it was conceived, and the imperturbable coolness with which it was executed, cannot be surpassed. As to the propriety of attempting to destroy such an amount of private property, it was amply justified, as it was provoked and occasioned, by the burnings and devastations of the British on our own coasts.

On reaching the *Ranger*, Jones stood over to the Scotch shore. He had conceived the project of endeavoring to get possession of the person of the Earl of Selkirk, who had an estate near Kirkcudbright, on a beautiful wooded promontory, which makes out into the river Dee, about a mile below the town, and is known as St. Mary's Isle. Jones thought that the possession of this nobleman's person might be rendered useful in an exchange for some distinguished American prisoner, and in bringing about a general system of exchanges, to which England had hitherto shown a reluctance.

With this motive Jones now stood boldly into Kirkcudbright bay, and started with a single boat on this extraordinary errand. Landing on St. Mary's Isle, he was informed by some men whom he met as he was proceeding towards the house, that Lord Selkirk was absent from home. According to his own account, he was about to return to his boat, on hearing this information, but some of his officers expressed a great desire to take away the family plate, in conformity with the universal custom of the English on our coast. Jones seems to have yielded reluctantly to the discontented muttering of his officers, in giving them permission to seize the plate. He did not like the errand, as he did not go upon it himself; and he charged Simpson, his first lieutenant, who accompanied him on this occasion, to perform the service with all possible delicacy. Paul Jones remained on the shore, while Simpson went to the house with the boat's crew, armed with cutlasses and pistols. On reaching the house, they were taken for a pressgang, or the crew of a revenue cutter. Lady Selkirk, who happened to be at home, sent a servant to ask their business and offer them refreshment. The first thing that excited suspicion, was the officers rejecting the whisky which was offered to them, and calling for wine. Simpson now went into the house, accompanied by another officer, and stated his errand to Lady Selkirk. The breakfast things were not yet removed, and the teapot was emptied and sent away, together with the rest of the plate, which the butler busied himself in collecting. No violence or incivility was offered to any one, and the party having fulfilled its errand, withdrew.

That Jones did not approve of the abstraction of this silver, was afterwards made evident by the earnestness with which he labored for its restoration.

The boldness of Jones had alarmed the whole coast, and the Drake, with a crew of 160 men, started in pursuit of the *Ranger*. The *Drake* sent out a boat to reconnoitre. Jones so managed the *Ranger* that the boat was deceived, and he took its officer a prisoner. Alarm smokes were now seen on both sides of the channel.

As the *Drake* came up astern of the *Ranger*, in mid-channel, she hailed and asked what ship it was. Paul Jones directed his sailing-master to reply, "The American Continental ship, *Ranger!* we are waiting for you! come on!" At this time the sun was little more than an hour high.

Paul Jones now ordered his helm put up, and sheering across the enemy's bow, poured in the first broadside; the fire was returned with equal energy, so soon as the enemy could imitate the manœuvre, and, as the two ships ran, broadside and broadside was kept up obstinately at close quarters for more than an hour, at the end of which time the *Drake* was very much cut up. Her fore and maintopsail ties were shot away, and the yards came down on the cap; the foretop-gallant yard and mizen gaft hung up and down the masts, her ensign towing overboard astern from the gaft, and her jib-stay was shot away so that the sail hung in the water. Her sails and rigging were much cut up, many of her spars badly wounded, and her hull much shattered. When the action had continued an hour and four minutes, the Captain of the *Drake* received a musket ball in his head, immediately after which the crew called for quarter, and the action ceased. The *Drake* was found to have lost, in killed and wounded, no fewer than forty-two of her company. The loss of the *Ranger* was a lieutenant and one seaman, and six wounded.

In estimating the brilliancy of this victory it is necessary to take into consideration not only that the *Drake* was of superior force to the *Ranger* by two guns. and in a still greater proportion with regard to her crew; but also that the *Drake* belonged to a regularly established navy, whose ships were everywhere accustomed to conquer, whilst the equipping of the *Ranger* was among the earliest efforts of a new and imperfectly organized service. The result was eminently due to the skill and courage of Jones, and his inflexible determination to conquer.

To Lady Selkirk he addressed, upon his arrival at Brest, the following letter:

"Madam—It cannot be too much lamented, that, in the profession of arms, the officer of fine feelings and real sensibility should be under the necessity of winking at any action of persons under his command, which his heart cannot approve; but the reflection is doubly severe when he finds himself obliged, in appearance, to countenance such actions by his authority. This hard case was mine, when, on the 23d of April last, I landed on St. Mary's Isle. Knowing Lord Selkirk's interest with his King, and esteeming as I do his private character, I wished to make him the happy instrument of alleviating the horrors of hopeless captivity, when the brave are overpowered and made prisoners of war. It was perhaps fortunate for you, Madam, that he was from home; for it was my intention to have taken him on board the *Ranger*, and detained him until, through his means, a general and fair exchange of prisoners, as well in Europe as in America, had been effected.

"When I was informed, by some men whom I met at landing, that his Lordship was absent, I walked back to my boat, determined to leave the island. By the way, however, some officers who were with me could not forbear expressing their discontent. observing that in America no delicacy was shown by the English, who took away all sorts of movable property, setting fire not only to towns and to the houses of the rich, without distinction, but not even sparing the wretched hamlets and milk cows of the poor and helpless, at the approach of an inclement winter. That party had been with me the same morning at Whitehaven; some complaisance, therefore, was their due. I had but a moment to think how I might gratify them, and at the same time do your Ladyship the least injury. I charged the officers to permit none of the seamen to enter the house, or to hurt anything about it; to treat you, Madam, with the utmost respect; to accept of the plate which was offered, and to come away without making a search, or demanding any thing else. I am induced to believe that I was punctually obeyed, since I am informed that the plate which they brought away is far short of the quantity expressed in the inventory which accompanied it. I have gratified my men; and when the plate is sold, I shall become the purchaser, and will gratify my own feelings by restoring it to you by such conveyance as you shall please to direct.

"Had the Earl been on board the *Ranger* the following evening, he would have seen the awful pomp and dreadful carnage of a sea engagement; both affording ample subject for the pencil, as well as melancholy reflection for the contemplative mind. Humanity starts back from such scenes of horror, and cannot sufficiently execrate the vile promoters of this detestable war.

'For they, 't was they unsheathed the ruthless blade,
And Heaven shall ask the havoc it has made.'

"The British ship of war *Drake*, mounting twenty guns, with more than her full complement of officers and men, was our opponent. The ships met, and the advantage was disputed with great fortitude on each side for an hour and four minutes, when the gallant commander of the *Drake* fell, and victory declared in favor of the *Ranger*. The amiable lieutenant lay mortally wounded, besides nearly forty of the inferior officers and crew killed and wounded—a melancholy demonstration of the uncertainty of human prospects, and of the sad reverses of fortune which an hour can produce. I buried them in a spacious grave, with the honors due to the memory of the brave.

"Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the rights of men, yet I am not in arms as an American, nor am I in pursuit of riches. My fortune is liberal enough, having no wife nor family, and having lived long enough to know that riches cannot secure happiness. I profess myself a citizen

Masonic [illegible] Association
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of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of climate or of country, which diminish the benevolence of the heart and set bounds to philanthropy. Before this war was begun, I had, at an early time of life, withdrawn from sea service in favor of 'calm contemplation and poetic ease.' I have sacrificed not only my favorite scheme of life, but the softer affections of the heart, and my prospects of domestic happiness, and I am ready to sacrifice my life also, with cheerfulness, if that forfeiture could restore peace among mankind.

"As the feelings of your gentle bosom cannot but be congenial with mine, let me entreat you, Madam, to use your persuasive art with your husband, to endeavor to stop this cruel and destructive war, in which Britain can never succeed. Heaven can never countenance the barbarous and unmanly practice of the Britons in America, which savages would blush at, and which, if not discontinued, will soon be rataliated on Britain by a justly enraged people. Should you fail in this, and I am persuaded you will attempt it, (and who can resist the power of such an advocate?) your endeavors to effect a general exchange of prisoners will be an act of humanity, which will afford you golden feelings on your death-bed.

"I hope this cruel contest will soon be closed; but, should it continue, I wage no war with the fair."

The plate was restored through Captain Jones's efforts.

Enviable as was Capt. Jones's position, he found himself beset with difficulties. His draft was dishonored as Congress was straitened for funds. He had 200 prisoners of war, his own sick and wounded, his almost naked crew, a ship in want of stores, all to provide for. He said:

"I know not where to find to-morrow's dinner for the great number of mouths that depend on me for food. Are the Continental ships of war to depend on the sale of their prizes for a daily dinner to their men?"

His Journal for the King tells how he extricated himself.

"Yet during that time, by his personal credit with Count D'Orvilliers, the Duke de Chartres, and the Intendant of Brest, he fed his people and prisoners, cured his wounded, and refitted both the *Ranger* and *Drake* for sea."

Jones, by his capture, mainly enabled his Masonic brother and friend, Dr. Franklin, to negotiate effectually for an exchange of prisoners.

His Masonic charity is seen in his treatment of prisoners:

The interest which he took in securing kind treatment to his prisoners, whilst he watched over their safe keeping, is most creditable to his feelings. In a letter addressed to Franklin, inclosing a memorial of the prisoners, he thus expresses himself, with characteristic warmth, concerning the person who supplied them. The fellow who holds the rod over their wretched heads has menaced them, if they dare to complain, and would have intercepted their memorial, had I not prevented it.

Paul Jones was left for months in France, unoccupied, and chafing under his disappointment. This arose from jealousies on the part of French officers, pecuniary embarrassments, and from that same commissioner who was the foe of Franklin, and equally of Jones and of every other patriot of genius.

Jones happened one day to be looking over an old number of Franklin's Pennsylvania Almanac, when his attention was struck with the saying of poor Richard; "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." It immediately occurred to him, that the delay of his own business was in no slight degree owing to his having so long remained at a distance, sending letters to court, instead of going to attend to it in person. He set out forthwith for the capital, and made such good speed in his errand, that, ere many days had elapsed, he received from the reluctant M. de Sartine the following conclusive letter, dated at Versailles, on the 4th of February, 1779.

"To John Paul Jones, Esq., Commander of the American Navy in Europe:

"Sir, I announce to you that, in consequence of the exposition I have laid before the King, of the distinguished manner in which you have served the United States, and of the entire confidence which your conduct has merited from Congress, his Majesty has thought proper to place you in command of the ship *Duras*, of forty guns, at present at L'Orient. * * The commission, which was given to you at your departure from America, will authorize you to hoist the flag of the United States, and you will likewise make use of the authority which has been vested in you to procure a crew of Americans; but, as you may find difficulty in raising a sufficient number, the King permits you to levy volunteers, until you obtain men enough in addition to those who will be necessary to sail the ship. It shall be my care to procure the necessary officers, and you may be assured that I shall contribute every aid in my power to promote the success of your enterprise. * * So flattering a mark of the confidence with which you are honored, cannot but encourage you to use all your zeal in the common cause; and I am persuaded that you will justify, on every occasion, my favorable opinion of you. * * According to your desire, I consent that the *Duras* take the name of the *Bon Homme Richard*."

Feeling that his final success in obtaining a command had been owing to his having adopted the good advice which he had met with in Dr. Franklin's Almanac, and out of compliment to the sage, for whom his veneration was so unbounded, Paul Jones had asked leave, as appears by M. Sartine's letter, to give the ship of which the command was now conferred upon him the name of the *Bon Homme Richard*, the *Poor Richard*, a name which his heroism was destined to render as enduring as his own.

The original object of the French Government in furnishing Jones with a command, was not only to take advantage of his brilliant courage and seaman-like skill, but also of his commission as an American officer, to carry on a more harrassing system of warfare on the British coast, justified by the conduct of the British on our coast, and to put a stop to their inhumanity.

Lafayette asked to be united with Jones, and he was appointed supreme in land attacks, as Jones was on the sea. Franklin gave to these two eminent Masons such instructions and advice as a Masonic and wise stateman would give.

At this junction Spain proposed entering the alliance against England, and Lafayette was withdrawn to command the army of invasion of England. Jones was ordered to drive the enemy's cruisers out of the Bay of Biscay, and give convoy to vessels to and from coast ports.

Jones was next ordered to cruise off to the West coast of Ireland; notwithstanding the desertion of a barge and two vessels, the loss of another boat, and the treachery and disobedience of Laudais of the Alliance, severe gales and separation of ships, Jones captured valuable prizes and made a descent upon Leith. His summons to surrender begins:

The Honorable J. Paul Jones, Commander-in-chief of the American Squadron, now in Europe, to the Worshipful Provost of Leith, or, in his absence, to the Chief Magistrate, who is now actually present, and in authority there.

In it he says:

I do not wish to distress the poor inhabitants; my intention is only to demand your contribution towards the reimbursement which Britain owes to the much injured citizens of the United States—for savages would blush at the unmanly violation and rapacity that have marked the tracks of British tyranny in America, from which neither virgin innocence nor helpless age has been a plea of protection or pity.

Leith and its port now lie at our mercy; and, did not our humanity stay the hand of just retaliation, I should, without advertisement, lay it in ashes.

A violent gale sprung up, and compelled Jones to run out the Firth. The people believe that the prayer of the eccentric minister of the place, Rev. Mr. Shirra, secured the divine interposition. The prayer ran as follows:

"Now, deer Lord, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile piret to rob our folk o'Kirkaldy? for ye ken they're puir enow already, and hae naething to spaire. The wa the ween blaws, he'll be here in a jiffie, and wha kens what he may do? He's nae too guid for ony thing. Meickle's the mischief he has dune already. He'll burn their hooses, tak their very claes and tirl them to the sark; and wae's me! wha kens but the bluidy villain might take their lives? The puir weemen are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns skirling after them. I canna thol't it! I canna thol't it! I hae been long a faithful servant to ye, Laird; but gin ye dinna turn the ween about, and blaw the scoundrel out of our gate, I'll na staur a fit, but will just sit here till the tide comes. Sae tak yere wull o't."

(To be continued.)

◆

We have no one agent with powers greater than another. *Every agent* for whom we are responsible must have the seal of the office.

PAUSE AND REFLECT.

By Bro. Cavan. (Always welcome to the National Freemason.)

One mistake—oh, do not do it;
One mistake, however small,
May have power to make you rue it
Long as Time's own footsteps fall!

One mistake—oh, do not do it,
Ne'er again can you recall
The abasement that runs through it,
The remembrance of a Fall!

One mistake—oh, do not do it,
Bitter—bitterer than gall
Is the after-taste; eschew it,
By His aid, who's All in All!

But if one—a friend—should do it,
Censure gently, if at all;
For, remember, He who knew it,
Loves to pardon all who fall!

MASONIC CAROL FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of God.

Ring out the shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

THE BETTER AGE.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

When, after days of dreary rain, a space
Of clear, soft blue, between the parting clouds,
Opens on the drenched fields and dripping woods,
The tillers of the soil are glad and say
The storm is overpast; for well they know
That in the clear, blue spot begins the reign
Of sunshine. Broader shall the opening grow
As through the throng of clouds the western wind
Goes forth, a conqueror, and scatters them,
And sweeps them from the glorious cope of heaven.
Thus, in the tasks of mercy that engage
The minds and hands of thousands, we behold
Signs of a glorious future. They who watch
Beside the sick beds of the poor, who seek
And lead the erring back to the right way,
And heal the wounded spirit with the balm
Of pity, and hold back the cruel hand
That smites the helpless; they whose labors win
The outcast hater of his kind to feel
The power of goodness, and shed penitent tears,
Are God's elected agents to bring in
The better age. With gladness and with thanks
We number mercy's triumphs, and our hopes
Go forward to the glorious train of years
When all the clouds of strife that darken earth
And hide the face of heaven, shall roll away:
And, like a calm, sweet sunshine, peace and love
Shall light the drearest walks of human life.

A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Hark!
The Old Year is gone!
And the young New Year is coming!
Through minutes, and days, and unknown skies,
My soul on her forward journey flies,
Over the regions of rain and snow,
And beyond where the wild March-trumpets blow;
And I see the meadows, all cowslip strown,
And I dream of the dove in the greenwood lone,
And the wild bee humming:
And all because the New Year is coming!

The winter is cold, the winter is gray,
But he hath not a sound on his tongue to-day;
The son of the stormy autumn, he
Totters about on a palsied knee,
With a frozen heart and a feeble head:
Let us pierce a barrel, and drink him dead!
The fresh New Year is almost here,
Let us warm him with mistletoe boughs, my dear!
Let us welcome him hither with songs and wine,
Who holdeth such joys in his arms divine!
What is the past to you or me,
But a thing that was, and was to be?
And now it is gone to a world unknown,
Its deeds are done, its flight is flown!

Hark to the past! In a bitter tone
It crieth, "The good Old Year is flown,"—
The sire of a thousand thoughtful hours,
Of a thousand songs, of a thousand flowers!
Ah! why, thou ungrateful child of rhyme,
Rail'st thou at the deeds of our father Time?
Hath he not fed thee, day by day,
With fancies that soothe thy soul away?
Hath he not 'wakened, with pleasant pain,
The muse that slept in thy teeming brain?
Hath he not—ah! dost thou forget
All the amount of the mighty debt?

Hush, hush! The little I owe to time
I'll pay him, some day, with a moody rhyme,—
Full of phantasms, dark and drear,
As the shadows thrown down by the old, Old Year,—
Dim as the echoes that lately fell
From the deep night's funeral bell,
Sounding hollow o'er hill and vale,
Like the close of a mournful tale!

. . . . In the meantime,—speak, trump and drum!
The year is gone! the year is come!
The fresh New Year, the bright New Year,
That telleth of hope and joy, my dear!
Let us model our spirit to chance and change,
Let us lesson our spirit to hope, and range
Through pleasures to come, through years unknown,
But never forget the time that's flown!

◆

Ancient Celebration of St. John's Day.—Immediately after the election of office-bearers for the year ensuing, the brethren walk in procession three times around the Cross, and afterwards dine together under the presidency of the newly elected Grand Master. Abont six in the evening the members again turn out, and form into line, two abreast, each bearing a lighted flambeau, and decorated with their peculiar emblems and insignia. Headed by the heraldic banners of the Lodge, the procession follows the same route three times around the Cross, and then proceeds to the Abbey. On these occasions the crowded streets present a scene of the most animated description. The joyous strains of a well conducted band, the waving torches and incessant shower of fireworks, make the scene a carnival. But at this time the venerable Abbey is the chief point of attraction and resort; and, as the mystic torch-bearers thread their way through the mouldering aisles and round its massive pillars, the outlines of its gorgeous ruins become singularly illuminated, and are brought into bold and striking relief. The whole extent of the Abbey is, with a measured step and slow, gone three times round. But when, near the finale, the whole Masonic body gather to the chancel, and, forming one grand semicircle around it, where the heart of King Robert Bruce lies deposited near the high altar, and the band strikes up the patriotic air, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," the effect produced is overwhelming. Midst showers of rockets and the glare of blue-lights the scene closes, the whole reminding one of some popular saturnalia held in the monkish town during the middle ages.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE ISLAND OF INCHMALLOW.

John English, walking up from Normanford to Cliff Cottage on Thursday evening, was overtaken by Brackenridge. "Your purpose still holds good, I suppose, to go off to the island to-morrow?" said the latter, after the usual greetings. "You could not have more favorable weather—mild and bright, and no frost."

"I have not forgotten my promise," said John, "and I certainly intend to keep it."

"I have arranged for a boat to be ready for you at half-past ten, as agreed on," said the chemist. "For myself, I am going from home to-morrow, and shall not be back for nearly a week."

A mild and genial morning was that of Friday, but less bright and sunny than the mornings of several preceding days had been, and John English's practiced eye told him that a change of weather was impending. "It will hold fair till I get back," he said, as he scanned the clouds again; and then he set off at a rapid pace on his way to Finger Bay. The distance was only six miles and a half, and that was nothing of a walk to John English.

He had got beyond the toll-bar on the Eastringham road—beyond the toll-bar, but not quite so far as the lodge of Ashleigh Park, when he heard the approaching clatter of hoofs on the hard road behind him. He did not look round; but the sound ceased close at his elbow, and a voice that thrilled him, a voice that he loved to hear better than any other in the world, addressed him: "Mr. English, of all people in the world! Why have you been so long without coming to see us at Belair?

John turned and took the little hand so frankly proffered, and bared his head for a moment as his long brown fingers closed softly over it.

"Do you not know," he said, "that I received a polite *congé* from Lady Spencelaugh several weeks ago?"

"I know nothing of the kind," replied Frederica; "neither can I in any way account for such treatment. Sir Philip has asked after you several times, and I was obliged to put him off with some vague excuse, being myself at a loss to understand why you had never come up to Belair since the last occasion on which you dined there."

"You cannot be more at a loss than I am, Miss Spencelaugh, to account for my sudden dismissal."

"It cannot be accounted for," said Frederica. "But Lady Spencelaugh is mistress of her own house, and has the privilege of doing as she likes in such cases. And so enough of an unpleasant topic. Will you take a commission from me, Mr. English?"

John signified how happy it would make him to do so.

"I want you to obtain for me a complete set of your Roman photographs," said Frederica. "By what day can you get them for me?"

"I shall have to write to London for them, and can hardly get them down before Tuesday."

"On Tuesday, then, I shall expect them. But do not send them up to the Hall, Mr. English; bring them up yourself, that is, if you are not otherwise engaged. On Tuesday, between eleven and three, remember. And now I must bid you good morning, for my way lies down here to Ashleigh Park."

"One word before you go," said John. "Sir Philip Spencelaugh—is he better than when I saw him last?"

Frederica's dark eyes turned on John with an almost tearful look. She shook her head sadly, "He is no better," she said. "He never leaves the house now. I dare not trust myself to say more. Adieu!"

John stood like one spell-bound till the last flutter of Frederica's vail was lost among the trees. He had seen her again and she had smiled kindly on him, and he was to see her again the following week—so ran the joyous burden of his thoughts as he went on his way through lane and coppice, and solitary by-paths where no human being seemed to have been for years, till the ocean burst suddenly on his view, and there below him was Finger Bay, with a man pacing the beach and a tiny boat moored to the rocks. John found a rude footway by which he scrambled down to the shore; and on approaching was surprised to find that the man he had seen was none other than Jerry Winch. 'Brackenridge has surely never sent *him* to row me across to the island," muttered John to himself.

"Good morning, Jerry," he said as he drew near. "What are you doing at this out-of-the-way spot?"

The lad took of his conical hat, and gave one of his sweeping old-fashioned bows. "Jerry is here to row the gentleman across to Inchmallow," he said.

"I was not aware that the art of rowing was among your accomplishments," said John.

"Jerry knows how to row," said the lad, quietly. "He has been to Inchmallow often with people in summer-time to see the ruins. He could find his way there and back in the dark."

"In that case we will start at once," said John, as he led the way to the boat. He was fond of rowing, and the anticipated pleasure of a good pull had been one great inducement for making the excursion; stripping off his coat he now took the stroke oar, and having pulled out into deep water Jerry set the boat's head for Inchmallow, which was only just visible this morning through the haze.

A long, silent pull through the green water, swelling as gently just now as any summer sea—for there had been nearly a month of fine weather—silent, because Jerry was not talkative at the best of times, and in the presence of the great magician, which he believed John to be, it was not to be expected that he should speak except when spoken to; while John's thoughts were too bright and busy for him to care about conversation. Once or twice, while John rested on his oar for a moment, Jerry's hand wandered into the folds of his waistcoat to feel whether the amulet which Brackenridge had lent him as a safeguard against the machinations of the dread Katafango was still safe. It hung by a ribbon round his neck; and the charm itself, whatever it might be, was stitched up with variegated silks in a piece of sealskin, which smelled strongly of spices and strange drugs. Armed with this potent safeguard, Jerry felt tolerably brave, and went through the duties of the occasion without falling into a state of nervous incapacity, which was what the chemist had dreaded more than anything else.

So, after a time, the mainland began to look dim and distant through the haze; and the little rocky island of Inchmallow rose pleasantly to view out of the green waste of waters. Jerry steered the boat into a little sheltered cove, and made it fast to a large boulder, and then John stepped ashore. Whatever might have been its state of cultivation at some far distant time, the island was now wild and desolate enough to have suited the tastes of the most unsocial of hermits. It was only about a mile and a quarter in circumference, but the irregularities of its surface made it seem much larger. On three sides it presented a jagged, irregular frontage of rocks to the sea, known to frequenters of the island as "The Shark's Teeth," and ranging from ten to fifty feet above high-water mark. These rocks were fringed with a thick growth of stunted shrubs and bushes, all with their heads turned inland from the rough wintry sea-wind. The ground inside this rocky barrier was thickly carpeted with long coarse grass, and dipped down towards a central hollow, sheltered warm where lay the ruins of the hermitage.

John English, standing on the fragment of a broken pillar, took in the features of the scene. Here and there a portion of a wall was still standing, with one or two doorways and part of a small circular tower with a winding staircase inside, leading originally to a belfry, or it might be to a lookout across the sea; but beyond the arch of the chapel window, which had been spoken of by Brackenridge, and which though small in size, was of exquisite design, there was nothing worthy of John's pencil. He had brought his materials with him, and he sat down at once on the broken pillar, and began to sketch the window. An hour later, with his pipe in his mouth and his sketch-book under his arm, he wandered slowly back towards the shore. With the completion of his task his thoughts had flown back to Frederica, and it was rather by instinct than by the exercise of any other faculty that he retraced his way to the shingly cove where he had landed. The sea was at his feet; he brought himself back by an effort from the delicious dreamland in which he had been wandering, and looked around.

Jerry and the boat were gone!

But gone whither? John scrambled up on to a pinnacle of rock close by, and looked steadfastly around. There was nothing to be seen but the water in front of him and the desolate island behind, and over everything the gray mist, growing grayer and denser as the day advanced; but nowhere either Jerry or the boat. John called aloud, "Jerry! Jerry Winch! where are you?" And then he waited breathlessly, but there came no response. "The foolish fellow has grown tired with waiting and has gone round to some other point of the island," muttered John to himself, and with that he set off to explore the little domain, bounding lightly from rock to rock, examining carefully every little indentation of the shore where it was possible for a boat to lurk, calling Jerry's name at intervals; and so after a time he found himself again at the point from which he had started, having gone completely round the island; and with that the conviction burst upon his mind that he had been purposely abandoned. Once more he called Jerry by name, louder than before. After a short space of breathless silence, there came a low, fiendish "Hoo, hoo, hoo!" out of the mist, and then there was nothing but the dull plash of the waves on the shingle, and the straining beat of John's own heart.

He sat down on the shore and buried his face in his hands, and his very soul seemed to sink down into a black abyss of despair, appalled by the thought of the terrible fate in store for him. Death by starvation and hunger—such was to be his doom. During the summer months hardly a week passed without the island being visited by one or more pleasure parties, but at that dead season of the year no sane person would ever think of visiting so desolate a spot, and John knew enough of that dangerous coast to be aware that passing ships gave its hidden dangers as wide a berth as possible, and never, even in the fairest weather, ventured within hailing distance of Inchmallow. Whether his abandonment resulted from the working of some black tortuous thought in Jerry's own addled brain, or whether the simpleton had been incited to the evil deed by others, was a matter on which it were useless just then to speculate. John remembered with a pang of regret that he had not mentioned his intention of visiting Inchmallow to any one except Brackenridge, and the chemist had gone from home for several days. As for Mrs. Jakeway she would doubtless grow uneasy after a time at her lodger's continued absence; but then John had always been an unaccountable mortal, and had not unfrequently left his lodgings for two or three days together without giving his landlady any previous intimation of his intentions. Nay, even supposing that the old lady grew alarmed at his non-return, where or of whom was she to make inquiry about him? If she went to the police—what then? John was sufficiently acquainted with Jerry Winch's mental peculiarities to know that the simpleton could keep a secret, if it were to his interest to do so, with more than the cunning of a sane man. He could not help admitting that his chance of rescue was a very faint one. Months might pass away before Inchmallow were visited by a single soul; while a few days, ten or twelve at the outside, would put an end to all his troubles. This was not the first time he had borne hunger and privation; his frame was strong and hardy, and his constitution good, and he knew that he was better calculated than most people to stand such an ordeal, which, however, in the present case meant nothing more than a prolongation of suffering, for even the strongest must succumb at last. And Frederica, would she ever know his fate? Yes; weeks, or it might be months hence, when his body was found, the news would spread, and would penetrate even within the guarded precincts of Belair; and she would learn then why he had never fulfilled her commission. She would feel sorry for him of course; her gentle nature would not admit of anything less; simply sorry and nothing more. While he—but it were better not to let such thoughts carry him too far; so he arose at once and broke away from his reverie, and started to make a careful exploration of his little domain. In less than a couple of hours he had completely exhausted it, but had found nothing whatever in his search that would contribute in any way to support human life. Fortunately his flask was full of sherry, and he had four hard biscuits in his pocket. An ounce of Cavendish tobacco, a meerschaum pipe, and a box of fusees, completed the list of his possessions. He was dressed in a suit of stout winter tweed, and a Glengarry bonnet, but had no overcoat or other extra protection against the weather.

A careful examination of the ruins had shown him a small cavernous opening among the foundations of the crumbling tower. It was only about four feet in height, arched over with brickwork, and having a floor composed of dry sandy earth; and John thought himself fortunate in finding in its furthest corner a heap of dry bracken, which had been put there by some unknown person for some unknown purpose, and which he at once appropriated for his bed; here, when the short winter day had come to an end, and John had given up all hope of rescue till the morrow, he coiled himself up in the dark like a wild beast in its lair, and went to sleep; his wandering life had given him this advantage, that he could go to sleep anywhere. He awoke about two o'clock—he read off the time on his watch by the light of a fusee—and crawled out of his den to consult the weather. Fog—everywhere fog; hiding earth, sea, and sky behind its dull, dank curtain. With a shiver John crept back to bed; but sleep refused to come a second time, and he lay tossing with wide-open eyes till the tardy daylight, yellow and sickly, looked in upon him. Then he got up and walked down to the shore.

CHAPTER XX.—THE WOMAN IN GRAY.

Fog, everywhere fog; not so thick as it had been in the middle of the night, but thicker than on the previous day, and shutting him in at a distance of forty or fifty yards as with an impenetrable wall. John English could not help a sinking of the heart when he looked around; his prospect of escape seemed to him just then even more remote than on the previous day. A pipe of Cavendish constituted his breakfast. He felt ravenously hungry, but he fought against the feeling, buckling the belt round his waist a little tighter, and determined to reserve his wine and biscuits till his need should be still greater. There was a broken fountain among the ruins from which a little streamlet still welled forth as cold and pure as when centuries ago the monks first enshrined it in carven stone and filled their pitchers with its limpid freshness; and it now served John both for drinking and washing purposes. It was no use, he thought, dawdling about all day, doing nothing and letting the fog chill him to the marrow; so he set about a systematic course of pedestrian exercise, walking from one side of the island to the other at a quick pace, and then back; and this he did, with short intervals of rest, until night came on again. A mouthful of sherry, half a biscuit, a pipe of tobacco, and then to bed. He was thoroughly tired out, and slept soundly.

The third day, Sunday. No change in the weather. The fog still as heavy as before. This day was passed by John as the preceding one had been. Allowance of wine and biscuit as before. The influence of the day seemed to make itself felt even on that lonely isle; John felt more humble-minded and resigned to his fate than he had hitherto done.

The fourth day, Monday. No change, except that the fog seemed a little lighter than on the previous day. John kept up his exercise, but was obliged to rest longer and more frequently than before. He caught himself once or twice waking up from a sort of half stupor as he walked, in which he had forgotten where he was, and had fancied himself going about his ordinary avocations at Normanford That feeling of ravenous hunger which had tormented him so much previously now came on at intervals only; but in its stead he was racked with strange pains, which caught him suddenly and tortured him almost beyond endurance for a time, and then left him as unexpectedly as they had come.

John was awakened before daybreak on the morning of the fifth day by the loud thunder of the waves as they broke on the rocky shore of the little island. He crept out of his den and stumbled his way down to the beach. The fog was still as thick as ever, and the morning was perfectly calm; but a heavy sea was rolling grandly in with the morning tide, and John knew at once that there had been a great storm out on the Atlantic, perhaps a thousand miles away, of which these angry waves were the only traces that would reach so far. His hunger this morning was so extreme that he could not help giving way to it a little by indulging in a double allowance of wine and biscuit; but even with this assistance he found himself considerably weaker than he had yet been, and could only get through about half the amount of exercise he had set himself to do. Once he fancied himself with Sir Philip Spencelaugh walking in the great park of Belair; and when he shook off the hallucination and came back to the reality of his position, he could not stifle the sob that burst from his heart. Sometimes he would murmur to himself half aloud, "I shall die, and she will never know how truly I have loved her;" but beyond that he was silent. Nearly three hours of this day were devoted by him to writing down in his pocket-book an account of how he came to be left on the island; and after that he gave a brief outline of his history from childhood, concluding with the narration, in as few words as possible, of what had happened to him affecting his personal history since his arrival at Normanford. He also gave the addresses of two friends who were to be written to, and who would see to the proper disposal of his remains. He sat for a long time when his task was done musing sadly, on a sheltered seat he had found among he rocks on the beach; watching, with thoughts that were far away, the great green waves rolling in with a regularity that was grand from its very monotony. He felt now as though he had almost done with earth—as though he were at liberty to turn his thoughts to higher subjects; but through all his musings the image of Frederica moved, serene and beautiful, leading his mind upward, even as Dante was led by saintly Beatrice, to heights sweet and solemn, fragrant with airs from Heaven, where earthly tempests never rave.

He sat thus till the afternoon began to darken, and then he rose and wandered slowly towards the ruins, but his cramps came on by the way, and he was obliged to sit down and wait in silent agony till they left him. It seemed to him to-day that all the way as he walked back to the ruins he was followed by a ghostly monk—a monk in a black robe and sandaled shoon, who walked behind him with bowed head counting his beads, stopping when John stopped, starting again the instant that he started, never looking up, but going through his rosary slowly, bead by bead, and then beginning afresh. Although John knew that it was merely a delusion of his own weakened senses, he could not resist the shudder that ran through him whenever he glanced over his shoulder and saw the dark, weird figure following noiselessly behind—and such backward glances were very frequent, his head seemed to go round without any will of his own in the matter. He turned and confronted the figure, and it stood motionless, with downcast head, except that its fingers were still busy with its beads. He advanced toward it, and as he did so it retreated, still keeping the same relative distance between them. He tried once or twice by stopping suddenly to catch the light pit-pat of its footfall, if it had any; but the very instant that John stopped it stopped, and was evidently not to be caught by so palpable a device. Half laughing, half shuddering at his own folly in being thus terrified by a mere spectral illusion, John quickened his pace, and a few minutes later he crept in at the door of his den, and flung himself on his bed of bracken with a sigh of relief. He looked up after a time, and the figure was there, sitting in the doorway, still busy with its beads. Although nearly dark by this time he could see it plainly by some inner light, as it seemed, that emanated from itself.

After a long, silent stare, John said slowly, between his set teeth: "I think I know how to exorcise you, my boy, at least for the present;" and with that he took up his flask and drained off his last modicum of sherry, and then set to work to munch his last biscuit, keeping his eyes meanwhile turned steadfastly away from the spot where the figure was sitting. When he had eaten the last crumb, he turned his head to look for the figure. It was gone. With a laugh that seemed far more dreary than any tears would have done, he turned himself round on his bed, for he felt very weak and weary, and remembered nothing more.

Once again he awoke, some time toward the middle of the night, and this time with a strange sound in his ears—a loud shrill whistle repeated again and again in quick succession. He started up on his bed, and then still doubting the accuracy of his senses, stumbled out into the open air. For the first time since his sojourn on the island the night was comparatively light, for although the fog still hung low and heavy, the moon, no longer hidden by thick clouds, shone brightly through it, and transfused it into a silvery haze. Again that sound, loud, clear, and shrill. Surely it must emanate from some living being. John's heart beat thickly, and for a moment or two both eyes and limbs failed him, as he sank half fainting to the ground. A minute to recover himself somewhat, and then up and away as fast as he could go in the direction from which the sound came. He tried to shout, but could not; and so, breathing hard and stumbling and then stopping a moment to listen, he at length overtopped the little sand-ridge and came down on the "shining levels" of the beach. What his first glance showed him there might well have been taken by him for another phantom of a weakened brain; a dark, hooded figure, less tall than the first one, with something pendent from its waist, which it lifted ever and anon to its lips and blew shrilly, and then stopped as if waiting for some answering signal. As John came into view, the figure waved its hand to him to advance; and then he saw a little boat moored close behind, and felt that he was saved; and a great throb of gratitude for his deliverance went up to Heaven. "Come," said the figure, with another wave of its hand as he drew nearer, "I am here to save you. Do not delay or we shall miss the turn of the tide."

It was the voice of a woman that spoke, but it came with a muffled sound out of the gray hood, which left no feature visible by that dim light, and John failed to recognize it. Still like a man in a dream John stepped into the boat and seated himself on the cushioned seat indicated by his guide. The woman followed, and a vigorous push with the oar sent the boat from land. "In that basket at your feet you will find something to eat and drink; but after so long a fast you must be cautious not to take too much."

A minute or two later the isle of Inchmallow faded ghost-like in the mist.

The hooded woman pulled slowly and steadily, and the tide helped them on their way. "It must surely be a blissful dream," thought John, as he lay back with closed eyes on the cushions of the boat. Who was this woman that had come so mysteriously to his rescue? He asked himself the question once or twice, but he had not sufficient energy left to be strongly curious even on that point; just then he cared for little or nothing except the one great fact that he was saved, and that he should see Frederica again. Soon the great cliffs of the mainland loomed dimly into view. "Let me at least know the name of my preserver," said John, as he stepped ashore in obedience to a gesture from his conductress.

"That you must never know," said the woman in gray; "and you cannot serve me better than by not attempting to learn it."

"Is there no other method left me of showing my gratitude?" asked John, earnestly.

"Yes; one thing more you can do to oblige me; do not strive to punish the simpleton by whose foolish act you so nearly lost your life. Let him go in peace; he knew no better. And now, farewell. Behind yonder turn of the road you will find a little country inn. Go there and knock the people up; they will gladly take you in. There stay till you are strong enough to return home. Farewell."

She pushed off before he could say a word in reply; and presently the fog took her and the boat and he saw them no more.

(To be continued.)

Law Intelligence—(Continued).

SUPREME COURT OF MASONIC PUBLIC OPINION.

Before Chief-Justice "COMMON SENSE."

JEWISH BRETHREN *versus* AMERICAN FREEMASONRY.

Fifth Session.

Counsel B. "I have the honor to introduce to your notice Bro. George Oliver, D.D., Past Provincial G. M. of Lincolnshire, Past D. G. M. of the G. L. of Massachusetts, THE MINISTER, THE DISCIPLE, The Freemason whose vigorous intellect has penetrated the arcana of Masonry, brought forth its invaluable treasures, and restored its holy vessels; whose enlarged mind has shed brighter rays around the Masonic altar, and is beaming with invigorating power over this western hemisphere, enlightening with wisdom which leadeth to the Holy of Holies."

While the witness was being conducted to a seat especially provided for him in the witness-box, some one near me inquired where the deuce Counsel B. picked up that pompous peroration from, and was answered that Bro. Oliver and Counsel B. belong to a "mutual admiration club," where compliments of that description are the order of the day. Another brother whispered that it was copied verbatim from Bro. Charles W. Moore's magazine. I cannot, however, disguise my views, that, notwithstanding the venerable appearance of the witness, there is something about his looks that denotes garrulosity and egotism. As a collector of ancient documents, among a great deal of rubbish, it cannot be denied that he brought forth some information that is useful to the student and antiquary; but of the general tendency of his inferences and opinions the reader will best judge from his testimony. One great evil, however, resulted from his influence. It gave rise to a class of ambitious imitators, who, not clearly knowing the origin of the history of the Order, have adopted the wise views of "Topsy," who, in ignorance of her ever having been born, arrived at the ineveitable conclusion that she "growed." I may here add that, in enumerating the titles of the reverend witness, Counsel B. omitted to mention the position the reverend brother holds in the new-fangled "A. and A. Rite" and other organizations miscalled "Masonry," as "Chief-Justice Common Sense" acknowledges no institution "Masonic" that is based on aristocratic, monarchial, or sectarian principles.

Counsel B. "Bro. Oliver, you are the author of the 'Antiquities of Masonry.' Can you give us some information on the subject before the court?"

The reverend brother, evidently misunderstanding the object of the question, thought he must begin with the origin of the Order, and went on thus:

"Adam was the first Grand Master, and was succeeded in the grand direction of the craft by Seth, Enoch, Kainan, Mahalaleel, and Jared, whose son, godly Enoch, died not. He was expert and bright in the sciences and the art; therefore Enoch erected two large pillars, the one of stone and the other of brick; and Methuselah, with his son Lamech and his grandson Noah."

This long story caused considerable laughter. At first it was suppressed, owing to the gravity and age of the witness; but the brotherhood and strangers, finally, could not refrain from laughing outright. The Chief-Justice wisely stopped him, and asked him to confine himself to the question, What he knew about the connection of the Saints John with Masonry.

O. "There are numerous histories about that subject. Some contend that, the battle of Bannockburn having been fought on St. John's Day, and Freemasonry having been revived by Robert Bruce immediately after the victory, it was thence called St. John's Masonry; and that the church of Kelso, the first that was built in Scotland by the actual Freemasons, was dedicated to that saint. Others say that the introduction of the legend of St. John into Masonry was the work of the Templars, or other crusaders who fought the infidels in the Holy Land; and that there was either an order of chivalry, whose business it was to rebuild the churches which had been destroyed by the Saracens, or that the fraternity of Masons were thus employed in the East under the protection of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; and that the appellation of St. John's Masonry was derived from thence, and ever after retained. Others, again, who favor the astronomical construction of our rites and ceremonies, embracing the hypothesis that Freemasonry was transmitted through Pythagoras and the Romans, think they have discovered the simple solution of the mystery in the god Janus, of which they suppose John to be a corruption, and that his two faces were symbolical of the two Saints John, and as Janus looked two ways at once, *i. e.*, to the old and the new year, or to the sun *above* and *below* the equinoctial, so the festivals of the two Sts. John are celebrated at the summer and winter solstices.

"The Masons on the continent of Europe have embraced a very different opinion. They admit the connection of St. John with Masonry, but give the honor to St. John the Almsgiver, who was Patriarch of Alexandria in the sixth century, but took up his residence at Jerusalem that he might assist the Christians who had made pilgrimages to the holy shrine; and instituted a fraternity to attend upon the sick and to afford pecuniary aid to the needy."

Counsel B. "How was the earliest lecture used under the sanction of the G. L. of England?"

O. "St. John was alluded to in the following manner:

"'Q. Whence came you?

"'A. From the holy Lodge of St. John.'

"And the formula as *improved* by Desaguliers and Anderson a few years later. It here stated that the Lodges were called St. John's Lodges because he was the baptizer and forerunner of our Saviour, and announced Him as 'the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.' We now come to Rev. Bro. Dunckerley's lectures, which, I am persuaded, were identical with those which are *attributed* to Martin Clare. In this ritual the same asseveration is repeated; *and more than this, St. John was now introduced* into the style of the O. B."

By a Juror. "You have been speaking thus far of only one St. John. When was the other introduced?"

O. "In a catechism used a little later than the middle of the century the two Saints John occupy a prominent situation. It was then given in this way. First, Lodges were dedicated to Noah, and Masons were known as Noachidæ, Sages, or Wise Men, next to Moses and Solomon. Masons were then known as Dionysiacs, Geometricians, or Masters in Israel. From Solomon the patronage of Masonry passed to St. John the Baptist. They were then known under the name of Essenes, Architects, or Freemasons. Lodges were dedicated to the Baptist, because he was the forerunner of our Saviour, and he drew the first parallel line of the Gospel. St. John the Evangelist was his equal, and thus drew the second line parallel to the former, etc.

"In the ritual practiced by the Lodges in the North of England they used to say, 'St John obtains our dedication as being the proclaimer of that salvation by the coming of Christ. In the name of St. John the Evangelist, we acknowledge the testimonies which he gives and the *divine logos* which he makes manifest.' And again, 'Our beauty is such as adorns all our actions, is hewn out of the rock which is Christ, raised upright with the plumb-line of the Gospel, and squared and leveled to the horizontal of God's will in the holy Lodge of St. John.'"

Counsel B. "Can you produce any old manuscripts to connect Saints John with Masonry?"

O. "The 'Baptist' is described as the grand patron of Masonry in the 'Charter of Colone,' under date of 1535. *This ancient document* states that the Masters of the Order took the name of 'initiated Brothers of St. John.' And again, 'The brotherhood of the Order of Free and Accepted Masons, dedicated to holy St. John, is not a branch of the Temple, nor of any spiritual or temporal order; neither is it united to the one or to the other; neither has it derived its origin from them; nor has it the least communion with them, in any shape or manner whatever; but it is more ancient than all those orders of knighthood, and existed in Palestine and Greece, as well as in both divisions of the Roman empire before the crusaders.'"

Counsel B. "As a just and upright man, do you consider it in any way improper that we should dedicate our Lodges to the Christian saints, though the institution has formerly been differently dedicated?"

O. "Now this arrangement of changing the grand patrons of Masonry along with the systems of religion by which it is practiced is perfectly consistent with ordinary usage in other important matters. Before the legation of Moses it was dedicated to Noah and Abraham (laughter), after that advent the legitimate system of faith was no longer patriarchal but Jewish, and was accordingly dedicated to Moses and Aaron." (Increased laughter; even the chief-justice could not refrain smiling.) "And from the advent of the Messiah mankind are expected by Almighty to embrace Christianity, as the only efficient means of salvation; and it was dedicated to Christ, the Son of God, as a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Israel, of whom St. John the Baptist was the herald, and St. John the Evangelist the beloved disciple."

Counsel B. "Have you any other cogent reason for the connection of Saints John with the Order?"

O. "There is another reason why St. John the Baptist *is said* to have been considered the patron of Masonry, from the fact that, in passing through the Essenes, by whom Freemasonry was undoubtedly preserved"—(great laughter, not unmixed with a certain degree of pity for his uncommon simple credulity)—"it was governed," he continued, "by this eminent individual, St. John, as such a celebrated character could not long be a member of that community without arriving at the chief dignity of the Order."

Counsel B. here stated that he could not further fatigue the witness by prolonging the examination, and moved the court for an adjournment, which was granted. But the reader must be satisfied that, according to Dr. Oliver's opinion, which opinion pervades the whole of his writings, especially his letters on "Johnnite Masonry," it simply amounts to this, *that Masonry is, or ought to be, a Christian institution, and the Masonic Lodge to be a mere adjunct of the Church.*

REPORTER.

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

GIRARD.—A merchant who had purchased a large quantity of hemp of Girard, sent a black man to superintend the weighing and loading of it. Girard was busy himself in putting it upon the scales, but a great part of it being damaged, the negro man watched him closely, and whenever Girard threw on a bad bundle, the negro would carefully throw it off. But this, Girard, of course, would not submit to, and would proceed to replace it, whilst the negro, in his turn, would as quickly fling it off; until losing his patience, he declared that he should not touch the hemp, at the risk of chastisement. But Sambo, nothing intimidated by the threats of the rich French merchant, continued to look after his master's interest, and telling Girard that if he ventured to touch him he would knock his other eye out, Girard became pacified, and seeing the determined purpose of the man not to suffer his employer to be wronged, he became reconciled to the negro, saying: "*Well, I believe you be one very honest fellow, but you no be one great judge of de hemp.*" * * *

Another:

At a period when the hospital was greatly in want of funds, Mr. Coates undertook to solicit a donation from Stephen Girard. He was proceeding towards his compting house for this purpose, when he met Mr. Girard in the street, and intimated to him the request of the managers of the hospital. Mr. Girard, after a patient hearing, desired Mr. Coates to call on him the subsequent morning, and "*if he* (Mr. Coates) *found him on a right footing, he would then do something for them.*"

The following morning, Mr. Coates waited on Mr. Girard and found him at breakfast. Mr. Girard invited him to partake of some, to which Mr. Coates immediately assented; the repast being ended, Mr. Coates observed that "now they would proceed to business." "Well, what have you come for, Samuel?" inquired Mr. Girard. "Anything thee pleases, Stephen," replied Mr. Coates.

Mr. Girard signed and presented a check for $2,000 to Mr. Coates; which the latter put in his pocket without casting a look at its amount.

"What, you no look at the check I gave you?" exclaimed Mr. Girard. "No, beggars must not be choosers, Stephen," replied Mr. Coates. "Hand me back the check I gave you," demanded Mr. Girard. "No, no, Stephen, 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,'" responded Mr. Coates.

"By George!" exclaimed Girard, "you have caught me on the *right footing.*"

He then drew a check for $5,000 and presented it to Mr. Coates, observing at the same time, "Will you now look at it."

"Well, to please thee, Stephen, I will," replied Mr. Coates. "Now give me back the first check," demanded Mr. Girard, which was instantly complied with by Mr. Coates.

Few understood him, however, so well as Samuel Coates, and few profited so well by his bounty.

◆

VIRTUE.—The creation of the sculptor may moulder in the dust—the wreath of the bard may wither—the throne of the conqueror may be shivered by an opposing power into atoms—the fame of the warrior may be no longer hymned by the recording ministreal; but virtue—that which hallows the cottage and sheds a glory around the palace, shall never decay. It is celebrated by the angels of God—It is written on the pillars of heaven and repeated down to earth The rock breaker who possesses it is more noble than the intrigueing statesman.

I would rather be in his place—I would rather have the inward glory with which the poor man is crowned, than overshadow the world with martial banner. I would not exchange his lot for the reputation of a Byron the eloquence of a Mirabeau, or the intellect of a Bacon. I may be despised here—but I possess it, then I shall tower above them all, when the guilty shall tremble in their secret places, as they behold the heavens roll together as a scroll.

The Family Circle.

HOMELESS.

BY ALLEN GREEN.

No home, no home,
No pattering feet,
In hall or street,
With music sweet,
Their "papa" greet.

No home, no home,
No fond embrace,
No glowing face
On which to trace,
In charming grace,
Thy love, my home.

In absence this
Sweet thing I miss:
My good-night kiss—
That taste of bliss—
And home, sweet home.

Blank walls are here,
But Hope, the seer,
With meeting ne'er
Attempts to cheer
Our home, old home.

But soon shall twine
These arms of mine,
Like clinging vine,
That form of thine,
At home, our home.

◆

The New Year.—"Father," said a little boy, one evening during the "children's hour," "why does the year begin the middle of the winter? I should think whoever had the arrangement of the months would have begun the year in the spring, when everything seems new."

"A very sensible remark, my son," said the father, and perhaps we can spend the hour in no better way than in examining this question.

"The division of time into sections or periods, has occupied the attention of wise men for many ages. The study of the stars and their motions by the old astronomers, although not productive of the same results as in our time, where a knowledge of the laws of gravitation, the form, shape, and motion of the earth, and the worlds on worlds revealed by the telescope, was enough to show them that changes were regular, and that the seasons occurred somewhat as certain stars appeared in certain locations. And it would seem as if the spring had been considered by others as the most proper time to commence the year, for we are told that the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and some others of the most enlightened of ancient nations, commenced their year on the 22d of March. The Greeks, however, for a long time commenced the year December 22, but afterward changed it to June 22. There was also much trouble to decide of how many days the year should consist, and how these days should be divided. Some thought it should be divided by the changes of the moon, but it was found that if either twelve or thirteen moons made the year, the seasons would, after a while, occur in the wrong time. Nor was this trouble overcome until the time of Julius Cæsar, previous to which 355 days were accounted as a year. Before the reign of Numa Pompilius, which occurred about 700 years B. C., the year was divided into ten months only; he added January and February, the former named from the Roman god Janus or Dianus, who was believed to preside over the beginning of everything. He was first worshiped during the reign of Romulus; at the dawn of every day prayers were made to him, and on the beginning of every year cakes and wine were offered him in sacrifice. Our present customs of presenting refreshments on New Year's day is probably a remnant of this superstitious ceremony, one of a great many that have come to us from the olden time, and are to be found oftener than is generally supposed, admixed with many of our religious and social customs.

"Janus is represented in mythology as being double-faced; hence it was considered proper to have him represented by the first day of the year, which may be said to look back into the past and forward to the future. During the reign of Julius Cæsar the occurrence of the seasons from what they had once been, had changed so that winter occurred in hot weather and spring was in autumn. Assisted by the most renowned astronomers of that time, he set himself about correcting the matter, and it was finally decided that the year should consist of 365 days, 6 hours, 10 minutes, and that this division should be called the Julian year. He ordered that to provide for the part of a day that one should be added to each fourth year. Still, different nations commenced the year at different times; but about the beginning of the eighteenth century the Latin Christian nations adopted the 1st of January for the New Year's day instead of the 1st of March; but for a long time, in order to avoid confusion of dates, it was customary from first January to first March to write both years, and this custom to some extent has existed in the present century, and may be seen in many public records thus, 186$\frac{9}{7}$. This change was made in England from March 25, only as late as 1752.

"These changes serve in a degree to account for many things we find in history that seem otherwise unexplainable. As, for instance, Christmas, or the birth of Jesus, was by the Council appointed to decide the question, after hearing the conflicting statements and examining the different records presented to them, concluded to have been on the 25th of December. This event must have occurred in a different season than their present December, but the discrepancy is easily understood by the explanations above.

◆

Little Gerald.—Children have an idea that they cannot be of any comfort to grown-up people. This is a great mistake. I have seen a child of ten years old the prop and stay of a family—a mother to her little brothers and sisters, a careful housekeeper to her father. A little girl said to me lately, "I can't be of any good to you, because you are grown up." I then told her how my youngest child, a boy of only eight years old, was partly the means of saving our lives in a moment of terrible suspense and alarm. Perhaps other children may like to hear the little incident that I told her.

I went to stay with my children at Strathmore Bay, while my husband was abroad. We were a large party, six boys and two girls. Some of the boys had just come home from Eton, and were very much pleased at the thought of spending their holidays by the seaside. We spent the days out of door, scrambling up the rocks, boating, and lying on the shingle under the shadow of the huge black rock, Strathmore Point, from which the place was named.

Early one morning the boys came and begged me to go with them to another little bay on the other side of Strathmore Point. They declared it was not too far to walk, that beautiful shells and seaweed were to be found in some particular spot; in short, they had set their hearts upon it, and we set off—five boys and myself; the others were too young for such a scramble as I expected this to be.

I took a book with me, and sat on the rocks while they clambered and ran and shouted and laughed. The time passed so rapidly, that it was only the sudden recollection that the other children would wait dinner for us that made me look at my watch. It was past two o'clock, and we set off at ten. It had suddenly turned cold, the wind was rising, and it looked like rain. It was seme time before I could collect them all with their baskets and different treasures; but at last we set off, tumbling and scrambling over the rocks till we came to the point. My eldest boy, who had run on, came back to me looking frightened, and said he thought the tide was coming in.

"Of course it is; you have dawdled so much. Come on, quickly," I said.

"I dont think we can, mamma," he answered, taking hold of my hand. And then I heard the noise of the waves dashing against the huge black rock.

I ran on till the water was over my ankles. I knew that it would be higher on the other side—up to little Gerald's shoulders. Besides, the sea was rising rapidly. He would not have strength to breast those rapidly rising waves, but probably would be carried out with the tide. I was not much frightened then; I thought there must be some path by which we could scramble up the rock. I ran quickly back to the little bay where we had been sitting, but saw none, and knew that we were only losing time. As I stood still for a moment to reflect, the "hungry, crawling foam" came nearer and nearer. The boys were terribly frightened. I had great difficulty in keeping them together; some cried, the rest implored me to save them. Then our danger suddenly dawned upon me. I thought that my boys would be drowned before my eyes—my husband come back to a desolate home. I suppose my face showed the distress I felt at that moment, for my little Gerald, who had been perfectly quiet, came up to me with his lovely face and large blue eyes—to me it then seemed like the face of an angel—and said, "Never mind, mamma, dear, let us sit down and die all together comfy (comfortable). God will take care of us, and we shall be together."

His sweet face and loving words at once brought me to myself. "My darling," I said, "I hope and believe we can get up too high for the water to reach us upon that rock." But my heart sickened as I said it, for we should be obliged to wait for hours, far into the night, till the tide turned, on a narrow ledge of rock. And who could say that the boys might not fall asleep and lose their footing? God help me, what could I do? To think was agony; but my child's sweet words rang in my ears—his calmness gave me hope, and I strained my eyes to see if there was not any other path, however dangerous, that we could attempt. But the rocks were dark and slippery, and still the sea came rolling in with a low, sullen sound.

"Let us pray," I said, and we all sank on our knees. Gerald said the Lord's Prayer aloud. "Our Father!"—those words had a more real meaning to me at that moment than in all my previous life. Suddenly I heard a shout. Was it fancy? No; it was repeated again and again. I waved my handkerchief, for I knew no one from above could hear me. In a few minutes a strong, active man swung himself from crag to crag, and was by our side.

"Do you know what you are doing?" he said. "In an hour the sea will be all over this part."

"I do, indeed; but we cannot climb these cliffs. Can you get us a boat? You will save us now!" I said, clinging to his arm in my dread of his leaving us.

"There is only time for one thing, and that is for you all to follow me. If you can keep your head steady you will be safe; but you have not a moment to lose."

We followed him up a path that makes me giddy to think of. The boys, who were used to climbing, walked steadily on; but occasionally my head reeled, and my feet failed me. At last we reached the top, and it was only when safe that I fully realized what it had been.

The man expressed his surprise at finding me so calm in such imminent peril.

"I suppose your boys did not understand the danger. I assure you I had little hope of reaching you in time. What made you so quiet when death was staring you in the face?"

"A few words from a little child," I answered, and told him what Gerald had said.

I never can bear to think of that day, but when it comes into my mind I feel how mistaken children are when they think they can be "of no good to grown-up people."

◆

Mothers, Youths and Children.

Weddings.—The following list of "commemorative weddings" is interesting to both old and young. The *wedding* is the "love wedding," at the end of the first month; the end of the honeymoon is the "sugar wedding;" two years after marriage is the "paper wedding;" the fifth anniversary is the "wooden wedding;" the tenth, is the "tin wedding;" the fifteenth, the "crystal wedding;" the twentieth, the "china wedding;" the twenty-fifth, the "silver wedding;" the fiftieth, the "golden wedding;" the seventy-fifth, the "diamond wedding." These various anniversary celebrations are becoming very common in America, and they are very pleasant occasions.

Can a Mother Forget?—Can a mother forget? Not a morning, noon, or night but she looks into the corner of the kitchen where you read Robinson Crusoe, and thinks of you as yet a boy. Mothers rarely become conscious that their children are grown out of their childhood. They think of them, advise them, write to them, as if not full fourteen years of age. They cannot forget the child. Three times a day she thinks who are absent from the table, and hopes that next year, at the farthest, she may have "just her own family there," and if you are there look out for the fat limb of a fried chicken, and that coffee which none but everybody's own mother can make.

A mother mourning at her first born's grave, or closing the dying eye of child after child, displays a grief whose very sacredness is sublime. But bitterer, heavier than the death-stroke is the desperation of a son who rushes over a crushed heart, into vices which he would hide even from the abandoned and the vile.

Napoleon once asked a lady what France needed for the education of her youth, and the short, profound reply was "Mothers."

Children are impartial judges, and their judgment, as in the following case, should be heeded. A girl in a neighboring city had often heard of the fame of a popular preacher, and desired her mother to take her to his church. The mother gratified her request, and when the little child was returning home she looked up and said:

"Mother, I don't like the preaching of Mr. ——."

"And why do you not?"

"Because, mother, he speaks of God just as if He was his cousin"

The National Freemason.

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John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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Our Rooms are No. 10 (first floor—second story), 39 Nassau Street, cor. of Nassau and Liberty Streets, opposite the Post-Office.

Dr. McMurdy is ready to see his friends in the morning, from 9 to 12 o'clock, at the office.

New Year Calls.

We are much obliged by the numerous calls of the fraternity upon us New Year's day.

Agents Wanted.

We want an active agent in every city and in every part of the United States, North and South America. As our enterprise is permanent to which we are giving our lives and time, we prefer agents who will devote their whole time and energy to this work. The liberal per centum makes it an inducement to clergymen out of employment. Upon being satisfied that applicants are responsible, we send authority with seal of office. We could now employ advantageously 300 additional agents. Let no brother wait for an agent, however. Send the money direct to the office.

The Masonic Hall for the Capital of the Country.

A good Masonic building for the accommodation of the fraternity at Washington city is not an object of merely local importance. It affects the entire fraternity of the United States. There is not a Lodge in the whole country but at some time or other has a brother visiting the capital of the country.

We trust, therefore, our visiting and Congressional brethren, now at Washington, will take a deep interest in the Fair, now progressing.

We hail with delight the prosperity already secured.

We understand the President of the United States made a visit to the Fair, and was fraternally received.

It would not be out of the way if members of the fraternity, in the Senate and House of Representatives, would occasionally visit the Lodges, and renew their instruction in "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

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Notice of changes of residence should promptly be forwarded to this office.

If a paper fail to reach a subscriber punctually, it should be reported without delay. There is something wrong elsewhere than at this office.

◆

We are under especial obligations to Bro. Caldwell, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Ohio. We should be pleased to reciprocate in some way.

◆

Thanks to Bro. Joy for a very neatly printed and handsomely bound copy of By-Laws of Harmony Lodge, Toms River, N. J.

The New Year.

As the National Freemason finds its way to every portion of the land, reaching our acquaintances, personal and those the result of editorial correspondence and Masonic association, we desire to convey our sincere wishes for a happy and useful year.

Masons, linked together in the fraternal chain of universal brotherhood, may well send their New Year greetings. We send ours to every Freemason, of whatever religion, politics or nationality.

Forgetting the errors and follies and deficiencies of the past, let us wisely use our talents this year, wisely and well for ourselves, our families, our communities, our Lodge, and the whole Masonic and human brotherhood. Let us employ to the glory of T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·.

OUR TALENTS.

Have you read of the servant who hid in the earth
The talent his master had given;
When, by diligent use, to redouble its worth,
He ought to have faithfully striven?

Brother, you have talents; God gave them to you,
And will surely require them again;
Take care not to waste them, if ever so few,
Let them not have been given in vain.

You have *speech;* then remember to watch your words well,
And let them be constant and kind:
It may seem a small matter, but no one can tell
The comfort a word leaves behind.

You have *time*. Every minute and hour of the day
Is lent by your Father in Heaven:
Make haste to improve, ere it passes away,
The talent so graciously given.

You have *influence*, too, though it seems very small;
Yet, in greater or lesser degree,
You affect the improvement and comfort of all
With whom you may happen to be.

The brother who in earnest endeavors to live
As an heir of eternity ought,
By his silent example a lesson may give,
Which by words he could never have taught.

Then consider the talents entrusted to you,
And may they be duly improved;
Let your service be hearty and free, as is due
From brethren so greatly beloved.

Time—Masonic and other Computation.

The Masonic fraternity are alone in their method of reckoning time, commencing the computation from the creation of the world, thus "A. L. 5866," *Anno Lucis, in the year of light*, 5866. Our era is that of creation. The Masonic theory is adopted in the authorized version of the Bible as received by Protestants, and is that of Usher, Prideaux, and others. Learned chronologists differ in their extreme dates upwards of 3,000 years. The Talmudists fix it at 5344 years before Christ, the vulgar Jewish at 3760, the Hebrew text 4161, Petavius, which is that of the Roman Church, 3984.

The Chaldean and Egyptian year dated from the autumnal equinox. The ecclesiastical year of the Jews began in the spring, but in civil affairs they retain the epoch of the Egyptian year. The year of Romulus commenced in March and that of Numa in February. The Turks and Arabs date their year from the 16th of July. Dremschild or Gemschild, king of Persia, observed on the day of his public entry into Persepolis, that the sun entered Aries, and in commemoration of this fortunate event he ordained the beginning of the year to be removed from the autumnal to the vernal equinox. The Brachmun begin the year with the new moon in April. The Mexicans begin in February, when the leaves begin to grow green. Their year consists of eighteen months, having twenty days in each; the last five are spent in mirth, and no business is suffered to be done, nor even any service in the temples. The Abyssinians have five idle days at the end of their year, which commences on the 30th of August. The American Indians reckon from the first appearance of the moon at the vernal equinox. Mohammedans begin their year the minute in which the sun enters Aries. The Venetians, Florentines, and Pisans in Italy, begin the year at the vernal equinox. The French year, during the reign of the Merovingian race, began on the day on which the troops were reviewed, which was the first of March. Under the Carlovingians it began on Christmas day, and under the Capetians on Easter day. The ecclesiastical year begins on the first Sunday in Advent. Charles IX. appointed, in 1824, that the civil year should commence on the 1st of January. The The Julian calendar, which was so called from Julius Cæsar, and as the old account of the year, was reformed by Pope Gregory in 1582, which plan was suggested by Jewis Lilio, a Calmirn astronomer. The Dutch and the Protestants in Germany introduced the new style in 1700. The ancient clergy reckoned from the 25th of March, and the method was observed in Britain until the introduction of the new style, A. D. 1752; after which our year commenced on the 1st of January.

It must not be supposed that the epoch from which we date indicates that we regard our institution as coeval with the creation of the world. While our principles were born with the creation and will continue to the end of the world, we cannot say that the elements of the institution, in an organized form, can be distinctly traced beyond the building of Solomon's Temple. Notwithstanding all the diatribes from France, we still think that the organization, rituals, and practices of Freemasonry show its origin. Take away from it Jewish traditions, ceremonials, and customs, and what is there remaining?

Our Masonic mode of computing time indicates our common origin. The Jews reckon from *Anno Mundi*, in the year of the world, of the same meaning as *Anno Lucis*.

Dionysius Exigus, in A. D. 532, first introduced among the Christians the date of the birth of Christ, fixing it erroneously four years too early. We, as Masons, in dating from the commencement of the world, only continue a Masonic usage. The Christians continued it for 500 years without censure, and surely Masons may now do it.

Royal Arch Masons date from the building of the second temple by Zerubbabel, 535 years before Christ. Their date is *Anno Inventionis*, 2401. The Knights Templar date from the establishment of their order in 1118, *Anno Ordinis*, 748. Royal and Select Masters from the completion of the temple, *Anno Depositionis*, 2866. The modern rites have dates peculiar to themselves.

The Jews celebrate certain days in each year by feasts. The following are the most important to be be known by Freemasons:

Feast of the Passover........	celebrated	15	Nisan.
Morrow of the Passover......	"	16	"
End of the Passover.........	"	22	"
Feast of Pentecost...........	"	6	Sivan.
Feast for the New Year......	"	1	Tisri.
Feast of Tabernacles........	"	15	"
Feast of Palms..............	"	21	"
End of the Feast of Tabernacles	"	22	"
Rejoicing for discovery of the law	"	23	"
Consecration of the Temple..	"	25	Chisleu.

Ineffable Freemasons observe certain other days, some of which are favorably regarded by the Jews, as:

The Feast commemorative of the Reconstruction of the Temple, 23d of Adar.

Feast commemorative of the return from Babylon, 20 Thebet.

Days of the Vernal and Autumnal Equinoxes.

They also, in the various grades of Freemasonry, observe Easter Day, Christian Pentecost, or Whit-Sunday, the 50 day, or 7th Sunday after Easter-Day; the Day of St. John the Baptist, 24th of June; All Saints' Day, 1st November; Christmas Day, 25th December; and the Day of St. John the Evangelist, December 27th.

John Paul Jones.

In our next issue we shall give the name of the Lodge in which this great hero was initiated, and also a copy of his petition to become a Freemason.

A Mason whose Good Lives after Him.

The Girard Estate, in which our fraternity feel an interest, is estimated as to its gross revenues for 1867–8 at $330,000. The Girard Trust owns nearly 200 properties in Philadelphia, consisting of stores, dwellings, lots and farms, and valuable coal and timber lands in Schuylkill and Columbia Counties.

It is thought that the fund will soon support 1,200 orphans.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS, P. G. M.

The Ancient and Accepted Rite.

We learn that at the recent session of the Supreme Council for the Northern Jurisdiction, convened at Boston by the Sov. Grand Commander, Simon W. Robinson, a committee was appointed with a view to the early settlement of the long pending difficulties in the rite, which have marred its progress, and are fast making it a by-word and a reproach among men and Masons. We have heretofore fully expressed the opinion, and we take occasion to repeat it now, that one of two things ought to be done.

First. Harmonize and adjust the difficulties, and fuse the contending elements in a single organization of men whom all can respect, and whose names united on one banner will command respect for it at home and abroad; or,

Second. Tie the whole thing up in a bundle and put it in the fire, as a plague-spot, disgrace and annoyance to all peaceably inclined members of the craft.

Certain it is, that if the first course be not adopted. the second will follow as surely as night follows the day. The great body of Masons in this country neither understand nor care a snap about Scottish Rite Masonry, and it never will secure anything beyond a paper organization so long as the governing body is divided on a senseless quarrel about precedence in office. A brother making up his mind to apply for admission to a Lodge of Perfection, for instance, is received. Next day he meets a friend who has been long enough in the rite to ascertain that there are two Supreme Councils, each claiming to be the Simon Pure, and respectively denouncing the other as bogus, irregular and clandestine. The initiate at once concludes that he has run his head into the outer edge of a hornet's nest, and wisely concludes to go no further; or, if he have the organ of combativeness largely developed, he snuffs the battle afar off, and girds up his loins to take a part in the fray. As he approaches the centre, the war-fever increases, till finally he finds himself "sloshing around" and hitting a head wherever a head appears, in the mere spirit of faction. The heads of departments on either side, anxious to have as many people to govern as possible, push the trade wherever an opportunity offers, and wherever they plant a body they at the same time plant the germ of a fight, which in due time will grow and bear fruit. The jealousies, suspicions and bad blood engendered in the *superior* degrees, finds its way into the regular organizations, and the Scottish quarrel, in some shape or other, is fought out on the floors of Grand and Subordinate Lodges. Men are promoted or cast down as their affiliations in the A. and A. Rite may be in sympathy with one side or the other, and thus the whole fraternity is gradually being made *particeps criminis* in the insensate quarrel. The common safety demands that its progress should be stopped, and that the harmony and prosperity of the craft be no longer placed in jeopardy by a matter extraneous to the common interest. This failing, our A. and A. Rite friends may be sure that the time is not far off when Grand Lodges will be compelled, in self-defense, to warn their Subordinates against the rite as a fruitful source of trouble and dissension. Take the State of Illinois, for example; both of the parties have established Subordinates there, and each has secured a number of the leading Masons of that jurisdiction to espouse and promote its interests. It is idle to suppose that the rivalry thus created will not extend its roots into the other grades of the institution, and especially into the Grand Lodge, from whence they will find their way into the Subordinates, and years may be required to extirpate the poisonous growth already prepared for. When the Illinois craftsmen begin to perceive these blighting effects, and understand the source from which they spring, they will resist them with all their might, and about that time there will be a coolness spring up between them and the promoters of the evil.

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Socrates Lodge, No. 595, elects the following officers: Geo. Snyder, M.; Wm. Mack, S. W.; Louis Saal, J. W.; Chas. Gluck, Sec.; John Hauck, Treas.; H. Bechler, Orator; Chris. Fleck, S. D.; August Staats, J. D.; Martin Deepries, Fred. Hessler, M. of C.; Louis Rhemrordt, John H. Finck, Stewards; Wm. Jacobs, Tiler.

—:o:—

Thanks.—We tender grateful acknowledgment of invitations to attend the Annual Reunion of Polar Star Lodge, No. 245, on the 27th ult.; the Annual Ball of Tabernacle Lodge, No. 598, on the 24th ult.; Doric Lodge, No. 280, on the 3d inst.

THE MASONIC FAIR.

The Fair continues its progress with no apparent diminution in the interest manifested by the public, who continue to throng the halls daily, and especially nightly. The question of fixing an early day for the closing is, however, under serious advisement, and will be definitely passed upon, at the meeting of the executive committee this week. There is still an immense quantity of goods on hand, and there is now a brilliant opportunity for purchasers to make selections from the useful or ornamental, or both, as they may think best. On this topic the *Fair Spirit* very appropriately remarks:

"The views heretofore expressed in the *Spirit* have, we are pleased to learn, been generally, if not invariably, adopted by those having charge of goods for sale here, and from this time forth, till everything is closed out, all articles will be sold here *cheaper than they can be bought at wholesale elsewhere.* A saving of forty cents on the dollar can be effected—that is, a person can buy here for sixty cents what will cost one dollar elsewhere. We know and assure the public that this is so. As a consequence, the sales between this and the New Year will be enormous."

We, in good faith, advise all who need or will soon need anything on sale here to buy in plentifully now.

Large, but drummed up sales by way of chances, have been thus far made. This kind of traffic will now nearly, if not entirely, give way to a regular and legitimate trade—direct buying and selling.

Persons who have waited for this time to come can now act upon the assurance that it has actually arrived. and that to wait longer is to fritter away a golden opportunity.

We trust that our friends will improve the opportunity to make good bargains for themselves and assist in clearing out the plethora of goods on hand at the Fair. This is not a question of giving, but on the other hand a chance of effecting a large economy which can last at best but a few days and which once closed cannot be reopened. *Verb. sat.*

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A Hebrew Wedding.

Last week, Doctor Boskowitz, the well known Hebrew scholar, lost a charming daughter by marriage, the domiciliary right being thereby transferred to Bro. Louis Jacobs. While congratulating the happy couple, we avail ourself of the opportunity to give a brief description of the ceremony, which is interesting in a Masonic point of view, as are indeed the various mysteries of Jewish worship. It must also be a source of pleasure to the young ladies, who can see how imposing must be a wedding of this description, when contrasted with the bald formula usually adopted by the Gentiles.

The marriage rites were performed by the Rabbi Solomons, of the Brooklyn Synagogue. The bridal party assembled at 3 P. M., and on the arrival of the Rabbi. the ceremony was inaugurated by the blessing of the bride, and this was done by the father of the bride, she kneeling before him, while he, with his hands on her head, and in tones of deep pathos, pronounced the words of the ancient ritual, as follows: "The Lord bless and preserve thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee, and give thee peace." This done, the gentlemen with the bridegroom proceed to engage in private prayer by themselves, the ladies of the party being left alone. On reassembling to complete the ceremony, the canopy is brought in, held by four of the relatives of the bride, and under this the bride and groom stand before the Rabbi, who proceeds to read the happy pair a lesson on the importance and duties of the step in life they are about to take, and, after a short prayer, the wedding ring is placed by the bridegroom on the first finger of the right hand; whereupon, the Rabbi, turning to the bride, says: "By the law of Moses are you engaged for life, and you shall be his wife forever," and this formula of engagement is repeated by the groom, who proclaims the bride his wife henceforth. The Rabbi then warns them never to forget or betray the faith of their ancestors, and in pledge of this they each drink from a glass of wine, the glass being immediately afterwards thrown on the ground and shattered to pieces—this portion of the ceremony being symbolical of the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, which they are never to forget. A benediction from the Rabbi follows, and the congratulations of the relatives and friends close the interesting ceremony. The wedding over, the happy pair and the guests of the party proceed to partake of the marriage feast, which, on this occasion, was a joyous one, and the festivities, though quiet, were marked by the hospitalities proverbial among the Hebrews in their social intercourse.

The Promenade Concert in Brooklyn.

We understand from brethren present that this affair, gotten up as is known in behalf of the Board of Relief of the sister city, was a most charming one, though not as largely attended as on former occasions, The *Eagle* indulges in some rather caustic remarks touching the want of management and the lack of publicity. We take it for granted that the local journal knows whereof it speaks; but as we have no knowledge of the facts we cannot of course join in its strictures. They, however, incline us to say, on general principles, that there is often great fault to be charged to Masonic committees. Brethren seem to think that the mere fact of their appointment is all that requires to be done, and they very complacently fold their hands and wait for the event in the full belief that it will come out all right because they wish it well. Or if, perchance, the thought should cross their minds that a certain amount of work is to be done before the result can be secured, they say to themselves, Jones and Brown are on the committee, and they will attend to it. Jones and Brown probably make the same remark, and thus the business is neglected. Again, as to publicity, many brethren good naturedly suppose that because the Lodge to which they belong is going to have a festival or ball or what not, the general public intuitively know the fact, and will hasten to participate. As the designated time approaches, it occurs to some one that perhaps a brief announcement for a day or two might add a final polish to the brilliant success already provided for, and accordingly it is announced in one corner of the local paper, if there happen to be one, and the advertisement meets the eyes of many who would be glad to participate but for the fact of previous engagements. Now, in this matter two or three things are clear. First, when a committee is appointed it is because there is something for a committee to do, and not for the mere fun of the thing. Secondly, when a brother accepts the appointment on a committee he implicitly accepts the duty required to be performed, and cannot honorably shirk the responsibility on the ground that some one else will likely perform the whole duty without his assistance. Such a committeeman ought at once to resign and allow his place to be filled by one who will perform his duty. And, thirdly, as to publicity. In great cities it is always true that one half of the people know nothing of what the other half is doing, and consequently, whenever it is desirable that any event should be generally known, it is always profitable to give it liberal publicity through the columns of journals of established reputation and circulation. Money thus laid out will always come back many times increased in the shape of public patronage. We need hardly add that Masons should not forget their own journals, nor be niggardly in patronizing those whose labors are devoted to the support of the institution, in most, if not all cases, without other reward than the satisfaction one enjoys when he knows that he has faithfully performed his whole duty, pay or no pay.

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La Clemente Amitie Cosmopolite Lodge, 410, reelects the present incumbents, as follows:

A. Fongue, Master; J. P. Schlumpf, S. W.; D. Duprat, J. W.; E. Vatet, Treas.; A. Fouquet, Sec'y; Louis Isabeau, S. D.; P. Lonazon, J. D.

This Lodge celebrated the festival of the Winter Solstice on the 27th inst., by a fraternal banquet, at which, by invitation, we assisted. The ceremonies were conducted according to the French ritual for such occasions, and were certainly a pleasant contrast to the hobbledehoy fashion of Lodge banquets in general. It is to be wished that in our American banquets there should be introduced a better system than now prevails.

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Atlas Lodge, No. 316, elects the following officers: John Boyd, Master; Geo. M. Hays, S. W.; Wm. A. Macquaid, J. W.; H. Simpson, Treas.; Geo. W. Duryee, Sec'y; Jas. Phillips, S. D.; H. C. Petty, J. D.; Wm. L. Hale, A. Harris, M. of C.; John Ray, Marshal; Thos. K. Alford, Organist; Geo. Whitney, Tyler.

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Mark Time.

The following, from the pen of Bro. Shupe, in reply to a correspondent, is timely, worthy of attention and remembrance, and applicable to every meridian. It is at once a fair sample of the haste manifested by candidates to get through, and a warning to Lodges to let them tarry till their beards be grown long enough for them to understand and retain what has previously been confided to them:

"*Substance*" is an E. A., and complains that he and four others have been compelled to wait a month for the second degree, and that the prospect is that they must wait some weeks longer, and asks if the Master of his Lodge does not do wrong in thus delaying them.

To this we reply, that it is a pity that every E. A. is not compelled to wait till he thoroughly understands the first degree before he is permitted to receive the second.

On Broadway near Broome street, recently, a very fine and costly building was erected; when nearly completed it was noticed that the foundation was defective, and the whole structure was gradually tumbling in. The labor was worse than lost.

Now, Bro. Substance, it is just so with your Masonic fabric. You are now at the foundation; be patient, lay it broad and deep, and be sure that there is no quicksand beneath it.

A crying evil in the institution of Masonry is that Masons are made too fast. We do not mean that too many become Masons, but that there is a great lack of thoroughness in their study and preparation.

We met a man in September who had no notion of Masonry. Within thirty days he had got the three degrees and was ready to expound the whole science, and could do it in *just twenty minutes.*

Go slow, Substance. Be patient; it is better for you.

:o:

JEWISH LOVE FOR THE HOLY LAND.—As an example of the fervid religious attachment of the Jewish population to the Holy Land, in which they believe the chosen people are one day to be gathered, the case of a destitute young widow is mentioned, who had wealthy relations in Germany, and whom it was proposed to assist in returning to them. She declined the offer with gratitude, but with an enthusiasm worthy of Sir Walter Scott's Rebecca. "God has granted me the high privilege of living to breathe the hallowed atmosphere of the land of our forefathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; He has caused his grace and mercy to descend upon me, by bringing me, when an infant, unto this sacred spot, whence the radiant glory of His divine law emanated. He has permitted me to tread on that hallowed ground on which our Prophets and teachers lived, and I would rather starve, together with my children, while kissing the dust in the Holy City of Jerusalem, than live in plenty elsewhere.

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[Correspondents will look here for notices of their communications.—R. MCMURDY.]

Replies to Letters and Inquiries of Correspondents.

CROWN OF THORNS.—Scripture throws no light on the particular plant thus distinguished. Among the numerous thorn-bearing shrubs of Judea, one has received the name of "Spina Christi." The thorns are small and sharp, and the branches soft and pliable. The three-thorned acacia is also supposed to have supplied the crown of thorns.

THE SKULL AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS is intended for Adam's skull.

BOOK OF MARKS.—Don't know where you can get them, unless at Bros. McCoy and Sickles.

HAVE NOT SEEN Bro. Mackey's speech; send it.

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Extracts—Letters.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, MO.

The craft is under lasting gratitude to you, for getting up such an excellent journal; it not only furnishes useful information for the Mason; but it is an excellent fireside companion for the family. The Masons of the great State of New York have taken a step in the right direction to have a home for the aged and the little ones. God grant it may prove a success. This shows that Masonry is working for some purpose. I hope to see the day that our State will follow your State example.

TOLEDO, O.

If you will allow a backwoodsman to express himself in his own way, I will say that your paper is the only one that I have read, that I can recommend. It is food for the mind. I should be lost without it.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

The NATIONAL FREEMASON has become a fixture in my family. In addition to the valuable Masonic information, it is the best *family newspaper in the land.*

FORT UNION, N. M.

My family prefer the NATIONAL FREEMASON to Harper's Pictorial for a family paper. The tone and language cannot be excelled.

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"Waggoner's Bulletin," Norwalk, Ohio (by the way, a sheet of valuable reading matter and well edited), says:

"The NATIONAL FREEMASON, without any hesitation or mental reservation, is the best Masonic paper ever published in the United States, and is EMPHATICALLY THE CHEAPEST."

More Bigotry.

"The Presbytery of Chilicothe referred the following case to Synod:—It seems that the session of Greenfield church, though satisfied with the work of the Spirit in the heart of one who applied for church membership, nevertheless declined to receive him as a member, because he refused to relinquish his connection with the society of Odd Fellows. After consideration of the subject Synod *Resolved,* That it is the province of each session in its capacity as a Congregational Church Court, to sit in judgment upon the evidence of the Christian conversion of individuals applying for membership; and to receive or reject them, according to the evidence of conversion or otherwise afforded by the applicant, taking God's word and our standards as their rule of judgment."

The *Presbyterian*, published at Philadelphia, whose editors and patrons are just as pious as their brethren of Greenfield, Ohio, thus comments:

"The case which the Synod was called on to decide was one which we are persuaded three-fourths of the sessions of the Presbyterian Church would have decided otherwise. Satisfied with the work of the Spirit in the heart of the applicant, they would have gone no further. For the 'work of the Spirit' in all to whom he applies the redemption purchased by Christ, consists 'in working faith in us, and thereby uniting us to Christ in our effectual calling.' Now if any one be effectually called—united to Christ —wrought in by the Spirit—who shall say that he ought not to be united to the Church? Or rather, as his union to Christ immediately involves union to Christ's invisible, elect, and redeemed Church, who shall say that he is not fit for the minor act of union to the visible Church? If the session of Greenfield church believe that membership with the Society of Odd Fellows made it doubtful whether the work of the Spirit had been wrought in the heart of the applicant, they would have been justified in pleading the doubt as a reason for debarring men from the privileges of church membership. But when they proclaimed themselves satisfied on this point they ended, as it seems to us, the whole case. One scriptural example is in proof here. When Peter went down from Joppa to Cesarea he found Cornelius, with his kinsmen and near friends waiting to receive him. To them he preached the gospel; and as he preached 'the Holy Ghost fell on all of them which heard the word.' * * Then answered Peter, 'Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?' 'The reason assigned here,' says Dr. Addison Alexander, 'is that those who had received the baptism of the Spirit must certainly be fit for that of water.' Why should the sign be withheld from those who are possessed of the thing signified? 'And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord.' In other words being 'satisfied with the work of the Spirit' in their hearts, he admitted them to the Church."

We rejoice to see religious papers becoming more sensible upon the subject of secret societies.

The fundamental error of the Greenfield and other churches is that they deem themselves responsible for all their members do, and therefore must add dignity to gossip and Paul-Pry-ism by examining into the affairs of all their communicants.

Christian and Masonic charity would say that as a church we are responsible only for a departure from our doctrines or for a violation of the moral law as contained in the ten commandments. When error in doctrine or viciousness of life is presented to us, we will examine into the case, and if in the law of charity the brother is guilty, we will discipline. What the brother does in his family, or counting-room, or Lodge, is his own act, and he is responsible only to God, until his action becomes unmistakably known to the church. If some in the church are doubtful whether a Lodge is foolish or wicked, let them remain *without;* but let them possess sufficient Christian charity to not criminate their Christian brother without manifest proof. What is a Christian or a church without charity?

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We call attention to Bro's Pollard and Leighton's (of Boston) advertisement as dealers in Masonic goods, merchandise and books. They have advertised with us for years, and we have heard no complaint from our friends who have patronized them.

Masonic Institution in Texas Utterly Destroyed by a Terrible Tornado—Several Lives Lost.

We learn from our friends in Henderson, Texas, that the terrific tornado of Dec. 8th destroyed almost instantaneously the Masonic building in that city. The lower story was occupied as the male department of the institute, the upper as the Lodge and Chapter room. Com. Van Vleek, the Grand Lecturer of the Grand Chapter of Texas, with a number of Masons, had left the Lodge-room not more than fifteen minutes previously. The institution had its dinner intermission but twenty minutes before, and thus there were not more than twenty-three about the building when it fell. All of these, however, with one exception, were more or less injured. The lifeless bodies of four were taken from the ruins—John Crow, Robert Stith, Nelson Parr and Arthur Stedman. Mr. Crow, son of A. R. Crow, was nineteen years old, a young man of talent and industry and morals—a model. Robert Stith was an exemplary youth, an orphan, and the chief dependence and pride of his widowed mother.

Young Parr, too, was an orphan, the son of a deceased, indigent, though worthy Master Mason, and was one of the objects upon whom the fraternity looked as the best wing of their charity. Little Arthur was the son of Bro. and Maj. William Stedman, and a child of unusual sprightliness, and the darling pet of his parents. Chas. Brown, son of Bro. Taylor Brown, and Alexander Stetson, are dangerously, though, it is hoped, not mortally injured. Bro. T. P. McKinley, a most deserving man, who had the misfortune to lose his leg during the late war, and who is now endeavoring to educate himself for the purpose of teaching, is seriously but not dangerously injured. Two of Mrs. McMurry's children have their thighs broken, but are doing well. James Ramsey was badly bruised about the head, but not seriously. John Cameron, son of Ben. Cameron, was injured, but is recovering. Paul Delamar, it was thought, was seriously injured, but he is recovering. Some others were slightly injured, but not bad enough to confine them to their rooms.

The scene around the ruins, after the fall of the building, we have neither the language nor the heart to describe. The report that immediately went out was that all the boys were killed; how it happened otherwise it is hard to understand. Nearly every family in town either had a son there or on his way from dinner. The distress may possibly be imagined, but no words can portray it. In the course of an hour all were removed from the ruins except Arthur Stedman; his body was not found the next morning, though the labors of many collected were continued unremittingly day and night. The *Henderson Times* says, "We cannot forbear to mention the noble conduct of the freedmen of this community. Of course, in such a case, every one is expected to do his duty, and compliments are out of place; but the freedmen did more than was to be expected, and positively refused any remuneration, though they worked night and day, much of the time in the rain, till the last body was found."

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The Death of M. Lowenthal.

We have received several communications respecting this brother, but we cannot publish anything derogatory, especially to a deceased brother.

We have never seen any evidence to satisfy us that the charges alleged against our late brother have foundation in truth. The miserable stories about his death are scandalous. The general agent of the New York Life Insurance Company denies them authoritatively. His body was followed to the grave by Rev. Mr. Keeling, Rector of Trinity, Washington, by Brother Hutchinson (cashier of the Metropolis Bank), and Bro. Ex-Gov. Ford, and by Dawson Lodge, of Washington city. We wish no other indorsement of our late Bro. Lowenthal than that of Dawson Lodge.

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The Late Grand Commander of Tennessee.

By a letter from our esteemed brother, the Grand Commander of Tennessee, we sadly announce the death of Our Right Eminent Frater, Amasa S. Underwood. Only a few weeks since he laid aside the official robes of Grand Commander of Tennessee. He was wise and strong, and dearly loved.

Each Constituent Commandery of Tennessee is ordered to be draped in black for thirty days, by Bro. M'Clelland, the Grand Commander.

Portraits of Christ.

[We present the following as a reply to several inquiries of prominent Knights Templar. Our excellent Sir Knt. of Indiana will find his questions herein fully answered.]

Descriptions of our Lord's outward appearance are all of a moral and symbolical kind. Allusions of a positive nature as to his personal appearance are not found in the Sacred Scriptures. He, whom all races of men were to call brother, was not to be too closely associated with the lineaments of any one.

All accounts of pictures of our Lord, represented to have been taken from himself, are without historical verity.

The first representations of Christ mentioned, were executed in gold and silver, and placed in the houses of the wealthy, along with those of wise and good men.

There was a bronze group formerly at Cesarea, consisting of a male figure, standing, and extending the hand to a female kneeling before him, seen and described by Eusebius (died 340), who says it was reported to be our Lord and the woman healed by touching the hem of his garment. Julian the apostate overthrew this figure of Christ, and erected his own in its stead. Many think the group represented the city of Cesarea doing homage to the Emperor.

The tradition of our Lord's outward appearance, to which most importance is attached, was discovered in the writings of Anselm, Bishop of Canterbury, and Grand Master, who lived in the eleventh century. It consists of a letter addressed to the Roman Senate, describing Christ, by Publius Lentulus, friend of Pilate, and his predecessor as Governor of Judea. Whatever opinion may be entertained about the letter, all admitted its existence before the third century, and to have proceeded from a Christian source. Thus runs the letter:

> "In this time appeared a man, who lives till now, a man endowed with great powers. Men call him a great prophet; his own disciples term Him the Son of God. His name is Jesus Christ; He restores the dead to life, and cures the sick of all manner of diseases. This man is of noble and well proportioned stature, with a face full of kindness, and yet firmness, so that the beholders both love Him and fear Him. His hair is the color of wine, and golden at the root—straight, and without lustre—but from the level of the ears curling and glossy, and divided down the centre after the fashion of the Nazarenes (Nazarites). His forehead is even and smooth; His face without blemish, and enhanced by a tempered bloom; His countenance ingenuous and kind; nose and mouth are in no way faulty. His beard is full, of the same color as his hair, and forked in form; His eyes blue, and extremely brilliant. In reproof and rebuke He is formidable; in exhortation and teaching, gentle and amiable of tongue. None have seen Him to laugh; but many, on the contrary, to weep. His person is tall; His hands beautiful and straight. In speaking He is deliberate and grave, and little given to loquacity. In *beauty* surpassing most men."

St. John of Damascus, a Greek theologian (eighth century) says: "Jesus was of stately growth, with eyebrows that joined together, beautiful eyes, curly hair, in the prime of life, with black beard, and with a yellow complexion and long fingers, like His mother."

St. Luke was asserted to have been a painter, and to have taken our Lord from life; St. Peter to have drawn him from memory, and Nicodemus, a sculptor, to have carved the Holy Image at Lucca, and Pilate also to have secretly taken a portrait of Christ.

The Seventh General Council at Constantinople (745) condemned all the numerous pictures claiming to be descended direct from Christ. We have not space for an account of the various legends connected with the pictures of Christ.

A picture in the English National Gallery has in the centre the head of our Lord on a cloth, hair divided in middle, beard forked. Within the crucifixion spaces of the glory are three Greek letters, representing the Being.

In the earlier monuments of the Roman catacombs the type of Christ is simply that of youth, and of the expression proper to that period. The hair divided in the centre of the forehead is an unfailing sign of identity.

There is a collection of plates of Heads of Christ, taken from the Catacombs of Rome, and to be found in the Astor Library, for which they were purchased at great expense.

Plate xxviii. is Peinture du Cimetiere de Sts. Cante Catacombe dite Platonia Chretien du Vatican Grandeur de l'Original. In these the hair is long, flowing, terminating in curls resting on the neck, beard quite full and covering the neck in front and sides, and full moustache.

Plate xxix.—Cimetiere de St. Calixte—represents Christ with hair parted in the middle and resting upon the rear and front neck in curls, beard covering and protecting the neck and moustache. The head is surrounded with a nimbus, in which is the cross.

Some paintings of the Catacombs represent our Lord without moustache or beard.

In the fifteenth century, Leonardo da Vinci's Cena was a culminating point in art. He breathed the profoundest conception of the Son of Man which mortal hand has ever executed. Then there were Raphael's and Titian's and Durer's, and in the sixteenth century, Ruben's and Vandyck's and Rembrandt's.

Raphael, in the last year of her life, was commissioned by the Cardinal de Medici to paint an altar piece for the Cathedral of Norbonne, and he selected for his subject the Transfiguration of our Lord. This picture, of world-wide fame, has been styled the greatest picture in the world. Here our Lord is pictured with arms extended at right angles with the body, with hair parted in the middle and resting gracefully on His neck, with flowing beard brushed downward and with the cruciform nimbus surrounding His sacred head.

The number of designs of Christ, from His entry into Jerusalem to the Descent of the Holy Ghost, is very great. Duccio has 26, Albert Durer 21, and Holbein 9.

Leonardo da Vinci's *Cena* is *the* Last Supper. There is no other. After executing this *chef d'œuvre*, this stupendous picture, Leonardo, in his forty-sixth year, appeared to have exhausted himself, and did nothing more. The painter in this picture casts the eyes of our Lord down, with a wave of one intense meaning passing over the whole countenance. The hands on the table are full of intellectual service. The palm of the one so graciously and bountifutly open to all who are weary and heavy laden, the other averted, yet not closed, as if deprecating its own symbolic office. This figure of our Lord approaches nearest the ideal of His person.

We pass by the various Crucifixion scenes, which are mainly historical, as not suited to Templar aspect, stopping at the great devotional Crucifixion, by Fra Angelico. This is the highest example that the pencil of man has produced, and may be found in the Convent of S. Marco at Florence. We notice only the centre representation. This forms a large semicircle, with the three crosses placed symmetrically, and with twenty figures, life size, ranged in various attitudes below. The Christ, with a small crown of thorns, is dead. It is a gentle figure, but little marked by bodily pain—the body straight—the head just bent on one side—the expression that of a full, free and perfect sacrifice. The thieves are still alive, nailed like Himself, the crosses slightly turning to the centre. The good thief, gazing on the Lord with holy peace; the other uttering a wail of pain, with head turned from the only Physician. * * * In the centre of the arch is the well known type of the pelican feeding her young with her blood, with the inscription: "Similis factus sum pelicano solitudinis" (I am like a pelican in the wilderness.—Ps. cii. 6.)

This great work proceeds in equal proportions from the Churchman, the Christian, the Mason and the man.

Of the Resurrection the earliest representation (and of the fifth century) is in the National Museum at Munich. Here is a tomb like a small temple, the guards leaning in sleep against it, while Christ, young, beardless and beautiful, with no nimbus, is rushing rather than rising from it, His eager, extended hand grasped by the hand of the Almighty above. The later paintings are amplified in number, and more exciting in character. We need not remark that the presence of a tomb may be appropriate in a Resurrection, but entirely out of place in an Ascension scene.

Of the Ascension, the first work of art was an early ivory, representing our Lord without nimbus to head or glory to person. His back turned to the spectator in the act of lively flight—bird-like—towards heaven, where the hand of the Father is stretched towards Him. Another figure gives the Saviour alone, with his figure also turned from earth, and the arms extended towards a rainbow circle above. Later is a miniature, engraved in D'Agencourt, Christ in the same significant position, though less averted, with the plain cross of the Resurrection in the left hand, the right uplifted and already grasped by the hand of the Father above.

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries Christ is seen surrounded by a massive oval glory; the figure in profile, as if the sentiment of His turning to the joy that was set before Him was gradually waning; the hand of the Father still above, two angels in the air, evidently addressing the apostles and the virgins below; Christ's foot is still on the cone of a hill, below which a bust length of the Prophet Habbakuk is seen looking up and bearing a scroll with his name.

Rosini represents the Lord rising straight and full front, like a monumental effigy, sometimes with the banner of victory in one hand and blessing with the other; or with a palm branch—the sign of martyrdom—in the right hand; or with a crown on His head and a sceptre in his hand.

Perugius's magnificent picture, painted in 1495, now the chief attraction of the public museum of Lyons, France, represents our Lord surrounded by a mandorla, or almon-shaped glory, occupied only with those he leaves, blessing them with one hand, and directing their attention to heaven by pointing upwards with the forefinger of the other. The mandorla is composed of winged cherub heads, on one of which, to all appearance a tender infant's skull, the Saviour's left foot most inappropriately rests. Thus supported he stands perfectly still. Two angels on each side play on musical instruments.

In Raphael's design for the Ascension the Saviour soars full front, with outstretched arms and upraised eyes and head, yet with a leisurely consciousness of being "an evidence" to those below.

The Ascension is the subject which generally occupies the principal cupola of a Greek church. The figure of the Saviour is placed in the highest centre, and gains a retiring effect from the perspective of the building. He is represented seated upon clouds, and welcomed by angels with musical instruments.

The best painting we have seen represents our Lord as gracefully extending his hands upwards, his body bent forward, clad in a flowing garment, his whole person surrounded by a glory, and his head by a nimbus, with hair parted and beard also, and with a serene and triumphing aspect.

Our Templar paintings are more those of the Resurrection than of the Ascension. The error may be avoided by recollecting that after our Lord burst the cerements of the tomb he did not at once ascend, but remained forty days and forty nights, being seen and handled by the disciples, and that he was taken up from their midst to his heavenly abode. [Our brethren should also understand that Resurrection hymns are different from Ascension hymns, with which they are generally confounded.]

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing we have been presented with a portrait of *our Saviour*, of great reputed antiquity, and under it the following description:

> "The only true likeness of our Savior, taken from one worked on a piece of tapestry, by command of Tiberius Cæsar, and was given from the treasury of Constantinople by the Emperor of the Turks to Pope Innocent the Eighth, for the redemption of his brother, then a captive of the Christians."

In this the features are thin and delicate; the eyes blue, large and expressive; the nose prominent and nearly straight, more like the Greek than the Roman; the mouth not large; the lips full and slightly parted, not sufficiently, however, to show the teeth; the chin somewhat long, and feminine rather than large and masculine; and the eyebrows full and beautifully arched. The head is high, long and large, but not wide, except through the temples, covered with long, wavy auburn or reddish-brown hair, inclined to curl. His beard is slight, face unshaved, with a light moustache. Except in complexion, there is no special resemblance to the Jewish type of countenance.

A late English writer states that there are *two* races of Jews; one fair, with straight nose, often with reddish hair and blue eyes; the other, or western Jews, dark, with large noses, like the Syrians, descendants, not of the ten tribes, but of the Babylonians, who were taken to Judea. We may never know all the genealogical facts connected with this matter, but the theory of two distinct races seems not only possible, but probable.

St. Nicholas Lodge had its fine Annual Dinner at the Maison Dorée on St. John's Day. The regular toasts show the sentiment of the fraternity, as follows:

1. *St. Nicholas*—We have taken his name, may we emulate his virtues. Music—"Sleigh-Bell Polka."
2. *Our Visiting Brethren*—Union—the tie among men, the bond among States. Music—"He's a Jolly Good Fellow."
3. *Grand Lodge*—State of New York. Music—Masonic March.
4. *Past Masters*—They protected us in infancy, we revere them in our age. Music—"Auld Lang Syne."
5. *Masonry*—The corner stone of the Republic, and the cement of the States. Music—"Star-Spangled Banner."
6. *The Soul of Masonry*—Charity, the fraternal chord which thrills the Masonic heart with harmonies of universal love. Music—"Then You'll Remember Me."
7. *The Army and Navy*—May their swords be turned into the square, level and plumb. Music—"Red, White and Blue."
8. *Absent Brethren*—Bright links missing from our chain. Music—"Good-bye."
9. *Woman*—The worshipful mistress of the holy lodge of the heart. Music—"Let the Toast be Dear Woman."

The toasts were responded to by Bros. Garson, Ex-Mayor Vaux (of Phil.), Millard, Dibblee, Dean, Elhardt, M'Nary, Raynor, and Dr. Weston, of Trinity Parish.

The Masonic Social

given by Sagamore Lodge, at their rooms, was well arranged, under their committee:

Geo. H. Atwood, P. M., John P. Ryer, Thomas H. Carr, E. P. Hollister, Royal Keith, Chas. E. Hyatt, Moses Ely, P. M., Chas. S. Arthur, W. W. G. Van Demark, Henry T. Godel, P. M.

Bro. Chase opened with a voluntary on the organ, when an ode was sung. Rev. Dr. Weston, of St. John's, Trinity Parish, made a prayer. W. Bro. Herman G. Carter gave the lecture of "The Eastern Star," in a forcible and attractive manner. Bros. Chase, Harrisons and Keith, and Miss Flint, called forth rapturous applause by their music and singing. We closed with a short address and the benediction.

General Samuel R. Curtis,

an esteemed Iowa Masonic brother and friend, died of apoplexy at Council Bluffs a few days ago. He was born in Ohio, while his parents were emigrating West from Connecticut. He graduated at West Point, 1831, was appointed a Lieutenant of Infantry 1832, resigned and became a lawyer, practicing in Ohio, 1837 to 1840, became engineer of the Muskingum works. He was a colonel in the Mexican war, and re-opened the road from Comargo to Monteray, after the battle of Buena Vista. Colonel Curtis was Governor of Metamoras, Comargo, Monterey and Saltillo. After the war he resumed practice in Missouri and Iowa, and afterwards became engineer on railroads. He was a member of the House of Representatives, during the 35th, 36th, 37th, and 38th Congresses. 1861 he was a deligate to the Peru Congress. He became Major General in the late war. He has been a devoted friend of the Pacific Railroad, and died in the dischaage of his duty, as one of the commissioners appointed to inspect the unfinished work upon the Union Pacific Rail Road.

The Compasses, Symbols of Almighty Power.

There is a Grand Anglo-Saxon miniature in the British Museum, of about the year 1000. God is here in the person of Christ, holding the sphere of the world. The right hand holds the compasses, symbols of Almighty power. The figure of the compasses is from the magnificent passage in Proverbs: "When he prepared the Heavens I was there, when he set a compass upon the face of the deep."

Of one of these devices to image forth the mechanism of divine power Milton has also made use, where he describes the Omnific Word, on the wings of cherubim uplifted, riding far into chaos:

> Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his hand
> He took the golden compasses, prepared
> In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
> This universe and all created things:
> One foot he centered, and the other turned
> Round through the vast profundity obscure;
> And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
> This be thy just circumference, O World!"
>
> —*Paradise Lost*, *book vii.*

A Beggared Millionaire.

"Johnny Steele," the young Prince of Venango county and the oil region of Pennsylvania, has parted with his estate for taxes due the government.

Early in 1863, the Van Slyke well, on this farm, was struck, yielding 2,500 barrels per day, and several wells yielding from 200 to 300 barrels. This tract, sadly mismanaged, is still among the best in the oil region. 1864, widow McClintock, who owned this farm, died of burns received while kindling a fire with crude oil. At this time the average daily income to the widow was $2,000 a day. All her property was left to her adopted son, John W. Steele, 20 years of age. In the iron safe of the widow was found $100,000 in greenbacks and $50,000 in gold. Vicious vampyres clung to this young man. Wine, horses, faro, and general debauchery in twenty months squandered Johnny Steele's two millions of dollars. He lost by faro $100,000 in two nights. He bought high priced turnouts, and after driving them an hour or two gave them away; equipped a large minstrel troupe, and presented each member with a diamond pin and ring. He is now door-keeper for Skiff & Gaylord's minstrels, the company he organized.

A needy and worthy brother, the Secretary of a Lodge and Chapter in South Carolina, who has been deprived of everything during the war, has applied himself closely during the last year, and is said to be an expert dentist. He needs a set of tools, and wishes a loan of money, to be expended by the parties themselves in purchasing dental tools here and to be forwarded to him.

Any brother disposed to furnish the money as a loan, and thus enable a worthy brother to earn a livelihood, can obtain further information at this office.

The Tephrapotes—An Extraordinary Club.

At the death of *Savonarola*, three of his disciples carried away from the funeral pile the head and heart of the reformer. Finding refuge within the walls of the monastery of S. Onofrio, they mixed with wine a small quantity of those carbonized remains, drank off the mixture, and bound themselves by a solemn oath to avenge their master, and to take no rest until the temporal power of the Pope was swept from off the earth. Hence the name of *Tephrapotes*, or drinkers of ashes, which they assumed. A secret club soon grew around these three fanatics, and it found members in every class of Italian society. In order to impart to their association a more mysterious character, the *Tephrapotes* borrowed various usages from the Kabbalah, and amongst other things they elected seven leaders, to whom they gave the names of the seven Edomite Kings who reigned before the settlement of the Israelites in Palestine. The existence of this society was, it seems, very soon discovered by the Pontifical Government, and, in order to stop its progress, Paul III., Paul IV. and Benedict XIV. endeavored to rehabilitate the memory of Savonarola. This was useless; the "drinkers of ashes" had joined together for the purpose, not of commemorating the reformer's virtues, but of destroying the power which had sent him to death. Since its first institution the club of the *Tephrapotes* has, it is asserted, never ceased to exist; during the French Revolution, its chief was a *conventionnel*, and beside the downfall of the Papacy, they aim at bringing about that of the Austrian Empire and of the Sultan's.

Our thanks to Comp. Waterman and our friend Bro. Jacob Norton for the by-laws of St. Andrew's Royal Arch Chapter, Boston, instituted A. D. 1769, together with biographical sketches of distinguished members. This work is prepared by Comp. Waterman, Secretary of the Chapter.

From the early records it appears that the degrees of "Excellent, Super-excellent, and Royal Arch," were conferred in the Royal Arch Lodge.

On the 14th of May, 1770, it is recorded that the "Most Worshipful Joseph Warren, Esq.," was made a Royal Arch Mason.

The records of the eminent members of the Chapter are brief, but comprehensive and very interesting.

Attrition of Coins.

There are in Great Britain 15,000,000 sovereigns and 620,000,000 silver coins of all denominations, doing duty day by day. The smaller coins do more duty and wear out soonest. When these are removed it takes one hundred old shillings to make eighty new ones. Gold is the standard in England. When a sovereign by attrition has lost a half grain, its circulation may be stopped. In three years of active circulation crown pieces lose five per cent. of their original worth, half crowns ten per cent., shillings thirty per cent., sixpences forty per cent., and threepences 42 per cent. Twenty thousand pounds sterling per annum are lost to the public treasury, through attrition.

Bro. Caldwell, No. 10 (second story) Masonic Temple, Cincinnati, Ohio, has declined a lucrative position as an insurance agent, and remains at his post. Bro. Caldwell proposes, however, to act as a life insurance agent to some extent, and to give five per cent. of the premium paid him to the widow and orphans' fund. He advertises for new sub-agencies in various Southern counties of Ohio.

The two articles in the *Voice of Masonry*, commencing with, "Austria has been," etc., and, "Is not Masonry," etc., were original to The National Freemason.

Le Bon Ton for January (S. T. Taylor, 349 Canal street) keeps up its past reputation.

Discouraged—Fortitude—A Suicide in Brooklyn.

BY BRO. LEWIS R. STEGMAN.

The success of life lies in action. It is not a question of fine sentiment, but of deeds. A man must not lie idle and pray, but, nerving himself for contest with his fellows, close in battle, and, by indomitable perseverance and courage, prove himself worthy of the honors won. Indolence and the contemplation of ideals never gather fruit.

The brain must think and propel the being, and the hand be ever ready to execute. A purpose must not be conceived to be treasured up as a pleasant fancy, but be carried into the active service of existence.

It should always be remembered that all men are equal —if not in talent, intellect or wealth, in capacity, through self-instruction and general acquisition, by perseverance. And no one should exclaim, while health animates the corporeal frame, "I cannot."

Ability to do always exists with the determination necessary to make the effort—and success is the sure attainment of every well directed disposition.

How many brothers say, "Fortune does not favor us;" "We cannot succeed;" "The world is against us;" "We can find nothing to do."

Surely, they must have forgotten the lessons of their youth, the song, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again" — so simple and expressive; or the many examples of success against adversity and misfortune presented in the careers of so many eminent brothers.

Only last week, I met an active, hard-working brother in the room of a Brooklyn Lodge. Often before in my visits there I had seen him, always prominent and deeply interested. Three days thereafter, another brother meeting me, inquired,

"Have you heard of the sad calamity which occurred to Bro. ———?"

"No. When and what?"

"He committed suicide yesterday evening. He seems to have been completely discouraged at not obtaining work, and having a wife and children dependent on his labors, has now rushed unprepared into the presence of his Maker. It fairly stuns me to think how foolishly men throw away their lives."

I cannot learn that he ever applied to his Lodge for relief, nor that he made more than an attempt to obtain work at his profession. And then, unwilling to try any other course or procedure, without warning, leaving those whom he had sworn to protect and succor, he incontinently rushes by the death of a suicide before his God.

Suicide is reprehensible and deplorable; but when the self life-taker is one of our own kin in fraternal ties, it is brought directly home to us, and the question then presents itself, Why and how is this?

Under the impulse of mental aberration, it may be pardoned, and the vail of charity be drawn over the unfortunate; but when, under the simple cloak of a want of work, or under the common causes of discouragement, a leap into eternity becomes the mania of the mind or an actual fact, the brother suffering should first use all Masonic influence, or die in the reflection and knowledge that his conduct as a finality is thoroughly detested and frowned upon, and will only result in disgrace to his name. The very leniency shown by the brotherhood will often cause this desperate end, from the knowledge that his remains will be decently interred and his family provided for. Let it be understood, however, that the suicide, unless insane, can expect nothing from the fraternity, and it will cause a hesitation which may produce good results.

Masonry is a society based upon the system of benefits, and each individual brother is entitled, under proper consideration of circumstances, to a portion of that relief which he pledges to others. Pride may prevent his requesting alms, but this should never prevent a worthy member asking for relief. To a brother we do not dispense *alms*, but *assistance;* widely different in phrase and distinction. While in one case it is a point of absolute relief, without hope of return, except in the heart, for deeds well done, in the other it is in the hope and belief that the brother aided will have a purer, truer knowledge of Masonry imbedded in his disposition, and be as willing to do unto others as he has been done by.

When adversity assails a brother, when discouragement stares him in the face, he should not forget that valuable and noble lesson of our institution, FORTITUDE, a lesson so symbolized that it stands among the most prominent tenets of our faith, and is so deeply impressed that it remains among the indelible records of memory. Taught as it is, it conveys to the mind the necessity of self-dependence, and the exhibition of qualities which alone can entitle the brother to be considered a *man*, with all the credentials of a Master. In this connection fortitude comprises all the valuable doctrines and examples which should ever be present in our thoughts while battling against discouragement and difficulty, and be so convincing in its attributes and argument that every brother will, in the hour of trial, "stand to and abide by it" as the law of his life.

A Contemporary of Washington still Alive.

[There is so much of interest to our American Masonic family in the following that we venture to publish it, although long. Washington, Randall, Marshall, Postmaster-Gen. Randall, and Metcalf have all been Freemasons.]

Horace Randall, the oldest survivor, perhaps, of days past, still resides in Fauquier County, Virginia, at the age of one hundred and five. He is the last survivor of his name, though he has many blood relations scattered over the State. His mother was Martha Jane Ball, cousin of General Washington, whose relations, through the Balls, are numerous under other names, having intermarried with the Marshalls, Randolphs, Pendletons, and other distinguished families. Horace Randall has one brother, who, with the Fitzhughs, Nortons, and Roses, went to Western New York during the fever for emigration from Virginia to that quarter, more than fifty years ago. This brother has many descendants, one of whom, Governor A. W. Randall, is the present Postmaster-General.

We find in the last number of a Virginia contemporary the subjoined account of the discovery of an ancient relic, in the shape of a manuscript letter, addressed to General Washington by a citizen of Fauquier County, Va., in the year 1781, which, by reason of its great antiquity, and of the remarkable fact that the writer still survives to recognize and explain the circumstances under which it was indited, cannot but be regarded as a great "curiosity in literature."

LETTER TO GENERAL WASHINGTON.

ELK RUN, FAUQUIER COUNTY, VA.,
January 20, 1781.

DEAR SIR—General Arnold, with 1,800 men, is now encamped three miles west of this spot. They continue to exercise the most unheard of cruelty, indiscriminately on men, women, and children, and wanton destruction of every kind of property. All eyes are turned on you for vengeance. It was only yesterday that Sally Metcalf was shot from her horse by a British sentinel, whilst endeavoring to make her escape. She is the wife of Captain Metcalf, with whom you are acquainted. I will help you with twenty well mounted men, most of whom are good marksmen, and, if no objections are made, they would prefer to be near you, and bring with them their own rifles, in the use of which they will prove effectual. The bearer, Jack Brown, six feet six in his stockings, though above the average, is not a very unfair sample of the remaining nineteen, who anxiously await your reply to this tender of their services, and hope you will accept the same in the manner they desire.

I would suggest that you retain Jack, and in his place send back Tim Wheeden. For further information I refer you to Jack. I would trust my honor and my life in his keeping.

With the highest regard, your very humble servant
HORACE RANDALL.

General George Washington, Philadelphia.

A few weeks since, Mr. John A. Washington, in repairing a mantlepiece at Mount Vernon, found an old letter, of which the above is a true copy. It had fallen through a crevice and made a lodgment, where it remained undisturbed for more than seventy years. What is remarkable in connection with the letter is that the writer is still alive, and resides in Fauquier. On being shown the letter, he recognized the same. It was read to him by Mr. James Jeffries. "Yes," said he, "I remember well, Sally Metcalf recovered from the shot, and with her husband went to Kentucky. Her son was afterwards Governor of Kentucky. They moved out with Colonel Tom Mashall, in 1793. Col. Marshall was colonel of the Virginia artillery of the Third Regiment, and fought at the battle of Brandywine. Captain John Chaton, grandfather of our Dr. John, was with him, and was killed in that battle. Lafayette had just been promoted, was then twenty-one, and was wounded at the same time. Colonel Tom Marshall was the father of John Marshall, Chief-Justice of the United States. He died in 1802 or '3. I have been at his grave at Washington, Mason County, Kentucky, about five miles from Maysville." As Mr. Jeffries came to that part of the letter in relation to Jack Brown, the old gentleman was brought to tears. He exclaimed, "My God! poor Jack Brown—I was the cause of his death, just to gratify Tim Wheeden's wife, who had not seen her husband for two years." Mr. Jeffries remarked, "You did it for the best, in a good cause. It showed the goodness of your heart." "Yes," said he, "those were the precise words of General Washington to me, about eighteen months afterwards."

Mr. Randall never received a cent for his services, of which he always speaks in a light manner. If not entitled to payment, he at least deserves the gratitude of his country.

The original letter may be seen at the office of the County Court of Fauquier.

Our venerable Gallican brother, Cauchois, has published an admirable comparison between the Emir Abd-el-Kader and the Pope Pius IX. He notes Abd-el-Kader as an Arab, a Mohammedan, a conquered leader, who would naturally regard Christians as without consideration from the followers of the prophet. He overcomes his prejudices, considers what his own country demands and the general good. He becomes a Mason, imbibes its principles and sympathies and becomes a friend and lover of universal humanity, declaring that Freemasonry is "the most valuable institution of the world;" and again asserting that Freemasonry is "the first institution of the world," and that a man who does not profess the Masonic faith is an incomplete man; and that when Masonic principles have spread over the entire world, "all peoples will live in peace and brotherly love." His works proved his sincerity, as in his conduct in the Syrian massacres.

Now the Pope, in his bull, charges the Masons as banded together "for the common ruin of religion and human society," he repeats the bulls of damnation and excommunication of Clement XII., Benedict XIV., Pius VII. and Leo XII. Yet the Pope does not merely in his heart believe, but he knows from positive, personal reception into the fraternity, that the institution is to cultivate reverence for God, support in adversity, and (this is the point of real objection) love of truth and universal religious toleration. The Pope says, in his bull, "Masonry regards liberty of conscience as a right proper to each man, and excludes no one on account of his belief." Bro. Cauchois concludes that the Pope may receive from an Arab Mohammedan a high lesson of knowledge, justice and charity.

Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

With a large and almost unanimous vote for most of the candidates, the following brethren were elected officers for the ensuing year: Charles C. Dane, of Newburyport, Grand Master; Samuel P. Oliver, of Boston, Senior Warden; Henry Muliken, of Waltham, Junior Warden; John McClellan, of Boston, Grand Treasurer; Charles W. Moore, of Boston, Grand Secretary.

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Grand Lodge of District of Columbia.

At the annual meeting held last Thursday, the following officers were installed: M. W. George C. Whiting, Grand Master; R. W. R. B. Donaldson, D. G. M.; R. W. Andrew Glass, G. S. W.; R. W. A. T. Longley, G. J. W.; R. W. Noble D. Larner, Grand Secretary, R. W. C. Cammack, Sr., Grand Treasurer; R. W. John Lockie, G. Visiter and Lecturer.

The report shows a total membership of 1,967 in the jurisdiction, an increase of 247 over last year. Grand Lodge receipts for the past year, $1,888.50; amount expended by the Lodge for charities, $5,744.

The reports show a highly prosperous condition of the Order.

The Strength of Silence.

It is a great art in our Masonic life to *learn to be silent;* to work for our brothers and all sufferers, and *to be silent;* under oppositions, rebukes, and injuries and neglect, *still to be silent;* misrepresented, misunderstood, still to be for God and humanity, and *silently* to work until life's end.

The articles, "Washington Gavel," as also "The White Stone," in the *Masonic Review* of Jan. 5, were taken from the NATIONAL FREEMASON.

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Our regrets not to have been able to accept the kind invitation of Tabernacle Lodge, at the Everett Rooms.

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The *Californian* copies our Cavan's poem and other articles from the NATIONAL FREEMASON, failing to give credit.

The Church and the School.

Our esteemed brother, John Augustus Williams, LL.D., of Kentucky, who has furnished for the National Freemason exquisite poetry, delivered an address a short time ago on "*The Church and the School.*"

After the delivery of the address a friend who heard it stepped up to Bro. Williams and said, "I greet you as a brother; for none but a Mason could so speak as you did," in the following paragraphs:

There is a discipline that early opens the heart to every word of God; that implants there a strong faith and enkindles a pure love; that excites a tender and wholesome penitence, and keeps alive a beautiful trust in the Lamb that takes away the sin of the world. There is a gentle, patient, missionary work, that consists in feeding the young lambs, so that they never stray far from the green pastures near the quiet folds, but hear the voice of the Good Shepherd and come confidingly at His earliest call. Perhaps there are some here—"their hair is silver now"—that cannot remember a day when they did not love God, believe in Jesus, and delight in the hope that they would soon be with their Father and Saviour in the beautiful skies forever.

It is useless, however, to argue here that the best Christians are those who have been educated in the Christian faith. Reason thus concludes, and history and observation confirm the fact. And we are fully persuaded, too, that though the Evangelist, by his public labors, may lay the foundation of a church, yet the goodly edifice will never be complete, adorned, and filled with the Spirit, until our children be reared to become in due time polished stones and beautiful pillars in the House of our God.

There were skillful wokmen on Moriah's Hill, in the day when they laid the broad and deep foundations of the ancient temple; but far away in the evergreen forests of Libanus, the timbers of that temple were prepared; and in the quarries of Paros and of Tyre, the stones were raised and fashioned for its walls; and the splendid columns, too, were cast by cunning hands in the distant plains of Succoth. And when all these toils were over, stone and beam and shining shaft were brought to Zion with rejoicings, and the sacred pile went up without the harsh discord of grating tools or jarring counsels. May we not, my brethren, accept the thought suggested and strive to build in like manner the Church of Jesus Christ? Are not our homes, and nurseries, and schools, the quarries where living stones are shaped for the rising walls of Zion? If so, should we not send abroad our levies to the groves of cedar and the hills of marble? And while the builders lay the imperishable walls, should not other artizans prepare from the rude masses the blocks that strengthen and the columns that adorn?

:o:

Truth Dreads Nothing—He who worships at the shrine of Truth cannot be bigoted. He knows Truth can never suffer from investigation. It is Error that loves the night, and gloomy caverns. Her dress is dark, her countenance is dark, and, in short, there is nothing but darkness about her. Darkness is her mother; and she is akin to nothing that is bright, glowing and beautiful. But Truth courts investigation. Her dwelling place is in the light. Her mild, glowing countenance blushes not at the most scrutinizing gaze. While Error lies trembling lest reason should make new discoveries that will weaken her, Truth stands and gives man a smile of approbation for his encouragement. If you love Truth, be not afraid to investigate. If you entertain opinions that you dare not risk against the attack of their opponents, it is good evidence that they are unsound.

:o:

Humorous.

Reversable Verses.—The following lines, by Bro. Bulwer, are capable of being read any way:

"The love that trifles round the charms it gilds,
Oft ruins while it shines."

It is said to have been Thackeray who pointed out that this might be read—

"The charms that trifle round the love it gilds,
Shines while it ruins oft."

Or—

"The ruins that love gilds and shines around,
Oft trifles where it charms."

Or—

"The trifles that love gilds while oft it shines,
It charms the ruins round."

And yield about the same modicum of sense in either of the four versions.

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

Who are the Good?—The late Rev. John Keble said: "Please God, the strength of the church is not, after all, in the leading of men. There are old women in my parish I would put before any of the men. These are the true witnesses, the simple-hearted poor."

At the Christmas dinner at the Five Points House of Industry, four gentlemen and four ladies were present, who were picked up as vagrant children in the street and educated at the institution. One is a lawyer, another a bank clerk, and a third is a prominent importing merchant. Two of the ladies are married wealthy and all respectably. A leading soprano in one of the fashionable churches was left at the house when a child by a drunken woman, and never knew any other home.

◆

Popular Science.

Artificial Nests.—Birds are the enemies of insects and the friends of the farmer. Artificial birds' nests are used by the peasants of Switzerland. An inhabitant of Vevey observed that many species of birds select for nests the holes they find in the trunks of rotten trees, and that they consequently do not find it easy to settle in orchards, where all the trees are in good condition, began, twenty-five years ago, to set up rotten trunks in his grounds, and since then he has had no need to trouble himself in the least about clearing away caterpillars, that care being entirely left to his winged guests, who perform their duty admirably. M. X——'s neighbors, on the contrary, who have not had this foresight, have their orchards laid waste by a host of voracious insects. The Yverdun Society have gone the length of placing artificial nests even in the public walks and communal forests, on the borders of the lawns, etc. All these nests are now inhabited by hedge-sparrows, redstarts, creepers, and tomtits, all of which may be found in Switzerland as high up as the perpetual snow line.

—It is intended to forward to the Paris Exhibition a pyramid representing the space which would be occupied by all the gold produced in this colony during the last fifteen years. The height of the trophy will be fifty-nine feet ten inches, while at the base it will measure ten feet square. Its cubic capacity will be equal to 1,994 feet, and it will represent a weight of 1,071 tons, three quarters, twelve pounds, of the value of fourteen million pounds.

:o:

General (Home) Items.

The total cost of A. T. Stewart's new mansion in New York, with its furniture, will not be less than $1,500,000.

—The Mayflower, so famous in Pilgrim annals, was a vessel of one hundred and eighty tons. She made several voyages to the Massachusetts Colony, but her identity is lost after 1635.

:o:

General (Foreign) Items.

Russia.—The bride's bronchitis is over, and marriage festivities are resumed.

—Turkey—Cretan insurrection not over. Turks again defeated. Greek volunteers and Garibaldians are going to their aid.

—Palestine.—Timber for temporary support of the Dome of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, has arrived in Jerusalem.

—Mexico.—Maximilian's luggage, said to have letters compromising the French Emperor, has been seized

—Salt water is being brought daily to Paris from Dieppe, and sold by the perambulating dealers, *d'eau de mer*.

—A page of an ancient history has just been folded down. We allude to the death of M. Armand, of Rouzet, aged one hundred, page to Louis XVI.

—A monster concert took place in the Palace of Industry, in Stockholm, in which not fewer than one thousand two hundred performers took part. All Stockholm society was present, forming an auditory of nearly twelve thousand persons.

—The Emperor of Austria has given a hundred ducats (eleven francs eighty five centimes each) toward the erection of a monument in the town of Arezzo to the monk Guido, the inventor of the musical notes.

◆

Masonic (Home) Items.

Corner-stone of St. Mark's Church, Mystic, was laid Dec. 3, a memorial to the venerated and first Masonic Bishop of the U. S., Dr. Seabury.

—Hiram Lodge, Frankfort, Ky., gave $100 to the widows and orphans of deceased Masons in the Southern States.

—Our Philadelphia brethren have decided to erect a new Masonic Temple, at the corner of Broad and Sansom streets. The lot (150 ft. by 250) cost $150,000.

Masonic (Foreign) Items.

The honor of Knighthood has been conferred by the Queen upon our brother the Ex-Mayor of London, for the admirable manner in which he performed his duties. This indicates progress in the right direction, as our brother was an Israelite.

—General Dix, at his reception by the French Emperor, expressed peaceful sentiments which were reciprocated. Both brothers of the mystic tie, they ought to express no other.

◆

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

New York.—Lodge La Fraternidad, No. 387, held its annual banquet at the Hall of Mr. L Lopez, in Pearl street, on St. John the Evangelist's day. W.M. of Charter Oak Lodge, No. 249, B. Bonnell, was welcomed among the brethren of the Lodge La Fraternidad, and seated between W. M. Delgado, and Secretary Bouchardz. After several speeches and the ancient Masonic ceremonies were performed, Bro. Bonnell replied to a toast, saying that he felt happy to be with the brothers of said Lodge, and that he thanked them for such a superb dinner. The reunion closed, by singing, a prayer, and a hymn of thanks to the G. A. of the U.

Ohio.—The late Grand Encampment (from advance sheets, through kindness of Bro. Caldwell, G. R.,) Sir Heman Ely, Grand Master, thus addressed the Grand Encampment:

As on the threshold of our deliberations, in conformity with our earliest Masonic teachings, we kneel around the altar to invoke the blessing of our Immanuel, and supplicate his guidance, let us remember that the act itself, aside from the petitions offered, is an acknowledgment of our dependence upon, and trust in, an all wise and over-ruling providence. Acknowledging this, let our expressions of gratitude for the kind care which has been over us, and which has preserved us, while those on either hand have fallen, also our supplications for wisdom to direct our present deliberations, be no unmeaning form which can result in no benefit, but rather the full and deep convictions of honest hearts; then may we trust that such direction will be given, that the highest and best interests of Christian Knighthood will be promoted, and in the exemplification of the principles and teachings of our Order the world at large shall be convinced of their beneficial effect.

Sir Knt. Ely, then refers to the failure of the Grand Encampment of the U. S. to meet the wishes of Ohio and other jurisdictions respecting names of officers, and expresses feelings of kindness toward the G.·. E.·. U. S.

A handsome, although brief eulogy is paid to our late Sir Knights Corwin and Hubbard, whose biographies have been published in the National Freemason.

The following were elected officers for the ensuing year:

Heman Ely, G. M.; Charles Brown, D. G. M.; Charles C. Kiefer, G. G.; William A. Hersbiser, G. C. G.; Sir H. B. Walbridge, G. Pr.; Joseph M. Stuart, S. G. W.; Samuel P. Axtell, J. G. W.; Peter Thatcher, G. T.; John D. Caldwell, G. R.; Stith M. Sullivan, G. S. B.; David Atwater, G. S. B.; Leander Burdick, G. W.

◆

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

France.—Our readers will recollect the discussions in the Grand Orient of France, upon the suspension of a Lodge for questioning the landmarks of Masonic belief—the existence of a God, and the immortality of the soul. The papers of France are literally filled with the discussion. The Masonic world pleads not for the position of the suspended Lodge, but for toleration, forgetting that Masonry permits toleration of opinions only. The two fundamental dogmas of its belief, however, are not opinions, but its creed. Here there is no toleration nor liberty. The *Journal des Initiés* devotes its entire issue to the maintenance of Masonic truth and the Grand Orient, and the rebuke of the disorganizers and Masonic heretics. Its exposition of our doctrines is very satisfactory.

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Gramercy, 537	4th and Greene.
Corinthian, 488	8th Avenue and 18th Street.
Anglo-Saxon, 137, every Thursday	Montague Place, Brooklyn.
Hohenlinden, 56, every Thursday	6 Court Street, Brooklyn.
Stella, 485, every Thursday	14 Court Street, Brooklyn.
Fortitude, 19, every Thursday	Court and Joralemon, B'klyn.
Nassau, 536, every Thursday	Court and Union, Brooklyn.
Greenwood, 569, every Thursday	22d St. and 3d Av., Brooklyn.
Marsh, 188, every Thursday	145 Grand St., B'klyn, E. D.
Star of Hope, 430	Myrtle & Bushwick Avs., B'n, E. D.
Greenpoint, 403, every Thursday	Odd Fellows' Hall, G'npoint.

SECOND AND FOURTH FRIDAYS.

Ionic, 486; Americus, 535; Keystone, 235	Odd Fellows' Hall.
Neptune, 317	8 Union Square.
Geo. Washington, 285	Masonic Temple.
Manhattan, 62; Amity, 323	594 Broadway.
Silentia, 198	300 East Broadway.
Howard, 35	946 Broadway.
Greenwich, 467	4th and Greene.
Templar, 203	8th Avenue and 18th Street.
Washington Heights, 530	155th Street and 10th Ave.
Long Island 382, every Friday	Montague Place, Brooklyn.
Brooklyn, 288, every Friday	6 Court Street, Brooklyn.
Altair, 601, every Friday	14 Court Street, Brooklyn.
Star of Bethlehem, 322, every Friday	Court and Joralemon, B'klyn.
Schiller, 204	Oltman's Hall, B'klyn, E. D.

SECOND AND FOURTH SATURDAYS.

Garibaldi, 542	Masonic Temple.
Adelphic, 348	946 Broadway.
Commonwealth, 409, every Saturday	Montague Hall, Brooklyn.

CHAPTER.

Progressive, U. D., 9th Street, near N. 1st Street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Seeking a Fortune.

BY H. A. DWIGHT.

"Why is it," said Mr. Mason, "that people are never satisfied with their lot, when, if they change, they change only for the worse?"

"Ah! do you think that is so, Mr. Mason!" said Mr. Ripley. "I have always thought otherwise. Indeed, I have known many that have bettered their condition by moving from one place to another."

"And I have known many that have lost their all by doing the same thing. Take Mr. Temple, for example. When he was with us, he was making two or three thousand a year, but he must go to New York, for there he would make more than ten thousand at least, and thus in a short time become rich—and yet in less than a year he had lost all!"

"Oh! he fell among sharpers."

"Doubtless he did—and so do most men that go among strangers—for strangers and sharpers are pretty much the same thing, and Solomon said so, centuries ago."

"Solomon! Solomon, indeed! you must be hard driven to refer to him. Why, don't you know that he is an old fogy, and that his sayings are all out of date?"

"I know that he was a very wise man, and that he never had an equal, and never will have."

"Pshaw! any third-rate lawyer would be ashamed to keep him company now-a-days. Who ever quotes him now? and even Blackstone is hardly mentioned at the present day. But I suppose, Mr. Mason, you were shooting at me with your popgun, or I conclude you have heard that I have come to bid you adieu."

"To tell the truth, Mr. Ripley, I do hate to see a man that is well off trying to ruin himself. You are worth ten thousand, and have everything that you can eat, drink, and wear, and what do you want more?"

"Ten thousand! What are ten thousand dollars these days? Why, sir, if you put anothor cypher to it, it won't equal many a man's yearly income."

"Oh! I know that; but suppose a man has a hundred thousand, if he is not contented with that sum, I do not see that he is any better off than you or I. In fact, it is often the case that those who have the most are least contented."

"Ah! but, Mr. Mason, a man that has only ten thousand can't make a show in the world. The best he can do is to ride in a one horse carriage, whilst he who has a hundred thousand can ride in a coach and four."

"That is true. But, Mr. Ripley, did you go to the public meeting last evening?"

"Why, yes; of course, I did. Don't you think I take any interest in negro suffrage?"

"Oh! yes, certainly, for men of your ardent temperament are apt to take an interest in political matters, especially in those a little above their reach. Excuse me, Mr. Ripley; I do not wish to be personal."

"Personal! Oh! no! I see you do not; you hit a man under the fifth rib, and then say, I am not personal. Solomon didn't do that."

"Well, what I meant to say was, that you heard Mr. Samson speak."

"Certainly, and I admired him very much."

"But you wouldn't have admired him, I presume, if you had known he wasn't worth a brass farthing."

"I didn't think anything about his pecuniary circumstances—it was the orator I admired."

"Then he showed off well, you think."

"Admirably, in his line."

"And what do you think of his line compared with that of a man that is worth a hundred thousand, and that is as dumb as an adder? Which would you rather be, a Demosthenes or a Crœsus—a Diogenes or the man with the golden fleece?"

"Why, my dear sir, I never expect to be either, and since I cannot be, I wish only to extend my ten thousand to twenty; that is the height of my ambition."

"Well, stay where you are, and you will do it. But change and change, go from one place to another, and keep on doing so, and in a short time your ten thousand will loose one or two of its cyphers, I assure you. If you are doing well don't try to do better—let well enough alone."

"Ah! sir, that is very good advice to some, but I can't wish any such check-rein thrown over me. Besides, my wife says, 'Go, go somewhere; try to make a fortune, at least!'"

"Your wife! Oh! she is the captain, is she? Well, go then, and the Philistines be upon thee, Samson!"

Of course Mr. Ripley went—first to New York—then he entered into a grand petroleum project by which he was soon to make a fortune. But, alas! that bubble burst as soon as he was well out of pocket; and so ended the first lesson. The next adventure was a coal speculation, and now the thing was secure. There was no mistake about it. The stock was all paid in, and Mr. Ripley was in great glee; in a short time he would be able to ride in a coach and four, and have a darkey in livery to drive him, and his wife could dress like a queen and be welcomed even amongst the millionaires. So there wasn't a happier family in all Glenville than Mr. Ripley's, and in a short time they were to leave and follow the fortunate husband and father to his gilded home.

"And now," said Mr. Ripley to himself, "I should have been a fool to have remained at Glenville at the rate of a thousand a year. Why, I never should have been anything, and my family less than I. What do these old fogies know about the world? Fools, fools, with no enterprise."

Alack-a-day! just as the Ripleys were about to start to their Eldorado, the news came that the coal company had burst, and that, amongst others, Mr. Ripley was severely wounded—in his pockets—by the explosion.

In a short time Mr. Ripley was back again in Glenville, and meeting Mr. Mason, said, "I am glad I was worth only ten thousand when I left home, for if I been richer I should have lost the more."

The Hours of Masonry.

The Masons of the York Rite have only the terms "high twelve" and "low twelve" to designate particular Masonic times, that is, noon and midnight; and in relation to the hours of labor and rest they seem to have preserved but one tradition, namely, that Masons begin to work at six in the morning, are called to refreshment at high twelve; called on again at an hour past high twelve, and continue their labor until "low six" or evening.

But some of the Masons of the continent and of the continental rites have paid more attention to the system of Masonic horometry, and have formed or invented a variety of terms and legends in relation to Masonic hours. Among these rites, that of Zinnendorf, established about the end of the last century in Germany, has some curious details. The following extract from the ritual is translated from Lenning.

Q.—"How many hours are there in a Freemason's Lodge?"

A.—"Five."

Q.—"How are these hours called?"

A.—"Twelve, noon, high noon, midnight, and high midnight."

Q.—"When is it *twelve?*"

A.—"Before the Lodge is opened and when the Lodge is closed."

Q.—"When is it *noon?*"

A.—"When the Master is about to open the Lodge."

Q.—"When is it *high noon?*"

A.—"When the Lodge is duly opened."

Q.—"When is it *midnight?*"

A.—"When the Master is about to close the Lodge."

Q.—"When is it *high midnight?*"

A.—"When the Lodge is closed and the profane are allowed to approach."

Q.—"How many consecutive hours do Freemasons work in their Lodge?"

A.—"Three hours."

Q.—"What are these three hours?"

A.—"Noon, high noon, and midnight."

Q.—"What are the hours when Freemasons do not work?"

A.—"Twelve and high midnight."

There are other divisions into Masonic weeks and years, but what has been given above is enough to show the care with which Masonic symbolism is cultivated among these philosophical rites, for all these answers are of course allegorical and symbolical. One more answer in this catechism of the Zinnendorf ritual may conclude this paragraph, as it is highly suggestive of a deep religious truth.

Q.—"How long is a Mason's day?"

A.—"From the beginning of the year to the end."

And so, indeed, it is. The work of a true Mason is never done, his day of labor never ends, and at all hours, and in all seasons, his task still goes nobly on for the search, the untiring search after knowledge must be ever employing him, from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year, until days, weeks, and months and years shall all have passed away and life ends with the search still.

Rivaling Aladdin's Palace.

A Paris correspondent writes, concerning the exposition building: "This building is now almost terminated, and arises in the midst of the surrounding park like a gigantic coliseum. In connecting the various parts of the iron framework no less than 6,000,000 rivets have been used and 15,000,000 holes bored. It has taken 45,000 square meters of glass for the windows of the great machine gallery alone, while the skylights contain 20,000 meters. One of the most remarkable features in connection with this building is the rapidity with which the works have been carried on. In the month of August, 1865, nothing had been done beyond the adoption of the plans and the first contracts were not concluded till the following month of September. In October military exercises were still gone through in the Champs de Mars, and now the palace with roof and windows complete stands there as a mighty monument of modern science and industry. In a short time the interior fittings and decorations will be finished, and the whole aspect of the Champs de Mars changed as if by magic."

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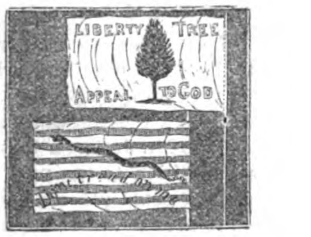

[The first American flag, first hoisted by Jones—a pine-tree with a rattlesnake coiled at its root, about to strike; and the second flag of 13 stripes, alternate red and white; Union, 13 stars, white in a blue field, also first hoisted by Jones.]

John Paul Jones—the Washington of the American Navy—Its Founder—the First to Hoist the American Flag and Secure its Recognition—No Pirate—a Freemason—His Initiation and Petition.

(No. 2.—Continued from page 3.)

The battle between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis* is invested with an heroic interest of the highest stamp. We pass over the preliminary details and commence our brief narration when the *Serapis* was seen to hoist the red ensign instead of St. George's, nailed to the flagstaff with the captain's own hand.

About 7½ o'c., Sept. 23, 1799, the *Bon Homme Richard* hauled up her courses and rounded to on the weather or larboard quarter of the *Serapis*, within pistol-shot, and steered a nearly parallel course, though gradually edging down upon her. The *Serapis* now triced up her lower deck ports, showing two complete batteries, besides her spar-deck, lighted up for action, and making a most formidable appearance. At this moment, Captain Pearson, her commander, hailed the *Bon Homme Richard*, and demanded, "What ship is that?" Answer was made, "I can't hear what you say." The hail was repeated; "What ship is that? answer immediately, or I shall be under the necessity of firing into you!" A shot was fired in reply by the *Bon Homme Richard*, which was instantly followed by a broadside from each vessel. Two of the three old eighteen-pounders in the *Richard's* gun-room burst at the first fire, spreading around an awful scene of carnage. Jones immediately gave orders to close the lower deck ports, and abandoned that battery during the rest of the action.

The *Richard*, having kept her head-way, and becalmed the sails of the *Serapis*, passed across her forefoot, when the *Serapis*, luffing across the stern of the *Richard*, came up in turn on the weather or larboard quarter; and, after an exchange of several broadsides from the fresh batteries, which did great damage to the rotten sides of the *Richard*, and caused her to leak badly, the *Serapis* likewise becalmed the sails of the *Richard*, passed ahead, and soon after bore up and attempted to cross her forefoot, so as to rake her from stem to stern. Finding, however, that she had not room for the evolution, and that the *Richard* would be on board of him, Captain Pearson put his helm a-lee, which brought the two ships in a line ahead, and the *Serapis* having lost her headway by the attempted evolution, the *Richard* ran into her weather or larboard quarter. While in this position, neither ship being able to use her great guns, Jones attempted to board the *Serapis*, but was repulsed, when Captain Pearson hailed him, and asked, "Has your ship struck?" To which he at once returned the discouraging answer, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

* * * * * *

Meantime the firing had recommenced with fresh fury from the starboard sides of both vessels. The guns of either ship actually touched the sides of the other, and some of them being opposite the ports, the rammers entered those of the opposite ship when in the act of loading, and the guns were discharged into the side or into the open decks. The effect of this cannonade was terrible to both ships, and wherever it could be kept up in one ship, it was silenced in the other. Occasional skirmishing with pikes and pistols took place through the ports, but there does not appear to have been any concerted effort to board from the lower decks of the *Serapis*, which had the advantage below.

The *Richard* had already received several eighteen-pound shot between wind and water, causing her to leak badly; the main battery of twelve-pounders was silenced; as for the gun-room battery of six eighteen-pounders, we have seen that two out of the three starboard ones burst at the first fire, killing most of their crews. During the whole action but eight shots were fired from this heavy battery, the use of which was so much favored by the smoothness of the water. The bursting of these guns, and the destruction of the crew, with the partial blowing up of the deck above, so early in the action, were discouraging circumstances, which, with a less resolutely determined commander, might well have been decisive of the fate of the battle.

Jones's own captain of the *Alliance* fired into the *Richard*, through motives of jealousy.

While the fire of the *Serapis* was continued without intermission from the whole of her lower-deck battery, the only guns that were still fired from the *Richard* were two nine-pounders on the quarter-deck, commanded by Mr. Mease, the purser. This officer having received a dangerous wound in the head, Jones took his place, and, having collected a few men, succeeded in shifting over one of the larboard guns, so that three guns were now kept playing on the enemy, and these were all that were fired from the *Richard* during the remainder of the action. One of these guns was served with double-headed shot and directed at the main mast, by Jones's command, while the other two were loaded with grape and canister, to clear the enemy's deck. In this service, great aid was rendered by the men stationed in the tops of the *Richard*, who, having cleared the tops of the *Serapis*, committed great havoc among the officers and crew upon her upper deck. Thus, while the action was carried on with decided advantage to the enemy on the lower decks, from which they might have boarded with a good prospect of success, as nearly the whole crew of the *Richard* had been driven from below by the fire of the *Serapis*, and had collected on the upper deck—above, it was equally in our favor. In addition to the destructive fire from the tops of the *Richard*, great damage was done by the hand-grenades thrown from her tops and yard-arms. The *Serapis* was set on fire as often as ten or twelve times in various parts, and the conflagration was only with the greatest exertions kept from becoming general.

About a quarter before ten, a hand-grenade, thrown by one of the *Richard's* men from the main-top of the *Serapis*, struck the combing of the main hatch, and, glancing inward upon the main deck, set fire to a cartridge of powder. Owing to mismanagement and defective training, the powder boys on this deck had brought up the cartridges from the magazine faster than they were used, and, instead of waiting for the loaders to receive and charge them, had laid them on the deck, where some of them were broken. The cartridge fired by the grenade now communicated to these, and the explosion spread from the main-mast aft on the starboard side, killing twenty men and disabling every man there stationed at the guns, those who were not killed outright being left stripped of their clothes and scorched frightfully.

At this conjuncture, being about ten o'clock, the gunner and the carpenter of the *Richard*, who had been slightly wounded, became alarmed at the quantity of water which entered the ship through the shot-holes, which she had received between wind and water, and which, by her settling, had got below the surface. The carpenter expressed an apprehension that she would speedily sink, which the gunner mistaking for an assertion that she was actually sinking, ran aft on the poop to haul down the colors. Finding that the ensign was already down, in consequence of the staff having been shot away, the gunner set up the cry, "Quarter! for God's sake, quarter! Our ship is sinking!" which he continued until silenced by Jones, who threw at the recreant a pistol he had just discharged at the enemy, which fractured his skull, and sent him headlong down the hatchway. Captain Pearson, hearing the gunner's cry, asked Jones if he called for quarter, to which, according to his own words, he replied "in the most determined negative." Captain Pearson now called away his boarders and sent them on board the *Richard*, but, when they reached her rail, they were met by Jones himself, at the head of a party of pikemen, and driven back. They immediately returned to their ship, followed by some of the *Richard's* men, all of whom were cut off.

About the same time that the gunner set up his cry for quarter, the master-at-arms, who had been in consultation with the gunner and the carpenter, in regard to the sinking condition of the ship, hearing the cry for quarter, proceeded, without orders from Jones, and either from treachery or the prompting of humane feelings, to release all the prisoners, amounting to more than a hundred. One of these, being the commander of the letter-of-marque *Union*, taken on the 31st of August, passed, with generous self-devotion, through the lower ports of the *Richard* and the *Serapis*, and, having reached the quarter-deck of the latter, informed Captain Pearson that if he would hold out a little longer, the *Richard* must either strike or sink. He, moreover, informed him of the large number of prisoners who had been released with himself, in order to save their lives. Thus encouraged, the battle was renewed from the *Serapis* with fresh ardor.

The situation of Jones, at this moment, was indeed hopeless, beyond anything that is recorded in the annals of naval warfare. In a sinking ship, with a battery silenced everywhere, except where he himself fought, more than a hundred prisoners at large in his ship, his consort, the *Alliance*, sailing round and raking him deliberately, his superior officers counseling surrender, whilst the inferior ones were setting up disheartening cries of fire and sinking, and calling loudly for quarter, the chieftain still stood undismayed. He immediately ordered the prisoners to the pumps, and took advantage of the panic they were in, with regard to the reported sinking of the ship, to keep them from conspiring to overcome the few efficient hands that remained of his crew. Meanwhile the action was continued with the three light quarter-deck guns, under Jones's immediate inspection. In the moonlight, blended with the flames that ascended the rigging of the *Serapis*, the yellow main-mast presented a palpable mark, against which the guns were directed with double-headed shot. Soon after ten o'clock, the fire of the *Serapis* began to slacken, and at half-past ten she struck.

Mr. Dale, the first lieutenant of the *Richard*, was now ordered on board the *Serapis*, to take charge of her. He was accompanied by Midshipman Mayrant and a party of boarders. Mr. Mayrant was run through the thigh with a boarding-pike, as he touched the deck of the *Serapis*, and three of the *Richard's* crew were killed after the *Serapis* had struck, by some of the crew of the latter who were ignorant of the surrender of their ship. Lieutenant Dale found Captain Pearson on the quarter-deck, and told him he was ordered to send him on board the *Richard*. It is a remarkable evidence of the strange character of this engagement, and the doubt which attended its result, that the first lieutenant of the *Serapis*, who came upon deck at this moment, should have asked his commander whether the ship alongside had struck. Lieutenant Dale immediately answered, "No, sir; on the contrary, he has struck to us." The British lieutenant, like a true officer, repeated the question to his commander, "Have you struck, sir?" Captain Pearson replied, "Yes, I have." The lieutenant replied, "I have nothing more to say," and was about to return below, when Mr. Dale informed him that he must accompany Captain Pearson on board the *Richard*. The lieutenant rejoined, "If you will permit me to go below, I will silence the firing of the lower deck guns." This offer Mr. Dale very properly declined, and the two officers went on board the *Richard* and surrendered themselves to Jones.

Pearson, who had risen, like Jones, from an humble station by his own bravery, but who was as inferior to Jones in courtesy as he had proved himself in obstinacy of resistance, evinced from the first a characteristic surliness, which he maintained throughout the whole of his intercourse with his victor. In surrendering, he said that it was painful for him to deliver up his sword to a man who had fought with a halter round his neck. Jones did not forget himself, but replied, with a compliment, which, though addressed to Pearson, necessarily reverted to himself: "Sir, you have fought like a hero, and I make no doubt but your sovereign will reward you in a most ample manner."

The *Richard* continued afloat until the 25th. "A little after ten," says Jones in his report, "I saw, with inexpressible grief, the last glimpse of the *Bon Homme Richard.*" The grief was a natural one, but far from being destitute of consolation; the closing scene of the *Poor Richard*, like the death of Nelson on board the *Victory*, in the moment of winning a new title to the name, was indeed a glorious one.

The achievement of the victory was wholly and solely due to the immovable courage of Paul Jones. The *Richard* was beaten more than once; but the spirit of Jones could not be overcome. Captain Pearson was a brave man, and well deserved the honor of knighthood, which awaited him on his arrival in England; but Paul Jones had a nature which never could have yielded. Had Pearson been equally indomitable, the *Richard*, if not boarded from below, would, at last, have gone down with her colors still flying in proud defiance.

Franklin thus wrote Jones:

"For some days after the arrival of your express, scarce anything was talked of at Paris and Versailles but your cool conduct and persevering bravery during that terrible conflict. You may believe that the impression on my mind was not less strong than that of others; but I do not choose to say, in a letter to yourself, all I think on such an occasion. I am uneasy about your prisoners; I wish they were safe in France. You will then have completed the glorious work of giving liberty to all the Americans that have so long languished for it, in the British prisons; for there are not so many there as you have now taken."

Congress passed the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That the Congress entertain a high sense of the distinguished bravery and military conduct of John Paul Jones, Esq., captain in the navy of the United States, and particularly in his victory over the British frigate *Serapis*, on the coast of England, which was attended with circumstances so brilliant as to excite general applause and admiration.

"That the Minister Plenipotentiary of these United States, at the Court of Versailles, communicate to his Most Christian Majesty, the high satisfaction Congress has received from the conduct and gallant behavior of Captain John Paul Jones, which have merited the attention and approbation of his Most Christian Majesty, and that his Majesty's offer of adorning Captain Jones with a Cross of Military Merit, is highly acceptable to Congress."

Permission being thus promptly granted for Jones's investment with the order which the King had been desirous of conferring upon him, the French minister, M. de la Luzerne, gave a splendid entertainment to the members of Congress, and the most distinguished inhabitants of Philadelphia, in whose presence, he, in the name of the King, invested the Commodore with the decoration of Knight of the Order of Military Merit. He subsequently wore habitually his decoration, and retained the title of Chevalier, by which he loved to be addressed.

The effect of Jones's victory was great upon the American cause throughout Europe. Franklin and Jones managed to place England in an attitude of hostility to Holland, and in declaring war the chief complaint against Holland was extending hospitality to the American squadron and its prizes.

Jones secured the exchange of Capt. Cunningham, confined in Plymouth, in a dungeon and in fetters, for Captain Pearson. Jones lost his plate on the *Richard*, and so used Capt. Pearson's on the *Serapis* until he could replace it. Pearson had been allowed to go on parole, and Jones, packing up all Pearson's effects, sent them to him. Pearson rudely replied he could receive nothing from the hands of a rebel, but intimated that he would receive them through Capt. Cottineau, an officer of the French King. Jones, with his usual magnanimity, overlooked the insolence, and sent the plate by him.

Subsequently, when letters of marque were offered to him by the French government, Jones replied:

"Perhaps there are many men in the world who would esteem as an honor the commission that I have this day refused. My rank, from the beginning, knew no superior in the marine of America; how, then, must I be humbled were I to accept a letter-of-marque! I should, my lord, esteem myself inexcusable, were I to accept even a commission of equal or superior denomination to that I bear, unless I were previously authorized by Congress. It is a matter of the highest astonishment to me, that, after so many compliments and fair professions, the court should offer the present insult to my understanding, and suppose me capable of disgracing my present commission. When I am in pursuit of plunder, I can still obtain such an one without application to court."

He wrote to Franklin that he could not think that it was his wish "that the commission of America should be overlaid by the dirty piece of parchment which he had that day rejected."

June 23, 1781, Congress, *by ballot*, unanimously elected Commodore Jones commander of the new ship of the line *America*, the only ship of the line we had, and thus was the question of rank settled, and Jones placed at the head of the navy list. John Adams wrote:

"The command of the *America* could not have been more judiciously bestowed; indeed, if I could see a prospect of half a dozen line of battle ships under the American flag, commanded by Commodore Paul Jones, engaged with an equal British force, I apprehend the event would be so glorious for the United States, and lay so sure a foundation for their prosperity, that it would be a rich compensation for a continuance of the war."

Up to this time he had not received anything on account of pay. From his own resources he had paid off the crews of the *Alfred* and *Providence*, and 1,500 pounds currency in account with the *Ranger*. The amount due was 13,000 dollars.

Peace was soon concluded. Jones thus writes of it:

"The most brilliant success, and the most instructive experience in war, could not have given me a pleasure comparable with that which I received, when I learned that Great Britain had, after so long a contest, been forced to acknowledge the independence and sovereignty of the United States of America."

Jones was sent, by act of Congress, Nov. 1, 1783, to France, to solicit and receive the money due for prizes made in European seas by his command. After one year of faithful, and wise, and persistent effort, Jones secured the money without any of the abatements which had been insisted upon for several years.

At this time Jones called the attention of Congress to the situation of our unhappy fellow-citizens in slavery at Algiers, whither they had been conducted, while in their lawful pursuits, by the corsairs of that piratical regency. He said that their hopeless condition was a deep reflection on our national character in Europe, begged leave to influence the humanity of Congress in their behalf, and suggested, as an expedient for their redemption, that a tax of a shilling a month should be levied on the wages of all seamen and appropriated to that purpose. This tax, he thought, would create a fund not only sufficient to redeem all our fellow-citizens in captivity at Algiers, but also to create an institution for the reception of superannuated and disabled seamen, on the plan of Greenwich Hospital in England, except that it would be for the benefit of the commercial marine. This benevolent project of Jones, so characteristic of the interest which he took in the fate of captive seamen, throughout the whole of his career, is creditable alike to his humane feelings and his ingenuity. His proposition suggested the idea, subsequently adopted and still enforced, of a tax on the pay of seamen, levied under the title of "Hospital Fund," on their return voyages into the ports of the United States, from which a home in sickness and old age is secured to them.

October 16, 1787, Congress ordered a gold medal to be presented to him, and gave him a letter to the King of France. On his way to Denmark to attend to prize cases at that court, the Russian ambassador at Versailles intimated to Mr. Jefferson that it would be a very valuable acquisition to the navy of the Empress Catharine if she could procure the services of the Chevalier in the war she was then waging against the Turks.

Jones went to Petersburg, and received from the Empress the rank of rear-admiral, and entered her service with but one condition, that he was "never to be condemned unheard." He showed, according to his opportunity, the same qualities in this service that had made his previous reputation. He was interfered with by jealousies, and disgusted with the inhuman treatment of prisoners by Russia. He returned to Petersburg, December 30, 1788. Here the English were annoying him by various charges. His moral character was aspersed, and the conspiracy was so effective that Jones was excluded from the Empress's presence. The Empress subsequently examined into the facts, became satisfied of his innocence, and received him again into favor. Jones gave the first impulse to the cordial relations existing at present between Russia and the United States.

Jones next appears at Warsaw, where he became intimate with his Polish Masonic brother, Kosciusko. Their mutual services in giving freedom to America, though rendered on different elements, and their Freemasonry, created a bond of sympathy between them, and brought them together as friends. With a young lady he also deposited a pencil-marked copy of Thomson's "Seasons," to be presented to her mamma, to whom he addressed a just eulogium of a work which was evidently a favorite with him.

About this period he writes to Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Loudon, his sisters:

"I have a tender regard for you both, and nothing can be indifferent to me that regards your happiness and the welfare of your children. It would afford me real satisfaction to be useful to their establishment in life. We must study the genius and inclination of the boys, and try to fit them, by a suitable education, to the pursuits we may be able to adopt for their advantage. I wish I had a fortune to offer to each of them; but though this is not the case, I may yet be useful to them. And I desire particularly to be useful to the two young women, who have a double claim to my regard, as they have lost their father."

Jones addressed an eloquent letter to his sisters, urging their reconciliation. He writes:

"I shall not conceal from you, that your family discord aggravates infinitely all my pains. My grief is inexpressible, that two sisters, whose happiness is so interesting to me, do not live together in that mutual tenderness and affection, which would do so much honor to themselves, and to the memory of their worthy relations. Permit me to recommend to your serious study and application Pope's 'Universal Prayer.' You will find more morality in that little piece than in many volumes that have been written by great divines:

'Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
Such mercy show to me!'

This is not the language of a weak, superstitious mind, but the spontaneous offspring of true religion, springing from a heart sincerely inspired by charity, and deeply impressed with a sense of the calamities and frailties of human nature. If the sphere in which Providence has placed us as members of society requires the exercise of brotherly kindness and charity towards our neighbor in general, how much more is this our duty with respect to individuals with whom we are connected by the near and tender ties of nature, as well as moral obligation. Every lesser virtue may pass away, but charity comes from heaven, and is immortal. Though I wish to be the instrument of making family peace, which I flatter myself would promote the happiness of you all, yet I by no means desire you to do violence to your own feelings, by taking any step that is contrary to your own judgment and inclination. Your reconciliation must come free from your heart, otherwise it will not last, and therefore it will be better not to attempt it. Should a reconciliation take place, I recommend it of all things that you never mention past grievances, nor show by word, look or action, that you have not forgot them."

1792 he encountered an Algerine, who, as captain of a corsair, had taken most of the American prisoners now detained in Algiers. From him he received accounts of the destitute condition of these unhappy men, whom their country had failed to protect from capture while in the prosecution of their lawful business, and whom it had made no effort to relieve. The corsair informed him that if these captives were not soon ransomed they would receive the same treatment as the most abject slaves. Paul Jones seems ever to have had a heart peculiarly alive to the helpless condition of captive sailors, which no one of his time did more to relieve. He wrote to Mr. Jefferson to say how painfully he was affected by the condition of these unhappy men. Had he lived long enough, he would have learned that his petition in favor of these captives had been heard, and would have enjoyed the satisfaction, so dear to him, of removing their chains.

Paul Jones was now wasting away, with a complication of liver complaint and dropsy. His last moments were cheered by kind friends, among whom was Gouverneur Morris. July 18, in a dying state, Gouverneur Morris, Minister of France, drew up a schedule of his property, consisting of bank stock, loan office certificates, amounts in bankers' hands, arrearages of pay and prize money from Russia, and of his pension from Denmark, besides lands in Ohio, Indiana, and Vermont, which, after making due allowance for bad speculation and bad debts, must still have left an estate of from twenty to thirty thousand dollars. After completing the schedule, two notaries were sent for, and the dying man proceeded to make his will. It was drawn by Mr. Morris, in English, and then written down in French by the notaries. The opening clause of it is interesting, as exhibiting a picture of the circumstances by which Paul Jones was surrounded in the last moments of his life, and of the dwelling-place which he exchanged only for the final one of the grave. It will be observed, that the near approach of death had at last destroyed his veneration for titles and orders, and the pride with which he reflected on his own. He is no longer admiral or Chevalier, but simply a "citizen of the United States."

"Before the undersigned, notaries at Paris, appeared Mr. John Paul Jones, citizen of the United States of America, resident at Paris, lodged in the street of Tournon, No. 42, at the house of Mr. Dorberque, huissier audiancier of the tribunal of the third arrondissement, found in a parlor in the first story above the floor lighted by two windows, opening in the said street of Tournon, sitting in an arm-chair, sick of body, but sound of mind, memory and understanding, as it appeared to the undersigned notaries by his discourse and conversation, who in view of death has made, dictated, and worded, to the undersigned notaries, his testament as follows:"

"I give and bequeath all the goods, as well movable as heritable, and all, generally, whatever may appertain to me at my decease, in whatever country it may be situated, to my two sisters, Janette, spouse to William Taylor, and Mary, wife to Mr. Loudon, and to the children of my said sisters, to divide them into as many portions as my said sisters and their children shall make up individuals." The will went on to provide, that the children should receive their portions on coming of age, until which time the mothers should enjoy it, with charge to provide their children with maintenance and education. If any of the children died before they should be of age, their portions were to be divided equally among all the rest. Robert Morris was named the sole testamentary executor.

The will being completed, was signed about eight o'clock in the evening, and his friends, after witnessing it, withdrew, leaving him still seated in his arm-chair. Not long after, the physician arrived to make his customary visit. The arm-chair was found vacant, and there were no signs of the patient in the parlor. On going to his bed-room, which adjoined, he was found lying upon his face upon the bedside, with his feet resting on the floor. On turning him over, it was found that he was dead.

John Paul Jones had reached only forty-five years of age. A few days more of life would have secured to Jones the pleasant news that Congress had appointed him to treat for the ransom of all captive Americans, and for the establishment of peace.

On the 20th of July, being the second day after his death, the remains of Paul Jones were placed in a leaden coffin, for the convenience of their removal, in case the United States should ever claim them for burial, and conducted to their last resting-place, followed by a respectable concourse, among whom were twelve members of the National Assembly. These attended in virtue of the following resolution: "The National Assembly, desirous of honoring the memory of Paul Jones, Admiral of the United States of America, and to preserve, by a memorable example, the equality of religious rites, decrees that twelve of its members shall assist at the funeral rites of a man who has so well served the cause of liberty." After the interment of his remains, the following funeral oration was pronounced over them by M. Marron, a French Protestant clergyman, and a Masonic brother. It evinces the prevalent desire in all ages, to turn calamities of this sort to account, and in excited times, especially, to render them politically useful.

"Legislators! citizens! soldiers! brethren! and Frenchmen! We have just returned to the earth the remains of an illustrious stranger, one of the first champions of the liberty of America—of that liberty which so gloriously ushered in our own. The Semiramis of the north had drawn him under her standard, but Paul Jones could not long breathe the pestilential air of despotism; he preferred the sweets of private life in France, now free, to the *éclat* of titles and honors, which from an usurped throne were lavished upon him by Catharine. But the fame of the brave man survives; his portion is immortality. And what more flattering homage can we offer to the manes of Paul Jones, than to swear on his tomb to live or to die free? Let this be the vow and watchword of every Frenchman!

"Let neither tyrants nor their satellites ever pollute this sacred earth! May the ashes of the great man, too soon lost to humanity, enjoy here an undisturbed repose! May his example teach posterity the efforts which noble souls are capable of making, when stimulated by hatred to oppression.

"Friends and brethren! a noble emulation brightens in your looks; your time is precious; your country is in danger! Who amongst us would not shed the last drop of his blood to save it? Identify yourselves with the glory of Paul Jones, in imitating his contempt of danger, his devotion to his country, and the noble heroism, which after having astonished the present age, will continue to call forth the veneration of ages yet to come." * * * *

John Paul Jones was initiated into the Lodge of St. Bernard, Kirkcudbright, Scotland, at the age of twenty-three, A. D. 1768. He was at the time master, or commander and supercargo, on the brigantine *John*, trading with the West Indies. 1770 he received the third degree. He was regular in his attendance at the Lodge, never missing a meeting when in port, and was said to fill several offices with great credit.

The following is a copy of his petition:

"To the Worshipfull the Master, Wardens and Remaining Brethren of free and accepted Masons of the Lodge of St. Bernard, held at Kirkcudbright. The Petition of John Paul, Commander of the John of Kirkcudbt, HUMBLY SHEWETH, that your Petitioner, for a considerable time bypast haith Entertained a streng and sincere regard for your most Honourable and antient Society of free and accepted Masons. But Hitherto not meeting with an seasonable opportunity, Do now most Humbly crave the Benefite of Receiving and Admitting me Into your fraternity as an Entered Apprentice, promising, assuring and Engaidging to you, that I shall in all Rules and Orders of your Lodge be most Obsequient & observant. That I shall in all things Deport, behave and act answerable to the laws and Instructions of the Lodge, and in everything to which I may be made Lyable, promising faithfull Obedience. The Compliance of your Right Worshipfull Wardens and rest of the Brethren will singularly oblidge and very much honour, Right Worshipfull, your most Humble Petitioner and most Humble Servant, "JNO. PAUL."

There is added the following attestation:

"I do attest the Petitioner to be a good man, and a person whom I have no doubt will in due time become a worthy Brother. "JAMES SMITH,"

In this country he visited the fraternity, and also on the Continent of Europe. He became a member of the Masonic Lodge of Nine Sisters, at Paris. Here he and Franklin met frequently in fraternal intercourse. This Lodge engaged Houdon, the distinguished sculptor of the day, to take Jones's bust. Our portrait in the last number is the most perfect likeness of Paul Jones, being strongly corroborated, as to expression and arrangement of feature, by his bust.

In the great city of Paris rest the remains of this great man and Mason, in oblivion. The reproach of it rests upon the Government of the United States. It may be too late to find the place of his sepulchre. It is not too late to make the effort. What Masonic brother in Congress will not only move in it, but follow it to its consummation? Who will see that the remains of *Paul Jones* repose in no other than *American soil?*

The following is the history of the effort to have his remains brought to this country. William A. Graham, Secretary of the Navy, January 30, 1851, issued an order to the commander of the frigate *St. Lawrence*, directing him to receive on board, at Southampton, the remains of the late Paul Jones, to be transported to New York. * * * * *

Interesting matter omitted in the biography in the previous and present number.

Thomas Jefferson wrote from Monticello: "I shall be glad if what I furnish may add anything to the establishment of the *fame* which he *truly* merited."

James Madison wrote from Montpelier that his "*heroism* will find a brilliant page in history."

Matthew Carey wrote from Philadelphia of his possessing "the shining qualities of the hero, not only as a *naval commander*, but as a *profound politician.*" "Worthy of the first statesman that sat in the Congress of 1774 and 1775—men never exceeded in the annals of the world for *sagacity, patriotism* and *public spirit.*"

William A. Graham styled him "the model of naval heroes."

Count D'Estaing said of Commodore Jones's journal, that "it is one of the things which one absolutely wants to know by heart. It is not only a lesson of naval and moral heroism, but also one of generosity."

General Washington said that Commodore Jones had earned all the reputation he had acquired.

June 30, 1834, Congress ordered the procurement of a live-oak frame for a frigate to be called the *Paul Jones*.

Ten thousand guineas, as a reward, was offered by the British Government for the capture of Paul Jones during the revolutionary war.

Dr. Franklin, Lafayette, Washington and the whole country justified the retaliatory measures of Jones, and regretted the mildness of his instructions, so deeply were they affected by the atrocities of the English soldiers. In no particular did Jones transcend his instructions, but endeavored to assuage the miseries of war by the kindest possible treatment to his prisoners.

And in what respect was Jones a pirate? He never would even accept a letter of marque. He never fought or captured without a regular commission.

The Chevalier's opinion of the qualifications requisite in a chaplain for his ship is given in a letter to Mr. Grand.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO H. GRAND.

"PASSY, *July 12th*, 1778.

"In the selection of a chaplain, the following qualifications are deemed requisite:

"I could wish him to be a man of reading and of letters, who understands, speaks and writes the French and English with elegance and propriety; for political reasons it would be well if he were a clergyman of the Protestant profession, whose sanctity of manners and happy natural principles would diffuse unanimity and cheerfulness through the ship. And if to these essentials is added the talent of writing fast and in fair characters, such a man would necessarily be worthy of the highest confidence, and might therefore assure himself of my esteem and friendship; he should always have a place at my table, the regulation whereof would be entirely under his direction."

Paul Jones was honored with many friendships. Among them was Mad. T——, daughter of Louis the Fifteenth.

The following is one of many verses he wrote. It was one of several addressed to a young lady of the Hague:

"But since, alas! the rage of war prevails,
And cruel Britons desolate our land,
For Freedom still I spread my willing sails,
My unsheath'd sword my country shall command.
Go on, bright maid! the muses all attend
Genius like thine, and wish to be its friend.
Trust me, although conveyed through this poor shift,
My New Year's thoughts are grateful for thy gift."

THE ROYAL ART.

To the old Masonic question of "Where was Masonry born?" the following thrilling answer is given:

It was born, my dear brother,
Where an altar of stone
Once rose on a mountain,
Unbroken and lone;
Where Abraham of old
To sacrifice came,
Bearing an offering,
A cleaver and flame.
Now, where is that altar, ill shapen of stone?
And where is the cleaver and flame?
Ah! where is old Abram, who trod the path lone,
Bearing a victim and flame?
Ah! time has overthrown them,
They live but in fame,
The cleaver, the altar,
The victim and flame!

It was born, my dear brother,
When temple and tower
Rose on the same mountain
In grandeur and power;
When millions of treasure
(So legend has told)
Scattered darkness and night
With gleamings of gold.
But, where is the temple? Say, where is the tower?
And where is the gleaming of gold?
Ah! where is the glory, the pride and the power,
That boomed on yon mountain of old?
Now, the voice of a Paynim
Breaks the stillness alone,
Where shone tower and temple
And altar of stone!

But the ART is yet living!
The first and the last,
Still linking together
The present and past.
You may trace back, my brother,
The legend and story;
And follow, through darkness,
The gleam of its glory.
Yes! here it is living, the first and the last!
See, here is the legend and story,
And we know it is linking the present and past,
As we follow the gleam of its glory!
And, too, that it towers,
In beauty sublime;
Untrammeled by force,
Unaltered by time.

It was formed, my dear brother,
In glory and gloom,
With the *wisdom* of thrones
And the grief of a tomb,
And fashioned with beauty
The world had not known,
'Neath the shade of the temple
And altar of stone.
See, here is the glory, and here is the gloom,
And a light that the world has not yet known;
Here 's the wisdom of kings, the grief of a tomb,
The temple and altar of stone!
Here, too, is a strength,
That will live and amass,
While sinks mountain of marble
And pillar of brass.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON MOON.

Not for ever on thy knees,
Would Jehovah have thee found;
There are burdens thou canst ease;
There are griefs Jehovah sees:
Look around.

Work is prayer if done for God,
Prayer which God delighted hears.
See beside yon upturned sod
One bowed 'neath affliction's rod:
Dry her tears.

Not long prayers, but earnest zeal,
This is what is wanted more.
Put thy shoulder to the wheel;
Bread unto the famished deal
From thy store.

Not high-sounding words of praise
Does God want, 'neath some grand dome;
But that thou the fallen raise;
Bring the poor from life's highways
To thy home.

Worship God by doing good;
Works not words; kind acts, not creeds.
He who loves God as he should,
Makes his heart's love understood
By kind deeds.

Deeds are powerful; mere words weak,
Batt'ring at high heaven's door.
Let thy love by actions speak;
Wipe the tear from sorrow's cheek;
Clothe the poor.

Be it thine life's cares to smother,
And to brighten eyes now dim.
Kind deeds done to one another,
God accepts as done, my brother,
Unto Him.

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

BY COLERIDGE.

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
Where may the grave of that good man be?—
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the boughs of a young birch tree!
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And nestled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone—and the birch in its stead is grown—
The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;—
His soul is with the Saints, I trust.

PASSING OVER JORDAN.

BY F. B. MARVIN.

Hark! I hear the harps eternal
Ringing on the other shore,
As I near those swollen waters,
With their deep and solemn roar.

And my soul, though stained with sorrow,
Fading as the light of day,
Is passing swiftly o'er those waters,
To the city far away.

Souls have passed before me, saintly,
To that land of perfect rest,
And I hear them singing faintly,
In the mansion of the blest.

Just beyond the river flasheth
Jeru-Salem of my God,
Where the white wave, rising, splasheth
On the shore by angels trod.

Stop! I see the boatman nearing;
See, the snowy sail is set,
And the oars are floating idly,
And the sails are drifting wet.

Call my father! call my mother!
Tell them that the boatman's here,
And another, oh! another,
Unto whom my soul was near.

Call them, quick, for I am passing
Through the valley of the grave;
I am passing with the boatmen
O'er the deep and sullen wave.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXI.—A MUTE WITNESS.

Nearly a month had passed quietly away at the little station-house at Kingsthorpe, and nothing more had been seen or heard of Mr. Henri Duplessis, or of Madame his sister. Abel Garrod began to allude to them less frequently in his conversation—an omission by no means displeasing to his wife; for Abel had a habit of dwelling on one topic day after day, long after it was worn threadbare for conversational purposes, in a way that sometimes tried Jane's patience severely; and to any other person it would have seemed as if the little drama, one scene of which had been enacted under that humble roof, had certainly come to an end, so far as the station-master and his wife were concerned, whatever other "business" might remain to be done by the more important personages of the play. Such, indeed, would have been the case, had Jane Garrod been a woman of ordinary calibre—glad to make a few shillings by the letting of her rooms; pleased at being able to oblige so fine a gentleman as Mr. Duplessis; and to have for an inmate of her house a lady of such distinguished manners ,albeit of somewhat shabby appearance, as his sister—experiencing for a few days a sort of indolent gratification that the wearisome uniformity of her life had been so pleasantly broken; and then dismissing the whole subject to the recesses of a shallow memory, whence it would rarely be evoked again. But Jane Garrod was a woman of far different stamp—a woman of strong nerve; of an intense, silent, brooding temperament; not impressionable, or readily receptive of new ideas, but very tenacious of any idea which her mind had once thoroughly grasped.

There were several reasons why she should brood over this episode of Mr. Duplessis and his sister. In the first place, she thoroughly disliked the man: with rare intuitive perception, she seemed to see right through the smiling mask which he wore before the world, down into the twilight depths of his nature; and perhaps the view was not a reassuring one. Then, again, her dislike was deepened by the fact of his aspiring so persistently to the hand of the heiress of Belair; for all Jane's sympathies on that score went with handsome young Lord Blencowan, the Nimrod of the county, who did not, however, seem to take Frederica's refusal of him very much to heart. Other reasons there were why the subject was one not to be readily dismissed from her mind. From the moment when, with the assistance of the pocket-telescope, she had witnessed the meeting of Mr. Duplessis and Madame on the platform, she had become possessed by a suspicion which she had not mentioned to any one, a suspicion afterwards turned almost into a certainty, when she pieced together in her memory the many strange scraps of conversation which she had picked up, by accident as it were, while waiting upon her guests. So she went quietly about her household duties, pondering much, but speaking not at all of the things deepest in her thoughts; and thus matters progressed till a certain Sunday morning, three weeks after the departure of Madame, when Jane announced to her husband her intention of walking over to the church at Normanford, and attending service there. Normanford was about six miles from Kingsthorpe; and its church being the fashionable one of the neighborhood, was attended by the family from the Hall, and consequently by Mr. Duplessis.

Jane Garrod, from her seat in the second row of the gallery, could, by craning over a little, obtain a good back view of Mr. Duplessis. Yes, there he sat, stood, knelt, according to the requirements of the service; consummately dressed; serious and devout in demeanor—but Madame his sister was certainly not by his side, neither could Jane see her among the company that quitted the church. What she did see was Mr. Duplessis whirled away in the Belair carriage, Sir Philip Spencelaugh being evidently well pleased to have him by his side; although there was nothing of pleasure discernible in the pale statuesque face of Frederica, gazing out with a far-away look in her eyes from the opposite corner.

That same Sunday evening, Jane's niece, Kitty, came down from the Hall, to drink tea, and have a good gossip with her aunt, who had prepared for the occasion some tempting cakes of a kind the young waiting-woman was especially fond of, as a certain method of rendering her good-tempered and communicative. When tea was over, and Abel had gone to the station, to look after his evening train, Kitty opened her budget of news. Jane allowed the chatterbox's tongue to run itself down in a florid description of certain articles of millinery which Miss Spencelaugh had received from town during the past week, before she attempted to turn the current of the girl's thoughts into the particular channel in which she wished them to run.

"Has Mr. Duplessis been up at the Hall as much as ever during the past three weeks?" asked Jane, at the first sign of a lull.

"This week and last week he was up nearly every day, more or less; the week before that, we hardly saw anything of him."

"How was that? Was he away from home?"

"No, not away from home," said Kitty; "quite different from that, by his own account to Master, when they met together at the corner of the terrace, yesterday was a fortnight, and me within hearing behind the dairy window all the time. I remember the day, because I broke a teacup out of the best set that very afternoon. Says Master to Mr. Duplessis: 'We've not seen you up at Belair for nearly a week. What have you been doing with yourself all this time?' To which Mr. Duplessis makes answer that he has been laid up at home ever since Tuesday with the tic something-or-other in his face; but that he is better now; and then they go off together to look at the big vine in the conservatory."

"Mr. Duplessis made no mention to Sir Philip of any lady, I suppose?" said Jane.

"Any lady! No. Why should he? He wouldn't care to talk much about any other lady than Miss Frederica, I guess; and she doesn't care twopence about him."

"Then she has not quite learned to love him yet?"

"No, nor never will, for all he's so handsome and smiling. I don't think Mr. Duplessis ever mentions a word to her about love or marriage, but goes on trying to win her, as I call it, without letting her know that she is being won. It reminds me of the way my brother Dick used to catch sparrows, which, as everybody knows, are awful cunning birds. They would hop round the trap with their heads perked on one side, as if they knew all about it, but always getting nearer and nearer, till they grew so familiar with the danger as almost to despise it, but still resolute not to enter; till all at once, and before they knew what was the matter, they would find the trap dropped gently over them, and their last chance of escape gone. Now, for all the world, that's just like Mr. Duplessis and Miss Frederica."

"On the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of that week," said Jane, to herself, when Kitty had come to a stand for want of breath, "Mr. Duplessis was not confined to his house by tic-douloureux, but was backward and forward here in attendance on Madame. He said, when he took her away, that he was going to take her on a visit to some friends. It is very evident that among those friends the people of Belair are not included. Where do those friends live, I wonder? and to what place has he taken her?"

It was on the night of this same Sunday that Jane Garrod first dreamed about Madame Marie. She thought that she was following her along a gloomy and tortuous road, that wound in and out among great desolate hills and thunder-riven cliffs, when suddenly the woman before her disappeared in a hidden gulf; and as Jane started back with a cry of horror, the face of Duplessis rose close before her own, the handsome features distorted with a grin of fiendish triumph, and the forehead dashed with a streak of blood. Jane awoke trembling with affright, and slept no more that night. On the Monday and Tuesday nights following, she had precisely the same dream; and other omens were not wanting. On the Monday morning, a wandering tinker called at the station-house, who ground and sharpened Jane's scissors; but when, in the afternoon, Jane wanted to make use of them, she found that they would not cut—an infallible sign that something had happened to somebody. Then, again, on the third morning of her dream, as she was looking out of her bedroom window while dressing, she saw a black cat on the station wall—a black cat of portentous size, which turned and bit its own tail three times, and then leaped down and disappeared. Neither Abel nor the lame porter saw this cat, nor was any such animal known to exist in the neighborhood.

If Jane Garrod had heard any one term her a superstitious woman, she would have scouted the imputation indignantly; but she had been brought up in a part of the country, and among people, where implicit credence was placed in dream-lore, in omens, and apparitions; and the influences of early training were not quite eradicated. Jane affected, even to herself, to attach no weight to the strange dream which she had dreamed three nights concurrently; but, in addition to the other omens spoken of above, it doubtless served to develop more rapidly a purpose which had been slowly ripening in her mind for some time; and so another uneventful week drew to a close.

On Saturday morning, Jane announced her intention of going over to Fairwood to make her usual monthly purchases of groceries and other household stores. Fairwood is eight miles from Kingsthorpe; and Jane's practice was to walk over early in the morning—for she was country bred, and thought nothing of the distance; to spend the day in making her purchases, and in paying brief visits to sundry old friends, returning home with her goods in the carrier's cart late in the afternoon; and from this custom she did not intend to deviate in the present instance. She had not forgotten that the high-bodied gig in which Mr. Duplessis took his sister away from the station had struck her at the time as being the property of Luke Grayling, landlord of the *Silver Lion* at Fairwood. Now, Luke's wife and Jane Garrod had been schoolgirls together; and the latter rarely visited Fairwood without calling at the *Silver Lion*, where a hearty welcome always awaited her, and an invitation to whatever meal might be in progress at the time—and there generally was some meal in progress, call when you might, at the *Silver Lion*.

On this particular Saturday, Jane contrived to get through her shopping and visiting earlier than usual, so as to be in time for the three o'clock tea, in which Mrs. Grayling always indulged on market days, as a meal that came readily in the interval between the country business of the morning and the town custom of the evening. Mrs. Grayling greeted her old friend warmly, and the two were presently seated at the tea table, gossiping over times past and present Jane did not exactly see her way to bring round the conversation to the wished for point; but a remark made by her hostess at length enabled her to lead up to it without subjecting herself to being questioned on a topic respecting which she would just then much rather be silent.

"I suppose we shall have a grand wedding before long," said Mrs. Grayling, "between this Mr. Duplessis and the young lady at Belair?"

"That's more than I can say," replied Jane. "Have you ever seen Mr. Duplessis?"

"Only once, and that was a month ago, last Thursday," answered the landlady; "and a right nice-looking gentleman he is. He came early in the afternoon, and hired our new gig and the gray mare, and drove away in a style which showed that he knew how to handle the reins. I should most likely have asked him his name, for one doesn't like trusting one's best horse to a stranger, however fine he may be dressed; only our hostler's lad, who was in the stables at Belair before he came to the *Silver Lion*, knew him again in a moment, and says he to me: 'That's Mr. Duplessis of Lilac Lodge—him as is going to marry the rich Miss Spencelaugh.' So, when I heard that, I just slipped on my best cap, and ran down into the yard—for Luke was out—to see that everything was right for him; and most polite and affable he were."

"He brought back the horse and gig all right, and without accident, I suppose?" said Jane.

"Bless you, yes. He got back the same night about seven o'clock. He came back the same as he went—alone. I thought he looked rather pale and excited like; and I noticed that one of his gloves was split right across the back, and his hat damaged a little; and that his light overcoat, which, on his return, he wore buttened close up about his neck, seemed on one side as if it had been dragged along a dirty road; but he accounted for all that naturally enough by saying that he had been out with some friends, one of whom had taken rather too much wine, and had afterwards got larking, and damaged the hats and coats of the others all round. He laughed heartily while he was telling me, and said something about bright eyes and a pretty cap, which made my color come so that I ran back into the house, leaving the hostler to settle with him; and I didn't see him again."

Jane Garrod sipped her tea, and pondered in silence for a minute or two over what she had just heard.

"But the strangest part of the story is yet to come," said Mrs. Grayling, after a short pause, bending over the table, and speaking in a whisper. "I haven't spoken about it to a soul, though it has troubled my mind a good deal; even Luke doesn't know of it; and I wouldn't mention it to you, Jane Garrod, if I didn't know of old that you are a woman who can keep a secret."

Mrs. Grayling rose from her chair as she spoke, and having turned the key in the door, went to a cupboard in one corner of the room, and took from it a work box, which she unlocked, and drawing something from a secret drawer, held up the article for Jane to look at.

"A woman's blood-stained handkerchief!" exclaimed Mrs. Grayling, in a whisper; "marked in one corner with the name of 'Marie.' It was found by Tim the hostler under the seat of the gig, the day after Mr. Duplessis was here."

Jane felt all the color desert her cheeks as she gazed in silent horror at the handkerchief, knowing well whose property it had been.

"There is this fact to be borne in mind," said Mrs. Grayling, after she had returned the handkerchief to its hiding-place—"that the gig had been used, as one of the number of other conveyances, at a large picnic the day before Mr. Duplessis hired it, and had not been thoroughly cleaned between times; and it's as likely as not, I think, that the handkerchief belonged to one of the young ladies who were at the party; though how it came to be in that condition, of course I can't say. Anyhow, both Tim and I agreed to say nothing about it—that is, unless we heard of somebody being missing; for, you see, it might only get innocent folk into trouble, and turn out a mare's nest after all; and altogether it's an unpleasant thing to have anything to do with. What's your opinion?"

"I think that you are right," said Jane; "but I would keep the handkerchief carefully by me: some day, when you least expect such a thing, it may be wanted at your hands."

The Kingsthorpe carrier that evening set down Jane Garrod as very poor company indeed: a sociable, neighborly gossip, in his opinion, enlivened the dullness of the way wonderfully; but for once, even the vacuity of his own mind seemed pleasanter to him than the presence of that pale, gloomy, preoccupied woman, who responded to all his observations in monosyllables, and who looked, as he said to himself, "as if she had got a murder on her mind;" and he was not sorry when he set her down at her own door, and jogged on his way alone.

CHAPTER XXII.—JANE GARROD'S QUEST.

Abel Garrod was struck next day with the pale, anxious looks of his wife, and thought to himself that she was getting to talk less than ever, which was decidedly a pity, as tending, in his opinion, to make life duller than it need be. But, well or ill, Jane went to church, twice that Sunday—not to the church at Normanford, but to the little church at Kingsthorpe, only half a mile away; thinking, perhaps, thereby to calm her thoughts, and tranquillize her mind. But, for once, the service took no hold on her, the words seeming to float far away above her head, as though addressed to quite other ears than hers. Do what she might, her thoughts would go back to that terrible token hidden away in the landlady's work box at Fairwood; and which ever way she turned, she seemed to see before her Marie's pale frightened face, as she had seen it in that last moment ere it passed from her sight for ever. Monday was spent by Jane in a silent inward struggle—the whole of the day, and far into the night; and Abel waking up some time in the dark hours found his wife pacing to and fro in the bedroom, and heard her muttering strange words to herself.

"I can hold out no longer," she said; "I must go on with it. An invisible hand draws me forward, and I cannot resist. Oh! why was not this task given to another?"

Abel marveled greatly, but being wise in his own dull way, asked no questions, and pretended to be asleep.

Any one going from Kingsthorpe to Fairwood has the choice of two roads by which to travel. The old road is straggling and tortuous, but tolerably level; and winds pleasantly along for a mile or two of the way, close to the high cliffs which shut out the sea on that part of the coast; by it, the distance between the two places is eleven miles and a half. The new road cuts straight across country, regardless of hill or dale; and although by no means so picturesque as the old road, has this great advantage over its rival, that it makes the distance to Fairwood but eight miles and a quarter, and has, in consequence, monopolized the whole of the traffic between the two places; for Fairwood is not touched by the railway. About half a mile before reaching Fairwood, the two roads, old and new, merge into one, and are here joined by the road from Berryhill and other inland towns; at which junction a toll-bar has been judiciously planted, with a thoughtful eye on the pockets of all, not being foot passengers, who may chose to come or go by any one of the three routes. To the garrulous graybeard who administered the office of collector at the toll-bar, went Jane Garrod on the afternoon of Tuesday. Jane's visit was made with a purpose; but she was too cautious to let the old man—with whom she had one of those state-of-the-weather acquaintanceships, common enough between people who live wide apart in country places—suspect anything of the kind. During the summer and autumn months, the old man had generally a store of mild ginger beer in thick stone bottles, set out at his door for the delectation of thirsty wayfarers; and Jane, when she reached the gate this afternoon, bade the old man good-day, and then asked to be supplied with a bottle of the beverage in question; and sat down in the roomy porch, that she might rest herself, and discuss it with the amount of leisure requisite for its proper appreciation. The afternoon was close and warm for the time of the year, and Jane was really tired with her long walk.

"It's a long tramp, Mrs. Garrod, all the way from Kingsthorpe, at your time o' life—not that you be so very old either," said Matthew, as he drew the cork with a trembling hand.

"Ay, that it is," answered Jane; "and I never walk it without wishing I could afford to keep my carriage, and ride like a lady. It would be pleasant, now, to have Luke Grayling's gig on such a day as this. A nice trap to ride in—I daresay you know it?"

"Ay, I know the trap you mean well enow," said Matthew. "It has been through this gate more than once or twice either."

"It's not much used, I think, except for picnics and pleasure parties," said Jane.

"I dun know about that," said Matthew. "I seen it with a young couple in it going a-pleasuring, more than once; and then, again, I seen it t'other way. Why, no longer ago than last Thursday night was a month, about half after six, a gent druv up in it all alone, and the moment I clapt eyes on it, I knew it was Luke Grayling's turn-out. 'And where be you sprung from?' ses I, to myself. 'You came down th' owld road from Kingsthorpe, but I never seen you go that way this morning.' And then I settled that he must have gone round by Leavenworth, which would account for my not seeing him pass my way. While I was turning the matter over in my mind, the gent paid me the toll, and had got a fair start again, when he turned the horse's head round, and druv back. 'I've had a spill,' ses he, to me, 'and got into the mud. I don't like going into Fairwood in this figure; and if you can find me some soap and water, and a clothes-brush, and will hold my horse for five minutes, I'll give you half-a-crown for your trouble.' Now, it isn't every day that I've the chance of earning half-a-crown in five minutes; so I nodded my head to him, and got him the soap and water; and then he got down from the gig, and I saw that his hands and face were all muddy, and his hat crushed, and his coat dirty into the bargain. So I minded the horse while he titivated hisself up a bit; and he gave me the half-crown all right, and druv off; and I've never clapt eyes on him since."

"Some young spark, most likely, who didn't know how to drive properly," said Jane.

"Not so young, either," said the old man. "About forty, I should take him to be. A fine, handsome gent as ever I clapt eyes on; with long moustachers and a dust-colored overcoat buttoned up to his throat. He seemed to me to look very white and ill; he had likely hurt hisself with falling out of the trap; though how he could fall out, I can't think. He asked me whether I had any brandy in the house; but I told him I had only ginger-beer, and wanted him to try a bottle; but he only laughed, and shook his head, and said it was no matter."

The old man had nothing more to tell; and bidding him good-day, Jane went on her way to Fairwood, from which place she booked herself by coach to Berryhill, and went home thence by rail.

She was up and doing next morning an hour before her usual time, so as to get through her household work as early as possible, anxiously considering meanwhile what her next step ought to be. Now that she had thoroughly made up her mind to go through with this matter, she was determined not to flinch from anything that it might lead to. She felt, indeed, as though she were being led on by a will other than and superior to her own. The one point of the case, as it then stood, on which her mind most persistently dwelt, embodied itself in the following proposition:

"Mr. Duplessis left Kingsthorpe, in company with his sister, at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, taking the coast road, probably as being more unfrequented than the other—a road which has no lanes or by-paths leading to anywhere, except to one or two solitary sheep farms among the hills. He did not reach the toll-bar till half-past six, and then alone, and with evident traces of a struggle on his clothes and person. Allowing an hour and a half as ample time for the drive between the two places; how was Mr. Duplessis employed during the remainder of the time, and what had become of Madame in the interim?"

On the road itself, if anywhere, she must look for the further unravelment of the mystery, whose dread presence haunted her by day and night.

She set out as soon as the early dinner was over, outwardly as calm and impassive as ever, but trembling inwardly with vague fears that grew in proportion with the vagueness of her search. For when she put the question steadily to herself: "What am I going to look for?" she could only reply: "I do not know, and I dare not guess; but I feel that I must go on till the end, even though I should never know peace of mind again."

The old round-about coast road to Fairwood turned sharply off to the left about half a mile from Kingsthorpe Station, becoming all at once muddy and picturesque, and seeming as though it had left civilization miles behind it. Jane knew every inch of the way; when a girl, she had traversed it scores of times with her mother; knew it for three miles of its course as a road overshadowed with moss-grown trunks and interlacing boughs; shut in by high green banks, the chosen home of primrose and violet; knew it further on, where it came suddenly out of hiding, out on to the bare summits of the cliffs, open to every wind of heaven, with the unquiet sea fretting far below; knew it here for a road unfenced, and dangerous for strangers to traverse on dark nights, when to wander three yards from the beaten track would be sudden destruction to man or beast; knew it still further on, towards the end of its course, where it deserted the sea and the breezy sheep-walks, and shut itself in between decorous stone-walls, and parted with some of its mud and all its picturesqueness, and succeeded in mending its ways, and in becoming thoroughly dull and commonplace.

With slow steps and anxious eyes, Jane Garrod traversed this road as far as the first stone-wall, and then back again. "Nothing to-day, nothing to-day!" she muttered to herself, with a sigh of relief, as she turned wearily into the house.

She passed the next day quietly within doors; but the day following that, a fever of unrest began to burn once more in her veins, and she felt that there was no peace for her till one more effort, at least, had been made to solve the dark mystery which seemed to have shut out for ever her old happy frame of mind. Again, with slow steps and anxious eyes, she traversed the old coach road, as far as the first stone-wall without discovering the slightest token such as she half expected yet dreaded to find. When she had got about half way on her return, she felt compelled to sit down and rest for a few minutes; anxiety of mind seemed of late to have weakened her bodily strength. She knew the point from which the finest view on the whole road could be obtained, and as she was now close to it, she made for it instinctively. It was the headland called Martell's Leap. It stood boldly out from the ordinary cliff-line on that part of the coast, and was clothed at its summit with short fine grass, while its white scarred front had an almost perpendicular fall of more than two hundred feet to the boulder-strewn beach below. It was called "Martell's Leap," because, as the story ran, more than a century before, a certain Squire Martell rode his horse over the brink in a fit of madness, and was dashed to pieces at the foot. Jane sat down on the grass close to the edge of the cliff, and loosened her bonnet-strings, and rested her aching head in her hands, and closed her eyes, and went back in memory to the time—more than thirty years before—when she and her mother, coming from one of the lone moorland farms, used to ride in a clumsy country cart along that road to market, and never passed the headland without a shudder at the thought of the mad squire's terrible leap.

Jane's reverie was interrupted by the barking of a distant sheep-dog. She opened her eyes and gazed out seaward, and drank in the full beauty of the scene. Far away, on the very verge of the horizon, there was a trailing pennon of smoke from some home-coming steamer; and nearer at hand, the sea birds were wheeling and screaming; but no other sign of life on sea or shore. She had been gazing for a minute or two down the face of the cliff, in a vague, purposeless sort of way, when her wandering glance was caught by a pretty red flower, growing about half-way down; but broke suddenly away from that, attracted by something fluttering in the breeze—something twisted round a bramble a foot or two below where she was sitting; and as she looked, her eyes dilated, and her heart seemed to stand still, and she grasped the grass with both her hands, to keep herself from falling. What was it that she saw?

A fragment of a woman's dress!

As soon as she had recovered in some measure from the surprise of this discovery, she took off her bonnet and shawl, and stretching herself out at full length on the grass, drew her body half over the edge of the precipice; and reaching down with one hand, she succeeded, after several attempts, in grasping the fragment of silk, and in getting safely back again, Then she sat down, and rubbed the silk gently between her hands, and cried a while silently, and then she went sorrowfully home.

Her quest was ended; she had gone as far as she durst go; from that point, other and more competent hands must take up the clue which she so thankfully laid down, and work out the dark story to its end.

(To be continued.)

The Home of the Craft.

Masonic eulogiums, like Christian eulogiums, are rather based upon the *principles professed* than upon *actions performed*. The praises of the institution are founded upon its inherent merits, and virtues not so much *done* as *attempted*. This is seen in the following eulogium. Probably no one has ever found the Masonic Lodge to be what the poet here represents it. He was in a "frenzy;" the divine *afflatus* possessed his soul when he penned it. Yet to a Mason fully "prepared in heart," these words convey no exaggeration. This is what the Masons' Lodge *ought to be* to all its occupants:

Where hearts are warm with kindred fire,
And love beams free from answering eyes,
Bright spirits hover always there,
And that's the home the Masons prize.
The Mason's home, ah! peaceful home,
The home of love, and light, and joy;
How gladly does the Mason come
To share his tender, sweet employ.

All round the world, by land, by sea,
Where summers burn or winters chill,
The exiled Mason turns to thee,
And yearns to share the joys we feel.
The Mason's home, ah! happy home,
The home of light, and love, and joy;
There's not an hour but I would come,
And share this tender, sweet employ.

A weary task, a dreary round,
Is all *benighted* man can know;
But here a brighter scene is found,
The brightest scene that's found below.
The Mason's home, ah! blissful home,
Glad centre of unmingled joy;
Long as I live I'll gladly come,
And share this tender, sweet employ.

And when the hour of death shall come,
And darkness seal my closing eye,
May hands fraternal bear me home,
The home where weary Masons lie.
The Masons' home, ah! heavenly home,
To faithful hearts' eternal joy;
How blest to find beyond the tomb
The end of all our sweet employ!

The Two Pillars.

BY A PHILOSOPHICAL AND MUSICAL STUDENT AND BROTHER FOR THE NATIONAL FREEMASON.

In an ancient tract entitled "De Origine et Effectu Musica," is contained an account of the inventors of the musical art, which (in spite of the anachronism concerning Tubal and Pythagoras) is by far too curious to be given in any other than the author's own words, which are these:

"There was a certain smith, Tubal by name, who regulated the consonances by the weights of three hammers striking upon one anvil. Pythagoras hearing that sound, and entering the house of the smith, found the proportions of the hammers, and that they rendered to each other a wonderful consonance. When Tubal heard and knew that God would destroy the world, he made two pillars, the one of brick and the other of brass, and wrote on each of them the equiformal musical art, or plain cantus; that if the world should be destroyed by fire, the pillar of brick might remain, as being able to withstand the fire, or if it were to be destroyed by water, the brazen pillar might remain till the deluge was subsided."

In another tract on the same subject we find the following: "The master of history (*i. e.*, Moses) says that Tubal was the father of those that played on the cithra and other instruments; not that he was the inventor of those instruments, for they were invented long after, but that he was the inventor of music, that is, of the consonances.

"As the pastoral life was rendered delightful by his brother, so he, working in the smith's art, and delighted with the sound of the hammers, by means of their weights carefully investigated the proportions and consonances arising from them. And because he had heard that Adam had prophesied of the two tokens, he, lest this art, which he had invented, should be lost, wrote and engraved the whole of it on two pillars, one of which was made of marble, that it might not be washed away by the deluge, and the other of brick, which could not be dissolved by fire: and Josephus says (Book I., chap. 2, sec. 3) that the marble one is still extant in the land of Syria. So that the Greeks are greatly mistaken in ascribing the invention of this art to Pythagoras, the philosopher."

The Family Circle.

THE BROWN THRUSH.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree;
"He's singing to me! He's singing to me!"
And what does he say? little girl, little boy.
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree,
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest, do you see,
And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be?"

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE. — Many years ago, Sir Charles Tichbourne, Butsthen, heir to the estates of his father, the late Sir James Tichbourne, of Tichbourne Park, Hampshire, suddenly left England, unaccompanied by servants, and news was shortly afterwards received at home that the ship Bella, in which he had embarked, was wrecked off the American coast, and young Sir Roger was drowned. Since that period the father has been borne to the tomb, also his younger and last son, Sir Alfred Tichbourne, at whose decease, a few months ago, great sorrow was expressed by all the friends of the family that no son remained to inherit the vast possessions, which had descended to the family from a period long prior to the Norman conquest. Shortly after this, however, all anxiety on this subject was removed by the announcement that the widow of Sir Alfred Tichbourne had given birth to a posthumous son and heir, and great were the rejoicings that ensued.

For several years nothing positive has occurred to disturb the general conviction that Sir Roger was dead, though it has once or twice been rumored that he was still alive in the colonies. About three weeks ago, however, public curiosity was again kindled by vague rumors that the missing baronet was still alive, and not only alive, but that he might be expected with his wife shortly in England, as he had taken a passage from Australia with the view of returning to claim his inheritance. This rumor has received some confirmation by the recent arrival of Australian mails, from which it would appear that Sir Roger is really alive, or that somebody has personated him in the colonies. Thus the Wagga Wagga *Express*, of July 22d, contains a circumstantial narrative of his career ever since he has left England. It seems that "a rumor, to which very little credulity was attached, has been current in Wagga Wagga for some months past that a British peer was quietly residing in our midst, under an assumed name.

"It now turns out that, though not quite correct in form, it still approximated very nearly to truth. He has been known to our townsmen as 'Tom Castro,' and occupied a very humble position in life, but recent events disclosed the fact that he is Roger Charles Tichbourne, eldest son and heir-at-law to the late Sir James Tichbourne, baronet, of Tichbourne Park, Hants. To the title and estates he now succeeds, together with an income of between £10,000 and £15,000 a year." A perfect history of the "new baronet" succeeds—of his roving disposition, his shipwreck, his escape minus his goods, his dislike to American manners, his various callings and travels, till he became acquainted with a small business in Tumut, which he subsequently gave up, and removed to Wagga Wagga, where, in the early part of the present year, he was married.

It is added that "Sir Roger was acquainted with his father's death, but, as he was much attached to his younger brother in his early childhood, and as he felt that his lengthened colonial wanderings had, in a measure, unfitted him for the life of an English country gentleman, he did not attempt to disturb the succession, and still continued to preserve his *incognito*. His brother Alfred is now dead—the strongest reason for the voluntary resignation of the patrimony is now removed—Mr. Castro has resumed his real name and taken the title which belongs to him of right, and is now about to proceed to England. Sir Roger, we believe, was to have sailed by the Kalkoura, but arrived in Sydney a few hours too late." The Goulburn *Herald*, of the 25th July, says: "The mother-in-law of the new baronet is Mrs. James Pain, a Goulburn resident, and wife of a laboring man. Lady Tichbourne is the daughter of Mrs. Pain's first husband, who was a plasterer, named Bryan, and met his death some years ago by falling down stairs or off a ladder during the progress of the erection of a house;" and the Tumut *Times*, of the 27th of August, gives further corroborative evidence of "Thomas de Castro," who "left Tumut, and opened a butchering establishment in Wagga Wagga," with a description of the said "Thomas Castro," being no less a person than Sir Roger Charles Tichbourne. It, however, slightly differs from the preceding accounts, by stating that, "not having been in communication with his family for some years, he was not aware of his good fortune." Altogether, the affair appears to be one of the most romantic in the records of the wonderful.

A VISIT TO THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—The Bank of England is an immense affair, covering an area of eight acres, and employing upward of one thousand clerks, etc., in its vast operations. The bullion vault contains a pile of bags, filled with American gold, containing about $4,000,000, and some twelve or fifteen trucks, on each of which lay bars of gold, each one of which contained about $3,000 worth of the metal. The gold on the trucks is worth about $6,000,000. In another room are bags, boxes and kegs of silver to a very large amount.

We then went to the canceled note room. You must remember that every Bank of England note is printed in duplicate, and one copy repaid out twice from the bank, but every one that comes is twice recorded in books for the purpose, tied up in bundles and stored away for seven years, and then burned. Hence, if any legal question arises about any notes, it can be traced and found in a few minutes, so perfect are their arrangements. When you remember that a Bank of England note is about twice as wide as a "greenback," and that between £40,000 and £50,000 often come in during the day, you see how vast the accumulation will be.

We were in one room that had the receipts of two years, and there were about $3,000,000,000, a sum that bewilders one to imagine. A package containing £1,000,000 was placed in my hands, so that for about half a minute I was a millionaire, but, like all other millionaires, I had to give up my treasures, only I had not quite as much trouble with mine as many of the others, not having to take care of it so long, but perhaps it did me as much good as theirs often do. I saw one note that was issued in 1699, and had been out of the bank for nearly one hundred and fifty years, and others nearly as old as that one.

We then went to the printing and binding room, for they do all of their own work of that kind, and saw all the various processes. The printing machines number each note as it is struck off, by a curious arrangement in the press, and every note is registered by the machine itself as it is printed, so that none can be stolen by the workmen. The paper is also manufactured here, and it is in the water-marks of the paper that the difficulty of counterfeiting lies. The notes are signed also by machinery, and the whole process is very curious.

The testing-room for coin was also interesting. The gold sovereigns, as fast as they come in, are put in a large hopper, which distributes them into tubes. These tubes are then placed on the weighing machine, so delicately adjusted that it will weigh the one hundredth part of a grain. The sovereigns slide slowly from the tubes into a little channel, where they are weighed as they pass. If full weight the machine drops them on one side; if light, it tosses them over to the other with an almost contemptuous fling, and they are taken to another machine, and there cut through the edge, so that they cannot go into circulation again. About thirty-five thousand per day may be tested in this way. In the coin room we were shown bags on bags of various coins, and one containing £1,000 was put into my hands, giving me command of more gold than I am likely to handle again. These details will be enough to enable you to see what a vast concern is this great Bank of England.

DON'T GOVERN TOO MUCH.—We are very far from wishing for the young of either sex to be allowed too much of their own way, but it is one of the secrets of wise management to manage as little as possible, and never to interfere unnecessarily, or in trifles and things of little moment. If we rule, it is best not to show that we rule them. In one sense, this secret is a wonderful economist; for one of the cheapest and at the same time most effectual ways of making people happy, especially where pleasure is the avowed pursuit, is simply to leave them to do as they like and choose their own way of enjoying themselves. To go where you like, and do what you like, instead of what other people like, or what is expected from you, often brings a sense of relief, of holiday, of lightness and jollity, which no amount of show, no lavish expense can in the least counterbalance. Young people, and old people too, often only need this to enjoy the complete relaxation of which they are capable; and yet this is precisely what the managing temper, prolific of plans and programmes, cannot and will not understand. It is the presence or absence of this spirit of dictation which makes some homes pleasant, others irksome. The same people in the same combinations may meet in both, and yet not know themselves or each other in the opposing atmospheres.

MAN'S DESTINY.—It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment on its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which "hold their festival around the midnight throne," are so above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows will stay forever in our presence.

HOW THE BUSHMEN OBTAIN OSTRICHES.—A favorite method adopted by the wild bushman for approaching the ostrich and other varieties of game, is to clothe himself in the skin of one of these birds, in which, taking care of the wind, he stalks about the plain, cunningly imitating the gate and motions of the ostrich until within range, when, with a well directed poisoned arrow from his tiny bow, he can generally seal the fate of any of the ordinary varieties of game. These insignificant looking arrows are about two feet six inches in length; they consist of a slender reed with a sharp bone head thoroughly poisoned with a composition, of which the principal ingredients are obtained sometimes from a succulent herb, having thick leaves yielding a poisonous milky juice, and sometimes from the jaws of snakes. The bow is twisted sinews. When a bushman finds an ostrich's nest he ensconses himself in it and there awaits the return of the old birds, by which means he generally secures the pair. It is by means of these little arrows that the majority of the fine plumes are obtained which grace the heads of the fair throughout the civilized world.

GOOD CHARACTER.—A young man who is entering upon life with a fair reputation, feels that he possesses a treasure above all price, and he will be likely to guard it from the contamination of evil; he will also be excited to make higher and still higher attainments in excellence. Character is like stock in trade, the more of it a man possesses, the greater are his facilities for making additions to it; or it is like an accumulating fund, constantly increasing in value, and daily acquiring to itself fresh accessions of stability and worth.

Memory of the Dead.

How sacred the memory of the dead! We will not, cannot forget those whose affections were early twined around our hearts in the holy bonds of friendship. They may have died on a foreign shore, far from home and friends, with no kindred spirit upon whom they might cast a farewell look, ere they entered the heavenly world, but they still live in our hearts. When we visit our familiar retreats, and meet not their smiling faces, we think of them; we think of them, too, at the calm twilight hour, and at bright smiling morn their image is not forgotten. The stranger may lightly pass over the grassy mound which covers them—'twill not disturb their repose. Theirs is a sweet, a holy sleep—theirs is rest which none shall disturb. Calm be their sleep—and though recollections of them may cause the tear-drop to fall, we will not call them back from their noble, pure home, to again mingle with the vanities of earth, and again meet its trials. We will silently look upon the turf which covers them—we will there plant the evergreen and thornless rose, as a partial tribute to their memory, and then leave the spot—perhaps forever; but while life and reason last, we will think of them—cherish their memory as a choice plant. True, indeed, they have mingled their once lovely forms with the dust, among the rich and the poor, the virtuous and vicious, but the immortal spark within is transported to a fairer clime—even Paradise, the home of angels.

The National Freemason.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 12, 1867.

R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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On Editorial Business, address Dr. McMurdy, box 5903; for Subscriptions and Advertisements, Ezra L. Stevens, box 5903, N. Y. City.

Our Rooms are No. 10 (first floor—second story), 39 Nassau Street, cor. of Nassau and Liberty Streets, opposite the Post-Office.

Dr. McMurdy is ready to see his friends in the morning, from 9 to 12 o'clock, at the office.

At the request of a number of brethren, we give notice that all who wish to organize an insurance company, for our mothers, widows and orphans, upon the plan proposed in our editorial columns, are invited to meet at the office of the National Freemason on Friday evening, at three P.M. Those not able to be present can send their names to the office of the National Freemason.

Masonic Festival at Frankfort, Ky.

The Craft at Frankfort, with their wives and daughters, celebrated St. John's Day.

The procession was formed at the Lodge Hall, and thence marched to Col. Hodge's hospitable residence.

The charges of installation were impressively delivered by Past Grand Master P. Swigert. Rev. Bro. Henderson delivered a prayer replete with Masonic sentiment and charity.

A magnificent silver service was then presented by Bro. Gov. Bramlette to Walter Franklin, in behalf of the members of Hiram Lodge. Bro. Franklin was W.·. M.·. from 1858 to 1862, and from 1863 to the present.

Then followed the season of refreshment, under the direction of Bro. Conrey. It was a joyous season.

John Paul Jones.—Near the close of the biography of this great man and Mason, on page 19, will be found the promised copy of the petition for his initiation into Freemasonry. The two flags of our country first hoisted by Jones are our illustration this week.

The address of Bro. Dr. L. P. Wagner, Past Master of Oxford Lodge, No. 175, is desired by Bro. Coffuth, Secretary Hiram Lodge, No. 21, Winchester, Va. The matter is of great importance, and Bro. Wagner can be of material service.

A brother from Genesee, N. Y., writes that he has taken the National Freemason from the first number; and, knowing its value, he not only renews his own subscription, and sends several names, but takes for himself a duplicate copy to lend.

Those men, such as we bring before our readers in our series of biographies, and who leave their impress upon our fraternity and impart character to the age in which they live, are a study for future generations.

The Light of our Institution.

There are two prominent advantages in the reception of the peculiar knowledge communicated by the Masonic institution. One is that it affords us the means of associating "upon the level" with the great multitude who, like ourselves, have been admitted behind the vail, and enjoying, in that association, the social, honorable and pecuniary advantages resulting therefrom. Another prime advantage is the expansion of the mind and improvement of the morals. A Masonic Lodge which fails to give its members these two prominent benefits, fails in its proper work before the world and before God. Such a Lodge, upon due representation to Grand Lodge, will merit severe reprimand, and even the forfeiture of its charter.

As the head, spokesman and executive of the Lodge, it is the Worshipful Master who is mainly responsible for the diffusion of "the light of the institution." He should disseminate it, and that freely, at every meeting *within* the Lodge, and upon every proper occasion *without*. Less than this will not fill up the measure of his installation pledges, in which he promises "to propagate the knowledge of the art." Less than this will fall immensely short of the charge which the Grand Master makes him at his installation, when, as a pattern of imitation, "the great luminary of nature" is presented before him, and he is told that in like manner it is his province to spread and communicate light and instruction to the brethren of his Lodge.

A Lodge cannot lawfully be opened or closed without a communication of "the light of our institution." Upon the failure of the presiding officer thus to fulfill his solemn pledges, he may be reprimanded by the Grand Master, or even deposed from office by that official. No visiting brother can be allowed to enter, however high his rank or far-spread his name, until he has communicated such portion of this "light of our institution" as may serve thoroughly to identify him as a just and regular Mason. Less than this will not fulfill that other pledge of the Worshipful Master, that "no visiters shall be received into his Lodge without due examination, and producing proper vouchers of their having been initiated into a regular Lodge."

The grand aim and object of the National Freemason is the dissemination, so far as it may lawfully be entrusted to ink and paper, of this "light of our institution." And this we do in every form, in extracts from Grand Lodge proceedings; in tale, sketch and narrative; in references to legal decisions; in biographical and historical narrations; in statistical details; in quotations from correspondence; in those golden words by which the immortals of every generation have described their glimpses into the brighter sphere. We ask all who read our columns, and who love the light, to aid us in thus collecting and disseminating that without which Freemasonry is as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

General Curtis.

We noticed in our last the death of this eminent Knight Templar. He was buried the last day of the old year, by the Templars, the Masonic and other organized local bodies of Keokuck attending the funeral. The full Encampment was out, and many visiting Sir Knights.

Rev. and Sir Knight Henry Woods, Episcopal clergyman, acted as Prelate, and with Sir Knight Bower officiated at the grave.

Flags were draped in mourning, and suspended at half-mast; bells were tolled, and minute-guns were fired. The community felt that a great man had fallen, and an exemplary citizen had been removed from their midst.

One dollar received from Bro. Tallmadge, Plymouth, Conn., for the Hall and Asylum Fund, through the National Freemason.

Naval Lodge.

Our apology is due for not getting to Naval Lodge before its close on January 2, at the installation of officers; but a brother, who wished to have the wedding knot tied not only clerically, but by a Masonic brother, claimed our services. We made due diligence, by cars and ferry, but reached the Lodge-room as the Tyler was closing the outer door.

We understand the brethren had a pleasant time.

The choir of Epiphany Church, assisted by Miss Reynolds and led by Bro. Horner, organist of Lodge and choir, furnished the delightful music of the evening. The pieces were, "Glad Hearts," "Part in Peace," and the installation odes. Bro., P.·. M.·. Merritt acted as Chaplain in opening, and Bro. Somerville in closing. W.·. Bro. E. B. Breed acted as proxy of G.·. M.·. in installing, and W.·. M.·. Bro. Shove as Grand Marshal. The Master of Independent Royal Arch made the address, and presented a gold watch to the retiring Master, Bro. Sterritt. The following officers were installed (Bro. Scott for the fifth time):

Wm. H. Peabody, W. M.; H. R. Chapman, S. W.; John Ward, J. W.; Wm. Scott, Treasurer; J. T. Couenhoven, Secretary; R. M. Sterritt, S. D.; T. A. Owens, J. D.: George Wood and C. J. Clemments M. of C.; J. Goller and S. Strockbine, Stewards; W. E. Edwards, Marshal; Levi Harris, Wm. Starritt and Horatio Reed, Trustees; R. J. Somerville, Chaplain; Richard Horner, Organist; Sewall Fisk, Tyler.

There was a fine repast, given by the noble hearted retiring Master.

The Yacht Race has this interest to the New York fraternity, that Capts. David G. Wood and Charles Mortimer Hazelton, brothers of Huguenot Lodge, 381, Tottenville, Staten Island, were washed overboard on the 19th of December, 1866. Capt. Hazelton was born at Manahawkan, New Jersey, and would have been twenty-eight years old on the 7th of this month. Capt. Wood was twenty-seven years of age at the time of his death, and was born in Tottenville, Staten Island. Both of them, previous to their embarking on the ocean yacht race, were commanders of schooners engaged in the coasting trade, and both of them were married and leave widows residing at Tottenville.

They were good and true Masons, and heroically courageous men, just suited for Templar and chivalric times.

Memorial services were held on Sunday last, on the island, attended by 1,200 persons. Mr. Osgood, owner of the yacht, was present. Huguenot Lodge turned out in a body; and Masons were present from South and Perth Amboy, from the other Lodges of the island, and from New York and Brooklyn.

Bro. Chadwick, of the Methodist church, in his discourse, most beautifully and effectively introduced the symbolism of Masonry. Bro. Goddard, Episcopal clergyman, Past Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, followed in touching remarks to friends and parents. The father of Captain Wood, deceased, was for several years Master of Huguenot Lodge, an old and highly esteemed resident of the island.

Huguenot Lodge passed resolutions of condolence, and ordered the Lodge to be draped in mourning and crape to be worn.

A Complete Cube.

It is said, in *Rev. xxi.*, 16, "the length, and breadth, and the height of it are equal." Thus discourses Trench upon it:

> "Vitringa, following Grotius and some interpreters, is of opinion that this means 'that the houses were like the Holy of Holies, a complete cube.' Each house in New Jerusalem was a complete cube, the form that indicated entire stability. Thus it was not the immense city as a whole that had its height equal to its length and breadth, but each mansion in it was so, and each mansion was so because each dwelling there is like the Holy of Holies."

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS, P. G. M.

The Masonic Fair.

As these lines encounter the eyes of our readers the Great Masonic Fair of 1866 will be among the things of the past. It has been in all respects a very great success, and it is a singular verification of the foresight of the late Inspector Carpenter that his estimate of the amount to be realized and the number of persons likely to visit the Fair should have proved almost absolutely correct. We have not time this week to speak more in detail, but we shall embrace an early occasion to refer to some things in connection with the undertaking which appear to us to merit notice and recollection.

We desire, in behalf of the Committee, to return special thanks to the ladies who have given their services with unfailing assiduity from the beginning of the project to the final closing of the exhibition. We regret being obliged to content ourselves with mere words, and would gladly, were we wealthy, present each one with some memorial in remembrance of her kindness and zeal in the cause. Unfortunately that is beyond our individual power, and the nature of the enterprise forbids the diversion of the proceeds from the sacred object to which they are dedicated. We trust, however, that the same spirit which incited them to labor in preparing and conducting the Fair will lead them to feel a reward beyond all earthly praise, in the remembrance that they have thus contributed to secure a home where the sorrows of the widow and the needs of the orphan may find alleviation.

The net result cannot, of course, be known for some time yet, but it will be announced in due time, and all may meanwhile rest assured that, taking all things into consideration, it is greater than could reasonably be expected.

:o:

Burial Insurance.

The brethren will have noticed in a recent issue some details in relation to an association which has for some years past been in operation in Philadelphia, by which a certain sum is assured to the widow or other representative of a deceased member, by a very simple method and for a very small outlay. The method of association is this: A number of persons in good health, say five hundred, pay each an entrance fee of five dollars, and agree to pay thereafter, when any one of the number dies, a further sum of one dollar and five cents, the fraction being intended to cover postage. By this arrangement the widow of a deceased member would receive four hundred and ninety-nine dollars, and of course this sum would be correspondingly larger if there were a greater number of members in the association. Out of five hundred persons in sound health, the probabilities are that not more than one or two would die in a year. and therefore no ordinary lifetime would be long enough for a member to pay more than a fraction of what his survivers would receive in case of his own death. By fixing the amount to be paid at death say at six hundred dollars, and then allowing the membership to increase to one thousand, the payment required would then be a mere trifle. The admission fees being surely invested, would yield sufficient interest to more than cover all needed expenses, and indeed enable the association to add somewhat to payments without extra tax upon the members.

Now this plan strikes us as eminently practical, and as affording an opportunity for men to secure a sum of money payable to their families after death at an expense in no way corresponding to the ultimate benefit. We like it because it encourages habits of thrift and leads men to understand that they are the best helped who help themselves; and we therefore propose to unite with the brethren in forming such an association in this city, from which we trust many others may spring, and that by their operation the heart of many a widow may be alleviated of a portion of the heavy grief that follows the loss of husband and father. Those who think favorably of the project and are willing to unite in its establishment, are invited to send us their names and addresses. As soon as one hundred are received, a meeting will be held to form an organization and commence operations.

:o:

A Good Plan.

When a candidate sends his petition to Stella Lodge, in Brooklyn, the Committee of Investigation, instead of running around to look him up, or perhaps reporting without having seen him at all, appoint a meeting with him at the Lodge-room, where they have an opportunity to put all the necessary questions, and see him face to face. They also make such further inquiries as they may think best, and when they report they have a knowledge of that whereof they speak. We are favorably impressed with this proceeding, and commend it to the attention of all Lodges in large cities. We all know that there is no more fruitful source of difficulty than the neglect of Committees of Investigation in the performance of their duties. It often happens that a Committee may call several times at the residence or place of business of a candidate without being able to see him, and it sometimes happens, too, that they do not take the trouble to call, but report at a venture. Hence the trouble. It seems to us that if it were known that at a certain time a Committee would be in waiting in the ante-room of the Lodge to see and examine candidates for initiation, many of the members might also be present, and thus the Society would reap the advantage of greater security against the admission of unworthy candidates. The plan is certainly worthy of a trial, and we commend it to attention.

:o:

Incorporation of Lodge Trustees.

We have recently been asked by several correspondents to print the method by which Lodges may avail themselves of the benefits of the act passed last session of the Legislature, and entitled, "An Act to enable Lodges and Chapters of Free and Accepted Masons to take, hold and convey real and personal estate." In reply, we have only to refer to the act itself, a copy of which we have recently obtained, which provides, in terms, that whenever any duly warranted Lodge, working under authority of the regular Grand Lodge, desires the benefit of this act, it will, at a regular communication and in accordance with its By-Laws, elect three trustees, and then file a certificate to that effect, made by the first three elective officers of the Lodge, and certified by a Commissioner of Deeds, in the office of the Secretary of State, whereupon the Trustees are incorporated, and enter upon their duties.

The following is the form of certificate required:

State of New York, }
County of— }

We, the undersigned, the first three elective officers of—— Lodge, No. —, of Free and Accepted Masons, duly chartered by and installed according to the General Rules and Regulations of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York, do hereby certify that, at a regular communication of said Lodge, held at their Lodge-room in the ——, on the —— day of ——, in the year 18—, in accordance with the Constitution and General Regulations of the Grand Lodge aforesaid, and in conformity to their By-Laws, the said Lodge being desirous of having the benefits and privileges conferred by an act of the Legislature of the State of New York, entitled, "An Act to enable Lodges and Chapters of Free and Accepted Masons to take, hold and convey Real and Personal Estate," passed April 12, 1866, did then and there proceed to elect three Trustees for such Lodge for the purpose aforesaid, and whose terms of office were allotted by the undersigned as prescribed in said act.

And the undersigned do further certify, that said election was regularly conducted according to the Constitutions and General Rules and Regulations of the said Grand Lodge and the By-Laws of the Lodge aforesaid; that the names of the said Trustees and the terms severally for which they were allotted to serve are as follows: ————, whose term will expire on the day of the Festival of St. John the Evangelist next after said election; ————, whose term will expire in one year thereafter; and ————, whose term will expire in two years thereafter.

In testimony whereof, the undersigned, the first three elective officers aforesaid, and Master and Wardens of said Lodge, have hereto set our hands, this — day of ——, in the year 18—.

Master,
Senior Warden,
Junior Warden.

Signed and duly stamped before } [Rev. Stamp, 5 cts.
execution, in presence of——. } Canceled.]

This is to be sworn to before a person qualified by law to take acknowledgments of deeds, who appends his certificate of that fact. The certificate is then sent to the Secretary of State, and a copy of it to the Grand Secretary.

This act will be a great convenience to Lodges owning real estate; but otherwise it strikes us they would do full as well to let well enough alone, and hold their personal property through Trustees without other sanction than their personal and Masonic honor.

:o:

Transactions.—The proceedings of the Grand Lodge of New York, at its last annual communication, are now printed, and can be had of the Grand Secretary. The report on correspondence will be furnished hereafter as an appendix.

Fair Gossip, &c.

Mr. Editor:
It is an annoying thing to speak harshly of one's friends,
But yet owing to the "perversity of human nature,"
As Pythagoras would say,
It has to be done now and then.
I fear the folks who sell at the Fair are a time-serving generation!
Last week, you remember, they gave me a watch,
That is all well enough, as far as it *goes*.
This week they sent me a clock; am I a slave?
Time, you know, was made for slaves;
At least that most amiable female, old Queen Bess,
Once said so!
Next week, I suppose, I'll get an almanac,
Or an hour-glass;
If I do, I'll let you know in *time* to call for them.
I took a chance in a wagon, or buggy, as they call it;
When I did so, a Past Grand Master began to sing
"Wait for the wagon!"
I did so, but it was useless, the thing would not *come;*
So at last I *went!*
I came very near winning it, however,
For I drew a bottle of Poole's *Bug*-Powder
At another stand;
But that, after all, was a *mis-carriage!*

Last Thursday night I went to the Promenade Concert in Brooklyn.
It was a most enjoyable affair.
Quality and Quantity were both present.
The music was superb, the dancing excellent, the gas bright, except in the supper room;
For the directors considered it *meet* there should be no supper, which in my opinion was a *beef*—no, I mean a *mis-take*.
The net proceeds go to the Board of Relief, of the W. D.,
An institution which cheers the homes of honest poverty,
To a greater extent than the world knows.
At least $3000 worth of dancing was *footed* up;
And yet no man paid too much for his whistle.
Want of more *foolscap* compels me to CAVE-IN.

:o:

The Police at the Fair.—Now that the Fair is closed, and we can judge by experience of those who have faithfully labored during its continuance, we esteem it a duty as well as a pleasure to express the general sentiment of approbation due to Acting Captain Garland, of the 14th Precinct, and the men of his command, for their unwearied politeness, their intelligent zeal, and their uniform courtesy in the discharge of their duties. Day and night they were at their posts, and amid the greatest throngs never lost their self-control for an instant, nor yet ever appeared to obtrude themselves in the way of any one. When necessary they controlled the movements of visitors, but as if by intuition and with a suavity worthy of all praise. The Executive Committee will remember their presence with gratitude. Inspector Dilks has been ubiquitous, everywhere at once with an eye to everything, but always with quiet dignity, showing the consciousness of power and the absence of need for useless display.

Superintendent Kennedy, when asked to make the detail of men for the Fair, complied with courtesy and promptness, and took the trouble to be satisfied in person that his orders had been obeyed.

To Superintendent, Inspector, Captain and men, we tender, in behalf of the Committee, our most grateful thanks for their courteous and kind attention.

:o:

A Good Thing to do.—This is the season of good resolutions, the time when men mentally determine to make this year more fruitful than the last. Some resolve to make more money, some to acquire more knowledge and to do more good than ever before in the same space of time. To these last we commend the idea of a regular perusal of the National Freemason, not a cursory glance at it as it lies on the table of a friend, but such careful reading as one gives a book for which he has paid, and from which he expects an adequate return for his money. The paper for which one subscribes, and which is a regular visiter, always gives the most satisfaction. Try the Freemason for a year and see.

:o:

Necrological.—We are pained to learn the death of R. E. Amasa S. Underhill, Past Grand Commander of Tennessee, who departed this life on the 15th ult. In the words of his successor, we can say, "A noble spirit has been summoned away—a wise, strong and beautiful pillar of our Order has been cast down into the dust."

:o:

Manhattan Lodge, No. 62, give their second annual promenade concert at Irving Hall, on the evening of the 31st inst. Those who like to be where there is plenty of company will do well to attend, for when Manhattan takes hold the "fur must fly."

A Pitiable Case.

There is living in the city of Brooklyn a brother of French extraction who has a wife sick of a lingering disease, which human skill may alleviate but not cure, and four little children. He is utterly penniless, and has no means of earning a dollar, unless by teaching his native language to such as may desire to learn it. He has, of course, been relieved by Lodges and the Brooklyn Board of Relief, as well as by the Grand Lodge; but his case is such that unless employment can be obtained for him, he must either become a permanent burden on the Craft, or we must let him and his family go to the poor-house. As this latter alternative cannot be entertained for a moment, we trust some means may be found whereby this needy brother may be enabled to earn at least a portion of his subsistence. He is a person of education and refinement, and therefore no one need scruple to employ him. He prefers to work, and it is always our duty to encourage the willing worker rather than the professional alms-seeker; and hence we trust that something will be done among us to enable this brother to eat bread sweetened by the reflection that it results from his own exertions rather than from the gifts, however freely tendered, of his brethren. Meanwhile he and his family must eat. Those who are willing to assist may hear of him through R. W. Charles F. Bauer, 35 Wall street.

:o:

Financially speaking, the following note is worthy of the widest imitation. It is the very soul of wit, because of its straightforward brevity; and adorably to the point, because every penny of the inclosure will, in time, absorb the tear of some dear little one, and be radiant with the reflected glory of Him who bade us care for the children, and to leave ungarnered a portion of our harvests for the use of the widow, the fatherless, and the stranger; because it is another proof that we should not, "despise the day of small things." The proposition to play a game of base ball was considered by many as undignified, not to say shallow; but it came off, nevertheless, because those engaged in it were in earnest, and the result proves that it was worth their while to persevere. We would that the brethren might see in this its true lesson, which is, never to be diverted from doing right in a just cause by the apathy of the lukewarm or the opposition of the unfriendly. But to the note:

"New York, 2d Jan., 1867.

"My Dear Mr. Editor:

"Enclosed you will find three hundred dollars. Pass amount to the credit of Hall and Asylum Fund, and let it stand as a memorial of our late base ball match.

"Yours, on the fly,

"Dav. Cavan.

"P. S. Permit me to say that Brooklyn stands ready to play and to *win* another game any time."

We hope that, during the coming season, arrangements may be made to play a return match, which, we doubt not, will prove even more successful than the present.

:o:

Dedication.—The beautiful hall occupied by Kane Lodge, No. 454, was formally dedicated to Masonry, Virtue and Benevolence, on Saturday evening last, by the M.·.W.·.Robt. D. Holmes, Grand Master, in presence of a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. In the course of the evening an address was delivered by R.·.W.·.John H. Anthon. The officers of the Lodge were subsequently installed. We believe this is the twelfth successive term during which W.·.Thomas S. Sommers will have administered the affairs of Kane Lodge, he being in fact the only Master it has ever had. He has our best wishes for thirteen more years, and then a silver installation. The brethren will accept our thanks for invitation to be present, and our regret that a previous engagement prevented us from participating in a pleasure to which we have been looking forward ever since the rooms were commenced.

:o:

Independent Royal Arch Lodge, No. 2, has elected the following officers, who were installed on the 3d inst: Charles A. Budd, M.D., Master; Henry D. Walker, Senior Warden; Charles A. Cook, Junior Warden; F. Eugene Finck, Treasurer; William D. Everit, Secretary; Jay C. Young, Senior Deacon; J. Theodore Baldwin, Junior Deacon; Edward Coward, Henry N. Morgan, John S. Washburn, Trustees; Sewall Fisk, Tyler; R.·. W.·. Rev. F. C. Ewer, R.·.W.·.Rev. George Nixon, Chaplains; Claudius F. Beatty, Marshal; Edward Miller, Organist; Fred. M. Tryon, John C. Bushnell, Stewards; R.·. W.·. John H. Anthon, R.·. W.·. Enoch P. Breed, Masters of Ceremonies; Charles A. Budd, M.D., R.·. W.·.John H. Anthon, R.·.W.·.Enoch P. Breed, Committee on Foreign Correspondence; Edward Miller, Joseph Colt, George H. Gardner, William De Lacy, Jay C. Young, Committee on Music; William Smith, Assistant Tyler.

[Correspondents will look here for notices of their communications.—R. McMurdy.]

Replies to Letters and Inquiries of Correspondents.

AKRON, N. Y.—An E.·. E.·. or F.·. C.·. is subject to be taxed when a tax is voted by the Lodge on each member to raise money for the special use of the Lodge. It is right that he should be taxed, but it is wrong that he should not have a voice in voting the tax. Our present system of confining local legislation to Master Masons is vicious and unmasonic, and has a tendency to hurry novices through the degrees.

NEW HAVEN.—In the funeral referred to, the Lodges represented were all colored. There is no National Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the United States. The colored people are said to have a National Grand Lodge. It is certainly without legitimate authority. It is not necessary for us to bring any extraneous question in the determination of this matter. It is sufficient for our action that these Lodges of colored people are not sanctioned by nor derived from any accredited Masonic jurisdiction. We are neither to oppose nor favor them. We know nothing of them Masonically, any more than we know of any other organization than the Masonic. We will give the history of these bodies, as we understand it, at some future time.

Extracts—Letters.

New Haven, Conn.

I had no conception of the value of the National Freemason before reading it.

Akron, N. Y.

The National Freemason is a rich repast.

Shasta City, Cal.

The National Freemason ought to be taken, and will be taken, by every intelligent Freemason in our vast Pacific region.

Newark, N. J.

I picked up a number of the National Freemason on one of our enterprising news-stands. I must say that I was never so interested.

Our Paper.

The National Freemason is the opponent of no interest in Masonry, and is the friend everywhere of its great principles. It is also proving that, while meeting all the wants and conditions of the craft in New York city and State, it is equally acceptable in Maine and Mississippi, in Maryland and Ohio. We print below an extract from an old Mason of New York city:

"Your paper is the most popular matter with the Order of this city of anything ever known here. Not only are the young men and the women crazy about it, but the old men also. We do not have to swallow columns of offensive political matter to get at a few articles in Masonry. We need not read it by stealth in our families, but can throw it upon our parlor tables and say, 'There: that is Freemasonry. Beat it, if you can, with any paper in the whole country, Masonic or not.' Our wives and daughters say, 'If that is Masonry, go ahead, father and brother. The more of that the better.' A brother who was at variance said to me, 'The National Freemason has filled me with so much of Masonic love, here is my hand. Let us be brothers, indeed, once more.' The National Freemason is our city paper, and the craft are, for the first time, satisfied."

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The Great Masonic Festival at Amsterdam.—The *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, in describing the recent great Masonic Festival held at Amsterdam, says: "The National Grand Master presented to the Order the library bought by him some time since from the late Dr. Klosz, of Frankfort, consisting entirely of printed and manuscript works on Freemasonry. The collection comprises 5,300 printed works, forming over 7,000 volumes, and above 2,000 manuscripts. There are, besides, numerous commemoration medals, decorations, engravings, &c. The Great East of the Netherlands, already possessed of a great amount of Masonic lore, by this princely donation may now be said to be the richest in the Masonic world."

General (Foreign) Items.

The *Levant Herald* of Turkey has been fined $250 for saying that the Cretan insurrection is not suppressed.

Hon. John Finlay,

Mayor of the city of Richmond, Ia., and a devoted and active Freemason, died at the close of 1866, in the seventy-first year of his age.

Bro. Finlay was one of the pioneers of the West, and faithful among Masons in the days of anti-masonic persecution, never neglecting his humbler brethren, in whatever official station of life he moved.

In a book of poems published by Bro. Finlay we find some excellent sentiment and poetry. Read especially the last verse of

WHAT IS LIFE?

Life is a summer day,
The morn serenely bright;
We hail with joy each gilded ray,
Unmindful of the night;
But storms and tempests intervene
Ere Evening drops her sable screen.

Life is the rolling year:
Its vernal blossoms shoot,
And Summer's genial atmosphere
Matures autumnal fruit;
But many fruits unripened fall,
And hoary Winter sweeps them all.

Life is the purling rill
In our incipient years,
Still widening and enlarging still
Adown this vale of tears;
At length it mingles with the sea,
That "vasty deep," Eternity.

Life is that ocean wide
Where many millions sail,
Tossed to and fro by wind and tide,
The sport of every gale;
Their fragile barks the brakers court,
And few attain the wished-for port.

Life is the allotted space
That God to man has given,
Where erring mortals, by his grace,
May find their way to Heaven:
It is the time for man to prove
His fitness for a world of love.

If Good Men All were Masons.

The influence of the Masonic institution, could it once gather into its fold all worthy subjects, and none other, is foreshadowed in the following verses of an esteemed brother:

There's never a tear that fell,
But some kind hand would steal it;
There's never a sigh would swell,
But some kind heart would feel it;
There's never a widow sad,
There's never an orphan lonely,
But some one would make glad,
With smiles of joy, if only
The good men all were Masons!

There's never a word profane,
Would be by mortal spoken;
There's never a plan would fail,
And never a law be broken;
There's never a man would die,
Away from loved ones, lonely,
There's never a shuddering cry
Would mount to heaven, if only
The good men all were Masons!

But every heart would smile,
And tongues break forth with singing,
And stores of corn, wine, oil,
The generous would be flinging;
And each would strive to make
The path of life, now lonely,
A green and flowery way,
Like Eden's walks, if only
The good men all were Masons!

But as the good men all
Are *not* in our connection,
Let's try what few we are,
To be of one complexion;
Let's try, though frail and weak,
And ofttimes poor and lonely,
To show what life would *be*,
And man would *do*, if only
The good men all were Masons!

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The advertisement on the last page is designed to aid the destitute and orphans. It has the sanction of Generals Hooker, Dix, and other prominent citizens. The institute whose interests it promotes has enjoyed the confidence of ministers of the Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, Dutch Reformed and Episcopal churches (see advertisement). Though we do not fancy such things for Masonic or religious purposes, yet, while they do exist, no more worthy object can be presented before the people. Before the advertisement was received, their whole plan was submitted to high-minded gentlemen, connected with our office, who approve of it; and under it, it will be conducted to its conclusion.

The Masonic Festival

at Dubuque, Iowa, last St. John's day, is said to have been the most imposing spectacle of the kind ever witnessed in that part of the country. The Masonic guests on one train alone were six hundred. Twelve Lodges were there as Lodges, and thirty-four other Lodges and four Commanderies represented.

We noticed among the lists of officers of the day, Bro. Mickel, Dep. G. M. Iowa, Bro. Enos, P. S. G.W. Iowa, Bros. Snyder and Miner, W. MM. Bro. Gilliam acted as Marshal.

After a melody by the Germania Band, the ode "We meet upon the level and part upon the square," was sung, with instrumental accompaniment, by our celebrated brother, John C. Baker. Bro. Rev. Dr. Dubois, the Grand Chaplain, then offered prayer. Another ode by Bro. Baker and music by the band followed. Bro. Dr. Guilbert, P. G. M. Iowa, delivered an address which is highly commended by all who heard it. Bro. G. described the early life of St. John, and traced the early rise of the Masonic Order.

There was no doubt in his mind but what St. John was an Assyrian, yet the customs and usages that had marked the ancient history of the Masonic Order were to be found elsewhere. The dominant races of the world, once so renowned, have degenerated into inferior things. The fire-worshiper was conscious that Medea was the true dwelling of all great spirits, but did not give the sun that credit which was bestowed upon the mind of man. He then alluded to the different events of the ancient world, saying that they occupied a prominent place in the Masonic calendar. Men confound the true faith and celebrate the 21st day of June and the 21st day of December as the natal days of the two saints. The saints were the patrons for their imitation. Then followed an eloquent sketch of the life and trials of the apostle; how he suffered, but finally triumphed, and was adored by those who had formerly been his most bitter enemies. One tradition assumed that when well stricken in years his mind still retained its original vigor, and the sentiments that fell from his lips were listened to by admiring hearers. When he finally passed away the most eminent of Masons had gone, and it was for all to render him due reverence. Now would Masonic members come to admire his character. He then gave the Masonic theory of organization, a delicate feeling, that pervaded all their acts, and imparted that charm which has rendered it so acceptable to all who have drunk from its fountains; societies had been formed to protect and foster these objects, with the instruction to teach and practice all moral truths; science, agriculture, and music was also cultivated. Of Enoch it was related that he erected two pillars of marble and brass, which stood and perpetuated the records of his age to the most modern times. He then gave a sketch of the progress of the order in the different ranks of society, and traced those mysteries which are so familiar to the student. It was impossible to speak of them in full, but he considered that there was a strange coincidence with all the rites that had been practiced by the most barbarous tribes. Those rites that were now worshiped by all believers with much veneration, had been practiced by the Hindoos thousands of years ago, and the sentiments that they now believed had been inculcated by the Grand Master Solomon. There had been some spurious organizations, but they had taught impure theology which could not sustain itself before the advance of reason. The unreflecting were disposed to consider tradition a synonym of humbug; but no, it was history in the abstract. But for that, most of earth's brightest characters would be unknown. Let no Mason speak disrespectfully of tradition. Let them all stand fast and hold to tradition; blessed were its uses. It was the only means possessed by the ancient nations to preserve their history, which were contained in the Talmud. In this were contained the hidden mysteries of Masonic history.

Another full and complete resume was then given of the aims and intents of the order, which drew the closest attention and was much applauded. It inculcated all the social and domestic virtues; it applied itself to the instincts of human nature with touching pathos. It also formed a platform upon which all classes could meet without distinction. Everything illustrates this fact. Here were men before him, dissimilar in occupation, but one in feeling. All were treated here with equal respect. It must make the indifferent man better and the unlearned man better. It was not wise for Masons to separate themselves from the flock, merely because some abuses existed. Were there not black sheep in every flock? Harmony was the strength and beauty of the Church, and the same could be said of Masonry. There was a divinity that shaped our ends, rough hew them as we would. Let all who are met on this festive day enthrone these principles in their hearts and commence our life anew. The means of promoting the science of Masonry was ancestral in origin, and he urged that journals devoted to the cause be established and supported. Be first and foremost in every good work. By so doing, we should honor Masonry and enter with triumph into the grand lodge above.

At the conclusion he was greeted with much applause.

Burns' Adieu was then performed by Bro. Baker.

The supper was at the City Hall, where 654 plates were kept filled with provisions until all were satisfied. The ladies of Dubuque furnished the whole entertainment gratuitously, and all the expenses of the brethren were defrayed. The City Hall was beautifully decorated and adorned with evergreens and Masonic mottoes. The one we like best was "Masonry Universal." The toasts were, "The Grand Lodge of Iowa," "Our Guests," "Woman," "The Dead of the Masonic World," "Religion and Masonry," "To the Memory of our first and most excellent Grand Master, Solomon, King of Israel—Judea's most illustrious ruler," "The Vitalized Fluid, Active Masons of other jurisdictions—may the Tribe increase," "Associate G.·. LL.·. Iowa," "Memory of the Masonic Dead of the last war," "Masonic Ladies of Iowa," "Farewell." The responses were made by Bros. Dubois, Enos, Caldwell, Parvin, Hanson, Schlessinger, Munn, Fuller, Clark, Mills, and Guilbert. It is delightful to see Masonry practically realized. At this banquet were men of all denominations, and our Jewish brethren were properly noticed. Our old friend, Bro. Rabbi Schlessinger, responded handsomely. Bro. Caldwell said that there was no class of beings *wearing aprons* except Masons and women.

The Sacred Cord.

[By one of our Masonic poets, unexcelled by none in the Masonic world.]

Much is made in the Hindoo mysteries of "The Sacred Cord," thrice twisted with secret ceremonies, and thrice wound about the neophyte's person. These lines were suggested by this:

Bind it *once*, that in his heart
He may surely hold
All the mysteries of the Art,
As in the Craft of old:
Bind it *once*, and make the noose
STRONG, that time shall not unloose.

Bind it *twice*, that Masons' law,
Faith and Charity,
Ever may his spirit draw
In resistless tie;
Bind it *twice*, and make the noose,
STRONGER,—death alone shall loose.

Bind it *thrice*, that every deed,
Virtuous and chaste,
On the heavenly page be spread,
Worthy of the best;
Bind it *thrice*, and make the noose
STRONGEST,—death shall *not* unloose.

General (Home) Items.

Losses by 354 fires in the United States in 1865, $38,139,000; and in 1866, by 501 fires, $66,410,000.

Accidents in the United States, by railroad, in 13 years, 1,498, and 2,319 persons killed and 3,963 wounded. In 1866, 85 accidents; 115 killed and 607 wounded.

Accidents in the United States, and not by sea, in steamboats, in 13 years, 347; 6,005 killed and 1,785 wounded. In 1866, 23 accidents; 633 killed and 156 wounded.

VALUE OF INSECTS.—Great Britain pays annually $1,000,000,000 for the cochineal. The annual circulating medium of the fibres spun from the silk worm is $200,000,000. England alone spends $500,000, in purchase of honey.

The Hebrew Leader—Prussia—Jews—The Remedy.

We coincide fully with the *Hebrew Leader* in its condemnation of Prussian Freemasonry in excluding our Jewish brethren from their Lodges. We know it proceeds from prejudice alone, which is ever to be condemned, but especially so in a Freemason. It is a landmark, a fundamental principle of our Institution, that no man, otherwise worthy, is to be excluded from Masonic privileges by his religion or politics. Our brother has never, from its beginning, seen the NATIONAL FREEMASON waver or hesitate on this subject.

Here we agree. We may differ about the method of curing this and other infractions upon our principles. It has been the custom to refuse Masonic intercourse and imitate civil governments in applying remedies. We do not approve of this course. We suggest that every Grand Lodge open a correspondence with Prussian Jurisdictions, setting forth kindly, yet forcibly and fully, its complaint against the conduct of Prussia in violating Masonic principles, asking Prussia to lay aside all class legislation, and receive or reject a Jew as it does a Christian, on his personal merits. Let *light* be diffused, not *heat*. Let Freemasons and the whole world more fully know what our Masonic creed is, and so exhibit the inconsistency that Prussia will gladly retreat from her position. We have too many members now and too little diffusion of our great truths—too much dissemination of the mere names of those who are elected to petty offices, and too little dissemination of Masonic verities. This is a fine opportunity to awaken our slumbering hosts to the grandeur of their mission.

If Prussia fail to yield to the force of truth and charity, then let there be demanded a final and ultimate reference to some Grand Lodge or Lodges. If this is refused, the *ultima ratio* remains. But we seek not so much to have this or that class received into Freemasonry, as to have the whole world pervaded with religious toleration, fraternity, charity and a love of the truth—to have *all men* live and love as brethren. So that if Prussia, with her erroneous sentiments, should yield to external pressure, she would do in detail in her Lodges as she does in gross in her Grand Lodge; but, if we enlighten the minds of her people more and more with the truth, the truth will secure the right and the best victory, the only victory worth possessing. Love and truth, not force, win valuable triumphs. Force sometimes opens the way for the truth, but love then operates so slowly that the triumph comes later.

An Ancient Legend.

According to an ancient legend, the Emperor Augustus Cæsar repaired to the Sibyl Tiburtina to inquire whether he should consent to allow himself to be worshiped with divine honors, which the Senate had decreed to him. The Sibyl, after some days of meditation, took the Emperor apart, and showed him an altar; and above the altar, in the opening heavens, and in a glory of light, he beheld a beautiful virgin, holding an infant in her arms, and at the same time a voice was heard, saying, "This is the altar of the Son of the living God;" whereupon Augustus caused an altar to be erected on the Capitoline Hill, with this inscription, "*Ara primogeniti Dei;*" and on the same spot, in later times, was built the church called the Ara-Cœli, well known, with its flight of one hundred and twenty-four marble steps, to all who have visited Rome.

This particular prophecy of the Tiburtine Sibyl to Augustus rests on some very antique traditions, pagan as well as Christian.

It is supposed to have suggested the "Pollio" of Virgil, which suggested the "Messiah" of Pope. It is mentioned by writers of the third and fourth centuries, and our own divines have not wholly rejected it, for Bishop Taylor mentions the Sibyl's prophecy among "the great and glorious accidents happening about the birth of Jesus."

Masonic Poems: By Mrs. Amelia Laman Churchill.

Here is a verse or two:

Masonry *my soul inherits*
From a reverend grandsire, dead,
And I've feasted on its beauties,
By Masonic father fed:
Heart and hand have freely given
To another Mason true,
And *my boy*, if God preserve him,
He will be a Mason too.
Others boast of blood and stamina—
Masonry runs through our family.

And we glory in the knowledge
That from sire to son it goes—
That the blood which we inherit
Through our veins *Masonic* flows:
While we love the Ancient Order,
As a priceless heirloom given,
By a cherished father, *entered*
Now within the Lodge in Heaven—
He whose life's sun sank to rest,
As *sinks the Day god in the west.*

Thus writes she at the close of descriptive verses of the anti-masonic tornado:

The sound of the Gavel is heard on the plain,
The craftsmen are pressing their labors again,
With firm hands by respite made stronger;
And love's golden chain, at fair Masonry's call,
Must circle in brightness 'round each and 'round all,
For *falsehood can harm her no longer.*

Her other poems are "The Star of Freemasonry," "The American Flag Masonic," "Funeral Dirge," "Installation Ode," "To 1864," and "The Rain Drops."

This work is one of real interest, and an addition to our Masonic literature. It has passed through two editions.

Among the competitors for the story, for which a prize is offered, is Sister Churchill.

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The Greek Christians in Turkey.

It cannot be concealed that the Cretans have the sympathy of our Masonic and Templar friends in Europe. Garibaldi, Mazzini, Victor Hugo, and their friends urge the Cretans to hold out. Four hundred young Italians of Garibaldi's corps, indeed Garibaldi himself, have offered their services. We could have wished the Cretan Christians possessed of more patience, and united to seek a peaceful triumph. God grant them deliverance.

Our Cretan brethren exhibit deeds of heroism reminding us of the chivalry of our brethren in the middle ages.

Take the late tragic affair at the Monastery of Conones:

The monastery was a very solid building, and so constructed as to sustain a serious attack. On account of this advantage, and also of its central location, it had been selected as the seat of the Revolutionary Committee for this part of the island. It was defended by a few hundred Cretans, and a number of women and children had taken refuge within its walls. The whole army of the Turks, under the command of Mustapha Pasha, marched against it, and the assault lasted the whole day, and ended in the capture of the place by the Turks. But it cost them dearly. The insurgents defended themselves with great heroism. Their artillery and musket charges mowed down the assailing party by the column; but against the vastly superior force it was impossible for them to succeed. Stone walls, built centuries ago, are no longer any reliable obstacle against the improved artillery of to-day. A breach was effected toward evening, and the storming columns penetrated into the interior. Seeing their defense fruitless, the Greeks set fire to the powder magazine and blew up the larger part of the monastery, most of their number being buried under its ruins, besides some 2,000 Turks.

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THAT most excellent paper, the *Israelite*, forgets to credit the article "Law Intelligence" to the NATIONAL FREEMASON." It is, of course, a mere inadvertence on the part of our friend and brother. But we wish it to be understood that there is one publication, not Jewish, which is just to our Jewish brethren.

The Scottish Rite and Bigotry in Masonry —The Arab Brother of the Desert.

We are no opponents of the Scottish or any rite, and, Masonically, we oppose nothing. We favor the Scottish rite, and wish we had time for its more liberal cultivation. It is the spirit of anti-Masonry to create spasmodic excitements and run tilts against this or that real or fancied evil. We prefer the Masonic mode of dealing with all evil, everywhere—that is, by the diffusion of light, truth and charity. It is a slower, but a more effective process—it is the way of real progress. It secures results that are worthy of the name.

There are, at least, unfortunate circumstances in the condition of the Scottish Rite in America. We propose not to aggravate these by the abuse of any one, or by indiscriminate censure. We prefer to wait for the return of kindliness and good will, *which will come.* We promote its coming by encouraging all overtures for peace and all concessions in its interests. We ask our brethren to love man more and self less, to love Masonry in all its great interests more, and a mere organization less. What is an organization worth, only as it promotes the great principles of fraternity, charity and humanity? If, in contending for the mere letter, the spirit is lost, what is the gain?

The mass of our brethren will think that organization right which manifests the best Masonic temper. Who will go furthest in the great work of concession and reunion?

Let each conflicting interest, without waiting for the action of another, appoint three of the most loving and peaceable spirits to meet a similar number of other organizations, and at least *try*, in the name of charity, to heal all breaches. If they do not succeed, let each committee of three choose one or more umpires, whose decision shall be final, and binding upon all. Let it not be said that nothing can be done. It can readily be accomplished when there is a *willing mind.*

By the way, there is too much bigotry in Masonry, bigotry about rites, and landmarks, and small matters. Many imagine they are contending for Masonic truth and landmarks, when ignorantly they are contending for trifles and non-essentials. Bro. English, of Arkansas, once thus described the *Masonic bigot:*

Though not much of a believer in that so-called *science*, I will exhibit him by a *phrenological* portraiture. A line drawn from the opening of the ear, perpendicularly, to the top of the cranium, and from thence carried forward to the root of his nose, produces an acute angle of about *twenty-two and a half degrees*—showing a meagre development of the reflecting, comparing and reasoning organs, and a destitution of benevolence and veneration. The posterior division of his head is large, exhibiting a fullness of the animal organs. He attaches vast consequence to peculiar forms and ceremonies; adheres with bitter tenacity to the *dogmas* of his own *creed;* fancies that he professes the only *faith* on earth entitled to any respect; and that all persons preferring a different *religion* are criminally ignorant, or willfully hypocritical, and deserve to be *roasted alive*, and sent to the devil for their obstinacy. Should he ever be so fortunate as to reach the good world, he will doubtless be much surprised and deeply mortified to find any one there who differed with him in opinions. Perhaps, if he were lodged on some bleak mountain of the cold moon, and chained, like Prometheus, to a barren rock, where his narrow views could be circumscribed by a *cramped position* for a few centuries, the punishment would be well adapted to his uncharitable nature and liberal sentiments! It is scarcely necessary for me to announce the name of the character whose portrait I have attempted to sketch—'BIGOT' is written in large letters upon his unfascinating front!

When a bigot gets into a Masonic Lodge, it is almost impossible to breathe into him the spirit of *brotherly love*, and to prevent him from manifesting, *even there*, his unharmonious, *sectarian* prejudices. *Masonry*, like the great provision of the Bill of Rights, permits every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. She allows each of her members, as an *individual*, to adhere to his own peculiar faith; but as *a Mason*, he is to know no *creed* except that which embodies a few *general truths* which command the approbation of all rational men, and about which there can be no controversy! The *Christian*, the *Jew*, and the *Mohammedan* clasp each others' hands, from the *triple triangle*, and turning their faces toward the expanded *arch* of heaven, breathe in unison the *name* of the *one* TRUE and EVER-LIVING GOD, who supplies the lamp of day with light, and causes all the starry hosts to proclaim, in voiceless eloquence, His universal dominion!

Is it possible, says one, that you permit men to become *Masons* who do not acknowledge the *divinity* of the *Saviour?* My dear sir, do you not yet understand that Masonry is not a church, but the teacher of a few great truths, the greatest of which is *charity?*

But, says the objector, *Christianity* is the very essence and embodiment of *charity.*

This is doubtless true of the *Christianity* of the *Bible;* but is it equally true of the *quasi-Christianity* which has been practiced by multitudes of men? Have not thousands upon thousands of devout believers in the *divinity* of *Christ* been burnt at the stake, tortured upon the rack, and hunted like foxes into dens and caves, by men professing a belief in the same *divinity*, because of a difference of opinion between them in reference to *non-essential dogmas* of faith? The student of history is challenged to produce, from the chronicles of the past, a similar accusation against *Masonry!*

My *Christian* friend, suppose you were sinking beneath the waves of the Ganges, and were to raise your imploring hands and cry for help, would you refuse to be drawn from the overwhelming tide by a non-believing *Hindoo?* Or, if you were famishing for water in a parched and thirsty land, would you turn from refreshment offered by the hand of a roving son of Ishmael, because he was on a pilgrimage to Mecca, to offer his devotions at the shrine of the false prophet? The beauty of *Masonry* is that it is *universal*, and establishes fraternal relation between men of *all religions*, and of all the *nations* of the *globe.*

A few years since, I had the pleasure of meeting with a superannuated naval captain, who had been a Mason for forty years. He informs me that he was once passing over one of the great deserts of the East, and met a small party of wandering Arabs. Not knowing whether they were for peace or plunder, he made a Masonic signal, which was recognized, and returned by the chief, who rode in advance of the party. The two *strangers* dismounted, stepped forward, and embraced each other as *brothers!* The old chief, turning aside from his journey, conducted the captain to a valley, where there was a well of water and some green shrubs, and there pitching his tent, entertained him with the rude hospitalities of the desert life during the remainder of the day and the succeeding night. On the next morning he escorted him for some distance on his route, and then shaking him warmly by the hand, said to him, "*Fare-thee-well, my brother. May God and his Prophet prosper thee on thy journey.*"

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The Three D's. Who Can Beat This?

Poetry does not depend upon orthography—if it did, where would Chaucer be, or Spenser, or even Shakspeare? Poetry is simply native genius "striking out" irrepressibly. This will appear evident from the perusal of the following gem, showing that "*poeta nascitur*," etc. The author, sitting at his fireside one day, after inflaming his imagination with a few of the better poems of the craft, "tried his hand at it," and here's the result:

Of orle the kusses, the meenest 3
That kuss my lodg. begins with D

FIRST D.

The first is DIK. His throte is made
The hiway to his shaim.
Yew'll no him by his conkey redd;[1]
And *Drunkarde* is his naim.
And of orle the kusses, et setterigg, etc.

SECOND D.

The sekkond's DUKE. His sole is lade
Within his pokkets wame.[2]
Hede cheat Ike Juats[3] in a traid.
Disonnest is his naim.
And of orle the kusses, et setterigg, etc.

THIRD D.

The thurd is DERKINS. Charmin fare,
Yow well may blush with shaim.
Yewre ruin is his konstant kare,
Debaucher is his name.
And of orle the kusses, et seterigg, etc.

Upon reperusal we are not sure but this poem is one of the best "lay sermons" we have read this winter. We would earnestly advise "Shanghigh Lodge," if we read the name aright, to get rid of "orle these kusses" as soon as the "judicial administration of Masonic justice" can be brought to bear upon them.

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[1] We understand by this metaphorical expression simply a *red nose.* Are we mistaken?

[2] The poet informs us in the accompanying note that *wame* means the same as *stummick.* This is unquestionably true.

[3] Does the gifted bard mean Judas Iscariot?

Knights Templar.

Until September, 1856, the title universally used in the documents of the Encampment Orders was *Knights Templars.* The committee who drafted the Constitution of the Grand Encampment changed the usage by introducing the English and Scotch practice, viz., *Knights Templar*, and this, with some exceptions, has now been acceded to. Lately, a Boston writer labors to show that the former practice was preferable. To this we respond by inserting a communication clipped from the *Freemasons' Magazine* of England, of late date, evidently anonymous, but clearly written by one well up in the subject. This writer says:

"I have made a careful search in all the cyclopædias to be found in the library of the British Museum, and to my great astonishment I find that all of them spell 'Knights *Templars.*' Thus the Encyclopædia Parthensis (Edinburgh, 1816), vol. xxii., p. 206, has the following:

"'(1). Templar, *n. s.* [from the *Temple*, an house near the Thames, anciently belonging to the Knights *Templars*, originally from the Temple of Jerusalem]; a student in the law.

"'(2). Templars, Templers, or *Knights of the Temple*, a religious order instituted at Jerusalem, in the beginning of the twefth century, for the defense of the holy sepulchre and the protection of Christian pilgrims.'

"In vol. vi., p. 461, of the Encyclopædia Edensis, I find:

"'The order of the *Templars* was instituted at Jerusalem about the year 1119, and their professed object was the same as already described. The chief founders of this order were Geoffroy of St. Omer, Hugh de Paganis, and other pious individuals, who, deeply moved by the oppressions which Christian pilgrims suffered, united for their defense, and also erected an hospital near the Temple of the Sepulchre, and called themselves *Knights Templars*, and sometimes *Knights of the Sepulchre.*'

"The same orthography is adhered to in the Cyclopædia Metropolitana, Rees's Cyclopædia, the Pantologia, the London Cyclopædia, &c. In most monographs on the subject the same orthography is to be found, as Bros. Hughan and Binckes have properly pointed out. Yet I am of opinion that the phrase 'Knights Templar,' as used by the *Freemasons' Magazine*, is decidedly correct, notwithstanding such authority to the contrary as the cyclopædias and monographs may represent. The phrase is obviously a mere translation of the Latin 'equites templarii' or 'templarii equites,' and in both cases *templarii* is an adjective in Latin, and consequently 'templar' an adjective in English. The same is the case in the phrases 'chevaliers templiers' in French, and 'cavalieri templarii' in Italian. In these two languages the termination of adjectives varies in the plural like that of substantives, but it does not in English. The plural of 'Knight errant' is 'Knights errant,' certainly not 'errants.' I should think the analogy with the latter phrase is clear enough to warrant the use of the term 'Knights Templar,' in which you will do well to persist."

Edward Giddins—The Anti-Masonic Witness—The Morgan Affair.

In the series of papers upon anti-Masonry now publishing in the National Freemason, frequent allusions have been made to Edward Giddins, whose connection with the Morgan abduction was never denied by himself, but who, by turning State's evidence, succeeded in evading the punishment justly due him, and enlarging the penalties of others. Bro. Robert Morris writes us under late date that he became quite intimately acquainted with Giddins in his latter days, having been introduced to him by R. W. Charles Craig, of Lockport, N. Y., the city in which Giddins lived for many years. Brother Morris describes Giddins as a man remarkably gifted in the mathematical sciences, especially astronomy. He was engaged for many years in calculating the ephemera of almanacs; and, in fact, published a series of almanacs of his own, running over a considerable period. He was employed to repair the lighthouse machinery at Toronto, Canada, and, perhaps, other places. Even at the age of seventy-seven years his head was clear upon subjects of this nature, and he had made large accumulations of matter in mathematical knowledge.

Giddins had kept a diary for at least fifty years, and this Bro. Morris was freely permitted to peruse, and, if he chose, to copy. He was made a Mason in Boston, Mass., in 1810, but seems to have taken little or no interest in the subject. In fact, Freemasonry had *too much religion in it* for Giddins, who was the most thorough-going and persistent atheist imaginable. He said he was born an atheist; certainly atheism was his monomania, his mind's warp and bias. When asked how he could tell so direct a falsehood at his initiation as to profess trust in God, he could mako no satisfactory reply; but he seems never to have forgiven himself or the institution for it. The last words that passed between him and Bro. Morris, at their parting in July, 1861, referred to this subject, and will bear repeating:

"Mr. Giddins, you are an old man, and in the ordinary course of events, cannot live long. You have assured me that you are an atheist in the extreme sense of the term, that you do not believe in God, heaven or hell. Now, with all your intelligence and learning, I ask you, Do you feel willing to die, knowing that death is the *end-all* with you?"

Giddins hesitated for a moment, then replied:

"It is a horrible belief, but I *cannot help it!*" He died within less than a year afterwards, viz., April 20, 1862, aged seventy-seven years. Gen. P. Whitney, who owed his anti-Masonic persecutions to the falsehoods and exaggerations of Giddins, died only five days after him. N. G. Chesebro, of Canandaigua, Jeremiah Brown, of Jeddo, and Mr. Mather, of Michigan, all of whose names appear in the series of papers publishing in the National Freemason, have died since Giddins. S. C. Wright, John Whitney, one of the Mathers, and one or two brethren at Lockport (Bro. Murphy for one), are still living, at advanced ages; and thus the circle is closed.

The most important questions pressed upon Giddins by Bro. Morris were those relative to his participation in the Morgan affair. He made no scruples at replying, and declared that he knew no more of Morgan's fate than he gave in his published testimony. He said that he went to Little York, Toronto, to repair the lighthouse works on Tuesday, while William Morgan was yet incarcerated in the powder magazine in the old Fort Niagara, and returned on Thursday, when Morgan was gone. It is certain that whatever disposition was made of Morgan was made during that interval.

◆

Victor Hugo, in the following address to the Cretans, speaks as a friend of liberty and the people, yet he breathes forth the true Masonic sentiment in many lines. And well he may, for he has been a student, and not merely a novice in our mysteries. Here is the translation of his address:

"A cry reaches me from Athens. In the city of Phidias and Æschylus an appeal is made to me; my name is pronounced. What am I, to deserve such an honor? Nothing but a vanquished man. And who are they that call to me? The vanquished. Yes, heroic Candiotes, the fallen of to-day, you are the victors of the future. Persevere. Even if you are prostrate you will triumph. The prostration of a dying agony is a power. It is an appeal to God who crushes—what? Kings! Those mighty ones who are now against you, those coalitions of blind force and stubborn prejudice, those armed antique tyrannies, have as their principal attribute a remarkable facility of making shipwreck. The tiara is on the poop, the turban is on the prow, the monarchial ship is leaking. It is at this very hour foundering in Mexico, in Austria, in Hanover, in Saxony, at Rome, and elsewhere. Persevere! You vanquished? Impossible! The insurrection suppressed is not a principle destroyed. There are no more *faits accomplis;* there is only right. Fact is never completed. Its perpetual incompleteness is the opening which is left to right. Right cannot be submerged. The waves of events pass over it. It reappears. Drowned Poland floats on the surface. For ninety-four years European policy has torn this corpse, and the world has seen its soul floating above the *faits accomplis.* Greeks of Candia, you have right on your side, and you have also reason. Why a pacha should exist in Crete is beyond comprehension. That which is true of Italy is true also as regards Greece. Venice cannot be restored to the one without Crete being restored to the other. That which is there a resurrection cannot be here a sepulchre. But in the meantime blood is flowing, and Europe permits it. She gets accustomed to it. To day it is the Sultan's turn to exterminate a nationality. Is there a Turkish Divine right venerated as the Christian Divine right? Murder, robbery, violation, are at this moment sweeping over Candia, as, six months ago, they dashed over Germany. That which would not be allowed to Schinderhannes is allowed to policy. To have the sword in hand, and quietly to witness these murders, this is called statesmanship. It would seem that religion is interested in what the Turks are quietly doing—the cutting of Candian throats—and that society would be shaken if, between Scarperto and Cytherea, little children were not put to the sword. There the ravaging of crops and the burning of villages are useful. The motive which explains and tolerates these exterminations is beyond our penetration. Alas! one of the humiliations of men whom a long exile has made stupid (I am one of them), is that they cannot comprehend the great reasons of the present assassins. Never mind. The Cretan question is henceforth clear. It will be solved, and solved like all the other questions of this age, in the sense of deliverance. Greece complete, Italy complete, Athens at the head of one, Rome at the head of the other—this is what we—France—owe to our brothers. It is a debt that France will acquit; it is a duty that France will discharge. When? Persevere.

"Victor Hugo.

"Hauteville House, December 2, 1866."

Investigating Committees.

The purity of our institution depends more upon the manner in which the committee of investigation upon candidates performs its duty, than upon all the other officers and members put together. The members rely mostly, if not altogether, upon the report of this committee in determining how they ought to vote, if they vote at all upon the case. It is not to be expected that every member, or indeed any considerable number of members, in a large town especially, will be, or can be, acquainted with every candidate proposed; and of course if this committee is remiss in its duty, bad men will obtain admittance into our Lodges, and when one such person is admitted, it opens a door through which a flood of corruption may be poured in upon the Order; hence every investigating committee ought to feel that the entire responsibility as to the character of those admitted as members of their Lodges, rests upon them; and they should exercise the most careful and fearless scrutiny in the investigation of all candidates, and especially of such as are little known in the community, or about whose character or reputation there hangs the least shadow of a doubt. The truth is, there is no point which should be more carefully guarded than that of the reception of members, nor is there one in reference to which we are under greater obligations to the Order, for its purity depends almost entirely upon the faithfulness with which we guard the avenues to it, and its permanency depends wholly upon its purity, and very much of this responsibility depends upon the investigating committee. Excelsior.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

Girard.—When the Baptist church was building in Sansom street, Dr. Staughton waited upon him in behalf of the congregation, to obtain some aid towards its erection. Girard received him as he did all others on similar errands, with cold, but marked courtesy, and without hesitation presented him with a check for five hundred dollars. Doctor Staughton received it with a low bow, expecting a donation of at least one thousand; but when he perused it, he affected the greatest astonishment. "Only five hundred dollars, Mr. Girard! surely you will not give us less than a thousand dollars." "Let me see the check, Mr. Staughton," replied Girard, "perhaps I have made one mistake;" upon which the Doctor returned him the check, when Girard, with the utmost sang froid, canceled it into fragments, observing, "Well, Mr. Staughton, if you will not have what I give, I will give nothing." The Doctor left him, overcome with chagrin and mortification.

Lord Brougham.—"One hears immense deal about legal tenders," said Lord Brougham, upon one occasion, "but upon my soul I never heard of anything *legal* yet, that was not infernally *hard* instead of *tender.*"

◆

The Grand Lodge of Mark Masters of England and Wales and the Colonies and Dependencies of the British Crown, has just closed its winter half-yearly convocation, in the Grand Hall, Masonic Union, 14 Bedford Row, London, England. M.·. W.·. Bro. W. W. Beach, M.P., M.·. W.·. G.·. M.·., presiding, Rev. Bro. Portal being the R.·. W.·. D.·. G.·. M.·. The Grand Lodge was opened in ample form, with solemn prayer. The minutes of previous meeting were read and *confirmed.* Letters of absentees read. Bro. Beach was re-elected Grand Master. The report of the General Board shows that during the year one hundred and twenty-one certificates were issued, and four warrants for Lodges; also, that a warrant of confirmation has been granted to Southwark Lodge, the last Lodge under the Grand Chapter in Scotland actually working in the metropolitan district. A report was made of $750 to charities. Addresses on Mark Masonry followed, the whole closing with a banquet.

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

Mrs. John Morrissey has adopted a little ragged, deformed newsboy, and is educating him at the New York Academy.

John Morrissey supports four pensioners, three disabled soldiers and a crippled old man. He may, others. This was discovered by a lady calling around bestowing charity.

Archibald Allison

is Provincial Grand Master, and sent to the late Centenary Festival of Lodge St. Mark, No. 102 (S. C.), Glasgow, Scotland, the following letter.

"POSSIL HOUSE, *Nov.* 19, 1866.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am extremely concerned at being under the necessity of requesting you to accept yourself, and make to the Grand Master and the brethren, my apology for not making my appearance at your hospitable board this afternoon, but the cause will admit of no half measures. I was seized on Saturday night with a violent attack of dysentery or diarrhœa; and although it, in a certain degree, yielded to the active remedies employed, their effect has not as yet been such as to permit of my joining your festive board this evening. I have to request you to make my apologies and respects to my friend the Right Worshipful the Grand Master and the brethren assembled, and with every wish for your prosperity and happiness, I remain, dear brother, fraternally yours,

"ARCHIBALD ALLISON."

In the Chairman's reference to the learned and distinguished brother, he said:

I am sure that everybody who has met our Provincial Grand Master must have seen how he has labored and toiled to uphold and maintain the great and glorious cause of Freemasonry, and has by his affability of manner won the esteem of all the brethren in his district. We cannot do better than most cordially drink the health of our Most Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master, Bro. Sir Archibald Allison, and the Provincial Grand Lodge of Glasgow.

Knights Templarism—Scotland—Error Corrected.

An esteemed brother from New Brunswick thus writes to the NATIONAL FREEMASON: The statement in your issue of 22d inst. that there is no connection—or rather that the connection is dissolved—between the Knights Templar and the Masonic fraternity in Scotland, is erroneous. The "Grand Master Mason" of Scotland is also the Grand Master and head of the Chapter General of the Scottish Templars. No Scottish Priory or Encampment can install a Knight Templar unless he be first a Royal Arch Mason. About twenty years ago (I am not certain as to the number of years), the connection was dissolved, but it did not stay so for any length of time. The order in Scotland is, however, arranged very curiously. It is divided into grades:

1. Esquire.
2. Knight.
3. Knight Companion.
4. Knight Commander.
5. Knight Grand Cross.

The grade of Esquire is usually given on one evening and the Knight is installed on another. As the ancient Order required every Knight Templar to be a Knight previously, the Scottish Order first creates a man a Knight and afterward makes him a Knight Templar. The grades above the Knight are conferred by patent from the Grand Master; there is no secret ceremony for these grades. If I can get time I shall send you a detailed account of the Order, together with the Vow of Profession, which each Knight signs and which is kept in a book, and is not by us considered a secret. I am a Scottish Knight Templar, our Encampment here working the Scottish Ritual and holding from the Grand Priory of Scotland.

Humorous.

"Freemasons," said an inquisitive genius, "are always good-natured, and I should really like to know the reason." "Why," replied the Royal Arch, "when we are initiated they heat the gridiron so hot that it takes the temper all out of us."

"Oh, dear," exclaimed an urchin, who had been chewing green apples, "I've swallowed an Odd Fellow!" "An Odd Fellow?" "Yes, he's giving me the *Grip!*"

Scientific.

Forty tons of rust were taken out of the Menai Tubular Bridge at one thorough cleaning.

Late Inklings from the Foreign Masonic Press.

A brother advertises that "he will be thankful to any one to recommend him to employment as barman, cellarman or timekeeper."

The *agenda* of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, at the "Quarterly General Court," October 15, last, is thus made up:

1. Approval of minutes of preceding quarterly court.
2. Minutes of General Committee.
3. General business.
4. Confirmation of General Committee's declaration of five additional vacancies of scholarships.
5. Notices of motion.
6. Election of twenty-one boys.

A Lodge in South Wales advertises for "a competent person to undertake the duties of tyler and janitor to a Lodge and Chapter."

The South Metropolitan Masonic Hall Company advertises its capital, £5,000, in 1,000 shares, £5 for each. Its object is to build, apart from taverns, a hall strictly for Masonic purposes, "on the Surrey side of London." It claims the sympathies of those brethren who are in favor of the separation of Masonry from tavern accommodation, and its managers think that in a commercial point of view the stockholders will derive considerable benefit from the plan.

Bro. William James Hughan is publishing, in numbers, a very lucid and valuable "History of Freemasonry in Cornwall."

An advertisement appears of "an instructor in the three degrees. Good references. Address," &c.

Findel's new "History of Freemasonry" is advertised for sale by Asher & Co., 13 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, at twelve shillings (about $3).

Masonic (Home) Items.

No. 418, N.Y., received, as a present, a set of solid silver "altar lights," elegantly engraved, from Bro. George Hamel, an old member of the Lodge.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK.—Albion Lodge, No. 26, elected for officers, James McCord, W. M.; William G. Baker, S. W.; John Henderson, J. W.; Charles J. Chipp, Treasurer; Albert V. Demarest, Secretary; H. C. Fenwick, S. D.; Henry G. Kimber, J. D.; James McDowell, Tyler.

Akron Lodge, No. 527, elected the following officers: W. N. Hong, W. M.; L. W. Paxon, S. W.; H. H. Cummins, J. W.; T. W. Jackson, Treasurer; P. P. Hart, Secretary; David Long, S. D.; Sherrod Eckerson, J. D.; C. B. Rich and Isaac J. Lester, M. of C.; H. R. Cattermole, Tyler; Rev. B. F. McNeel, Chaplain; C. B. Rich, I. J. Lester and J. J. Cummins, Trustees.

Flushing.—Cornucopia Lodge, No. 563. Officers for 1867: C. W. Brown, M.; J. L. Frame, Jr., S. W.; Geo. Pople, J. W.; Geo. W. Close, Treasurer; W. H. D. Nimmo, Secretary; G. Dunspaugh, F. A. Corse and Ezra F. Thompson, Trustees.

CONNECTICUT.—*Plymouth.*—Union Lodge, No. 96. Officers for 1867: Ira N. Bevins, W. M.; Wm. F. Bishop, S. W.; David Doolittle, J. W.; Edward R. Ives, Treasurer; Henry A. Minor, Secretary; Andrew Terry, S. D.; V. R. C. Giddings, J. D.; Rev. Benjamin Eastwood, Chaplain; Carlos Welton, Tyler; Samuel E. Chidsey and Eli H. Barnes, Stewards.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

NOVA SCOTIA.—A Masonic proclamation has been made by the Provincial Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, suspending from the privileges of Masonry all members of Scottish Lodges in Nova Scotia attending Lodges of the so-called Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, and forbidding Masonic intercourse with them.

The special meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge passed the following resolutions:

"*Whereas*, it has come to the knowledge of this Provincial Grand Lodge, that a number of the brethren belonging to the Scottish Lodges in this Province have illegally and unconstitutionally attempted to throw off their allegiance to the parent Lodge of Scotland, and hold meetings for Masonic purposes under no authority except that of the so-called Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, in defiance of the directions of the said Grand Lodge of Scotland—

"*Resolved*, That the R. W. Provincial Grand Master do proclaim such brethren *suspended from all Masonic privileges*, so long as they belong to Lodges held under the said Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, *such Lodges being clandestine*, and that he forbid all brethren belonging to the Lodges within this jurisdiction, under pain of suspension, from visiting such clandestine Lodges, or holding any Masonic intercourse whatever with the members thereof."

Bro. Davies, on the other hand, Grand Master of Nova Scotia and Grand Superintendent of Scottish Royal Arch Masonry, makes his proclamation and pronounces the Provincial Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia illegal and clandestine, and forbids all Masonic intercourse with it.

The following resolutions were passed at a late quarterly meeting of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia:

"*Whereas*, on the 30th November last, the Hon. Alex. Keith, Provincial Grand Master for Nova Scotia of the Lodges formerly holding of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, did constitute and appoint certain persons office-bearers and members of a so-called Provincial Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, under Scottish authority;

And whereas, the said appointments and elections are unconstitutional and illegal, the warrants of some of the Lodges out of which the so-called Provincial Grand Lodge was formed having been regularly surrendered to the Grand Lodge of Scotland by a majority of members, at a meeting called for that purpose, by which, according to all well known and recognized principles of Masonic law, they were absolutely dissolved;

And whereas, the said appointments and elections are further illegal and unconstitutional according to the constitution of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, for the following reasons:

First—That the persons so appointed and elected were not in the position required by Chap. 13, Sec. 3 of the said Constitution, which states that only such as are Master Masons on the roll of the Grand Lodge, and members of Lodges within the Province, can be members of a Provincial Grand Lodge or office-bearers in a subordinate Lodge;

Secondly—That in order to make an apparent compliance with the said section of the Constitution, certain persons did meet for the election of officers in a so-called subordinate Lodge under Scottish jurisdiction, and did assume certain brethren of other Lodges as members, previous to such election, contrary to the Constitution of the said Grand Lodge of Scotland, as laid down in Chap. 21, Sec. 12, which declares such elections void;

Thirdly—That certain brethren were put in nomination as office-bearers in the so-called Provincial Grand Lodge, without their consent having been previously obtained and vouched for.

Fourthly—That certain of the so-called office-bearers being unaffiliated members on the day preceding their election, were ineligible for office, as appears by Chap. 16, Sec. 2 of the aforesaid Constitution.

A Nova Scotia brother asks what we would recommend now. Our reply is a reference to a friendly American Masonic power, both parties presenting their views, and then Masonically submitting to the result of the reference. The party exhibiting the most charity and disposition towards peace will be best understood by the Masonic fraternity. All cannot judge of the cogency of an argument, but all can discern the spirit of a disputant.

MARRIED.

By the Rev. Dr. McMurdy, January 2, 1867, in the city of Brooklyn, Miss Jerusha Sackett to Mr. Elisha Pearce, of Eastern Star Lodge.

PROGRESSIVE CHAPTER, U. D., R. A. M., meets in Ninth Street, near North First Street, Brooklyn, E. D., on the first and third Fridays in each month.
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C. Latour, S.·. Kt. W.·. H. Clay Lanius, A.·.

SAMOTHRACE SENATE, No. 1, A. & P., of N. Y., meets 1st & 3d Wednesdays, in Chapter-room, Odd Fellow's Hall.

J. T. Martin, S.·. G.·. C.·. L. Lovelock, S.·. K.·. I.·.
G. Durfee, K.·. Rec., 11 Marion St. J. Bean, J.·. K.·. I.·.
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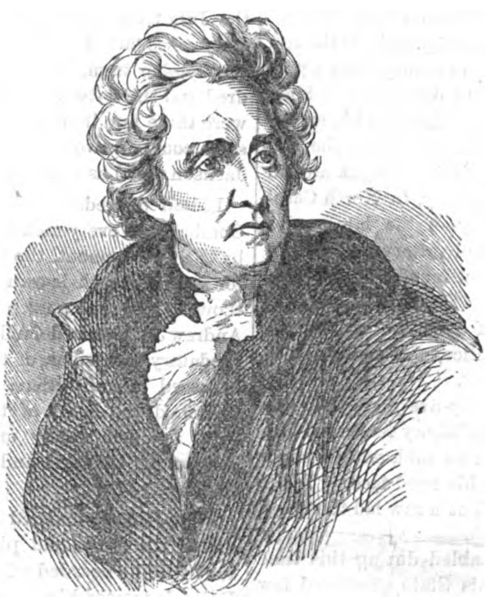

Andrew Jackson

Andrew Jackson, the Poor Irish Emigrant's Orphan son, Grand Master of Tennessee and President of the United States.

"Ask nothing but what is right, submit to nothing wrong," was not only Andrew Jackson's political maxim, but his principle from early childhood, the key to his success.

South Carolina gave a birth-place to Andrew Jackson, in the Waxhaw Settlement, partly in North and partly in South Carolina, forty-five miles above Camden, now known as "Pleasant Grove Camp Ground," March 15, 1767. Two years before this, his father, also Andrew, a weaver of linen, possessed of a few acres, and of Scottish origin, politically a radical Whig, and in religion a Presbyterian, emigrated from Carrickfergus, in the North of Ireland, with his two sons, Hugh and Robert.

Andrew Jackson came up from the body of the people. His father was a poor man in Ireland, and in America never *owning* more than an acre of land, and his mother was a poor man's daughter. Shortly after Andrew's birth his father died, leaving his three sons to be taken care of by his widow, and his corpse was conveyed to the old Waxhaw church-yard in the rude farm-wagon. No stone marks the spot of burial, which tradition yet preserves.

Some very recent biographers have made the spot of his birth in Union County, *North* Carolina, a stone's throw from the South Carolina line. But General Jackson always regarded himself as a native of South Carolina. At the close of his proclamation to the nullifiers he exclaims: "Fellow-citizens of my *native* State!"

In the family of his uncle Crawford, near the spot of his birth, who had emigrated from Ireland with Andrew's father, he spent the first eleven years of his life, riding horses, hunting cows, with plenty of boys, black and white, for playmates. He went to an "old field school" (a pine forest school), a rude shanty of a log-house, with a fire-place extending from side to side, occupying a third of the interior. Among a crowd of urchins, on a slab bench, sat tall, slender Andy, with blue, bright eyes, freckled face, long sandy hair, in copperas-colored cloth, with bare, dangling and kicking feet. Andrew's loving mother spun flax, and thus earned money to pay for his schooling in the Waxhaw log academy, of which Dr. Humphries was master. He learned to read, to write and cast accounts, and the rudiments of the Latin grammar. Andy loved sport of an innocent and rustic character, such as strengthens the constitution and invigorates the better feelings of the heart.

The instinct of honesty was strong in Andrew's breast, and this was cultivated among his pure and honest neighbors. He reverenced woman, and imbibed a love of purity, as all true Masons do, which kept him stainless through life, being in this respect without reproach from youth to old age. Purity as well as sobriety is essential to prosperity. He deeply loved his mother, and her memory was ever sacred to him. He would clinch a remark or an argument by saying, "THAT *I learned from my good old mother.*" In the violent Presidential canvass of 1828, General Jackson was assailed as no other candidate perhaps ever was.

> "Mrs. Jackson once found her husband in tears. Pointing to a paragraph reflecting on his mother, he said: 'Myself I can defend; you I can defend; but now they have assailed even the memory of my mother.'"

Persons whose fathers were playmates of Andrew speak of him as—

> "A wild, frolicsome, willful, mischievous, daring, reckless boy; generous to a friend, but never content to submit to a stronger enemy; passionately fond of those sports which are mimic battles; above all, wrestling. Being a slender boy, more active than strong, he was often thrown.
>
> "'I could throw him three times out of four,' an old schoolmate used to say; 'but he would never *stay throwed*. He was dead game even then, and never *would* give up.'
>
> "He was exceedingly fond of running foot-races, of leaping the bar, and jumping; and in such sports he was excelled by no one of his years. To younger boys, who never questioned his mastery, he was a generous protector; there was nothing he would not do to defend them. His equals and superiors found him self-willed, somewhat overbearing, easily offended, *very* irascible, and, upon the whole, 'difficult to get along with.' One of them said, many years after, in the heat of controversy, that of all the boys he had ever known, Andrew Jackson was the only bully who was not also a coward.
>
> "But the boy, it appears, had a special cause of irritation in a disagreeable disease, name unknown, which induces a habit of—not to put too fine a point on it—'slobbering.' Woe to any boy who presumed to jest at this misfortune! Andy was upon him incontinently, and there was either a fight or a drubbing. There is a story, too, of some boys secretly loading a gun to the muzzle, and giving it to young Jackson to fire off, that they might have the pleasare of seeing it 'kick' him over. They *had* that pleasure. Springing up from the ground, the boy, in a frenzy of passion, exclaimed:
>
> "'If one of you laughs, I'll kill him!'
>
> "And no one dared to laugh."

Andrew was nine years old when the Declaration of Independence was signed, and thirteen when the war shut up his school-house and stopped his farm-labor. His brother Hugh was already in the army, and died from heat and fatigue in the battle of Stono. Robert was too young for a soldier, and was at home with his mother.

1780, May 29, Tarleton and his three hundred horsemen surprised the Waxhaw militia, killing one hundred and thirteen and wounding one hundred and fifty. Mrs. Jackson was the chief nurse of the wounded soldiers in the church, and her two boys were her assistants. Andrew burned to avenge these wounds and his brother's death.

Lord Rawdon came at another time, demanding a promise not to participate in the war. Mrs. Jackson and the boys abandoned their homes rather than become a party to such a covenant.

August 10, 1780, occurred the great disaster of the Revolutionary War, the defeat of General Gates, and Cornwallis moved, with his whole army, towards Andrew's home. Mrs. Jackson and the boys went farther north. Mrs. Smart says that late in the afternoon of a hot, dusty September day, in 1780, near Charlotte, she descried a "gangling fellow," on a "grass pony," covered with dust, and accosted him:

> "She: 'Where are you from?' He: 'From below.' She: 'Where are you going?' He: 'Above.' She: 'Who are you for?' He: 'The Congress.' She: 'What are you doing below?' He: 'Oh, we are popping them still.' She (to herself): 'It's mighty poor popping such as *you* will do, any how.' (Aloud): 'What's your name?' He: 'Andrew Jackson.'"

Andrew spent several weeks at Mrs. Wilson's, near Charlotte, and paid for his board by bringing in wood and fodder and picked beans, driving cattle, going to mill. February, 1781, nearly fourteen, Andrew returned to his ravaged home to find a war at home of Whig and Tory, neighbor against neighbor, and brother against brother. In this fierce warfare the absence of a father was rather a protection, as both parties aimed to destroy the fighting men and avenge the slaying of partisans. So a Whig soldier of note coming home always had his neighbors for a night guard. Robert and Andrew Jackson, with others, were thus employed in 1781, at the house of Captain Sands, more as a mark of respect than from any apprehension of danger. They fell asleep and were surprised by the Tories. Jackson, by his wisdom and boldness, rescued his party.

Shortly afterwards Andrew was surrounded in Lt. Crawford's (his cousin's) house and taken prisoner. He was ordered by the officer in command, in a very imperious tone, to clean his boots, which had become muddied in crossing a creek. This order he, with the courage of Cæsar among the pirates, refused to obey, alleging that he looked for such treatment as a prisoner of war had a right to expect. Incensed at his refusal, the officer aimed a blow at his head with a drawn sword, which would, very probably, have terminated his existence, had he not parried its effects by throwing up his left hand, on which he received a severe wound. His brother, at the same time, for a similar offense, received a deep cut on the head, which afterwards occasioned his death. They were now taken to jail, where, separated and confined, they were treated with marked severity, until a few days after the battle at Camden, when, in consequence of a partial exchange, effected by the intercessions and exertions of their mother and Captain Walker, of the militia, they were both released. Captain Walker had, in a charge on the rear of the British army, succeeded in capturing thirteen prisoners, whom he gave in exchange for seven Americans, of which number were these two young men.

Robert, during his confinement in prison, had suffered greatly; the wound on his head, all this time having never been dressed, was followed by an inflammation of the brain, which, in a few days after his liberation, brought him to the grave. To add to the afflictions of Andrew, his mother, worn down by grief and her incessant exertions to provide clothing and other comforts for the suffering prisoners who had been taken from her neighborhood, expired in a few weeks after her son, near the lines of the enemy, in the vicinity of Charleston. Andrew, the last and only surviving child, confined to a bed of sickness, occasioned by the sufferings he had been compelled to undergo whilst a prisoner, and by getting wet on his return from captivity, was thus left in the wide world without a human being with whom he could claim a near relationship—before fifteen an orphan, sick and sorrowful, homeless and dependent. The small-pox, beginning at the same time to make its appearance upon him, had well nigh terminated his sorrows and his existence.

Having at length recovered from his complicated afflictions, he entered upon the enjoyment of his estate, which, although small, would have been sufficient, under prudent management, to have completed his education on the liberal scale which his mother had designed. Unfortunately, however, he, like too many young men, sacrificing future prospects to present gratification, expended it with rather too profuse a hand. Coming at length to foresee that he should be finally obliged to rely on his own exertions for support and success in life, he again betook himself to his studies, with increased industry. He recommenced under Mr. McCulloch, in what was then called the New Acquisition, near Hill's iron works. Here he revised the languages, devoting a portion of his time to a desultory course of studies.

His education being now completed, so far as his wasted patrimony and the opportunities then afforded in that section of the country would permit, at the age of eighteen he turned his attention to acquiring a profession, and preparing himself to enter on the busy scenes of life. The pulpit, for which he had been designed by his mother, was now abandoned for the bar; and in the winter of 1784, after having taught an old field school, he repaired to Salisbury, in North Carolina, and commenced the study of the law, under Spruce McCay, Esq., a craftsman (afterwards one of the judges of that State), and continued it under Col. John Stokes, also a brother. Having remained at Salisbury until the winter of 1786, he obtained a license from the judges to practice, and continued in the State until the spring of 1788.

Once, in the White House, forty-five years after this period, when some one from Salisbury reminded him of his residence in that town, he said, with a smile and a look of retrospection on his aged face: "Yes, I lived at old Salisbury. I was but a raw lad then, but I did my best."

The observations he was enabled during this time to make satisfied him that this State presented few inducements to a young attorney, and, recollecting that he stood a solitary individual in life, without relations to aid him in the onset, when innumerable difficulties arise and retard success, he determined to seek a new country. But for this he might have again returned to his native State, but the death of every relation he had, had wiped away all those recollections and circumstances which link the mind to the place of its nativity. The western parts of the State of Tennessee were, about this time, often spoken of as presenting flattering prospects to adventurers. He immediately determined to accompany Judge McNairy thither, who was appointed and going out to hold the first supreme court that had ever sat in the State. Having reached the Holston, they ascertained it would be impossible to arrive at the time appointed for the session of the court, and therefore determined to remain in that country till fall. They recommenced their journey in October, and, passing through the wilderness, reached Nashville in the same month. It had not been Jackson's intention, certainly, to make Tennessee the place of his future residence; his visit was merely experimental, and his stay remained to be determined by the advantages that might be disclosed; but finding soon after his arrival that a considerable opening was offered for the success of a young attorney, he determined to remain. His industry and attention soon brought him forward and introduced him to a profitable practice. Shortly afterwards he was appointed attorney-general for the district, in which capacity he continued to act for several years. It was customary then for a lawyer to attend all the courts in a State.

The tattered records of Sumner County contain this entry: "January 12th, 1789. Andrew Jackson, Esq., produced his license as an attorney-at-law in court, and took the oath required by law." Another entry from the same records is this: "October 6th, 1790. Andrew Jackson, Esq., proved a bill of sale from Hugh McGary to Gaspar Mansker for a negro man, which was O. K." [A common western mistake for O. R., which means ordered recorded. Hence, perhaps, the saying "O. K."]

The records of the quarter sessions court of Davidson County, the county of which Nashville is the capital, show that at the April term, 1790, there were one hundred and ninety-two cases on the two dockets (appearance docket and trial docket), and that Andrew Jackson was employed as counsel in forty-two of them. On one leaf of the record of the January term, 1793, there are thirteen suits entered, mostly for debt, in *every one* of which Andrew Jackson was employed. At the April term of the same year he was counsel in seventy-two out of one hundred and fifty-five cases. In most of these he was counsel for the defense. At the July term of the same year he was employed in sixty cases out of one hundred and thirty-five; and at the October term, in sixty-one cases out of one hundred and thirty-two. In the four terms of 1794 there were three hundred and ninety-seven cases before the same court, in two hundred and twenty-eight of which Jackson acted as counsel.

Indian depredations being then frequent on the Cumberland, every man became a soldier. Unassisted by the Government, the settlers were forced to rely for security on their own bravery and exertions. Although young, no person was more distinguished than Andrew Jackson in defending the country against these predatory incursions of the savages, who continually harassed the frontiers, and not unfrequently approached the heart of the settlements, which were thin, but not widely extended. He aided alike in garrisoning the forts and in pursuing and chastising the enemy.

1791, Jackson married Mrs. Rachel Robards, daughter of the brave old pioneer, John Donelson. At Nashville he boarded with Mrs. Donelson, the widow. Robards treated his wife cruelly. They separated and eventually procured a divorce. The conduct of the Masonic fraternity in this case, together with the fact of several of Jackson's friends being Freemasons, first turned Jackson's attention to Freemasonry. From 1793 to 1797 Jackson laid the foundation of his landed fortune, when a lawyer's fee was paid, not in gold, but in land. He bought the Hermitage (six hundred and fifty acres of it) for eight hundred dollars. As a public prosecutor, he was liable to be shot and attacked by scoundrels, with which the territory abounded. He said, when in the White House, to one who expected assault for ardently supporting his administration:

> "If any one attacks you, I know how you'll fight with that big stick of yours. You'll aim right for his head. Well, sir, ten chances to one he'll ward it off; and if you *do* hit him, you won't bring him down. No, sir" (taking the stick into his own hands), "you hold the stick *so*, and punch him in the stomach, and you'll drop him. I'll tell you how I found that out. When I was a young man practicing law in Tennessee, there was a big bullying fellow that wanted to pick a quarrel with me, and so trod on my toes. Supposing it accidental, I said nothing. Soon after he did it again, and I began to suspect his object. In a few minutes he came by a third time, pushing against me violently, and evidently meaning *fight*. He was a man of immense size, one of the very biggest men I ever saw. As quick as a flash, I snatched a small rail from the top of the fence, and gave him the point of it full in the stomach. Sir, it doubled him up. He fell at my feet and I stamped on him. Soon he got up *savage*, and was about to fly at me like a tiger. The bystanders made as though they would interfere. Says I, 'Gentlemen, stand back; give me room, that's all I ask, and *I'll* manage him.' With that I stood ready with the rail pointed. He gave me *one* look, and turned away, a whipped man, sir, and feeling like one. So, sir, I say to you, if any villian assaults you, serve him in the same way."

(To be continued.)

GO TO THE WIDOW'S HOME.

"Are Maconnes gudder men then odhers?"—AN. MS.

Go to the widow's home,
Where want has gone before:
Ask her if ever Masons' hearts
Forget the needy poor;
Ask her if ever Masons' hands
Contribute to her store.

Go to the Mason's bed,
When death is hov'ring nigh;
Ask him who smoothes his pillow,
Who stands in waiting by;
Ask who will feed his orphans
When he's beyond the sky.

Go to the Mason's grave,
Affection there to find,
When to its long, last resting place
His body is consigned!
Who utters then a fervent prayer?
Whose eyes with tears are blind?

Go to the battle-field,
Where Hate has drawn his blade,
And ask that wounded soldier
Who flew to give him aid—
Ask him who, with his friendly arms,
The lifted weapon stayed.

Go to the house of God,
Where prayer is often heard,
And see whose suppliant hands
Are clasped on bosoms stirred—
On bosoms stirred with hope divine,
That God their prayers has heard.

Go to the mystic Lodge,
Where Masons love to meet,
And mark if e'er an impure word
Your list'ning ears shall greet;
And mark if on the *level* there
The high and low do meet.

Go, scan the Mason's life—
From discord ever free;
And as he journeys to the "bourne,"
O'er Time's tumultuous sea,
If better than the world he's not,
As *good* he ought to be.

THE OLD AND NEW.

"Every land a Palestine."

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oh! sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right!
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear;
To find the Orient's marvels here,
The still, small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

Through the harsh noises of the day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here and everywhere.

THE PRICE OF TRUTH.

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walks of easy life,
Blown by the careless winds across our way.]

Bought in the market, at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bow—
It tells no tales of daring or of worth,
Nor pierces e'en the surface of the soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not formed by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine—
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems—
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth—
Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems—

But in the day of conflict, fear and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest, from the well ploughed field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXIII.—MR. DUPLESSIS WINS THE GAME.

The master of Belair had been sick almost unto death, but was now slowly recovering; and the hush of dread expectancy, which had brooded like an ominous cloud over the Hall and its inmates so long as the life of Sir Philip was in danger, had already become as a shadow of the past; and the well trained household had imperceptibly glided back into the easy noiseless groove which circled the dull round of every-day duties at Belair. Yes, the baronet was slowly recovering; he was "much—very much better," were the exact words which, emanating, in the first instance, in the discreetest of whispers, from the lips of Dr. Roach, spread rapidly from mouth to mouth as something that everybody was glad to hear; for the sick man was universally beloved. But Dr. Roach knew, and Sir Philip knew, that this attack, conquered with difficulty, was merely the forerunner of other attacks still more severe, before which the failing forces of life must ultimately succumb.

Gaston Spencelaugh had been summoned from Paris—an effeminately handsome young man, more at home in the drawing room than the hunting field, and fonder of a billiard-cue than a horse—who, now that all immediate danger to his father was over, went mooning listlessly about the house, smoking interminable cigars, thinking a good deal of some absent Fifine, and voting the whole business which had called him from pleasant Paris a bore.

"You may be sure, dear, that it has been a very harassing time for your Marguerite," wrote Lady Spencelaugh to one of her confidential correspondents. "Poor dear Sir Philip has required constant attention night and day, and although not equal to the task of nursing him myself, I have felt it incumbent on me to be constantly on the spot, and to superintend personally every arrangement for his comfort. Gaston, dear fellow! is at home: very handsome, though it is I who say it; and quite *comme il faut.*" In writing thus, her ladyship had considerably magnified her slight attention to the sick man, which had merely consisted in three or four visits each day to the room where he lay; on such occasions she would take a momentary glance at him, and murmur to the attendants: "Poor dear Sir Philip! How distressing to see him thus!" and then turning to the head-nurse, she would add: "Be sure, Mrs. Smith, that you carry out the doctor's instructions minutely; and let me be apprised the moment you see a change either one way or the other;" and so would glide softly back to her own apartments, where she would sit by the fire with a screen in her hand, for she was always careful of her complexion, and muse on what might come to pass in case Sir Philip should not recover. "With my savings and his father's, Gaston would be tolerably well off, and could afford to make a very decent figure in London society. He would go into Parliament, of course, when he had sown his wild oats; and there is no reason why he should not marry into the peerage; and then—— Well, well."

But Sir Philip Spencelaugh, although thus neglected in one instance, was not left entirely to the care of hirelings. The watchful eye and tender hand of Frederica were ever near him. She had a room fitted up for herself close to his own, that she might be always on the spot; and her loving face was the first that met his gaze when his feeble senses flickered back to a consciousness of earthly things. He blessed her as he lay thus, and called her his own, his darling. They were the first words he had spoken for many weary days and nights; and Frederica had to hurry out, that she might give way in solitude to the rush of happy tears that welled up from her heart.

Nearly five months had passed since Frederica gave that promise to her uncle that she would try to look upon Mr. Duplessis with more favorable eyes, and grant him an opportunity of pleading his cause in person. It was a promise that was repented of as soon as made; and, as we have already seen, the Canadian derived so slight an advantage from the permission accorded him that he was fain to pass it by altogether, as though it had never been given, and await the quiet processes of time, which, when assisted by his own skillful by-play, might work some change in his favor, rather than frighten his beautiful quarry by a bold rush, and so lose her at once and for ever. He had consented to play a patient game, in the full expectation of ultimately winning it: so accustomed had he been to winning such delicate hazards, sometimes almost without an effort, that, for a long time, no possibility of failure was suffered to cloud his mind; but at length it began to dawn dimly on him—and it was a thought that touched him to the quick with a sort of savage soreness—that he had been struggling all this time against a barrier of ice, before whose clear coldness all his petty wiles and stratagems, and litte love-making arts, withered like exotics before the breath of winter. Admiration for his many brilliant qualities, Frederica might and did feel. She was young, and had a considerable fund of enthusiasm to draw upon; and she could not help liking this man who shone out so superior to the ordinary ruck of visiters at Belair. Then, again, he had a large claim on her gratitude, from the fact of having risked his own life to save that of her uncle: it was a deed that invested him in her eyes with a sort of heroic halo, through which many more faults than he allowed to be visible on the surface would have paled and grown dim. But, granting Duplessis all these points in his favor—and no one was more capable than he of making the most of them—the great, indisputable fact still remained, that he found himself utterly unable to advance in her good graces beyond that coign of vantage to which he had so patiently worked his way, but which he had all along merely looked upon in the light of a stepping-stone to something higher. Let him venture but a step beyond it—and now and then he did so venture, treading delicately and with caution—and straightway the barrier of ice rose up before him, and he fell back to his old position, chilled and cowed, he hardly knew how or why, and with a bitter sense of humiliation and defeat working within him. Yes, five months had come and gone since that bright summer afternoon on which Sir Philip Spencelaugh told him of the promise which he had wrung from his niece, and the game seemed still as far from being won as ever. His patience was worn out at last; he was growing desperate; something must be done, and that immediately, for the demon of impecuniosity was knocking loudly at the door. He would make one last bold effort, assisted by the baronet, to win his beautiful prize; and then—why, then, if he were unsuccessful, he would let her go, and trouble himself no further about the grapes he could not reach. There were other grapes, not bad fruit by any means, as such things go, within his reach for the plucking; would it not be wiser in him quietly to accept this other fruit, and make the best of it, rather than waste further precious time on what was so evidently unattainable? There was Lady Wintermere, for instance, just home from the German Spas, a widow well dowered, and still, at forty years of age, passably handsome, who looked with favorable eyes on the handsome Canadian, and was by no means indisposed to encourage his attentions. As the husband of her ladyship, even though her jointure were tied up beyond his reach, and as the master of Oakthorpe Grange, he would at once take a certain position in society; and it would not be his fault if he did not so *ménager* that all rents and revenues should percolate through his own fingers, and leave some grains of precious dust by the way. In any case, for such as he, the lot was by no means an unenviable one. But to give up for ever his sweet Frederica!—not forgetting that she was heiress to—there was the pang. He really loved Miss Spencelaugh, as much as it lay in his nature to love any one, other than himself; but he could not afford to waste more time in a fruitless love-chase. One last bold effort; and then, should he fail—Lady Wintermere and Oakthorpe Grange.

Late, one dull, wintry afternoon, Sir Philip Spencelaugh sat propped up in bed, turning over with heedless fingers the leaves of a large print copy of Masillion, bound in old calf, which lay on the coverlet before him. A shaded lamp stood on a small table close by his bed, and Crooke, his old and faithful body-servant, was moving noiselessly about the anteroom, within call. The old man's face was wan and pinched; but his eyes were brighter, and beamed with a fuller intelligence, Frederica thought, than she had seen in them for many months. At length the baronet spoke. "Crooke, go and inquire whether Mr. Duplessis is in the house. If he is, I should like to see him." Then when Crooke had gone, he went on talking to himself. "No time to lose. I'll have it settled at once—at once. If she doesn't love him now, she will learn to do so after marriage. Girls like her don't know their own minds for a week together. No time to lose. It must be settled at once."

Mr. Duplessis was ushered into the room. After the usual greetings and inquiries were over, the old man motioned to the Canadian to seat himself on a chair close by the bed. Sir Philip lay back on his pillows for a minute or two with closed eyes before he spoke. "Henri, my friend," he said at last, "I want to know how your suit with Frederica prospers. Is the wedding-day fixed yet?"

When Duplessis entered the room it was with the full intention of stating his case to Sir Philip, but the baronet's question took from him the necessity of doing so. "Miss Spencelaugh and I," he replied, "hold precisely the same position with regard to each other that we did six months ago."

"How is that?" asked Sir Philip, anxiously. "Are your views or wishes changed in any way?"

"Not in the slightest degree," replied Duplessis. "To win the hand of Miss Spencelaugh is still the dearest hope of my life."

"Then why haven't you won it? She gave you a chance, didn't she, months ago? Why did you neglect to take advantage of it?"

"The affection your niece has for you, Sir Philip, made her yield to the point in opposition to her own wishes on the subject."

"Pooh, man! That's more than you know. Don't you pretend to read the riddle of a young girl's heart; it lies beyond your skill or mine to do so. But when once the point was conceded in your favor, why didn't you make the most of it?"

"I did make the most of it, in one sense. I pressed my suit quietly and unobtrusively. I did my best to work my way into the good graces of Miss Spencelaugh, and failed. I still love her as dearly as ever I did, but I am afraid that she will never look upon me as anything more than a friend."

"Tut, man! You are far too timid a wooer. No wench's heart that isn't given away beforehand can stand against a bold, resolute lover. They are soft, timorous things at the best of times, but as sly as the very deuce. If I had stood in your shoes, my boy, I would have forced Freddy into loving me—yes, sir, forced her."

"Miss Spencelaugh is not a simple boarding-school miss, to be won by a few honeyed phrases and empty protestations of affection."

"She is the best girl in the world, sir, though it is I who say it!" exclaimed the baronet, warmly. "And do you mean to say, Henri, that the minx isn't fond of you?"

"I am afraid, Sir Philip, that such is really the case," replied the Canadian, in a low, regretful voice.

"I tell you again, my dear boy, that you have gone too timidly about your courting. Freddy must like you in her secret heart, even though she won't acknowledge as much. I set my heart on this match long ago, and I don't think I could die happy unless it were to come off. I'll see Freddy about it myself; I'll see her at once. There's not much that she would refuse her old uncle."

The Canadian's eye glittered, but he answered the baronet in a low, earnest voice: "Not for worlds, my dear Sir Philip, would I have Miss Spencelaugh's inclinations forced in the slightest degree in my favor."

"No one wants to force her inclinations, sir. But I say again, there are not many things she would refuse her old uncle. Pour me out a little of that cordial, and then tell Crooke to ask Miss Spencelaugh to come to me."

"But, my dear sir, I would not"——

"Not a word, Duplessis; I tell you I will have my own way in this matter, so don't try to turn me from it,"

"But you surely don't wish me to remain in the room during your interview with Miss Spencelaugh?" persisted Duplessis.

"You shall remain in the room, but out of sight. Freddy shall not know that you are so near; you shall hide behind that screen. Nay, I will have it so. No remonstrance, or, by Heaven! I will never speak to you again. Never saw Farren in *The School for Scandal*—did you? No, I thought not. Then you missed a treat—you missed a treat. His screen-scene was the sublime of comedy. But away with you out of sight; I hear Freddy's voice as she talks to Crooke."

The Canadian vanished, and next moment Frederica entered the room, and hastening up to the bed, flung her arms round the old man's neck, and kissed him fondly. "You are better to-day, dear," she said; "I can see it in your face without you telling me."

"Better—yes. The sight of you always makes me better. But, Freddy, I want to talk to you on a serious matter. I want to know how it is that you and Duplessis"——

"We will wait till you are quite well, dear uncle, before we talk about that," said Frederica, hastily.

"Not so, darling; there's no time like the present time. I have been thinking much on this matter while I've been lying here. I'm anxious about it. You don't know how deeply my heart is set on this thing. Five months ago, you promised that you would try to like my friend a little—that you would try to look more favorably on his suit. Has the task been too hard a one for you, darling?"

"I do like Mr. Duplessis—as a friend."

"But you do not love him?"

"No," said Frederica, faintly.

"Pardon your old uncle the question, Freddy; but no one else has stolen your heart away without my knowing it?"

Frederica did not answer, but a slight motion of her head implied dissent.

"And yet you do not love Duplessis?" resumed the baronet. "Then my most cherished scheme falls to the ground, and my last earthly wish will never be realized. I cannot tell you, darling, how I have longed for this match to be brought about. But there—there! It cannot be, I suppose, and I will urge you no further."

"Why wish me to marry at all, dear uncle? My greatest happiness is to think that I shall always stay with you—always be as a daughter to you. I wish for nothing beyond this."

"But I shall not always be here, Freddy. Not many more days are left to me in this world; on that point I am not deceived. But go now—I cannot say more; I care not how soon the end comes." All the light and life seemed to fade out of his face as he sank back on his pillows; the hollows deepened under his eyes, and his thin lips were contracted as with a spasm of intense pain. Frederica looked on in sore distress, all her woman's nature at war within her.

"But, dear uncle, Mr. Duplessis"——

"Is here to answer for himself," said the Canadian, as he stepped from behind the screen. "Pardon me, Sir Philip, but I could play the eavesdropper no longer."

"Listening, sir!" said Frederica, with a flash of scorn from her beautiful eyes.

"All my fault, Freddy—all my fault," said the baronet: "I made him go there against his own wishes. I questioned him; and he told me you did not care for him, and I—I thought he was wrong, and I told him to go behind the screen, and hear for himself."

"A most unfair advantage to take of any one," said Frederica.

"Ay, ay, perhaps so. I see it now," said the old man, wearily; "I was foolish enough to hope—but it matters not now what I hoped. It is all over—all over."

The baronet ceased speaking, and no one answered him. There was silence in the room. The sick man lay with shut eyes, and white, drawn face; Frederica stood close by the bed, her slender figure stretched to its full height, with rigid arms and intertwined fingers, and a marble fixity of features that made her seem for the moment like a piece of exquisite sculpture. Presently, her eyes wandered from the bed to where Duplessis was leaning in an attitude of dejection, with one elbow resting on the chimney-piece. Their eyes met. In those of Duplessis there was a soft, loving, wistful look—such a look as but very few eyes can express, and rarely those of a man; and it pierced through all Frederica's armor straight to her heart. He came a step or two nearer, and resting his arms on a high-backed chair of black oak, gazed fixedly at her with that same yearning, inexplicable look in his eyes.

"I am here in a very false position this evening, Miss Spencelaugh," he said; "but I freely trust to your kindness to overlook the fact, and to listen to the few words I have to say, for the first time and the last, on a subject that has been very near to my heart for a long time. I have been silent hitherto, and I should have remained silent had not Sir Philip broken the ice; but as the case now stands, I must—for after what has passed I can no longer remain dumb—try to fashion into words some little of what I feel. I have loved you long and truly—loved you from the first day I saw you"—and with that Duplessis told briefly, in warm, impassioned accents, the story of his love. "But the wild, mad dream I was foolish enough to cherish is all over now;" he ended by saying, "and from this night, Miss Spencelaugh, I shall haunt your presence no more. In a few days I shall leave Monkshire for ever."

It was certainly a very finished piece of acting. He spoke in a minor key, slowly and almost solemnly, and there was a tender pathos in his voice which assisted his eyes wonderfully. Frederica felt herself strangely moved. The firm ground on which she had planted herself seemed to be slipping imperceptibly from under her feet. That voice, those eyes; surely truth and love—— She felt herself sliding down towards some terrible abyss, from which only by a last desperate effort was there any chance of escape. She was roused by an exclamation from Duplessis, and her eyes followed his to the bed. A fearful change had come over the sick man. He was sitting upright in bed, his fingers clutching convulsively at the counterpane, and his eyes staring straight before him, while a cold clammy sweat bedewed his forehead. Frederica's arm was round him in an instant; his head came slowly round till his eyes met hers. There was something terrible in the intensity of their gaze. Inaudible words formed themselves on his lips. "He is dying!" cried Frederica, in a tone of anguish. "Ring for help!"

Again his lips formed themselves to speak, and this time a faint murmur fell on Frederica's ear. She bent her head to listen. "You will marry him, dear, will you not?" muttered the old man faintly, with that same terribly earnest look in his eyes.

Frederica's heart seemed to die within her. "Yes—I will marry him," she said, in a low, clear voice that was strangely unlike her own. Duplessis, with his hand on the bell-rope, heard the words and turned, while a sudden gleam of triumph shot across his face; and next instant the warning summons rang through the house. An almost inaudible "God bless you!" shaped itself on the old man's lips, and then the light suddenly left his eyes, and he fell back insensible on the pillows. Frederica's power of endurance was at an end. She turned from the bed. Duplessis saw the change in her face, and sprang to help her; but before he could reach her, she sank to the ground with a low cry, and remembered nothing more.

CHAPTER XXIV.—WHO WROTE THE LETTERS?

The country clocks were just striking midnight as Mr. Duplessis walked up the pathway of his little garden, and paused before going in-doors to listen to the faint musical chimes borne through the silence from some near-at-hand church; and to glance for the second time at certain moonlight effects of cunningly interwoven light and shade among the trunks and crooked branches of the gnarled old trees that skirted his little demesne; for Mr. Duplessis flattered himself that he had the soul of an artist for such trifles. He had walked home from Belair through the frosty moonlight, with no company save his cigar and his own thoughts—had walked home alone and of choice, that he might be enabled, calmly and without interruption, to think over all that had happened to him on that eventful evening. He had triumphed at last; his long waiting had met with the reward he coveted most, Frederica Spencelaugh had promised to become his wife. True, the promise had not been given by her as he would have liked it to be given; it had been dragged from her by main force, as it were; but he flattered himself that when once she were his own, she would speedily learn to be as loving and docile as any lord and master need desire. So there was triumph at his heart, and a bright smile of triumph on his handsome face as he walked home along the lonely country roads, alternately smoking and humming scraps from Béranger.

Mr. Duplessis let himself into the house by means of his latch-key, and went forward into the sitting-room, which was dimly lighted by a few embers in the grate. He was quickly followed by his housekeeper, sleepy and half-dazed, carrying a couple of lighted candles.

"You need not have sat up for me, Benson," he said; "I could have managed very well if you had left matches and a candle in the hall." Antoine was away for a brief holiday, having gone to visit a brother who had just opened a café in London, otherwise Benson would have been in bed two hours ago.

"Who brought this letter, and when did it come?" asked Mr. Duplessis suddenly, as he took up a singular looking document from the table.

"Letter, sir! -What letter?" said the housekeeper. "I never put any letter on the table, and not a soul has called here since you went out this evening."

"Then, how the deuce did the letter get here? It was certainly not on the table when I went out."

Mrs. Benson was quite unable to say how the letter had got there. She did not like to contradict her master, but she felt sure he must have put it there himself before going out, and have forgotten it.

Mr. Duplessis, with the unopened letter in his hand, walked quickly across the room to the French window opposite the fireplace which gave access to the lawn. He opened it with a turn of the handle, and it could have been just as readily opened from the outside. "This window ought certainly to be bolted at dusk," he said, rather sharply. "As it is, thieves and vagabonds of every kind can come and go as easily as I can myself."

Mrs. Benson folded her arms meekly over her chest, but said never a word in reply: she felt the reproof to be a just one.

Mr. Duplessis went back to the fire, and sinking into an easy-chair, placed his glass in his eye, and proceeded to examine the letter with a sort of half contemptuous curiosity. The paper was course and dingy, and the direction was in a peculiar crabbed hand, which afforded no clue to the sex of the writer. It was folded in the old-fashioned style, without an envelope. "And it is actually fastened with a wafer!" muttered Mr. Duplessis to himself. "Some begging-letter, I suppose, from a widow with sixteen young children; or from a poor but unfortunate tradesman, requesting the loan of a small sum to set him up in business again; to be paid back with the interest at dooms-day. Bah! I'm sick of such appeals;" and with a fillip of his thumb and finger, he burst open the letter.

Benson had been fidgeting about—bolting the shutters, and placing the candles nearer her master, and raking the few dying embers together, and was just turning to leave the room, when Mr. Duplessis leaped from his chair with a wild, inarticulate cry, as though he had been shot, and then stood with one hand pressed to his head, staring at the open letter with a face as colorless as that of the marble Aphrodite on the cabinet close by.

"Are you ill, sir? Can I do anything for you?" cried the terrified housekeeper, advancing a step or two.

His lips moved in reply, but no sound came from them; but she understood from the motion of his arm that he wished to be alone; so she went out trembling, and closed the door softly behind her; but went no further than the other end of the passage, and then stood listening for whatever might happen next. In a few minutes the bell rang. She went in timidly.

Mr. Duplessis was seated in his easy chair again; the color had in some measure come back to his face, but he looked twenty years older than he had done only a few minutes before. "This letter brings me very bad news, Benson," he said, speaking in a low, forced voice, and without looking his housekeeper in the face. "It tells me that my only brother is dead."

"Indeed, sir! I am very sorry to hear that," said Benson, in a voice of deep concern, remembering, however, at the same time, that she had never heard Mr. Duplessis speak of such a relative.

"So am I, Benson—very sorry, indeed. There are certain business matters connected with this sad event which render it imperatively necessary that I should start for town by the first train. You will look after the lodge till Antoine returns; and should there be any inquiries for me, you may mention the mournful circumstance which has thus suddenly called me away, and say that I shall be back by Wednesday next at the latest. I find that a mail-train passes the nearest station at two o'clock, so that I have no time to lose. You will light the candles in my dressing-room at once, and then make me a cup of strong coffee; you may as well also put me up a sandwich or two as quickly as you can."

"Shall you want the horse got out, sir, to take you to the station?"

"No; I shall have nothing to carry but my small traveling-bag, and the walk this fine night will refresh me."

Half an hour later, Mr. Duplessis bade his housekeeper a kindly farewell, and quitted Lilac Lodge, carrying his bag in his hand, and took the road leading to the nearest railway station; while Benson, sorely troubled and perplexed in her mind, fastened up the house, and went to bed.

In the dusk of the afternoon of the day following the departure of Mr. Duplessis, Mrs. Benson, having given the housemaid a holiday, sat leisurely enjoying her tea, the sole inmate of Lilac Lodge, when she was startled by a loud single knock at the front-door, and on proceeding to open it, found there two plainly dressed men—certainly not gentlemen, probably two pettifogging tradesmen who had called about a bill, she said to herself—one of whom inquired whether Mr. Duplessis were at home.

"No, he ain't at home," said the housekeeper, irately, for she was vexed at being disturbed over her first cup; "and what's more, he won't be at home for another week. His brother is dead, and he had set off by the mail for London last night. There!" and she would have shut the door in the faces of the men, had not a foot been quietly interposed to prevent her.

"Then, if the governor's not here," said one of the strangers, "you will perhaps have no objections to show us over the house."

"Me show you over the house!" began Benson, when one of the men bending forward, whispered a few words in her ear, on which she fell back with a scared face, and allowed them to enter; and having shut the door behind them, she went back to her tea in the kitchen; but her appetite was gone, and she sat listening and trembling, while the two strangers went about their perquisition up-stairs and down.

"Rummy start, ain't it?" said one of the men to the other, as they came for the second time into the sitting-room, having discovered no trace of Mr. Duplessis. "I wonder whether somebody has given him the office, and he has hooked it, or whether this story about his brother being dead is true?"

"The woman says he went last night, and we heard nothing about the affair till this morning. How was he to suppose we should find it out to-day?"

"By jingo! What's this?" exclaimed the other man, whose sharp eye had caught sight of a partially burned paper in the grate; and next moment he was unfolding it, and smoothing it out with careful, dextrous fingers.

The paper was strong and course, and had been squeezed up so tightly that the flames had merely burned away the loose edges, leaving the contents nearly intact. Throwing on to the letter the concentrated light of his bull's-eye, the second man peered over his friend's shoulder, and the two read as follows:

"The dark secret which you thought you had hidden for ever, has come to light. To-morrow morning the police will be on your track. One who has been a blind instrument in the discovery of a fearful crime—one who would not willingly have your blood lie at his door—warns you. Flee while there is yet time. To-morrow it will be too late."

Some other word had been written where the word *his* stood in the letter, and afterwards carefully erased.

"The bird has flown, and the game's up for the present," said one of the men, when the document had been spelled carefully through.

"It was this bit of paper that started him," said the other. "The story about his brother is all gag. But don't it strike you as strange that the note I hold in my hand, and the one received by our superintendent this morning, are both in the same handwriting? There can't be any doubt about it; it's too remarkable a fist to be easily imitated. Rum, ain't it? Now, you had better stop here a bit, while I go up to the station, and hand in this note, and get fresh instructions; and I'll send down another man to relieve you as soon as possible."

The case was as the two men had stated it. By the early post that morning, the Normanford superintendent of police had received an anonymous letter conveying certain information, the accuracy of which he felt himself bound at once to investigate. He put his men upon the track pointed out in the letter. Abel Garrod and his wife were the first persons questioned. They gave evidence as to the meeting of Mr. Duplessis and the woman Marie; to the intimate relations apparently existing between the two; to the stay of the latter under Abel Garrod's roof for three days; and finally to their departure together. Simultaneously with this inquiry, another was going forward at the *Silver Lion* at Fairwood; and here the police gathered another piece of confirmatory evidence not mentioned in the letter, in the production, by the landlady, of a handkerchief marked with blood, and bearing the name of the missing woman, found under the seat of the gig the day after it had been hired by Mr. Duplessis. The old collector at the toll-bar also underwent a strict examination; and then the two parties of police met by previous appointment at Martell's Leap, the neighborhood of which spot their anonymous informant had directed them to search minutely, especially the beach immediately below, and the crevices and recesses in the face of the cliff.

Leaving his men still occupied with the search, the superintendent himself rode over to Sir Harry Craxford, the nearest magistrate; and on the strength of the evidence which he laid before him, obtained a warrant for the arrest of Henri Duplessis, which was at once placed in the hands of two efficient officers, but with what result, we have already seen. The search for the missing woman, unavailing on the first day, was resumed with renewed energy the following morning. but without further result than the discovery, on a ledge of rock about twenty feet above the beach, of a broken jet bracelet, which was at once identified by Jane Garrod as similar to one worn by Madame. This discovery went a long way towards confirming the general opinion, that the missing woman had been thrown over the cliff; and as it was found to have been high water at 4 P. M. on the day of her disappearance, there was little doubt that, in such a case, her body had been washed away by the tide.

Of Duplessis himself, no tidings could be learned, neither on the railway nor elsewhere. Country constables and metropolitan detectives alike failed in their efforts to trace him. A minute description of his personal appearance was inserted in the *Police Gazette*, and there read by thousands of keen eyes, all thenceforth eagerly on the watch, in seaport town and country village, to single out a quarry which promised so much sport to his captors; but from the moment when the housekeeper, looking out after him into the moonlight, saw him disappear behind the screen of laurels which shut in the lawn, he seemed as utterly lost to human ken as though the earth had opened at his feet, and swallowed him up for ever. Of Antoine, the imperturbable, when he returned home, which he did on the day following that of his master's departure, policedom could make nothing. The quiet insolence of his replies, when he was examined before Sir Harry Craxford, threw that worthy but irascible personage into such a violent rage as threatened at one time to bring on a fit of apoplexy; but as it could not be shown that the valet was in any way mixed up with the affair which attached such dark suspicion to Duplessis, the magistrate was obliged to order him to be set at liberty; and the next night Antoine disappeared as mysteriously as his master had done, and was seen no more at Lilac Lodge.

The mind of Mr. Davis, however, the superintendent, still remained restless and ill at ease. That the two anonymous letters—the one addressed to himself, and the other addressed to Duplessis—had been written by the same person, was a fact scarcely open to dispute, when they came to be compared together. But who was the writer of them? This was a question which the superintendent found himself utterly unable to answer. All his cautious underhand inquiries could elicit no information on the point; and he was fain after a time to give the matter up, and class it among the other unraveled puzzles of his profession.

At Belair, the news of Mr. Duplessis's sudden departure, and of the strange charge afterwards alleged against him, was received at first as something too incredible for belief. The man had been there so often, and was so intimately known, that the inmates of the Hall could hardly help feeling at first as if some shadow of disgrace attached to themselves. Lady Spencelaugh was sorry in her way, for Duplessis had been one of her few favorites; but it was a sorrow that was very short-lived, and soon gave way to indignation at the thought that "so vile a creature," as she now termed the Canadian, had succeeded for so long a time in imposing on so important a personage as her ladyship. By Frederica, the news was received with strangely mingled feelings, which she herself would have been powerless to analyze. In the first shock of her surprise and disbelief, she felt more warmly towards the Canadian than she had ever done before. Had she not promised to become his wife? and now that this horrible cloud of disgrace and misery was lowering over him, was not her proper place by his side? Yes; but how could she be by his side—how comfort him by written or spoken word, now that he was gone, no one knew whither? And when day passed after day, and still he came not to disprove the black charges brought against him; and when Frederica read in the local newspaper the fearful list of proofs which the exertions of the police had gathered up, one after another, her conviction of his innocence began to give place to doubt; and with this doubt came a rush of fearful joy, which she found it vain to try to stifle, at the thought, that if Duplessis were never to return, then she, Frederica Spencelaugh, would be once more a free woman. How warmly the thought nestled round her heart? It was like a hidden singing-bird that would not be chased away, or chidden into silence, but still sang sweetly on within some inmost bower.

The news of the charge against his friend Duplessis was seduously kept from the ears of Sir Philip Spencelaugh. In the then feeble state of his health, such a shock might have proved fatal to the old man. It was intimated to him that the Canadian had been called away on private business of importance, which was likely to detain him for some time; and although he often wondered, in a feeble-minded way, why Duplessis neither came nor wrote, his memory was so far weakened that he often forgot the absence of his friend, and talked of him as though he were engaged to dine at Belair on the morrow.

Dedication of Lodges—Virtue—Saints John.

BY BRO. SOMERVILLE, OF VICTORIA, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

The Lodge is dedicated to virtue in the name of the Great Jehovah, and consecrated, separated, and set apart to the purpose of preserving the memory of these illustrious names.

It is dedicated to virtue. True Masonry is the dutiful daughter of Heaven. The Lodge is the sacred shrine of Almighty Jehovah. By His law every Mason must be a good and true man—true to himself, his fellows, and to the Being before whom he has bent in adoring reverence. The "stupid atheist or irreligious libertine" may make himself a false man, but never a good Mason. The Mason is pledged to pious virtue. Nor let it be forgotten that virtue, originally meant valor. Among the old Romans the most valorous man was esteemed the most virtuous; now, while strength should not be all, it must still form an important element of goodness. The good man must ever be a strong man. Mere sentimentalism is silly; like the vapor it appeareth for a little while and then vanisheth away. In every "good and true man" there must be a healthy firmness. The feeling of desire must be yoked with the principle of right, and will must drive them both.

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were once in nature's plan;
Humble toil and Heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man.

To virtue, strong and beautiful, is this Hall dedicated. Never, then, let careless feet defile its pavement, nor unclean hands touch its vessels; never let angry disputations be heard within its walls. Conscience, as a faithful tyler, must guard off the furies of discord; temper must be ever tempered, and feeling chastened. It is that we may become better men that we meet here, and all our labors—the charges, the rituals, the ceremonies, nay, every jewel and ornament, every article of furniture, every emblem and hieroglyphic. tend to this point.

But more: the Lodge is consecrated to the memory of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist; and it is proper we should shortly recall to our minds their lives and labors. Right, too, that their names should have been linked together. not that they were like each other, but just because they were widely different in their temperaments and teachings. They were the exponents of the two extremes in human character, the Baptist being the representative of fiery boldness, the Evangelist of shrinking love. The one was a sturdy Doric column, the other a graceful Corinthian pillar. The one was the complement of the other; united together they combine strength and beauty.

The Baptist was a truly heroic character. The last of all the prophets. he was the greatest of all. Of his life we get only a few glimpses, but these show us what sort of man he was. The first picture is that of an ardent youth among the solitudes of Israel's deserts. Saddened by the hollowness of life in Israel, and perplexed with the controversies of Jerusalem—the wrangling of Sadducee with Pharisee, of formalist with mystic, of the disciples of one infallible rabbi with the disciples of another infallible rabbi—he fled for refuge to the wilderness to see if God could be found by the earnest soul that sought Him alone. For thirty years he lived in the desert; then came the time when the qualities nursed in solitude burst forth upon the world. The people felt that a king of men stood before them. The desert swarmed with crowds—warriors, profligates, publicans, the heart-broken, the worldly, the disappointed—all came. Even the king's attention is gained; he is taken away from the simple life of the desert and placed among the artificialities of the royal city. And now comes the question, "Does the stern prophet degenerate into the sweet-tongued courtier?" Is the rough ashlar of the forest broken into pieces in the polishing? Verily, no. He stands in Herod's court, the prophet of the desert still, preaching boldly the truth. When Herod would ally himself with his guilty mistress, he at once said, "It is not lawful for thee to have her." Now he is struck down like an eagle in its flight. The last picture is that of this earnest, strong man cast into a dungeon by the guards of the king. There he wears out his restless soul, until sacrificed to a courtesan's whim.

May his name ever remind us of courage in the hour of trial, and inspire us with fortitude to reprove sternly all departures from Masonic rule.

None have ever had more of the essential spirit of Masonry than St. John the Evangelist. He was the principle of love personified. Love was the secret of his religion, the burden of his teaching, the substance of his life, and the promise of his heaven. Whether we behold him leaning on his Master's breast, or wandering as a teacher among the nations of the East, he was the living illustration of his constant theme. His, too, was a love not easily quenched; he was persecuted, imprisoned, banished, tortured; but his love survived his trials. His life was love. Hear him. when old and feeble, writing to his disciples, "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light; he that hateth his brother walketh in darkness." Such was the man.

Popular Science.

Advantage of Activity.—As animal power is exhausted exactly in proportion to the time during which it is acting, as well as in proportion to the intensity of force exerted, there may often be a great saving of it by doing work quickly, although with a little more exertion during the time. Suppose two men of equal weight to ascend the same stair, one of whom takes only a minute to reach the top, and the other takes four minutes, it will cost the first little more than a fourth part of the fatigue which it costs the second, because the exhaustion is in proportion to the time during which the muscles are acting. The quick mover may have exerted perhaps one-twentieth more force in the first instance, to give his body the greater velocity, which was afterwards continued, but the slow supported his load four times as long.

The Doom of the World.—The North British Review, discoursing on the doom of the world, has the following remarks:—"What this change is, we have not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements and some indications of their annihilative power. The fragments of broken planets, the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe, the whirling comets wielding their loose material at the solar surface. the volcanic eruptions in our own satellite, the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others, are all foreshadows of that impending convulsion to which the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burnt up, and under heavens which are to pass away; thus residing. as it were, on the cemeteries and dwelling upon mausoleum of former worlds, let us learn the lessons of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught in the school of revelation."

The Power of Freemasonry—a Remarkable Parish.

There is a parish in Ulster, not a hundred miles from Belfast, in which a queer kind of unity, peace and sympathy is to be found. If all Ireland were like this parish, it would be the strangest island in the world. When the rector hears that one of the Presbyterian clergy is ill, he immediately collects all his own flock to pray with him for the life and health of his Presbyterian brother. As one may suppose, many of all the denominations are present at this service, The rector also, by invitation, visits his Presbyterian brother, and earnestly prays at his bedside. When the rector is ill, the Presbyterian clergy convoke their congregations, and fervent prayer is offered for the sick Episcopalian. When sorrow visits the homes of any of these men, deep is the sympathy of the others for him. When the rector goes abroad, one of the three Roman Catholic priests addresses him with a kind proposal to provide a gift of a stout horse for his comfort. The same priest (now a Roman Catholic prelate) recommended to his people always to show marked respect to the ladies of this rector's family when they met them walking. Another priest writes courteous letters, and makes the best delineation in his power of his own church. Another priest waylays this rector on his return from parochial visitations, and asks him, with hearty good will, to refresh himself with cake and wine. The Roman Catholic parishioners delight to send fish, new potatoes and bulky cauliflowers to this rural rector. When any of the ladies of his family are sick, great is their concern. When a daughter, who loved them all, and ever ministering to the sick and poor, was dying, last year, prayers were offered up in the Roman Catholic houses in her behalf. Nay, "tell it not in Gath," when the rector was some time since dangerously ill, prayers were offered up for his recovery in the Roman Catholic chapel of the priest. The reader may be anxious to know the name of the parish and the rector, and so, not to prolong a mystery which ought to be no mystery, the parish is Loughinisland, and the rector is Dr. Drew, Chaplain to his Excellency, Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Enniskillen, and Hon. Grand Chaplain to the Grand Lodge of Ireland.

The Mad Stone—Its History—Bite of a Copperhead.

Upon a certain class of anti-Masons, reason, truth, public sentiment, and defeat, have failed to produce any effect. Sundry Congregationalists in Illinois, Presbyterians in Ohio, Methodists in Vermont, Baptists and Episcopalians in England, and Papists in Italy and France, are raving mad on Freemasonry, as much so as in political days. We notice their fulminations, not with any hope of curing them, but of saving others.

We recommend to Masonic physicians in their neighborhood, the famous mad stones. A correspondent of a city paper says that in Virginia the substance is known as the Ponto Stone, from the fact that Dr. Ponto (long since dead), a resident of the region where the late discovery was made, was the first to use it, and from him all the known specimens have come. The instances where the Ponto Stone has cured and prevented hydrophobia are very numerous, but it was never tried for any other poison.

Some time ago, Mr. G., a resident of Halifax, came to Dr. M. and said that he had found something that looked like the Ponto Stone, and producing a dozen pieces, wished the Doctor to experiment with them. The Doctor was skeptical, but to accommodate his friend, undertook to comply with his desire. For some time no opportunity for experiment was presented. At last, a negro on the Doctor's place, loading corn shucks, gathered up in one armful a huge copperhead snake, which bit him on the arm just above the wrist. The negro yelled, of course, but stopping only to tie his suspender tightly around his arm he started on the run for the Doctor. The distance was not great, but by the time he arrived the arm had greatly swollen, thus showing the poison to be virulent. Dr. M. resolved on trying the stone, and applied it, following the directions in the use of the Ponto Stone. In the present instance the stone clung to the negro's arm with wonderful tenacity for a few minutes and then fell off, the swelling meantime decreasing. It was then put into lukewarm water, and the poison was distinctly seen to exude from it. Being taken out of the water and thoroughly dried, it was again applied and again adhered, but not so long as before nor with the same terrible grip, but when it came off all the poison in the negro's veins came out with it, or at least the man went back to work at once and within an hour of the time he was bitten, and has shown no sign of the virus.

It was thus satisfactorily established to Dr. M. that the stone would extract the poison of a snake, and it instantly occurred to him that if it was an antidote for one kind of poison it was for another, and he pursued his experiments further. He next applied the stone to other poisons, and with precisely the same effect. The case was one in the primary stage, and of very virulent character, and in three days an entire cure had been perfected.

Having thus discovered the great value of the stone, Dr. M. attempted to trace the discovery of the new store of it, but with only partial success. J. would admit only that he had found "some of it," but could not be induced to say when, where, how, or how much, further than he might supply a hundred pounds or so. From a negro, however, it was extracted that J. had come upon the substance while digging a mill-race; that he had scrutinized it carefully, taken a specimen, and instantly abandoned the mill-race by that route, and restored the ground where the discovery was made to its original state. Thus much would the negro tell, and no more, and the secret lies buried between the two, and likely to remain. Dr. M., however, and his brother, J. A. M., on the slight information, ventured a large sum for a half interest in the stone, with the view of having it introduced into the practice of medicine.

I have spoken of this thing as a stone, but it is nothing of the sort, being evidently a vegetable and not a mineral substance. It is found in small pieces, and is of three colors, a jet black and two shades of dingy white. I have two pieces now before me, one a murky white, an inch and a half long, half an inch wide, and an eighth of an inch in thickness; the other jet black and of the same dimensions, except being a little wider.

I may mention, in conclusion, that pieces of the stone have been placed in the hands of an eminent New York chemist for the purpose of analysis, or of experimenting in the large hospitals of the city.

What Hope Did—a Masonic Word of Encouragement.

It stole on its pinions to the bed of disease; the sufferer's frown became a smile—the emblem of peace and love.

It went to the house of mourning, and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs.

It laid its head upon the arm of the poor, which stretched forth at the command of unholy impulses, and saved him from disgrace and ruin.

It wells like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose son tarried long after the promised time of his coming, and saved her from desolation and the "care that killeth."

It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishmael of society, and led him on to works which even his enemies praised.

It snatched the maiden from the jaws of death, and went with the old man to heaven.

No hope, my good brother? Have it—keep it always with you. Wrestle with it that it may not depart. It may repay your pains. Life is hard enough at best, but hope shall lead you over its mountains, and sustain you amid its billows. Part with all beside, but keep thy hope.

Shall Masons Neglect Their Lights?

The keeper at the lighthouse at Calais was boasting of the brightness of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues at sea, when a visiter said to him: "What if one of the lights should go out?" "Never; impossible," he cried, horrified at the bare thought. "Sir," said he, pointing to the ocean, "yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going to all parts of the world. If to-night one of my burners were out, within six months' time would come a letter—perhaps from some place I never heard of—saying, such a night, at such an hour, the light at Calais burned dim, the watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger. Ah, sir, sometimes in the dark nights, in stormy weather, I look out to sea and feel as if the eye of the whole world were looking at my light. Go out? Burn dim? Oh, never!"

Was this lighthouse keeper so vigilant? Did he feel so deeply the importance of his work? And shall Masons neglect their lights, and suffer them to grow dim, when for need of its bright shining, some poor soul, struggling amidst the waves of temptation, may be dashed upon destruction?

Freemasonry is too often among us merely passive or receptive. It should take us into the "highways and hedges," "the streets and lanes of the city," the home of the widow and the orphan, and the place of sojourn of the stranger.

The Family Circle.

MOTHER, WATCH THE LITTLE FEET.

Mother, watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Rounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall;
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost;
Little feet will go astray;
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand,
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay;
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue,
Prattling, eloquent and wild,
What is said and what is sung,
By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
The same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart
Beating warm and soft for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart,
Keep, oh, keep that young heart true,
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.]

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DO A GOOD TURN WHEN YOU CAN.

How little we think as we travel
Through life's ups and downs, day by day,
What good each might do for his neighbor,
Did all of us go the right way;
How many a poor fellow, whose talents
To elevate science would tend,
Is lost to the world's gaze forever,
And all for the want of a friend.
Then stretch forth your hand like a brother,
For remember that life's but a span,
'Tis our duty to help one another,
And do a good turn when we can.

Some boast of their wealth and connections,
And look with contempt upon those
Of lower degreé—quite forgetting
The means by which they, perhaps, rose.
So be kind to the poor and the lowly;
Ne'er utter a word that's untrue:
Prize the maxim which says, "Act to others
As you would they should act unto you."
Then stretch forth your hand like a brother,
Since life's after all but a span;
Let us try to assist one another,
And do a good turn when you can.

Dress as a Taste or a Passion.—There are two sorts of love of dress, in the full sense of the word, one taste, the other passion, and these act upon precisely opposite principles. The passion for dress, which is at once the expression of and stimulus to vanity, tends to all manner of illusions pervading all classes, in the first place to preposterous faith in its efficacy. Passion for dress leads to the ignoring of all unpalatable truths; it blinds a woman to her own defects, and consequently betrays her into betraying them; it deadens her to the harmony of things, and tempts the old and plain into humiliating self-comparison with use and grace, deluding them into the notion that dress makes beauty, that the cowl does make the monk.

This it is that tempts the poor into rivalry with the rich; into frippery, content with the barest seeming and rudest imitation; into spending their small means on the merest outside show. And in all cases passion for dress of this nature is excited and kept alive by a mistaken view, often fatally mistaken, as to the objects to be pleased and attracted by the display, so that we might almost say that no woman will be too fine or in any marked degree unsuitably attired, who is right in the eyes she wishes to satisfy, and who confines herself to her legitimate sphere of attraction.

Taste, on the contrary, can scarcely lead its possessor astray, and is, indeed, a moral guide. It is full of reminders and admonitions; nor can a woman dress herself in perfect taste without a distinct knowledge of herself in personal defects. A hundred fashions are pretty and charming in themselves, but she knows these are not for her, and rejects them. These are forbidden by something in figure, complexion, station, age, or character, which, though not flattering to her vanity, she does not permit herself to forget. Passion for dress is profane and extravagant; taste in dress is full of wise, philosophical economies, knowing that the merit of decoration is not in its elaborate richness of expense, but in its adaptation.

Taste in dress is essentially moderate and self-collected; never forgetting that the object of dress is not to exhibit itself but its wearer; that all that the most splendid toilet has to do is to set off a lithe, graceful and winning presence, and half be lost in a pleasing or effective, or it may be a dazzling general impression. Passion for dress is always intent on what others will think, on taking some new eye by storm; taste has self respect, and before all things must satisfy its own notion of propriety and grace.

Keepsakes.—Let us say a word on such remembrancers as lockets, love-gifts, and keepsakes. From the crooked sixpence, which Mary, the maid-of-all-work, hoards up jealously in her box, because John the footman gave it to her; from the humble testimony of love to the glittering bauble that decks the fingers of her young mistress, we admire and praise them all. A keepsake, like mercy, is "twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." No heart can be so dead to the best feelings of humanity as not to throb with some little emotion when the eye is gazing in solace and secret on the last relic of one we dearly loved. It hallows the mind and purifies the heart, and we have a saving faith, too, that it absolutely betters their morals.

No very atrocious deed could be committed when the present of one we esteem and respected was near us to check every action. A locket, containing the hair of one no longer living, is a melancholy, but yet a gratifying memorial. It is a kind of pledge given to those on earth in anticipation of a blessed union hereafter. The hair, too, is the last thing that decays, and is, therefore, the most appropriate relic of the dead. We never behold a locket suspended amongst the glittering jewelry of a pawnbroker's window without being led into a train of most sombre reflections.

What a struggle between life and death must that have been that induced the possessor to relinquish this last token to satisfy the cravings of hunger! It is too painful a theme to dwell upon long. The heart sickens at the sight of things, the very possession of which speaks of former opulence and present poverty—of a once happy home, now deserted. These glittering memorials of love, these sacred offerings of friendship, are here exhibited like the bony integuments piled up in the Parisian catacombs, as part and parcel of the virtually dead.

How False Reports may Originate.—A curious illustration of this is found in an anecdote told in a lecture by Mr. Spurgeon. A minister lived opposite one of the deacons of his church. A report got abroad that the minister had been seen to beat his wife, and the matter was brought before a deacons' meeting. There the minister said he had traced the spreading of the report to the deacon's daughter. The good man, the deacon, said he would not have spoken, but his daughter's name having been mentioned, he must then state that when he was going to bed on a certain night, he did see (through the window blind of the lighted room) the minister beating his wife, and heard her scream. The minister was nonplussed, but he requested that his wife might be sent for and questioned. When she arrived she explained the whole matter. She said: "Don't you recollect that there was a rat in the room that night, that it got upon my dress, that you got frightened and took up the poker, that I could not stand still and ran round the room, you running after me with the poker? This is the explanation of the whole affair." Well, then, the lecturer would remark to his hearers, the next time they heard a story against a good man, let them say at once, "There is a rat at the bottom of it, I know," and that some simple explanation may account for the whole thing.

Relation of Beards and Eyes.—There is an intimate connection between the nerves and muscles of the face and eyes, and allowing the beard to grow strengthens the eye. It is said that surgeons in the French army have proved by experiment in Africa that soldiers wearing the beard are much less liable to disease of the eye, and it is generally conceded that if the custom is to wear the beard the eye retains its lustre and brilliancy much longer.

Beautiful Extract—Still Brothers.—The loved ones whose loss I lament are still in existence; they are living with me at this very time; they are, like myself, dwelling in the great parental mansion of God; they still belong to me as I to them. As they are ever in my thoughts, so, perhaps, am I in theirs. As I mourn for their loss, perhaps they rejoice in anticipation of our reunion. What to me is still dark, they see clearly. Why do I grieve because I cannot longer enjoy their society? During their lifetime I was not discontented because I could not always have them around me. If a journey took them from me, I was not therefore unhappy. And why is it different now? They are gone on a journey. Whether they are living on earth in a far distant city, or in some higher world in the infinite universe of God, what difference is there? Are we not still in the same house of the Father, like loving brothers who inhabit separate rooms? Have we therefore ceased to be brothers?

"My Boy Drunk!"—"Drunk! my boy drunk!" and tears started from the mother's eyes, and she bent her head in unutterable sorrow. In that moment the visions of a useful and honorable career were destroyed, and one of worthlessness, if not absolute poverty, presented itself. Well did she know that intemperance walks hand in hand with poverty, shame and death, and her mother's heart was pierced as with a sharp-pointed steel. Ah, young man! if the holy feeling of love for her who bore you is not dead within you, shun that which gives her pain; adhere to that which gives her joy. If she is with you on earth, she does not, cannot desire to see her son a drunkard; if she is with her Father in heaven, shun that course of life which shuts the gates of heaven against you, and debars you from her society forever. The drunkard can never inherit the kingdom of God.

Children's Feet.—Life-long discomfort, disease and sudden death often come to children through the inattention or carelessness of the parents. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet; the thing to be last attended to, see that the feet are dry and warm; neglect of this has often resulted in a dangerous attack of croup, diphtheria, or fatal sore throat. Always on coming from school, on entering the house from a visit or errand, in rainy, muddy, or thawing weather, the child's shoes should be removed, and the mother should herself ascertain if the stockings are the least damp, and if so they should be taken off, the feet held before the fire and rubbed with the hand till perfectly dry, and another pair of stockings and another pair of shoes be put on, and the other shoes and stockings should be placed where they can be well dried, so as to be ready for future use at a moment's notice.

A Beautiful Legend.—Jesus and two or three of his disciples went one day from Jerusalem to Jericho. Peter—the ardent and eager Peter—was, as usual, by the Teacher's side. On the road to Olivet lay a horseshoe, which the teacher desired Peter to pick up, but which Peter let lie, as he did not think it worth stoopting for. The Teacher stooped for it and exchanged it in the village for a measure of cherries. These cherries he carried—as Eastern men do carry such things—in the bosom of his dress.

When they began to ascend the ridge, and the road lay between heated rocks and over jagged stones, and among glaring white dust, Peter became tormented with heat and thirst, and fell behind. Then the Teacher dropped a ripe cherry at every few steps, and Peter eagerly stooped for them. When they were all gone Jesus returned to him, and said with a smile:

"He who is above stooping to a small thing, will have to bend his back to many lesser things."

Ants.—The equatorial regions would be uninhabitable were it not for the ants constantly engaged in cleaning away all the putrescible matter. They are carnivorous, preying indiscriminately on all the softer parts of animals. Bosman avers that the ants of Guinea will destroy a sheep in a night, leaving the skeleton white and clean. In Granada the sugar ants clean plantations of rats and mice by preying upon the young. The ants are an efficient Board of Health.

◆

Humorous.

Reductio ad Absurdam.—"He who would thrive must rise at five." So says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it; for, if

He who would thrive must rise at five,

it must follow, naturally,

He who'd thrive more must rise at four;

and it will insure a consequence that,

He who'd still more thriving be
Must leave his bed at turn of three;
And who this latter would outdo,
Will rouse him at the stroke of two.

And, by way of climax to it all, it should be held good that

He who'd never be outdone,
Must ever rise as soon as one.

But the best illustration would be

He who'd flourish best of all,
Should never go to bed at all.

The National Freemason.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 19, 1867.

R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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On Editorial Business, address Dr. McMurdy, box 5903; for Subscriptions and Advertisements, Ezra L. Stevens, box 5903, N. Y. City.

Our Rooms are No. 10 (first floor—second story), 39 Nassau Street, cor. of Nassau and Liberty Streets, opposite the Post-Office.

Dr. McMurdy is ready to see his friends in the morning, from 9 to 12 o'clock, at the office.

Agents.—There appears to be a misapprehension respecting brethren disposed to volunteer their services to induce their Lodges to take the National Freemason. A seal and commission are necessary only for *traveling agents.* Any brother wishing to send us names and money can do so from those who know him and are willing to trust him. We hope there is no subscriber to the Freemason who is not both willing and ready to do so. We have no exclusive general agent. We have several traveling agents, who are doing good service. Trust no traveling agent without commission and seal.

Bro. Levi Potter, P. W. M.—Zion Lodge—National Freemason.

[How many Masters will do likewise? Let every Master read this article.]

Remarks of W. Bro. Levi Potter, on retiring from the Oriental Chair in Zion Lodge, No. 514, E. Hamburg, January 5, A. L. 5867, in response to a resolution of thanks, ordered spread upon the minutes, and a copy furnished the National Freemason for publication:

W. M. Wardens and Brethren:—In response to the sentiments contained in your resolutions I return you my sincere thanks. Words of approval for services rendered are always acceptable, and should be justly appreciated by the recipients of such favors. If, during my long term of service, which has extended through *five successive years*, nothing has transpired to retard the progress and spread of Masonry within our limits, I am well repaid for the expense and official inconvenience always inseparably connected with such an undertaking. In looking over the archives of this Lodge, I find that during the several terms which I have had the honor to preside over this Lodge, I have initiated within the walls of this Lodge-room fifty candidates, and not, to my knowledge, *has one of that number dishonored the character of a Mason*, and if you persevere in the same cautious manner in the acceptance of candidates for Masonry, you will long continue to have the satisfaction of enjoying the enviable reputation which you now possess, and should my lot be still cast among you, or in far distant lands, the happy evenings which we have spent together within these consecrated walls, for our mutual benefit, can never be erased from my memory while reason holds her sway. Be diligent, then, in the discharge of the duties you owe to each other and to the Lodge, that so in years which are to come you may look back with pleasure on the past, and enjoy the happy reflection of a well spent life.

To each of the members of this Lodge I again earnestly recommend that you immediately forward your name, with one year's subscription, for the National Freemason. *In it you will learn many things which it is indispensable that you should know, and which can be acquired in no other way at so little expense.* Having been for several years the recipient of its benefits, *I speak from experience of what it has been*, relying on its able editors for its future usefulness. Let us, then, put forth a helping hand, and have the satisfaction of knowing that *we have at least one successful National Masonic paper, tending* to conciliate and bind the fraternal bonds of a united brotherhood. S. D. Oaks, Sec.

E. Hamburg, Jan. 5, 1867.

The Secretary writes the National Freemason that quite a number of the Lodge at once subscribed for the paper.

The Work of Charity—Rev. Mr. Tyng—St. Barnabas.

We were interested in the work of charity which our brother, the Rev. Mr. Tyng, Rector of Holy Trinity, and son of that eminent Mason, Rev. Dr. Tyng, brought before his congregation at the anniversary of church work for the year, Sunday, January 13.

His entire congregation is divided into various committees and societies, which enlist, more or less, the energies and sympathies of one thousand persons. One committee attends to the poor, another to the sick, another to the children, another to the strangers, and so on. What a noble work is accomplished by one of the committees, in finding suitable places for young men out of employment, and watching over them, and to whom these young men feel thus a responsibility for their good conduct.

Bro. Tyng, with his varied services and numerous societies, yet finds time to attend his Lodge and act as chaplain thereof.

On the preceding Sunday we felt it a privilege to preach for our young brother, the son of our esteemed Masonic friend of New Orleans, Rev. Dr. Leacock. Rev. Mr. Leacock being a deacon, we administered the communion. At St. Barnabas, we found boys brought from the street and taught to read and sing, so that they have become the choir of the chapel. Then, under the care of the Protestant "Sisters," women are brought here from the vicious dens of the city, commencing a new and pure life. After service, we were shown through the wards of the hospital, where neatness, order and comfort reigned, and where hundreds daily find shelter, clothing, food and encouragement to lead a good life. We found sister Mary evidently at home in her mission of mercy and charity. God bless all men and women, of every name, who give themselves to the divine work of charity.

The friends of the new insurance project, of which we have written several times, met at the office of The National Freemason, Friday evening, Jan. 11, and on the motion of Bro. Simons, Dr. McMurdy was called to the chair. Bro. Shepard was appointed Secretary. Bros. Carpenter and Shaw were appointed a committee to draft a petition for incorporation, secure an organic existence, and call another meeting. Persons wishing to unite, can leave their names at the office of the National Freemason.

There are a few subscribers whose residences cannot be found by the carriers. We have done what we can to remedy the errors.

If any brother holding a receipt from this office does not get his paper he should report it promptly.

Our visit to Manhattan Commandery, on Monday night, Jan. 7, at the request of the E.·. C.·. *frater* Hoole, was pleasant to ourselves. The Sir Knts. displayed interest in their work. The order of Knight Templar was given in a deliberate and solemn manner, and calculated to impress the candidates with the true idea of the ceremonies.

A Few Plain Words.

The National Freemason is not the organ of any party, without or within our fraternity. It is a paper to promote chiefly *the great principles of Freemasonry.* Upon the organizations of Freemasonry, so far as they relate to symbolic, chapitral and cryptic Freemasonry, and the chivalric orders, there is no division among us. But there is a division in the Scottish Rite, and want of perfect accord. There is the Southern Jurisdiction, not perfectly in accord with either the New York East or the Boston East. There is the New York East and the Boston East, both claiming to be legitimate bodies of the A.·. A.·. A.·. R.·. As a journal, we cannot *authoritatively* decide which is right. We cannot ignore either in our news department, for both are sustained earnestly by many and worthy brothers. Bro. Simons owes allegiance to the one East, and ourselves to another East. Yet we both agree that the paper shall represent all interests. While the one East is safe in his hands, the other East is so in our hands. Yet we print nothing, or aim to do so, that will be offensive to either body. We aim not to aggravate, but to restore peace and harmony. Is there any true Mason and brother, whatever may be his views, would desire any other position to be assumed by the National Freemason? If we should become the organ exclusively of one East or the other, then strife and feebleness in journalism would result. Ours is the only position to promote truth and peace, and meet the wishes of the masses, and at the same time preserve the independence of our journal.

If this whole matter were left absolutely and finally to Bro. Simons, of the one East, and ourselves, of the other, we don't think it would take an hour to harmonize the two bodies, satisfactorily to the masses.

If any brother finds fault with our positions, our columns are open to any discussion from any party, provided the discussion does not reflect upon motives or character.

Vice—Virtue.

Vice reproduces vice. The loading of our public newspapers with detailed accounts of crime makes them the instruments of corruption. If vice is contagious, why is not virtue also so? Why may not the Masonic press reproduce virtue as the satanic press reproduces vice? This is one mission of the National Freemason. It eschews the holding up before the community of vice, and proposes to fill the mind of the young with images of virtue.

A brother, referring to one of our items of kind deeds, wrote us: "Do you know that this man (of whose one kind action we made a record) has done so and so?" Yes, we know it. The world knows it. Newspapers and gossips repeat and exaggerate all his wicked deeds. There are too many to tell of the evil. We prefer to speak of his *good actions*, because it is just, because it will encourage him to do more good actions, because others may be induced to imitate him, and virtue be made contagious. How many young men and women we keep in sin and misery by shutting them out from all hope of society, reform they ever so thoroughly! Let our Masonic charity take the most erring brother by the hand, and encourage him to look up and live.

Humanity, as Religion, is a work, our brother of the *Hebrew Leader* informs us, issued by Dr. Samuel Hirsch, in 1854, and containing the reason why the Prussian Lodges exclude the Jews. We should be much pleased to see this work, for we feel a deep interest in having Prussia brought to the fullness of Masonic faith. Bro. Hirsch is now residing, we understand, in Philadelphia, as rabbi and preacher.

Bro. Mackey is welcome to our columns. The spirit of his letter to us is admirable, and we trust that the bond of Masonic peace and unity may be perfectly preserved.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS, P. G. M.

Ancient and Accepted Rite.

In a recent issue we published an article under the foregoing caption, in which we took occasion to refer to the quarrel which has so long disgraced this branch of Masonry, and to submit that, either the quarrel should be settled, or the whole thing abandoned as a plague to the peacably inclined members of the Craft. We also took occasion to warn the brethren that this senseless quarrel will react in other branches of the institution and finally set us all by the ears, a consummation which all good brethren should devoutly endeavor to prevent. In reply thereto, we have received the following letter:

"———, Jan. 7, 1867.

To the Editor of the National Freemason:

Several months ago I accidentally came in possession of the National Freemason, and being favorably impressed with its contents, I have continued to buy it and recommend it to Masons with whom I am associated. The last number contained an article headed 'Ancient and Accepted Rite,' and being interested in the success of that branch of Masonry, I read it. The article was calculated to make a bad impression on the uninitiated. The writer is willing to give up the whole thing unless the difficulties are settled. I do not object to a settlement of difficulties; but I do object to destroying the whole thing if it can't be settled according to the views of Bro. Simons. I do not object to Bro. Simons enjoying his own views; but I do object to patronizing and circulating a paper that denounces a branch of Masonry which I admire and support. If Bro. Simons desires to settle all differences, he can do so in *forty-eight* hours. I do not desire to advocate the claims of our branch of the A. and A. Rite, neither do I want the branch to which Bro. S. belongs to denounce it through your paper. The record of both bodies is made, and the Masonic fraternity can read and judge for themselves. I like your paper, and as long as you are impartial and do not denounce any regular branch of Masonry, I shall support it and recommend it to my Masonic brethren."

Now, whoever has read or will take the trouble to read our article, will see that we make no choice of sides whatever. We simply stated the fact that a quarrel has long been going on between the parties litigant, and that it is alike disgraceful to both. We said that it ought to be settled, and we say so again. We said that unless it could be settled, the whole thing should be got rid of as a nuisance. We say so now. Not because we have any objection whatever to the A. and A. Rite, *per se*, but because we believe Masonry teaches harmony, union, and brotherly love, and whenever any branch of it is persistently used to destroy those feelings and give birth to dissensions, evil speaking, and all uncharitableness, that branch is perverted from its true intent and meaning, and if it cannot be put to better uses ought to be discontinued; or, in other words, we denounced the quarrel, not the Rite. As a Mason and a journalist, it is our clear duty to use the press at our command for the interests of Masonry in general, and not for those of any particular rite or individual. To do so with advantage, we must be allowed to speak right out in meeting, to praise where praise appears due, and to reprehend where censure is needed. The childish quarrel in the Scottish Rite, which divides men who would otherwise be united, which is gradually spreading its baleful influence into Grand and Subordinate Lodges, which is the sole blot upon the fair escutcheon of Masonry, is censurable; and being so, it is our duty to censure it, and in compliance with that duty we shall continue to denounce it while we have speech or pen at our command, or until the quarrel is adjusted. Our brother appears willing that we should enjoy our opinions so long as they do not come in contact with his own. We are gratefully indebted to him for the privilege as far as it goes; but we prefer the one we owe to God and General Washington, which enables us to enjoy our opinion whether any one else likes it or not, and those opinions we shall always express, whether our correspondent does us the honor to read and circulate our paper or not. The press is not yet muzzled or hamstrung, and it will be a sad day for Masonry when it happens that a fair expression of opinion cannot be indulged without threats of snuffing out.

Our brother kindly suggests that "if Bro. Simons desires to settle all differences, he can do so in forty-eight hours." In the same genial spirit we beg to assure him that he is mistaken; no such power is lodged in our keeping; we wish it were, for the quarrel would be stopped in forty-eight minutes, and one of the greatest dangers now threatening American Masonry would be buried out of sight.

By a wise provision of nature, effects follow causes. If our friend does not like to read about the effects of the quarrel in the A. and A. Rite, let him give his influence towards removing the cause; in that way he may effect much good; but if he thinks he can garote the press, he will find himself engaged in an adventure to which those of Don Quixote were wisdom itself.

:o:

Letter from Dr. Mackey.

Charleston, S. C., *January* 7, 1867.

To the Editor of the National Freemason.

Dear Sir and Brother—I have not the presumption to suppose that any event of my private life can be of the least interest to the world, or even to the fraternity of which I have so long been a member. But as much has been said and some little written and printed in relation to the late elections in the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, in the course of which my name has been brought more prominently into view than I would have desired, I will, I hope, be excused and perhaps justified in placing myself right on the record, which, without my consent, is now being made up.

In your issue of the 29th December is an article headed, "The Grand Secretary of South Carolina." For the marked tone of kindness which distinguishes that article I feel deeply grateful. Its sentiments and language are those of a friend. Yet, there are one or two statements in that article, attributable, of course, to an ignorance of local events, which will bear emendation, and which, for the sake of my own reputation, require, I think, correction.

You say that "the opposition to Dr. Mackey and the desire for his removal from the office of Grand Secretary dates back for some years, and it has more than once required the strongest efforts of his old friends to retain him in his position."

Now, from this statement an inference might be drawn, I freely acknowledge without the least intention on your part to force such an inference, that there must have been something wrong about me to authorize or induce such continuous opposition. It is to me, therefore, very important that it should be known whether I have or have not been an unpopular officer, and if so, to what that unpopularity is to be attributed. I think I have a right to that explanation, especially if I can show that no such unpopularity ever existed except among a few Charleston Lodges, and that the unpopularity in this case really redounded to my credit as a just man and true Mason. This will involve a brief review of the constitutional history of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, which, although well known to all the leading Masons of that State, has never been put in print. As this will be a matter of interest to Masonic students, it may in some degree excuse the necessarily personal history of myself that is indissolubly connected with the transaction.

From its first organization to the year 1860, the Grand Lodge of South Carolina was misgoverned by a Constitution, which, in its complete disregard of all the principles of just representation, could only find its analogue in the "rotten borough" system that formerly disgraced the British Parliament. The Grand Lodge consisted really of only the Masters, Wardens and Past Masters of the Lodges which worked in Charleston. Every Past Master, after passing through his term of office, was, by an almost nominal election, made a member of the Grand Lodge, and entitled to one vote. The country Lodges had also each one vote, being thus placed upon an exact equality with city Past Masters, while the more favored city Lodges each cast three votes. Again, the three votes of each of the city Lodges were cast by its Master and Wardens—its own representatives—while the one vote of each of the country Lodges was cast by a city Past Master, each of whom was entitled to represent two country Lodges, and thus to hold two proxy votes besides his own vote of Past Master.

The Charleston Past Masters who acted as Proxies of the country Lodges were nominated to those bodies, in most cases, by the Grand Secretary, and these proxies were, nine times out of ten, absolutely ignorant of the very locality of the Lodges which they represented. As to any knowledge of their views or wishes, that was entirely out of the question. The officers of the country Lodges never became members of the Grand Lodge and never visited that body, because the communications were quarterly, and often special, the attendance on which, Charleston being the permanent Grand East, would have entailed too much expense. The whole business of the jurisdiction was conducted by the few Lodges in the city of Charleston, whose Masters and Past Masters concentrated in their own hands the entire Masonic power of the State, leaving the country Lodges, which were six or eight times their number, as mere ciphers, except in the payment of the annual tax.

I had long determined to make an effort at the first judicious moment to abolish this most iniquitous method of misgovernment. In 1856 I struck the first blow at the proxy system. There were then *ten* city Lodges who held the reins of government, and *fifty-four* country Lodges, who had no representation except the fictitious one of proxies unknown to them. In that year I publicly announced, in my annual report, that I would thenceforth consecrate myself to the introduction of a reform by which all the Lodges in the State should enjoy an equal representation, and the Past Masters be no longer permitted to exercise the privilege of voting. I labored to carry out these views with a diligence that was stimulated by the justice of the cause in which I was engaged. I visited the country Lodges; I wrote to those which I could not visit; I urged the laggard; I restrained the imprudent; I encouraged them with hope; I counseled them with advice. I was selected as the leader of the reformation. The battle lasted for four years, but at last we were successful. In 1860, the present Constitution of the Grand Lodge, the work of my own brain, was adopted by an overwhelming majority. The Past Masters were disfranchised of their votes, the proxy system was abolished, the quarterly communications were discontinued, and a system of paid representatives was established, by which the country delegates have ever since been enabled to be present at the communications of the Grand Lodge, to cast their own votes, to protect the rights and interests of their respective Lodges, and, finally, to turn their own ancient friend and leader out of office.

In all of this I was the leading reformer, and, of course, had to pay the reformer's penalty. From 1843 to 1856, while the power of election was in the hands of the city Lodges only, and during which time I had given no outward sign that I intended to wrest power from them, I had had no difficulty in retaining my office. I was generally re-elected by acclamation. In 1856 I sounded the tocsin of reform, and between that period and 1859, during which time the city Lodges still retained their power, the opposition to me and the desire to remove me from office was strongly displayed. It was the struggle of power to destroy him who was seeking to destroy it. The contest was a natural one, and therefore not unexpected. But from 1860 to 1865 there has been no difficulty in my re-election. It is true that I have been always opposed by the city Lodges; it was looked for, as a matter of course, at each annual communication. They have never forgiven me for having taken the control of the Grand Lodge out of their hands. The old Past Masters, especially, left as they were, high and dry upon the shore, have been anything but cordial towards me. But the country Lodges, grateful for my exertions in their behalf, have always come up manfully to my support, and the opposition has always been a mere flash in the pan; on most occasions not more than five or six, and never, I think, more than ten Lodges out of a hundred voting against me. I unhesitatingly declare that, while I was unpopular with the city Lodges after I became a reformer of abuses, there never has been in any jurisdiction a Grand Secretary more popular with the great mass of his brethren than I have been.

I have said all this because I have a very natural desire to show that in my own jurisdiction I have not so conducted myself as to make my retention of office a continuous conflict. Had it been so, I should long since have resigned. I did. I hope, as much for the office as the office did for me, and a constant fight for it would have been a game not worth the candle. You are right in supposing that I "made no effort to retain my position." At the eleventh hour I learned that during the summer much electioneering (what a word for Masonry!) had been indulged in by persons more interested in the result than I was, and that my political opinions and acts were urged as reasons for my removal. But I felt too much respect for my own independence of opinion and too much regard for the principles of Masonry, to seek the change of a single vote in my behalf.

I regret to say it, but the truth must be told, there was no concealment of the fact, the question on which my election hinged was a political one. Nothing else could have influenced the old friends and pupils who had learned Masonry from me, and some of them candidly acknowledged it. My own election was not the only one into which this most un-Masonic element entered. But I will desist. It is painful to know these things; it is still more painful to speak of them.

My only object in writing this communication is to show that I have not been heretofore that unpopular Mason in South Carolina which your remark, already quoted, would seem to indicate. No man likes to be considered unpopular, unless, like Aristides, he is unpopular because he is just.

Returning you my thanks for the kindness with which you have spoken of me,

I remain fraternally,

Albert G. Mackey, M.D.

Remarks.—We very cheerfully place before our readers the foregoing communication from our friend and brother Mackey. He does us the justice, it will be remarked, to admit the spirit of kindness in which our former article was written, and he will, we trust, accept what we now propose to say in the same spirit, because it is impossible that any other should exist between us. When we cannot speak kindly of the Doctor we shall hold our peace. Bro. Mackey will permit us to observe, then, that we have not been altogether ignorant of local Masonic events in his jurisdiction, except when all communication was interdicted by the government. We knew from his own lips that he was engaged in an attempt to reform the constitutions of his Grand Lodge, and we thoroughly sympathized with him in his work. We knew from others that he was making for himself a store of enmity that would one day be used against him; and we felt, as we feel now, that we would rather go down in such a cause than triumph by supinely letting the wrong alone. The Doctor fully admits that from this cause there was a constant opposition to him, and that finally the very men in whose interest he had labored, for the establishment of whose rights he had encountered what all reformers must encounter—misrepresentation and hostility—were the ones to "turn their ancient friend and leader out of office." This was to be expected; it ought to have entered into his calculations from the beginning, and we believe that if it could have been demonstrated to him that the result of perseverance would be his removal from office, he would not have swerved from his design by a hair's breadth. Nor do we see that in the event there is anything to affect our brother's popularity, in any proper sense of that term. To be popular because one never displays energy enough to run counter to generally conceived opinion, or because one allows admitted evil to pass unrebuked and unresisted, may be worthy of some men, but certainly not of Bro. Mackey. His popularity was not built on any such shallow foundation, and it will not be affected by his election to or removal from any Masonic office in the gift of the craft.

We also fail to perceive in what way the result of an election in the Grand Lodge of South Carolina can be tortured into an accusation against the personal merit of a candidate. Dr. Mackey, knowing that his course, in urging reform, had caused the Charleston Lodges to feel inimical to him, as well as the Past Masters who were members and voters under the old constitution—knowing that all through the summer they were engaged in an effort to supersede him—and yet making no effort in his own behalf, can surely not be surprised at the result, nor at a loss for a motive apart from and uninfluenced by politics in any shape. With all due respect, therefore, to Bro. M., we remain of the opinion expressed in our former article, and, in conclusion, offer him our congratulations that he is no longer Grand Secretary, for now his Masonic reputation will rest upon his brains, and not upon the *éclat* of a Masonic clerkship.

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The Brooklyn Temple.—For some time past efforts have been made for the erection of a Masonic temple in the sister city of Brooklyn. An act of incorporation has been granted by the Legislature, trustees elected, and the capital stock fixed at $200,000, in shares of $10 each. All that remains is to have the stock taken up, as it ought to be in twenty-four hours, to secure for the craft a building which would give them suitable rooms and appliances for their work, and to the city an architectural ornament worthy of its increasing greatness. The stock has thus far not been taken, and, to our mind, the reason is as simple as rolling off a log. The great majority of the brethren, absorbed in their own affairs, or in some matters of no moment beyond their own Lodges, have so far forgotten the whole subject, as not to be able, when it is mentioned in their presence, to precisely call to mind what is proposed to be done and how they expect to do it. The same idea will apply in this case as in the matter of committees, mentioned by us in a recent issue. When it was understood by the craft at large that the trustees had become a corporation, the brethren became possessed with the idea that the work was accomplished, and that in due time the temple would be completed, and they invited to assist at its dedication. The trustees, on the other hand, seemed to think that, it being known that the organization had been incorporated, brethren would instinctively step up to the captain's office and tender their ten dollar bills, with that freedom of action peculiar to race-horses and locomotives. These two notions have checkmated each other, and, consequently, little or no progress has been made. The remedy for this state of inactivity is apparent. It is in what Daniel Webster emphatically styled, action, *action*, ACTION! The question of ability admits of no discussion; that of propriety is equally plain, and it is morally certain that if the craft do not build and control this hall, outsiders will. It only remains, then, to have the subject fairly presented to the brethren to have the money raised and the building proceed. We presume that no one will thank us for presenting so plain a proceeding as is required, and we will only add that, whatever we can do to forward the undertaking to a speedy completion, is cheerfully at the services of trustees and brethren.

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Burial Insurance.—This matter, first brought to the attention of the Craft in this vicinity by our associate, Dr. DeMurdy, is meeting with much attention, and we entertain favorable hopes of forming an association comprising one or more thousands of members, and extending its benefits to many households left desolate by the hand of death. At a meeting of several brethren, held at the office of the National Freemason, preliminary measures were taken to get matters in such shape that an organization could be promptly effected whenever a sufficient number of subscribers offer to place the undertaking on a stable foundation. We approve of a suggestion made at the meeting, that the association be placed under the general incorporation laws, so as to give it legal sanction and insure confidence in its operations. As soon as the necessary preparatory measures are accomplished, notice will be given in this journal, and the Craft invited to avail themselves of the benefit of the proposed assurance.

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A Cyclopedia of Masonry. — We have received from the press of the Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Co., of this city, a copy of their latest issue, entitled "A Cyclopedia of Freemasonry," embracing the whole of Oliver's "Dictionary of Symbolical Masonry," together with a comprehensive supplement, containing definitions of the technical terms used by the fraternity, also an account of the rise and progress of Freemasonry and its kindred associations—ancient and modern. Edited by Robert Macoy.

To the student as a work of reference, and the newly initiated as a *vade mecum*, this volume is priceless. It contains nearly six hundred pages of matter, in a condensed form, so that every article is as full of meat as an egg, and gives the result of long experience and patient delving through hundreds of volumes not ordinarily accessible to the Craft. The historical articles are specially valuable, and will enable the reader to form a more correct idea of the progress of the institution from its earlier days down to the present than anything within our knowledge. We commend it to the Craft as a valuable addendum to every library, large or small, and a storehouse of solid Masonic knowledge for which Masons should display their gratitude by a liberal patronage.

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Thanks.

We esteem it a privilege, as the organ of the brethren, to tender their thanks to Messrs. Phelan, McDivitt, Carme, and Geary, for exceeding kindness in giving their time and skill at the several exhibitions of the game of billiards during the late Masonic Fair. On the closing night, the three first mentioned gentlemen played several games before a crowded audience, Mr. Phelan, in particular, distinguishing himself by some of the finest play ever witnessed, making a game of 500 points in some half dozen runs, and eliciting the admiration and applause of the spectators. We doubt whether, in his long experience, he ever played a better game.

We likewise tender especial thanks to Messrs. Lord & Taylor and Messrs. Brooks Brothers, for kindly allowing the advertising banner to be suspended from their respective premises during the whole continuance of the Fair.

The members of the Metropolitan Fire Department have also kindest thanks for the use of hose and the tender of services, should they unhappily be needed. In fact, all who were applied to in aid of the undertaking, responded with a liberality which we can only repay in words, but which we shall never forget.

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Washington as a Mason.

Various attempts have been made to delineate Washington in his Masonic character, but the highest honor that could be paid was to give them the title "Fancy Sketches." For some time past, however, there has been on the easel of Leutze a work of art in which Washington is pictured in Masonic costume and with appropriate Masonic surroundings. This picture was exhibited at the late Masonic Fair; in it the father is drawn life size, standing in the East, and in the act of pronouncing the final benediction. The face has the impress of calm dignity we naturally ascribe to Washington, and looks like a man conscious of power, but governed by benevolence, in which it is as far removed as possible from the characterless and unmeaning carricatures usually put forth as likenesses of Washington. The apron, and in fact all the surroundings of the figure, are painted fromthe original articles, so that whoever looks upon the picture may form a very accurate idea of how Washington looked among Masons. Mr. E. F. Crowen has become the possessor of the picture, and has published a copy of it printed in oil, so as to present an exact reflex of the original; and in announcing that duplicates can be had for six dollars each, we presume that the Craft at large will avail themselves of the opportunity to become possessed of this historic memorial. Address J. L. White, general agent, 432 Broome street.

[Correspondents will look here for notices of their communications.—R. McMurdy.]

Replies to Letters and Inquiries of Correspondents.

TEMPLAR.—The History of our Lord, as represented in art, is the history of Christian art. Early Christian madiæval art conveys a far deeper spirituality and reverence of feeling than is shown in any *chef-d'œuvre* of the 16th century. This is a fact, not a law. At first it was a sign to teach, not an ornament. The craft of the printer relieved it, and became the enfranchisement of the artist.

LEGEND.—All legends concerning Christ are based on the principle of filling up what the Gospels have left unsaid.

SCOTLAND.—The order of Malta does not exist there at present.

NEVADA, *Col. Ter.*—The question you mean to propose is, whether blank ballots cast at an election for officers, count. You do not discuss the propriety of casting blank ballots. The successful candidate must have a majority of all the votes cast. In your case the roll was called, and every brother having deposited his vote, it was found there were 30 votes cast. 16 were necessary to a choice. George Thompson received 15 votes. William Johnson received 14 votes, and there was one blank. There was no election, for no one could be said to have received a majority of all the votes cast, and the brother depositing the blank ballot cannot be lawfully deprived of his franchise. The true rule is to ascertain the whole number of votes cast, and then require the successful candidate to have a majority of the number.

Extracts—Letters.

Lima, O.

The National Freemason gives entire satisfaction, and is anxiously looked for.

Office of Grand High Priest, Iowa.

The National Freemason fills a void which has long existed in Masonic Literature in our country, and is certainly the best Masonic paper in America.

The *News*, of New Jersey, says:

The National Freemason.—This valuable publication should be received by every Master Mason in the land. We can cordially recommend it to the craft. Send for a specimen copy.

The *Daily Examiner*, of Richmond, Va., thus speaks of the National Freemason:

Among our selected articles will be found an interesting account of the different computations of time by nations and creeds, giving the argument in favor of the Masonic chronology. Our frequent drafts upon this valuable journal show our appreciation of its worth, and we feel in duty bound to recommend it to the fraternity as being ably conducted in all respects, and containing in every number much to entertain, instruct and improve, even the highest of the craft. The last number, in addition to other interesting articles, has a biographical sketch of the life and services of our worthy brother, John Paul Jones, "the Washington of the American navy."

National Democrat, of Michigan, says: "The National Freemason is the best publication with which we are acquainted."

Dunkirk Union (N. Y.), says:

The National Freemason is the most able Masonic paper we have had the privilege of reading. It should be taken by all Masons.

The Late Sir Knight John J. Aokey.—We regret to announce the death of our esteemed Sir Knight and friend, of Dayton, Ohio. Our condolence to his father, the beloved and eminent Commander.

The New Webster's Illustrated Royal Quarto Dictionary.

We spent the evening on Wednesday in turning over the 2,000 pages of this great work. First comes the memoir of Dr. Webster, then a brief history of the English language, followed by principles of pronunciation, and a treatise on orthography. Then comes the *Dictionary* proper. There is before the eye at once the syllabication, accentuation, derivation, orthography, and a concise, clear definition of each word of the language. The young, also, have a picture of the object defined, wherever it is appropriate. Take, for example, the word *abattis*. It is difficult to make a boy of eleven comprehend the definition, but painted before the eye it is understood. This feature alone makes the work indispensable to such fathers and mothers as are really interested in the development and true interests of their children. Our Masonic students, our young men at trades and in counting-rooms, would find this Dictionary a valuable companion, a source of amusement and instruction. With the Bible and the NATIONAL FREEMASON, we do not see that they would need much else.

Our Masters of Lodges, who sometimes make sad work with the English language, would find valuable assistance, in talking about "a pair of compasses" and the "compass."

The 1600th page commences with the pronouncing and defining vocabulary of noted fictitious persons and places. Following this are the pronunciation of Greek and Latin proper names, the etymological vocabulary of modern geographical names, of common English Christian names, of quotations, words and phrases, abbreviations and contractions used in writing and printing, and a classified selection of pictorial illustrations, amounting to 3,000 pictures.

Every mother will thank us whom we may induce to buy this great work for her dear boy. Every Lodge should have a copy for its ante-room table, and for the use of its officers.

Over thirty years of labor, by thirty American and European scholars, have been expended upon the *mere revision* of this work. It is the great literary work of the age. It is a monument of industry, research and erudition, essential to him who would speak, write or study other languages. It is as charming as a novel.

We recommend our host of readers to buy this book. Inquire for the unabridged edition, and after using it an hour you will call it cheap, and feel that we have said but a moiety of what it deserves in its behalf.

Mount Nebo Lodge, N. Y. City.

Armed with a complimentary ticket from the Lodge, we presented ourselves at the brilliant assembly of Tuesday evening, Jan. 8, and were received with the greatest cordiality. The officers of the Lodge and other brethren met us in the committee room, and the NATIONAL FREEMASON was roundly toasted, lead off by our editorial brother of the *Hebrew Leader*. We were delighted with the most perfect propriety and good feeling prevalent in this assemblage of brothers and their wives, daughters, and sweethearts. We shall certainly (D. V.) be at the next Annual Festival. The 8th of January, commemorative of the wisdom and prowess of our Masonic brother, General Andrew Jackson, Grand Master of Tennessee, was appropriately observed by the Grand Lodge.

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A BETTER AND MORE HONORABLE offering and service is made to our Grand Master in ministry to the poor and our brethren, and in cultivating the moral virtues, than in erecting fine buildings and temples. True, and yet the question is not between fine temples and the poor. The one can be attended to and the other not neglected. It is a question between expending our means, our salaries, visionary projects, banquets, suppers and processions—and buildings worthy of our fraternity and useful to our humblest brethren.

Masonry Preserves Her Greatness by Keeping Within Her Mission.

From *Le Monde* we learn that Freemasonry is interesting itself in primary and public instruction in France. The editor fears a connection with the State in this matter. He says:

> Masonry *is itself*, that is to say, great, only when placing itself above momentary preoccupations, it confines itself to elaborating, with perfect freedom, the principles which should govern the future destiny of humanity. Now, in order that this elaboration may be carried on under favorable conditions—that is, with the most complete independence—it is necessary that Masonry, as such, should not interfere with the affairs of States, or the State with those of Masonry. This is our profound conviction, and it is for this reason that we oppose the society mentioned, as a blow aimed at the independence of our association. We shall await, to continue this discussion, the publication of official documents.

This is true doctrine. Masons may, as citizens, engage in many things; but Masons, in an organized form, should attempt nothing, looking to the existence of Masonry as power.

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Our thanks are due to Bro. Rawson for a copy of the By-Laws of St. John's Lodge. It contains the original charter of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, Providence.

[L. S.] JER. GRIDLEY, G. M.

To all and every Our Right Worshipful and Loving Brethren, Free and Accepted Masons, now residing or that may hereafter reside at Providence, in the Colony of Rhode Island, the Right Worshipful Jeremy Gridley, Esq., Provincial Grand Master of the Ancient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons in North America, sendeth greeting.

Whereas, application hath been made unto us by John Gerrish and sundry other brethren of the Ancient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, now residing at Providence aforesaid, that we would be pleased to constitute them into a regular Lodge, that Masonry may increase and flourish in those parts.

Now, know ye, that we have nominated, ordained, constituted, and appointed our Right Worshipful and well beloved brother, Capt. John Burges, to be the First Master of the Lodge at Providence, aforesaid, and do hereby impower him to congregate the brethren together and form them into a regular Lodge. He taking special care in choosing two Wardens, and other officers necessary for the due regulation thereof for one year, at the end whereof the Lodge shall have power to choose and appoint their Master and other officers, and so annually. The Master and Wardens for the time being taking special care that all and every member admitted into said Lodge, from time to time, have been or shall be made regular Masons, and that they do cause all and every the regulations contained in the printed book of constitutions (except such as have been or may be repealed at any quarterly communication, or other general meeting in London), to be kept and observed, as also all such other rules and instructions as shall, from time to time, be transmitted them by us, or by our deputy, or the Grand Master, or his deputy for the time being, and that they do annually send an account in writing to us or our deputy, or the Grand Master or his deputy for the time being, of the names of the members of said Lodge, and their place of abode, with the days and place of meeting, with any other things that they may think proper to communicate for the benefit of their Lodge, and that they do send two guineas for their constitution, to be paid into the stock of the Grand Lodge in Boston, and further, that they do annually keep, or cause to be kept, the Feast of St. John the Baptist, and dine together on that day, or near that day, as shall be judged most convenient; and lastly, that they do regularly communicate with the Grand Lodge in Boston, by sending to the quarterly communication such charity as their Lodge shall think fit for the relief of poor brethren.

Given, under our hand and seal, at Boston, this eighteenth day of January, Anno Domini, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven, and of Masonry five thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven.

ROBT. JENKINS, D. G. M.
JOHN ROWE, S. G. W.
WM. COFFIN, J. G. W.

By the Grand Master's command.

JOHN LEVERETT, G. Sec.

The first article of the By-Laws makes a distinction very properly between its corporate and its Masonic title. They provide for certain officers, in which some of our Lodges are still deficient, viz., Organist, Sentinel and Chaplain. February 18, 5757, John Burges was the first Master, Edward Scott the first Senior Warden; Samuel Angell, Junior Warden, and John Gerrish, Secretary.

Aid to the Suffering Cretans.

We rejoice that Masons in the East are as citizens uniting to send aid to the suffering and destitute families among them. The present warfare is only the repetition of the old struggle of the Christian against the infidel, of progress against barbarism. Our Templar hosts will certainly do something to save the Candian women and children from starving, and thus incidentally help their husbands and brothers in their struggle for liberty and progress.

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TABERNACLE LODGE.—On Thursday night, although very much indisposed, we made a pleasant visit to this Lodge, and were most cordially received.

This Lodge is in the first year of its chartered existence and yet numbers 98 members, chiefly young men, who appear to comprehend the truths and object of Freemasonry. The Master, Bro. Loughery, is fluent, decided, presides and works well, and he is well sustained by his corps of efficient officers. The Lodge, it appears, has already received and expended $3,500, much of it, perhaps, for direct or indirect charity. A most remarkable feature in this Lodge is found in the fact that 24 or 25 brethren, originating it, paid out of their own funds almost $4,000, so that the Lodge started into the fullness of life fully equipped, and without any debt.

We made an effort to visit Templar Lodge on Friday evening, but after reaching the Hall were compelled to return from indisposition.

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TOLERATION in opinion, religious and political, lies at the foundation of Freemasonry in theory. Is this great principle carried into Masonic practice? Is there not much intolerance among us, an indisposition to hear and examine candidly Masonic suggestions and theories? One brother is rampant for Rebold's theory and ridicules Oliver's. Another brother regards Oliver's as the proper theory of the origin of Freemasonry, and discards every brother who differs from him.

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A TEMPLAR SYMBOL.—The symbol of the fish expressed the person of Christ himself. *Ichthous* acrostically, and by its mystical combination, has expressly gained favor as an anagram. It stands for *Iesus Christos, Theou Uious, Soter*—Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior.

The *dove* and the *ship* are used. The *anchor* represents hope. The lyre represents art.

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Our good brother Ransom, of the Masonic *Tidings*, wishes us to publish the following:

A WORTHY OBJECT.—Bro. Amasa S. Ladd, of Hume, N. Y., a distresshd aged brother, is addressing the craft, by circulars, for aid. We are personally cognizant that the facts set forth by Bro. Ladd, are true, and know him to be worthy of the charities of the brethren.

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The next number will continue the biography of General Andrew Jackson, Grand Master of Tennessee, and will contain, also, an engraving of the battle of New Orleans.

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THE LAND WE LOVE, a new monthly magazine, devoted to literature and the fine arts, is one of the raciest and most meritorious productions we have seen for years. It is edited by General Hill, Charlotte, N. C. $3 per annum.

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Masonic jurisdictions may elect whom they please to official position, without inquiry or criticism. If they avow an unmasonic motive, that motive may be and should be condemned.

Masonic Fruit—Edward I. and the Jews.

For many years the Masonic body stood alone in its full and cordial reception of the Jews to an equality of rights and privileges. She has persevered over the world until her influence has been felt and the truth has triumphed. We give below the penal laws as passed under Edward I. in the second half of the 13th century. The equalizing all in the late English bill sweeps the last vestige of intolerance from the Anglican statute book. A worthy work under a queen of Masonic training and Masonic parentage. Under Edward I. it was enacted:

1. No Jew shall come to or depart from England without license, on pain of death.
2. No Jew shall walk or ride without a yellow badge upon his or her outward or upper garment, on pain of death.
3. No Jew shall contemn Jesus Christ nor blaspheme his divinity, on pain of being burnt.
4. No Jew shall stir out of his house or lodging on Good Friday.
5. No Jew shall strike a Christian, on pain of having his right arm cut off.
6. No Jew shall kill a Christian, on pain that he be hanged alive on a gibbet, and be fed daily with bread and water till he dies on the same gibbet.
7. If any Jew shall cheat a Christian and escape, all the rest of the Jews shall make satisfaction to the Christian so cheated.
8. All the Synagogues of the Jews shall be suppressed, and if any of their Rabbis or Jewish priests shall teach or preach against the Christian religion hereafter in England, all such preachers and teachers shall be burnt.
9. No Jew, on pain of hanging, shall transport any bullion or coin beyond the seas, nor deface or melt down any Christian coin.
10. The king's judges shall not hear the testimony of a Jew against a Christian.
11. No Jew shall be sworn upon the Evangelists.
12. The Jews shall have four judges, two whereof Christians and the others Jews, who shall try and determine all causes between Jews and Christians.
13. All the children of the Jews, as soon as born, the rector or vicar of the Parish shall take from them, put such to nurses, and breed them up in the Christian religion, for which all the Jews must pay all the charges.
14. In the Exchequer appointed for the Jews, there shall be half Christians and half Jews; and both shall have equal power and different locks and keys to prevent fraud.
15. The Jews shall account for all the money they lay out and for the profits, and return before the justiciaries over the Jews as often as they shall be required.
16. If any Jew shall be converted to the Christian faith, all his usurious acquisition to be converted to pious and charitable uses, but all his goods, estate, and moveables, shall be his own, and not the king's, as formerly accustomed.
17. The Jews shall go to hear Christian doctrine once a week, and as many English Jews as turn Christians shall be as free of England as if they were born of Christian parents.
18. No Jew shall cohabit with a Christian woman.
19. No Jew shall be buried in any consecrated ground.
20. No Jew shall correspond with any of the enemies of England.
21. No Jew's widow shall have any right of administration, but after the decease of her husband all the Jew's effects and movables shall be vested in the king, and the king shall be executor and administrator to all the Jews in England.
22. No Jew shall sue for his own debts but in the name of the king and with the king's license, and if any Jew defrauds the king of his customs or other rights, he shall forfeit his all to the king.

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Le Monde, the philosophic, moral, and literary journal of Paris, thus speaks of the NATIONAL FREEMASON: "Of all the Masonic publications in the English language, the NATIONAL FREEMASON and the *Freemason's Magazine* of England appear to us the most important. Their tendencies are the same—God, the soul, the Bible.

"Without religion, Freemasonry is incomplete, it is nothing; and religion, without Freemasonry, in insufficient. The NATIONAL FREEMASON, while eminently Masonic, discourses of many other things. The editors take a *coup d'œil* of the world. They are interested in everything, and their able articles, with the exception of the remarkable biographies of illustrious Masons of the new world, are very short. Any one can readily see that the NATIONAL FREEMASON is edited in a city essentially active and industrious, which forgets not that time is money, and wishes to know everything.

"While timorous (conservative), it hesitates not to publish the most advanced opinions. We congratulate the NATIONAL FREEMASON most sincerely."

Le Monde translates and publishes our editorial article upon our visit to Garibaldi Lodge.

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Law Intelligence—(Continued).

SUPREME COURT OF MASONIC PUBLIC OPINION.

Before Chief-Justice "COMMON SENSE."

JEWISH BRETHREN *versus* AMERICAN FREEMASONRY.

Sixth Session.

The court at this session, as may readily be imagined, presented the appearance of a theatre when the "Comedy of Errors," "She Stoops to Conquer," or any other laughable play is performed by choice actors. It is strange, and painfully so, that fables invented by Cagliostro, Chevalier Ramsay, or, as some believe, by the Jesuits, attached to the unfortunate Pretender, should find credence, and so thoroughly fanaticize a mind otherwise gifted with benevolence and other virtues. Voltaire said that "Mahomet began by deceiving others, and afterwards became the dupe of his own deception." Such appears to be the case with our worthy but deluded brother; indeed, if he is not sincere in believing all that balderdash which convulsed the court with laughter, he is certainly entitled to the appellation of the best romancer in the world. Counsel B. declined further examination at present, but said he might hereafter resume direct examination.

Cross-examination.

Counsel A. "Bro. Oliver, we should like to hear some more of the Masonic antedeluvian history. What about Enoch?"

O. "As I said before, Enoch was installed Grand Master. The degeneracy of mankind increasing, he called a special assembly of Masons, in whom he could confide, in the presence of Adam, Seth, Jared, his father, and Methuselah, his son, and enumerated the wickedness of man. Adam here communicated the prophecy of the destruction of all things, except a few persons, by fire and water."

Counsel A. "Well, what next?"

O. "From this information Enoch formed a plan for preserving the knowledge he had acquired. So he built a temple in the bowels of the earth, the entrance to which was through several porches, each supported by a pair of pillars, and curiously concealed from human observation."

Counsel A. "Can you give a little more information about that wonderful structure?"

O. "Certainly I can. The perpendicular depth of this temple was eighty-one feet from the surface, *just eighty-one.*"

Counsel A. "Who aided him in that stupendous work?"

O. "Enoch, Jared, and Methuselah were the three architects who constructed this subterranean edifice; but the two latter were not acquainted with the secret motives which influenced Enoch in causing this cavern to be dug. The arches were formed in the bowels of the mountain which was afterwards denominated Calvary, in the land of Canaan, and the temple was dedicated to the living God."

Counsel A. "What next did he do?"

O. "He then made a plate of gold in the form of an equilateral triangle, each of whose sides was eighteen inches, *just eighteen inches*, which he enriched with precious stones, and encrusted it on a triangular agate of the same dimension. On this plate he engraved the ineffable character he had *seen* in his vision; and alone, in silence and solitude, he descended through the nine portals into the temple, and placed this invaluable treasure upon a cubical pedestal of white marble."

Counsel A. "That is very wonderful; but what then?"

O. "When the temple was completed, Enoch made nine secret doors, *just nine*, all of stone, and placed them at the entrance of the portals, with an iron ring inserted in each, for the facility of raising, in case any wise and good man of future ages should be led to explore the secret recesses of this vault. He then closed up the whole, that the secrets there deposited might remain in perfect security amidst the anticipated destruction of mankind—for the contents of this temple were not entrusted to any human being. Enoch paid occasional visits to the temple afterwards for devotional purposes."

Counsel A. "You have, of course, undoubted reason for believing all that to be true?"

O. "Of course it is true. You will find it all, and a great many more wonderful events, recorded in my 'Antiquities of Freemasonry.'"

One of the church members, of the jury, whom, the reader may remember, I introduced in my communication of the "fourth session" as "Bro. Fayth," showed considerable symptoms of uneasiness during the narration of the above wonderful history. At last, he got so excited that he actually broke loose, jumped over the railings, and, with wild gestures, exclaimed, in a loud voice:

"Oh, Owen, Huxley, Agassiz, Faraday, Tyndall, Herschel, Darwin, and other pretended professors of science, how insignificant, how incomparable is your knowledge of truth and philosophy with that just revealed by the *Minister*, the *Disciple*, t-h-e-l!"

Bro. Prood Deuce here gently laid his hand on him, and, with a significant look, sufficiently pacified him to resume his seat. Here even Bro. Hope chided Bro. Fayth for his indiscretion. The disturbance occasioned from the intemperate zeal of our hot-headed though otherwise worthy Bro. Fayth produced corresponding shouts of laughter in every part of the court, especially among those whose Masonic knowledge never soared higher than "*ancient York Masonry.*" No sooner, however, was order restored, than Bro. Oliver innocently asked the chief-justice if he should continue to relate some further wonderful acts of Enoch, about two pillars, one of marble and one of brass, erected by him on a high mountain. But the judge, fearing it might cause further disturbances, respectfully declined to hear more about the antedeluvian Masonic history.

Counsel A. "As an honest man, I conjure you to tell us if you have any *authentic* documents to prove your assertions about the Saints John."

O. "I am conscious that the freedom of discussion will be considerably restricted by *a deficiency of authentic evidence;* and I shall therefore *be obliged to accommodate circumstance to the traditions of Masonry, as these are my only guides through the impervious atmosphere of a distant period, which affords scarcely a glimmering ray to direct our path, or guide us in our search after truth.*"

Counsel A. "Do you really believe that the 'dedication' to the Saints John dates back to their time?"

O. "The records of our Order are so defective that nothing certain can be pronounced. A few casual hints is almost all we have to rest our arguments on. Whether the dedication dates back to the beginning of the Christian era, I will not venture positively to assert."

Counsel A. "You spoke about the Charter of Cologne, 1535, and called it *an ancient document*. Are you sure of its antiquity?"

O. "*There are reasonable doubts about the genuineness of this charter*, I admit. *As the fact is doubtful, no conclusive reasoning can be founded on it.*"

Counsel A. "Have you discovered any English documents relating to the antiquity of the practice of dedicating Lodges to the Saints John?"

O. "*The proof* [*of its antiquity*] *may appear meagre, owing to the dearth of Masonic manuscripts. No indications of it are found either in the manuscripts of the British Museum, in the ancient paper purporting to be in the handwriting of King Henry VI., or in any other document that has come under my notice, of the same or greater antiquity.*"

Counsel A. "Since you admit that you cannot produce positive proof of the connection or patronage of the saints, do you know when they were introduced as parallels?"

O. "*No authentic records precede the revival*, 1717, which treat of Masonry as a perfect system. All previous notices of the Order, *like the links* of a *broken chain*, are unconnected and detached, and, though extremely valuable as parts of a whole, are defective and useless, because the *connecting links are wanting.*

"*My researches have been unsuccessful to determine the exact period when the parallelism was introduced into the Order.* In the first lectures St. John the Baptist" [only] "is mentioned. In another formula, which was introduced a few years later, *improved* by Bro. Dunckerly, the parallelism is more intelligibly enunciated" [similar to that given in America].

By a Juror. "Bro. Oliver, you have written a book —'*Mirror for Johannite Masons.*' What was your object in writing it?"

O. "I wonder you are not aware that the lectures which were drawn up (in England) and modified by Dr. Hemming and his coadjutors for the general use of the Lodges after the reunion in 1813, *the reference to the two Saints John, both as patrons and parallels of Masonry, are discontinued; and the use of these lectures having been very generally adopted, all allusion to the above Masonic worthies is exploded and lost.*"

Counsel A. "Was not the removal of the Christian saints done for the purpose of obviating the charge of sectarianism by Jewish brethren?"

O. "In Jewish Lodges, the appropriation of Masonic patronage to Moses and Solomon is perfectly just, and in keeping with my argument, although it is precisely the same violation of the universality of the Order as the Christians are charged with, who assign their Masonry to the Grand Mastership of the two Saints John."

Counsel A. "But the Jewish brethren do not believe that Moses was G. M. and Joshua S. W. They complain that, through the introduction of Christian saints, the institution has degenerated into a sectarian church."

O. "*I am not insensible to the fact that such construction might possibly compromise its universal application to every age and nation in the world.*"

Counsel A. "Do you believe that the dedication to the saints is essential to the Masonic institution?"

O. "*I do not mean to infer that the introduction of Saints John is essential to the character of Masonry.*"

Counsel A. "Since you are willing to admit thus much, you must doubtless agree with the Earl of Zetland, that it is proper to guard the institution from being diverted from its object, and turned into a Christian church."

O. "To prevent the *universality* of the Order from being affected by such doctrine, the old charges distinctly provided that, although *in ancient times the Christian Masons were charged to comply with Christian usages of each country where they traveled or worked*, yet Masonry being found in all nations, even of divers religion, *they are now only charged to adhere to that religion in which all men agree*, leaving each brother to his own particular opinions—that is, to be good men and true, men of honor and honesty, by whatever names, religions, or persuasions they may be distinguished."

Counsel A. "Bro. Oliver, please to give us your definition of the aim and object of Masonry."

O. "In the article 'Controversy,' in my 'Dictionary of Symbolical Masonry,' I stated: 'Masonry is a universal system, and teaches the relative and social duties of man on the broad principle of general philanthropy. A Jew, a Mahometan, or a Pagan may attend our Lodges without fear of hearing his peculiar doctrines or mode of faith called into question by a comparison with others which are repugnant to his creed, *because a permanent and unalterable landmark of Masonry is the total absence and exclusion of religious and political controversy*. Each of these professors practices a system of morality suited to the sanction of his religion, which, as it emanates from the primitive system of divine worship, bears some resemblance to it; and, consequently, he can hear moral precepts inculcated without imputing a designed reference to any peculiar mode of faith.'"

Counsel A. "BRAVO! BRO. OLIVER. That is precisely the kind of Masonry we want to have in America. Now, will you tell us when the Grand Lodges of England and Scotland hold their Masonic festivals?"

O. "Formerly, the Saints John days were kept in England; but the annual festival of the G. L. of England is now held on the Wednesday following St. George's Day (April 23), that saint being the patron of England. For a similar reason, St. Andrew's Day (Nov. 30th) is kept by the Grand Lodge of Scotland."

Court adjourned.

Passing out of the court through a side room, I saw a group of brethren admiring a curious pair of boots. The uppers were long enough to reach above the hips, with straps to fasten round the waist, and were marked with crosses. A quaint accoutred retainer or squire relieved our curiosity by informing us that "they were part of the costume of the Most Puissant Lieutenant Grand Commander of the Supreme Grand Council of the Most Ineffable 33 degrees for England and Wales." At this announcement I heard a whistle. On turning round, I perceived Counsel A., from whom the whistle proceeded, with his forefinger raised, as if struck by some new idea, then, striking his thigh smartly, exclaimed, "Eureka!" "What is it?" asked a dozen voices. "I will tell you," said A. "These are the identical boots given by Enoch to Noah, to be worn by him immediately after leaving the ark, before the world became quite dried up. The learned doctor must have found his way through those nine stone doors, porches, etc., of that wonderful subterranean, antedeluvian temple." There were several other opinions hazarded by the bystanders. One said, "Puss in boots;" another, the "Seven league boots;" and a third remarked, "Capital for the oil regions of Pennsylvania, if the doctor would only get them patented." At that moment I received a note that the compositor was impatient for the manuscript, so had to hurry off. REPORTER.

(To be continued.)

Masonic (Home) Items.

Bro. Hon. E. G. Squier, late U. S. Commissioner to Peru, January 10, read a paper on "Cuzco, the City of the Sun, the capital of the Inca Empire."

—Bro. Henry Grider's (M. C.) widow (of Ky.) ordered by House Representatives to be paid amount due him.

—The Masonic school for the education of the children of deceased Masons was opened January 9th, in Richmond, Va., under the instruction of Mr. John H. Macrae and Miss Sarah F. Boykin. The Masonic committee present was composed of Dr. Dove, Rev. Dr. Burrows, Rev. George Jacobs, G. A. Myers and W. F. Drinkard, Esqs.

—A MASONIC MISSION.—The Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Indiana has sent to Mississippi, in care of the Grand Lodge of that State, two full sets of officers' jewels, which were stolen from the Lodges by members of the army. Most of them were found in a pawnbroker's office at Indianapolis, where they had been disposed of. They have been carefully collected, and are now returned. There was also the original charter of one of the Lodges—that of Eastport Lodge, No. 94.

—Bro. Isaiah Rynders is said to be preparing for the press a history of his life and transactions.

—Hon. F. Corwin, Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives, is a nephew of our late Bro. Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ohio.

BALTIMORE CITY, MARYLAND.—Mystic and Centre Lodges are helping the Fair in aid of our brethren at Charleston, South Carolina.

—The annual suppers of Benjamin Franklin and Warren Lodges were well attended.

—Our worthy brother, Sir Knight Walton, E.·. C.·., was presented, Christmas eve, with a beautiful silver ice pitcher and salver, as a token of esteem.

WASHINGTON CITY.—Bro. Bromwell, P.·. G.·. M.·. of Ill. and M. C., lectured before Dawson Lodge, Jan. 14. Why should not other members of Congress visit the Lodges of Washington?

—The silver jewels voted for, at the late Fair, were presented, January 17, to Washington Centennial Lodge, by Lebanon Lodge.

RUTLAND, Vt.—Jan. 7, W. E. Moore, pupil and companion of Audubon, delivered an address on his travels in South America, before the Lodge.

General (Foreign) Items.

One of the French courts has decided, that to call a woman a "female" is to insult her, and the offense is finable.

—The Duke of Veraquas died in Spain, January 5, the last living descendant of Christopher Columbus.

—2,600 horses were slaughtered last year at Berlin, for horse-meat.

General (Home) Items.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great Upper Lakes forms a river of three quarters of a mile in width, and then, being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 170 feet each.

—The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes.

—The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4100 miles in length.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

The following drollest scene of vituperation that Daniel O'Connell, the celebrated Irish orator and agitator, ever figured in, took place shortly after he had taken the third degree in Masonry, and not long after he was called to the bar, where, and at the Lodge, his character and peculiar talents received rapid recognition from all who knew him. His talent for vituperative language was early perceived, and by some he was, even in those days, considered matchless as a scold. However, there was at that time in Dublin a certain woman, Biddy Moriarty, who had a huckster's stall on one end of the quay, nearly opposite the Four Courts. She was a virago of the first order, very able with her tongue. From one end of Dublin to the other she was notorious for her powers of abuse, and even in the provinces Mrs. Moriarty's language had passed into currency.

The dictionary of Dublin slang has been considerably enlarged by her, and her volubleness had almost become proverbial. Some of O'Connell's friends, who had heard O'Connell at the Lodge and in their circles speak of the comprehensiveness of Freemasonry and the applicability of its geometrical allusions to every department of life, thought that it must fail on this occasion, as well as his power of vituperation, however, thought that he could beat her at the use of her own weapons. Of this, however, he had some doubt himself, when he had listened once or twice to some minor specimens of her billingsgate. It was mooted once or twice whether the young Kerry barrister could encounter her, and some of the company (in O'Connell's presence) rather ridiculed the idea of his being able to meet the famous Madame Moriarty. O'Connell never liked the idea of being put down, and confessed his readiness to encounter her, and even backed himself for the match. Bets were offered and taken, and it was decided that the matter should come off at once.

The party adjourned to the huckster's stand, and there was the owner herself superintending the sale of her small wares.

O'Connell was very confident of success. He had laid a very ingenious plan for overcoming her, and with all the anxiety of an ardent experimentalist waited to put it into practice. At this time O'Connell's own party and the loungers about the place formed an audience quite sufficient to rouse Mrs. Moriarty on public provocation to a due sense of her powers. O'Connell commenced the attack by saying:

"What's the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. What's-your-name?"

"Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good one it is, too, and what have ye to say agin it? And one and a sixpence is the price of the stick. Troth, it's cheap as dirt, so it is."

"One and a sixpence for such a walking-stick! Whew! Why you are no better than an impostor, to ask one and a sixpence for what only cost twopence."

"Twopence, your grandmother," replied Mrs. Biddy. "Do you mean to say that its cheating the people I am! Impostor, indeed."

"Aye, impostor; and it's that I call you to your teeth," replied O'Connell.

"Come, cut your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old diagonal," replied O'Connell, calmly.

"Stop your jaw, you pug-nosed badger, or, by this and that," cried Mrs. Moriarty, "I'll make you go quicker than you came."

"Don't be in a passion, my old radius; anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By hokey, if you say another word of impudence I'll tan your dirty hide, you beastly common scrub; and sorry I'll be to spoil my fist with your carcass."

"Whey, boys! what a passion old Biddy's in; I protest as I am a gentleman."

"Jintleman! jintleman! The like of you a jintleman! Wisha, be gor, that bangs Banaghar. Why, you potato-faced pippin-sneezer, where did a Madagascar monkey like you pick up enough of common Christian decency to hide your Kerry brogue?"

"Easy now," cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good humor, "don't choke yourself with fine language, you old whisky-drinking parallelogram."

"What's that you call me, you dirty, murthering villain?" roared Mrs. Moriarty, stung into fury.

"I call you," answered O'Connell, "a parallelogram, and a Dublin judge or jury would say it was no libel to call you so."

"Oh, tare and ouns! Oh, holy Biddy! that an honest woman like me should be called a parry belly grums! you rascally gallows-bird; you cowardly, sneaking, plate-licking blaggard!"

"Oh, not you, indeed!" retorted O'Connell. "Why, I suppose you'll deny that you keep a hypothenuse in your house?"

"It's a lie for you, you bloody robber! I never had such a thing in my house, you bloody old thief!"

"Why, all your neighbors know very well that you not only keep a hypothenuse, but that you have two diameters locked up in your garret, and that you go to walk with them every Sunday, you heartless old heptagon."

Oh, hear that, ye saints in glory! Oh, that's bad language for a fellow who wants to pass himself off for a jintleman. May the divil fly away with you, you micher from Munster, and bake celery sauce from your rotten limbs."

"Ah, you can't deny the charge, you miserable submultiple of a duplicate fraction."

"Go rinse your mouth in the Liffey, you nasty tickle pitcher. After all the bad words you speak it ought to be filthier than your face, you dirty chicken of Belzebub."

"Rinse your mouth, you wicked old polygon. To the deuce I pitch you, you blustering intersection of sinking superfluities."

"You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease your jaw, I'll—"

But here she gasped for breath, unable to hawk up any more words, for the last volley of O'Connell had nearly knocked the wind out of her.

"Whilst I have a tongue I'll abuse you, you most inimitable periphery. Look at her, boys—there she stands—a convicted perpendicular in petticoats! There's contamination in her circumference, and she trembles with guilt down to the extremity of her corollaries. Ah! you're found out, you rectilineal, antecedent, and equiangular old hag! 'Tis you the devil will fly away with, you porter swiping similitude of a bisection of a vortex!"

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, Mrs. Moriarty was silenced. Catching up a sauce-pan she was aiming it at O'Connell's head, when he very prudently made a timely retreat.

"You have won the wager, O'Connell," cried the men who proposed the contest. "Here's your bet."

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK.—Brooklyn Lodge, 288, has elected the following officers for 1867:

Joseph G. Cartney, W. M., Edward M. Tyrrell, S. W., William Bell, J. W., Chauncy Barnes, T., James A. Palmer, S., Wm. Whealan, S. D., Philip F. Lenhart, J. D., Charles Vaughan and W. M. Dowers, M. C., S. H. McWilliams, John M. Reilly and John Dale, Trustees, W. Brown, Organist, Wm. M. Richardson, Tyler.

WISCONSIN.—Grand Commandery on Jan. 2 installed the following officers for this year:

Alvin B. Alden, G. C., Wm. H. Hiner, D. G. C., James K. Proudfit, G. G., David S. Foster, C. G., Rev. James Dixon, P., George G. Williams, S. W., W. E. Kittridge, J. W., Frank J. Crosby, T., Wm. T. Palmer, R., Nathaniel A. Baillie, S. B., F. L. Von Suessmilch, S. B., A. P. Mapes, W., Yates Ashley, G. C. of the G.

The Commanderies of the State were fully represented, and many Sir Knights were in attendance from abroad. A pleasing feature was the presentation of Sir Knights to H. L. Palmer, by Sir Knight Alden, of a beautiful tea set of solid silver, "as an expression of their appreciation of the valuable and meritorious services rendered by him as Grand Commander, as well as of their regard and affection for him personally." The presentation speech is said to have been peculiarly appropriate, and the response in Sir Knight Palmer's happiest vein. The set consisted of a coffee-pot, tea-pot, water-pot, creamer, sugar-bowl and slop-bowl, of elegant pattern, inscribed as follows: "R. E. H. L. Palmer, Past Grand Commander, by the Grand Encampment of Sir Knights of Wisconsin. January 2d, 1867, A. D. 749." Purchased East—engraved by Matson & Loomis—cost about $500.

We learn that the State Grand Consistory recently elected the following officers:

H. L. Palmer, Ill. C. in C., A. B. Alden, D. Ill. C. in C., W. H. Hiner, 1st L. C., J. C. Rudd, 2d L. C., K. Darling, G. M. and O., W. T. Palmer, G. S. and K. of S. and A., D. A. Olin T., M. L. Youngs, G. M. of O., Yates Ashley, G. H., J. W. Crippen, G. I., E. F. Lewis, G. C. of G., S. H. Bailey, G. S.

MINNESOTA.—Grand Lodge. At the late meeting of the Grand Lodge, Bro. Prescott, Grand Master, in his address said:

"A young man, the son of an esteemed member of this Grand Lodge, lost a leg, yet with such skill has the cunning workman in artificial limbs replaced the missing member, that a casual observer would not perceive the loss. Is the door of Masonry barred against this man, who can pass through all our ceremonies with entire readiness, and has no physical maiming which would, in the least, interfere with his becoming a shining light in speculative Masonry? In the operative days of our Order, the spirit of our institution required the physically perfect youth. In our day the spirit of the institution finds more need of perfection, or struggles toward it, at least, of a different and higher type. You will see, brethren, that this is merely a representative case. You will have to consider the whole question of physical imperfection, remedied, as it is, to so great a degree by modern science.

* * * * * *

"A few words now in regard to the esoteric work of Masonry—plain words, too, brethren. In my Masonic infancy, listening to the grave discussions of those from whom I, as a neophyte, sought instruction, I trembled for the institution, because all did not agree upon the precise words to be used in our work and lectures. I thought every sign, every ceremony and every expression, had its origin when—well, *you* know—when Masonry begun; and to learn that the words—nay, worse still, the very ceremonies wherein I had so faithfully represented a renowned predecessor—materially differed in different jurisdictions, was to learn that there might be a taint of modernism, even in our ancient institution, which would surely prove, some day, that all its venerable gray hairs were the work of wig-makers. I have learned some things since, and among the things learned are—that the Preston Lectures, so called, are (perhaps) Preston's Lectures; that the Webb work, so called, is Webb's work; that the Wilson work, so called, is Wilson's work; and Barney work is Barney's work; and Morris work is Morris's work; and Pierson work is Pierson's work; and—and so on through the whole catalogue of authors and revisers. I have learned, too, that all these men have the same skeleton of facts (traditional, to be sure, but wonderfully concurrent), which they have tried to fill out with sinew and muscle, and—it must be confessed—a great deal of adipose; and I have learned ever to be looking through and beyond the modern trappings, and trying to realize the great truths so grandly 'veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols.' Thus looking and trying, I have said to myself, this is a noble old skeleton. Had not we better, instead of stuffing it out with pillows and sawdust till it shall look as sleek and fat as a hypothetic alderman, just put bone to his bone, and adding only enough of sinew and muscle to make it work, save all the rounding out of form and decking out of person for independent speculative discourse?

"Bretbren, I am satisfied we try to preach too much in our ceremonies, and are too verbose in our lectures. The former, when well performed, are significant enough to speak in their own most expressive language of action; the latter should only seize those salient points which enable the mind, at once, to grasp and analyize all that lies between. Save something for reflection and study—for familiar lecture and talk, during those evenings when no work, technically speaking, is before the Lodge. Let officers and brethren, instead of being contented with fluency in parrot-like repetition, study to *act* well their part, and with a few words fitly chosen make our symbols and ceremonies tell their own story with an emphasis that shall install them as monitors for all future time.

> "'Within the deep recesses of the brain,
> Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
> Awake but one, and, lo, what myriads rise!—
> Each stamps its image as the other flies.'

"I never look upon a level or plumb-line, gavel or square, without having at once rise before me the vision of a temple so radiantly beautiful—so suggestive of purity and peace—that it flashes out, 'Building of God!' from corner-stone to cope-stone.

"We are far down in the stream of time, brethren The head of gold, the breast of silver, the thighs of brass and the legs of iron, have passed into history. Part of iron and part of clay, our institution is, to-day, partly strong and partly broken. Instead of spending our strength in trying to mix what will not mingle, let us endeavor to 'strengthen the things that remain' by giving more prominence to what is really old—the teaching a great truth by a significant allegory.

"Not that I think the manner of working unimportant. Nay, more important does it become when taken for what it really is, than when set up for what it really is not. Reflecting, unbiased minds will always detect the fallacies of charlatans, and will be repelled instead of captured by empiricism. Let us speak and act honestly. Our foundation is an ancient one. It lies deep among the ruins of earliest time. Here and there stands a noble column, a perfect arch, while scattered around, out of place, lie the evidences of a once complete structure. Modern assumption, proud and vain, would sometimes replace these vestiges—grand in their desolation—with a tinseled toy, which pleases the eye, charms the ear, but scorches and shrivels, and shows its tawdriness before the judgment. The effect of such Masonry is well depicted by an old prophet: 'And, lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play on an instrument, for they hear thy words, but they do them not.'

"Uniformity in our work and lectures is desirable for many reasons, and the diversity existing in our jurisdiction is, it seems to me, needless. Needless, but not strange. Our brethren hail from all countries and all sections of the same country, and harmony here would demonstrate its universality; but it is time now, as before hinted, to discard the excuses of earlier days and assume the stability which becomes a settled community."

Bro. Prescott declined a re-election. The following are the officers for the current year:

C. W. Nash, G. M., W. T. Rigby, D. G. M., Robert Stewart, S. G. W., S. R. Merrill, J. G. W., Geo. L. Otis, G. T., Wm. S. Combs, G. S., Rev. S. Y. McMasters, G. C., E. D. B. Porter, G. M., T. C. Shapleigh, G. S. B., H. D. Brown, G. S. B., J. D. Jennings, S. G. D., W. T. Kittridge, J. G. D., J. W. [illegible], G. P., Theo. Furber, S. G. S., P. R. Austin, J. G. S., A. Richardson, G. T.

KANSAS.—Ottawa.—St. John's Day, hall dedicated and officers installed. Rev. G. S. Dearborn delivered the address. There was a good supper, felicitous singing, and much speaking.

KENTUCKY.—Mount Zion Lodge, No. 147, Louisville. Officers for the current year: Geo. H. Kopmeier, W. M., John Hehl, S. W., Fred. Hanck, J. W., H. Kirrkamp, S. D., C. E. Meyer, J. D., Fred. Schmilt, S. and T.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

UNITED STATES OF COLOMBIA, S. A.—Gen. Mosquera talks of resigning his position as Executive, feeling the cause of patriotism almost hopeless. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Bogota, and the priests generally, are in rebellion against him. He is a friend of progress; but, at any rate, the fact that he is a Mason appears to be sufficient to justify the priests in rebellion against one who has been excommunicated for his adhesion to the fraternity.

PANAMA, S. A., Dec. 27, 1866.—Our brother, the U. S. Consul, presided over a Masonic supper at the Lodge rooms of the place. The prominent citizens were out. Some native ladies attended, and the foreign ladies generally. Native ladies were kept away by direct interference of the priests, who claimed that the Pope had excommunicated all Freemasons. It was a festive occasion, in which nationalities and religions were forgotten in the Masonic bond.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—St. John's Lodge. In the address of presentation of a massive gold watch to Bro. Bunting, P.·. M.·., there is this:

"For the period of nearly fifteen years, during which you have been a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 436, Free and Accepted Masons, you have not only filled many of its most important offices, including that of Worshipful Master, but you have endeared yourself to the Lodge, and, we believe, to the fraternity, by the frankness of your character and the sincerity of your actions, and by the ready performance of offices of attention and affection, far beyond those which have devolved upon you of a merely official or routine nature."

In the reply:

"Since my first induction into the Craft it has ever been my endeavor, as far as lay in my power, to show that Freemasonry in its principles and teachings is something of a more exalted and substantial nature than a mere plaything, and that its duties and claims as a charitable, moral and law abiding institution are of paramount importance."

PROGRESSIVE CHAPTER, U. D., R. A. M., meets in Ninth Street, near North First Street, Brooklyn, E. D., on the first and third Fridays in each month.

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Henry E. Day, Kt. S. W. H. L. Foote, Treasurer.
J. Windle Fowler, Kt. J. W. A. G. Bisbee, Orator.
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C. Latour, S.·. Kt. W.·. H. Clay Lanius, A.·.

SAMOTHRACE SENATE, No. 1, A. & P. . of N. Y., meets 1st & 3d Wednesdays, in Chapter room, Odd Fellow's Hall.
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CANTATAS.—As the Hart Pants, *Mendelssohn*, bds. 60 cents pa. 50. Hear my Prayer, *Mendelssohn*, 50. Hymn of Praise, *Mendelssohn*, $1.00. Miriam's Song of Triumph, *Schubert*, 75. Praise of Friendship, *Mozart*, 50. St. Cecilia's Day, *Van Bree*, cl. $1.25, pa. $1.00. May Queen, *Bennett*, cl. $1.25, pa. 90. The Morning, *Reiss*, 50. Storm King, *Baker*, 38. Burning Ship, *Baker*, 85. Winter Evening's Entertainment, *Cull*, cl. $1.25, pa. $1.00. Transient and Eternal, *Romberg*, 38. Great Rebellion, *Webster*, $3.00.

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† *JOSEPH STARKEY*, 18.°

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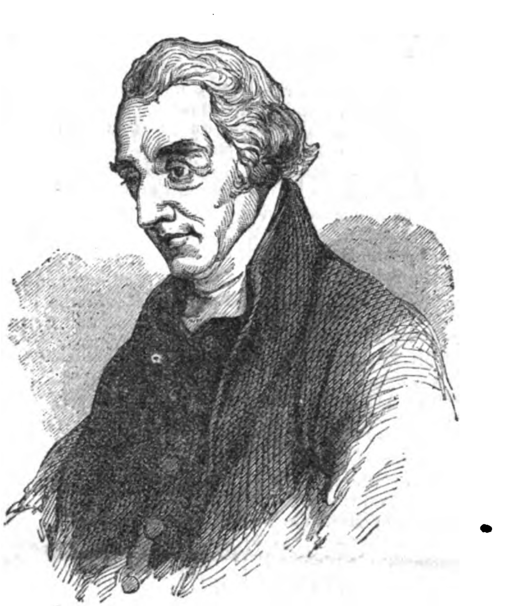

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Murray's father was of the noble and Masonic Murray family of Scotland, who, with the spirit of adventure, became a farmer and miller of Pennsylvania, marrying Mary *Lindley*, a modest young Quakeress.

Murray was born at Swatara, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, 1745.

At an early age he attended school in Philadelphia, where he was thoroughly instructed in the English branches by Ebenezer Kinnersly, a Masonic brother, friend and correspondent of Pennsylvania's eminent craftsman, Dr. Franklin.

1755, Lindley, being in his tenth year, his father became a merchant in New York city, and young Murray studied Latin and Greek, with great success, preparatory to entering college, but failing health compelled him to leave his books. He entered his father's counting-room, but its routine and the sterness of his parent became irksome. He was intensely devoted to books, and receiving a punishment from his father which he deemed unmerited, he fled from his home, and for weeks thereafter was a close student of a boarding school at Burlington, N. J., before his friends ascertained his place of concealment. With reconciliation, Lindley returned to the drudgery of a merchant's desk.

After much persuasion, young Murray's father permitted him to enter the law office of Benjamin Kissam, as a student, where he enjoyed the fellowship of John Jay, then preparing for that brilliant public career upon which he soon afterward entered. Robert Murray, the father of Lindley, owned one of the first three coaches introduced into the city of New York, about ninety years ago. Another, owned by Mr. Beekman, is yet well preserved, and in possession of his descendant, Hon. James W. Beekman. There was much prejudice against coaches when they were introduced, and Murray called his "a leathern conveniency." His country seat was on land now known as Murray Hill, in the city of New York, whence Lindley came daily to the law office. His father gave him a fine law library, and Lindley Murray commenced the practice of his profession, in the city of New York, with promises of great success. He married an amiable woman, and regarded himself as permanently settled for life, when feeble health admonished him to try a change of climate. He went to England, was greatly benefited, and sent for his family; but yearning for his native land, he returned in 1771. When the War for Independence broke out, he acted consistently with the principles and discipline of the Society of Friends, of which he was a valued member, and remained neutral and in retirement, at Islip, Long Island. His father died during the war, and on the return of peace, Lindley went back to the city, resumed the mercantile business which he abandoned in youth, purchased a beautiful country-seat on the Hudson, and seemed about to take rank with the merchant princes. Again ill health warned him away from the changeable climate of New York. He went to England, purchased a beautiful estate in Yorkshire, and there gradually sunk into the confirmed invalid's chair. His malady was a disease of the muscles, which finally deprived him of the use of his limbs. For sixteen years he was confined to his room, and it was during that long season of bodily affliction that he produced his popular English Grammar, English Reader, and several religious works. At his death, which occurred on the 16th of February, 1826, in the eighty-first year of his age, he left a fund, the interest of which was to be devoted to the diffusion of religious sentiments in America. The trustees faithfully execute that provision of his will, and have gratuitously distributed many thousands of his "Power of Religion on the Mind." They have published Dymond's "Inquiry into the Accordance of War with the Principles of Christianity," for the same purpose, and other works are following. Thus the good of this Mason lives after him.

1766, so soon as Murray had reached his twenty-first year, he was initiated into St. John's Lodge, a Lodge holding its warrant from the Grand Lodge of England. He became a Fellow-Craft in two months, and a Master Mason before the close of the year. He showed great regard for the teachings of the institution, and filled several offices. One year he was Junior Warden, and the next year was made Senior Warden. He would undoubtedly have been the Master of the Lodge, but ill health compelled him to go abroad. In England he attended Lodges as his health permitted, and was always desirous of being known as a brother.

Upon his return, he and his mother did good service to his Masonic brother, General Putnam. Murray Hill, now occupied by 33d street to 45th street, inclusive, and Lexington ave. and Sixth ave., in New York city, was the residence of mother and son. Mrs. Murray saved General Putnam and his troops from capture when the American army was compelled to leave the city in 1776, by purposely detaining the British officer at an entertainment she gave until Putnam was apprised of his danger, and was safe from pursuit. Governor Tryon jested her freely about her American friends during the entertainment. He knew not that these hospitalities secured the safe retreat for a part of the American Army.

With the true spirit of a Freemason, Bro. Lindley Murray, who had so perfectly cultivated one of the seven Masonic liberal arts, shows in his introduction to his English Grammar (a duodecimo of 666 pages), issued in 1795, that he *had no other object in its publication but the public good.* He says: "The author of the following work has no interest in it but that which arises from the hope that it will prove of some advantage to young persons, and relieve the labors of those who are employed in their education. He wishes to promote, in some degree, the cause of virtue, as well as of learning; and with this view, he has been studious, through the whole of the work, not only *to avoid every example and illustration which might have an improper effect on the minds of youth*, but also to introduce, on many occasions, *such as have a moral and religious tendency.* His attention to objects of so much importance will, he trusts, meet the approbation of every well disposed reader. If they were faithfully regarded in all books of education, they would doubtless contribute very materially to the order and happiness of society, by guarding the innocence and cherishing the virtue of the rising generation."

Murray's book, which is not only a treatise on grammar, but a profound work on language and rhetoric, at once found favor with the critics, was introduced into libraries, and became the text-book, both in England and America, of English grammar and rhetoric. We may remark, in this connection, that Murray employed the term grammar in its early Masonic meaning, as including rhetoric, logic, and mental philosophy.

IF GOOD MEN ALL WERE MASONS.

There's never a tear that fell,
But some kind hand would heal it;
There's never a sigh would swell,
But some kind heart would feel it;
There's never a widow sad,
There's never an orphan lonely,
But some one would make glad,
With smiles of joy, if only
The good men all were Masons!

There's never a word profane
Would be by mortal spoken;
There's never a plan would fail
And never a law be broken;
There's never a man would die
Away from loved ones, lonely,
There's never a shuddering cry
Would mount to heaven, if only
The good men all were Masons!

But every heart would smile,
And tongues break forth with singing,
And stores of corn, wine, oil
The generous would be flinging;
And each would strive to make
The path of life, now lonely,
A green and flowery way,
Like Eden's walks, if only
The good men all were Masons!

But as the good men all
Are *not* in our connection,
Let's try, what few we are,
To be of one complexion;
Let's try, though frail and weak,
And ofttimes poor and lonely,
To show what life would be,
And man would *do*, if only
The good men all were Masons!

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET LIKE THEM?

Ah! when shall we three meet like them,
Who last were at Jerusalem?
For three there were, and one is not—
He lies where Cassia marks the spot.

Though poor he was, with kings he trod,
Though great, he humbly knelt to God.
Ah! when shall those restore again
The broken link of friendship's chain?

Behold where mourning beauty bent
In silence o'er his monument,
And wildly spread in sorrow there
The ringlets of her flowing hair!

The future sons of grief shall sigh,
While standing round in mystic tie,
And raise their hands, alas! to heaven,
In anguish that no hope is given.

From whence we came, or whither go,
Ask me no more, nor seek to know,
Till three shall meet who form'd, like them,
The Grand Lodge at Jerusalem.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXXII.—JIM BILLINGS IS WANTED.

Miss Spencelaugh took up her quarters at the house of a friend in Harley Street, and was waited upon, the morning after her arrival in town, by Mr. Penning.

A quiet, shrewd, middle-aged gentleman was Mr. Penning, the embodiment of prosaic common sense.

"Oblige me by reading this paper carefully through," said Frederica, as she gave John English's statement into the lawyer's hands.

Quietly observant of him as he sat opposite to her, Frederica saw his white eyebrows go up several times in the course of the reading, but he said no word till he had mastered the last line. "A singular document, my dear Miss Spencelaugh—a very singular document. Have you any corroborative evidence to offer as to the truth of its statements?"

Frederica gave him an epitome of her visit to Grellier's almshouses, and then called Jane Garrod into the room. Mr. Penning listened attentively to Jane's narrative, and took notes of the chief points. "This, I presume, completes the case as far as it goes at present?" said the lawyer when Jane had left the room.

Yes, Frederica said, that was all the evidence she had to offer.

"In the present state of this affair," resumed the lawyer, as he saw Frederica's eyes fixed inquiringly on him, "you must please excuse me from offering any opinion as to the value or worthlessness of what I have just heard and read. The whole affair is certainly complicated by the unexplained absence of Mr. English. Were he here, our first duty would be to ask him to prove his identity with that of the child taken to America by the man Kreefe and his wife, in support of which fact we have nothing at present beyond his bare word. As, however, he is not here, the first point for us to take up is to try and track out this Jim Billings, who is said to be the only person able to throw any light on the parentage of the child taken to White Grange by Mrs. Winch. Mind you, I think the chances of our finding him, even if he be still alive, are very faint indeed. But we will try; and meanwhile, my dear young lady, you must wait patiently till I bring you some news as to the success or non-success of my efforts. One last word at parting—don't be over-sanguine."

The mention of Lady Spencelaugh's name was studiously avoided both by the lawyer and Frederica.

So Jane Garrod went back home, and Miss Spencelaugh waited in Harley Street for the news that seemed so long in coming. Three weeks passed away before she saw anything further of Mr. Penning, but at the end of that time he called upon her.

"I always said Meriton was a sharp fellow," he began, after the usual greetings, "and this case proves the truth of my opinion. He has actually hunted down this man Billings, and ascertained, in the first instance, at which town Billings was convicted, the nature of his sentence, and the date of his departure for Australia. Meriton, by some means best known to himself, and with the assistance of his good friends the police, discovered, from some register of such transactions which is kept at headquarters, that Billings was let loose with a ticket-of-leave before the expiration of his sentence, and came back to this country about eight years ago. Following up the clue thus obtained, Meriton found further, that Billings had not been many weeks in England before he was again convicted on a charge of robbery with violence, and was again sentenced—this time, to ten years penal servitude. That sentence—reduced by a term of two years—he has been working out at Portland, and it expired a fortnight ago. Billings is still there, in the infirmary, suffering from a severe accident, which he met with while working in the quarries. Meriton is waiting close at hand, ready to pounce on him the moment he shows his scoundrel's face outside the walls; and if this fellow has any secret worth knowing, Meriton is just the man to twist it out of him. We shall probably have further information in a few days; but don't be over-sanguine, my dear young lady—don't be over-sanguine."

Three days later, Mr. Penning came again, bringing a letter with him. "News at last," he said. "But I had better, perhaps, read Meriton's letter, and enable you to judge of its importance yourself." He adjusted his eyeglass with a little show of importance, and then read as under:

My dear Sir—As my last letter informed you, I have been dawdling away my time here for more than a week, awaiting the discharge of Billings. I secured a snug little place beforehand, where our interview would not be likely to be interrupted, A more thorough scoundrel I think I never talked to, he is so thoroughly brutalized by the kind of life which his crimes have compelled him to lead. He was suspicious of me from the first moment. "Ah," said he, "such gents as you don't take any interest in coves like me, unless you have got some end of your own to serve." "Quite right," I said; "I have got an end to serve, and if you will come quietly with me, I'll tell you what it is." The moment I spoke of White Grange, he started guiltily. Then with a sneer and an oath, he exclaimed: "That's the business you have come about, is it? But you're not going to get anything out of me about White Grange. I've not kept the secret all these years to be carneyed out of it by a white-faced fox like you. I know a trick worth two of that." I really thought at one time that he was going to prove impracticable; but after a good dinner, followed by an ample supply of old rum and strong tobacco, he became more amenable to reason; and not to trouble you, sir, with useless details, I did actually succeed in talking him over, and in inducing him to see on which side his bread was buttered; and I may be allowed to say that I felicitate myself a little on the victory. The terms are rather high, I must confess, but a lesser figure would have been of no avail. In return, I have obtained full information as to the name and parentage of the child; and Billings has consented to lie quietly by for a few weeks, in case he should be required as a witness. Further details I reserve till I see you: I will telegraph to you in cipher to-morrow morning, half an hour after post-time.

Yours respectfully,
Frank Meriton.

"You have got the telegram?" said Frederica eagerly, when Mr. Penning had finished reading the letter.

"I have," said the old lawyer, gravely. He took a strip of paper, and writing a few words on it, handed it across to Frederica. "That is a copy of Meriton's telegram," he said.

Frederica's cheek grew pale as she read, and next moment tears sprang to her eyes. "Oh, Mr. Penning," she exclaimed, "what terrible mystery is here? My poor dear uncle"——

There was a knock at the door, and a servant entered with a salver, on which lay a strange looking letter, addressed to Miss Spencelaugh. Frederica opened it. It was another telegram. "Sir Philip Spencelaugh is dying. Come at once."

"Pray Heaven that I be not too late to *tell him this* strange news!" said Frederica, through her tears.

"Better that he should die in ignorance of it, my dear young lady,' said the old lawyer, gently—"far better that he should die in ignorance of it."

Five hours later, Frederica alighted at the porch of Belair. The housekeeper, with a sorrowful face, was waiting to receive her. "My uncle'—— said Frederica, and then she stopped, reading but too clearly in the face of the other the tidings she dreaded to hear.

"Sir Philip died three hours ago," said the housekeeper. "Your name was the last word on his lips."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—WHITE GRANGE.

White Grange, a gray, old storm-beaten building, seems to have been unfortunate in its tenants for a long series of years; and old Job Sandyson, as we have seen, was by no means the most respectable of men. The farm was now held by a brother-in-law of Job, a man named Nathan Orchard, a hard-drinking, hard-swearing, money-grasping reprobate, disliked and feared at every market and country fair which he attended.

In a room on the upper floor of White Grange two women were seated one wintry afternoon. The younger of the two females, a stout, ruddy-cheeked lass, was seated at one of those old-fashioned spinning wheels which are becoming rarer every day, and crooning some country ditty to herself as she worked. She was Nathan Orchard's younger daughter. The elder of the two females is known to the reader already, she being, indeed, none other than Madame Marie, Jane Garrod's sometime lodger at Kingsthorpe Station, and the woman of whose murder Mr. Duplessis had been wrongfully suspected. But she was much changed since we saw her last. In the first place, there seemed nothing left of her but skin and bone, so thin and fleshless had she become. Her long black hair had all been cut off during the fit of raving madness which supervened upon her abduction and forcible confinement at White Grange; and although it had grown somewhat since that time, it was still as short as that of a man. Her dress, too, was rather out of the common way, consisting outwardly, as it did, of a red flannel dressing-robe, which, although it reached to the ground when she walked, did not hide, as she sat there, her bare feet, thrust loosely into a pair of old slippers. It was her whim to be dressed thus. Just now she was painfully and laboriously busy with her needle, stitching a doll's clothes; her occupation day after day. A quite harmless sort of madness.

Peg and Madame had not been together all this time without learning to like one another, each in her own peculiar way. Peg, while being the most faithful and incorruptible of jailors, still contrived to secure for her charge many little indulgences, chiefly in the way of food; for Madame had always been nice in her eating, and the fare at White Grange was ordinarily of the coarsest kind. Madame was not ungrateful; and in her calmer and saner moments, would do her best to reciprocate the girl's kindness. Thus she taught Peg to improve her appearance by compressing her waist, and keeping her shoulder-blades in their proper place, thereby necessitating an upright carriage of her person; and as Madame prided herself on her taste, and was dexterous with her needle, she so altered and improved Peg's Sunday frock—lengthening the body, and puffing the sleeves, and imparting to it such a graceful fall behind—that that young person felt she had never cut such a fashionable figure before. Sometimes, in mild, open weather, there would come over Madame a desire to exchange her close, shut-up room for the fresh air outside. At such times, she would induce Peg to ask permission from the old man for them to walk in the orchard for half an hour.

It was while taking one of these quiet walks in charge of Peg that Madame's sharp eyes caught sight of something unusual lying half-concealed among the thick grass. She repassed it again and again before she could make out clearly that it was nothing more than a rusty old knife, and then she could have screamed aloud with all a maniac's fearful joy at sight of such a priceless treasure. But how to secure it without being seen? Disengaging her arm suddenly from Peg's, she seated herself on the grass close to the knife, so that a fold of her shawl hid it from view. After that, it was easy to push it unobserved up her sleeve. When she got back to her own room, and the key was turned on her for the night, she brought forth her treasure, and kissed it, and stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth to smother the wild bursts of laughter that would not be kept back when she thought how cleverly she had deceived them all, and what pretty things it was possible to accomplish even with such an ugly weapon as a rusty knife. There was a little bit broken away from the under-part of one of the window-seats, leaving a small cavity between the wood-work and the bricks: and there, after much painful cogitation, she hid her treasure.

Madame was in one of her better moods this wintry afternoon, but hardly as talkative as usual; and as the shadows outside grew deeper, Peg, too, became mute, and the silence was broken only by the whir of the spinning wheel, or the weird muttering of the wind in the wide old chimney. At length Marie flung down her sewing with a petulant air. "There, I can see no longer," she exclaimed. "So, Elise, poor darling, will have to go without her petticoat to-night, for I cannot bear stitching by candle-light. Do, my dear child, go down stairs and bring me up a cup of tea and a candle." She listened intently without stirring till Peg's footsteps had died away down stairs; then she rose, and crossing the floor with quick, noiseless steps, drew the knife from its hiding place. "A few more nights, and I shall be free," she muttered to herself. "The bar is nearly through, and soon the cage will be empty and the bird flown. Another windy night," she added, peering with white face and straining eyes into the gathering gloom outside. "The wind is Marie's friend. I like the sound of his rough voice; I like to hear him rattling the doors and windows and shaking the crazy old house in his burly arms. He comes across the waste at midnight to summon me to my task. Then, when everybody in the house is fast asleep, and they think I am asleep too, I slip quietly out of bed and begin my work, and, oh! what weary work it is, sawing away, all in the dark, at the rotten old bar with my trusty friend here. But when the first streak of gray shows across the moorland, then I put my knife away, and creep back to bed with such aching bones, and such feet of ice; and when Peg comes in with my cup of tea, looking so fresh and innocent, I hide my head under the clothes, and laugh to myself to think what a simpleton she is, and how I am deceiving them all. And he is here! I know it. Sometimes I hear his voice. Black-hearted monster! I will be revenged—revenged—revenged on you before I go!"

(To be continued.)

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Curious Custom.

An intelligent gentleman, who has lately traveled in Palestine, gives a description of the curious scenes that are enacted in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. He said that when you first entered the church, you would be surprised to see a party of soldiers, with their swords by their sides, and their guns stacked within reach. It seemed a sacrilege in such a holy place, and struck one rather unpleasantly. But he soon found out the necessity for it. According to the law of the country, every sect is allowed to worship there; and as it is considered equally sacred both by Christians and Mohammedans, all wish a time for their mode of worship. The law allows them an hour each. They commence at six in the morning. At that hour, those who have the first privilege enter, bringing with them whatever is necessary to conduct their particular religious rites. They go through their prayers and chants, and all is very quiet till about a quarter to seven, when those who have the privilege of the next hour begin to arrive. At first, all is decorum but presently the new comers begin to hiss and mock; As their numbers increase, and they become stronger.. they shove the crowd; and as the time lessens, they get more and more bold. A few minutes before seven they proceed to more forcible demonstration. They think, if they can clear out these blasphemers a few minutes before the time, they have done an equally good work. As some of these sects use torches, wax candles, staves or crooks, in their worship, they proceed to use these as weapons of offense or defense, and a regular melee ensues. Then come in the soldiers, who separate the combatants by filing in between them, turning out those whose hour is up, and leaving the place in possession of the last comers. If blood is shed, the church is closed for the day. Such scenes are occurring all day long, and the presence of soldiers is therefore absolutely necessary.

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On the Principles of Freemasonry.

BY BRO. SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, BART.

We have before referred to the address of Bro. Alison, the great historian and essayist. The readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON will be glad to read what this world-renowned writer has to say.

The Prov. G. M., Bro. Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., prefaced his address by remarking that, often as it had been his privilege and great gratification to preside at meetings of this kind, the Masonic Festival at Glasgow, he could safely say that he never rose at them with so much pleasure as he did on the present occasion, seeing before him an assembly unprecedented, he might say, in Scotland, in point of numbers, respectability, and influence. He was delighted to see such a large gathering of people to testify their adherence to and approbation of the principles of Freemasonry. They could easily see that some cause must have been at work to produce so great an accession to the ranks of Freemasonry as was proved by the assembly before him, and it was not difficult to tell what that cause was. Sir Archibald then adverted to the proceedings in connection with the recent appointment of a Grand Master for Renfrewshire. He rejoiced in what had taken place, because it showed how highly the offices of Freemasonry were regarded in Scotland, when two gentlemen of character and position and great fortune competed so ardently for the post in question. The result of this had been great additions to the ranks of Freemasonry, and the present festival showed that the Freemasons of Glasgow, if they conducted their contests like men, concluded them like Freemasons. It was good that their quarrels ended, like those of lovers, in the renewal of amity.

The Prov. G. M. then proceeded as follows: He was sure it was the desire of all present that the principles of Freemasonry should spread widely throughout society, and he could assure them, from a recollection which he was sorry to say extended over sixty years, that the world has seldom, if ever, in the course of his experience been so divided or the principles of Freemasonry so much set at naught as at present. Since those reunions began, wonderful changes had taken place, and most of these changes for the worse had arisen from setting the principles of Freemasonry at naught. The expected reign of peace, justice and equality in the Republic of America had been broken by a contest of unprecedented vehemence and devastation, a contest which, in four years had cost the lives of about 400,000 men and the contraction of 600,000,000 of debt. If they looked to the other side they saw in Germany nothing but the indulgence of the selfish passions. They saw Denmark spoliated without a vestige of protection. They had likewise seen a great power conclude a dreadful war in seven days. South of the Alps they saw the Pope about to be driven from his capital, which his predecessors had held for a thousand years. Again, on the other side, westward, he was sorry to say, they found that the demon of war had even infected our own shores. They were every day in expectation of an outbreak, and that very day they had received intelligence of the first serious act of hostility.

Where would they find a remedy for this state of society, in which the angry and selfish passions had acquired so great a preponderance? He had no hesitation in saying that it could only be found in the spread and increased influence of the principles of Freemasonry. They need not be surprised at greater results arising from less promising causes. Let them recollect that the fate of the world had been changed by a faith which began from still smaller numbers.

Eighteen hundred years ago, principles were preached on the shores of Galilee which then had the most unpromising of all appearances, for they were surrounded by hostility on every side. Where were these principles now, and where were the powers which endeavored to oppose them? The principles of Freemasonry were the principles of loving their neighbors as themselves —the principles of the Gospel. Having laid Freemasonry on that foundation, he left it there to take its chance in all future ages. There was another circumstance which he thought he should bring under their notice on this occasion, as commemorating an event of unprecedented importance and interest which had occurred within these few months. By the patriotic efforts of English merchants, aided by the skill and talent of English philosophers, among whom, he was happy to say, their friend and countryman, Sir William Thomson, bore a high place, they saw a cable laid betwixt Great Britain and America. They saw, as it were, two nations, separated by 3,000 miles of ocean, shaking hands at the bottom of the great sea. They might well be astonished at such an event, and to observe how human ingenuity and perseverance and talent acquired such a marvelous power over the most evanescent and the most ephemeral power of nature. We saw that these powers of nature gave way to the effects of human perseverance. So rapid was the progress of science in these respects, and so wonderful the changes made, that he did not despair, if he lived a few years longer, of being able at this annual festival to send a message to New York at the commencement of the proceedings, and to get an answer in return before they separated. There was one peculiarity of this which was even more extraordinary. It was, that the researches made to discover the lost cable had shown that the bottom of the Atlantic was composed of a white blanket or covering of powder, which stretched over the surface 1,500 miles in length and 1,300 miles in breadth. In this soft bed the Atlantic cable was lying, and the power of the electricity was every day acquiring additional force, so that it was found the lost cable, which had lain in this white bed, had an electric power far greater than that sent in by the hands of the workmen. Here, then, was this provision of a snowy bed for the Atlantic cable by the hands of nature; and by whom was it made? Was it made by the giants who were said to have once inhabited the earth? No. Was it made by the conquerors who had brought to bear on it the powers of empires? No. It was made by little creatures, so small that they were quite invisible to the naked eye, and could be detected only by the power of a microscope, and 10,000 of which could be put into a walnut shell. Was it possible to conceive of anything so extraordinary as that a substance of this description should have been spread over such a surface from time immemorial, and done by living agents like these, and that it was by means of their agency that the great problem of uniting Great Britain and America, he trusted in perpetual bonds, had been accomplished? This was a most extraordinary proof of the Divine prescience; and if any man, after seeing that, and how it had come about, did not believe in the existence and superintendence of a Supreme Power, he would not be converted though one rose from the dead. But there was more in that than this. This powder lying at the bottom of the ocean was made of limestone, a most fertilizing ingredient. Now, observe what has been going on. By the operation of these little impalpable creatures, while the world had been fighting on the shore, why the creation of a new continent had been going on, not under our eyes, but almost under our feet. The Atlantic was stored with vegetable matter, and also with the remains of fishes, and there was also this white powder made by these little laborers, which was of this essentially fertilizing character. Down below in the bowels of the earth there was an enormous mass of perpetual fire. It was not generally known, but it had been ascertained that at the distance of 35 miles below the earth where we stood, the heat was so intense that not only would it melt any metal, but hold the very rocks of granite themselves in solution. What was the purpose of nature in covering so large a part of the earth with the waves of the ocean? The object he apprehended was, it was a speculation of interest, but he could not avoid mentioning it, that the Atlantic ocean was the great workshop in which Nature was preparing additional land for the use of man. The time would come when the superabundant heat would expand, when the ocean would be raised up, and a new earth would rise out of the bottom of the Atlantic. Thus, should the old world become choked up with inhabitants and new space be required for the human race, this space would be found provided in this new continent created by the little laborers, and from the animal remains at the bottom of the ocean. Should that time ever come, they might feel assured of one thing, that the new earth for man would be as well adapted to his necessities and to promote his happiness as that which we now inhabit. They might be sure that the earth would be inhabited by a happy, industrious, and prosperous race, and they might be sure that the labor of man would overcome all obstacles. And when that time came, the voice of praise, he trusted, would ascend from the temple, the song of birds be heard in the fields, and the principles of Freemasonry overspread the earth as the waters cover the sea. The learned and eloquent baronet concluded with the lines—

> "Then shall the flocks on thymy pastures stray,
> And shepherds dance at summer's opening day.
> Each wandering Genius of the lonely glen
> Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
> And silence mark on woodland heights around
> The village curfew, as it tolls profound."

What is True of Masonry.

California proclaims Masonic truth in the following extracts from an address, delivered before Golden Gate Lodge, by Bro. Frank M. Pixley. Let the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON answer the question, whether our institution is all she should be, and whether she shall become a great moral ruin, typified in the destruction of the temple of Solomon, and not worth the rebuilding.

It is venerable in years, for it has outlived most of the institutions of the world.

It has accomplished great good, for it has at least contributed to advance that comprehensive religion which acknowledges the existence of one true God.

It has taught the absolute equality of man. It has brought together, under the same symbols, around the same altar, within the effulgence of the lights of Masonry, men of all races and colors. It has dispensed charity to all, modified the bitterness of creeds, and contributed to a comprehensive philanthropy.

It is an anomaly in the history of the earth; it has flourished without territorial possessions. It has held and exercised power without legal sanction; it has maintained faith without dogmas; it has handed down its history in oral traditions without letters; it has maintained itself without force, and defied its enemies without cunning; it has ruled nations without the insignia of authority, while in wielding its own power, exerting its own influence, governing and controlling in its own way, it has rarely come in conflict with civil law. It has endured persecution, and has not persecuted in its turn. It has preserved its morality and virtue when luxury and vice have flourished around it. "In every nation of Europe," says De Witt Clinton, "it has passed the ordeal of persecution; the inquisition has stained it with blood. Hierarchies have proscribed and interdicted it. Despotism has pursued it to destruction; and everywhere, except in this land of liberty, it has felt the arm of unjust and tyrannical power; and even here, in this enlightened age, fanaticism has dared to fulminate its anathemas." But it has lived to triumph over its enemies, and to-day has an almost universal recognition throughout the world. Rulers have found that it teaches fealty to the government. The teachers of all true religion have found it a handmaid, because it teaches the recognition of God. Science has found it a votary; and now basking in the sunlight of final success, now in its complete triumph, now that it has brought civilization up to its own standard, comes the day of its great trial. We are living now in a bright and glorious age, and the question which Masonry must meet and answer is this: Is Masonry a progressive science? It has aided to lead the world up from darkness to its present civilization; can it keep pace with the onward march? It has proved the world's great iconoclast, it has broken and destroyed the images of an idolatrous worship; can it now keep its altars burning pure incense to the living God? It has aided to break down and destroy superstitions, to trample upon prejudices and bring man up to the elevation and enjoyment of his natural rights; will it keep right on to the fulfillment of all its promises?

MORE WORK FOR IT.

The millennium has not yet arrived; there is more work for Masonry still to accomplish. If it shall seek to stand still for a day, it will be crushed by the forces it has itself set in motion and heretofore led. It must not expect to subsist upon the reputation of its past achievements. Giant evils are still existing in the world—let Masonry attack and destroy them. Masonry teaches virtue—let it struggle on till vice is destroyed. Masonry teaches temperance—let not the conflict cease till the ruin and desolation which follows the destroying fiend of drunkenness be stayed. It would be worthy of Masonry, as an incident to its great work, to stop by the way and rescue orphans and widows from the grasp of the monster alcohol.

Masonry teaches the equality of man—let it then with strong arm aid to elevate the oppressed nations. Masonry teaches peace—let it then combine to exert the moral force of its hundreds of thousands of Lodges scattered throughout the world to preserve the rights of nations, that war may no longer desolate the earth.

True Masonry has a high and holy vocation—it can only be among its lesser incidents to meet in Lodge, dispense small charities and listen to the formal working of the craft. I should confess to myself a bitter disappointment, did I not believe it was the object and scope of Masonry to keep itself in advance in all the world's great struggle for progress.

Is it doing all it can to elevate and advance mankind? Is it doing all it can to mitigate the sufferings of humanity? Is the institution in real, earnest, working zeal, doing all it can to advance the cardinal virtues which it professes—temperance, truth, relief and brotherly love? Does it bring justice, prudence and fortitude to bear? Is Masonry practically carrying out its professions? Is the Mason subduing his passions, acting upon the square, squaring his life by the square of virtue, keeping the tongue of good report, practicing charity to all mankind, and especially to his brother in Masonry? Does Masonry really throw its mantle over a brother's failings? Does it relieve him in distress? Does it search for the suffering and give them unostentatious and timely aid? Does it really protect a woman's virtue, and are the Mason's wife and sister and child guarded round by a thousand arms gauntleted in iron for their defense?

If all this is so, then, indeed, is ours a noble brotherhood.

But if Masonry is but a dull ceremonial—if all its beautiful sentiments and the sublime teachings of its ritual are but inanimate words not resulting in acts, then it is but a great moral ruin typified in the destruction of the temple of Solomon, and not worth rebuilding.

Masonic Signal of Distress.

BY BRO C. F MORTON, N. Y.

While in company with a brother Mason he narrated the following incident, which, as it is characteristic of the link which unites them together under all circumstances, I will give it to you:

During the severe winter of 1857 there was a large number of vessels frozen fast in the ice of the Chesapeake Bay. So thick was the ice and intensely cold the weather, that not even the steam-tugs could force their way through the fields of ice to extricate themselves, or render assistance to vessels which depended on their sails to save them from this perilous situation; to add to their helplessness, some of them had their crews badly frost-bitten. Among them was Captain C———, a young man who had followed the sea from a boy, and had a year or two previously married a young woman from down East, who had been a schoolmate when a child. After marrying he invested all he had laid up during his seafaring life, together with her small patrimony, in a fine fore-and-aft vessel which, next to his wife and child, was the pride of his life. Being in the coasting trade during the winter season, he found himself in this unpleasant predicament, and with many others was rendered nearly helpless by having his crew so badly frost-bitten that they could not handle a rope or give him any assistance in case of necessity. To add to his trouble a gale came on, and the ice taking a drift was hurrying his devoted schooner on a reef of rocks where she would inevitably be lost. Then came uppermost in his thoughts his young wife and child who, if he and his vessel were lost, would be a widow and orphan, and if, perchance, he should be saved, he would return to them a beggar—everything was vested in this schooner and her cargo. A signal of distress had been hoisted all the day, but it brought him no aid, as nearly all the others were in the same state as himself, and fully occupied with their own vessels, and none had found time to come to him; he must, therefore, trust to an "All-seeing eye," and abide the result; when, as if by inspiration, the thought struck him that he was a "Freemason," and possibly there might be some brother Mason in command of a vessel in his vicinity. He immediately made the Masonic signal of distress, and to his great joy, in less than twenty minutes he saw no less than three boats put off to his vessel. Coming along side, they sang out, "Hallo! Captain, don't you see that reef astern? why don't you get up your anchor, get on sail, and try to wind it?" He replied: "I am alone, all hands are below badly frost-bitten, and cannot do anything." They waited for no more, but springing aboard, in a few moments the anchor was a-peak, sail made on the vessel, and she not only cleared the reef, but was brought in a place of safety where they came to anchor, and then went below to take something to drink. The captain, after thanking them for their timely aid, asked them if they had seen his flag with the union down, and, if so, why they had not come to his assistance before. In reply, they asked why he had not come to theirs; he said he could not, as he was alone; they replied: "How were we to know that? we had our hands full to look out for our vessels, and no time to attend to others; but when you made the signal of a brother Mason in distress we were bound to come to your assistance at all hazards."

After finishing his narration, Captain C——— remarked: "Well, captain, I think the Masonic tie in this instance has fully compensated for all I have ever done, or shall have in my power to do, for the cause of Masonry."

The Temple Area.

Masonic readers cannot fail to be interested in whatever discoveries pertain to Jerusalem, and especially that portion of it called *Mount Moriah*. Every part of this, from summit to base, has its type in symbolical Masonry. Since the Crimean war much has been done to explore this remarkable portion of the world, and some of the results of modern investigations are here given.

The area or platform upon which the Tempie stood comprises about thirty-six acres. It is not quite an oblong square in form, though nearly so, its sides measuring respectively (according to Dr. Barclay, the American missionary) as follows:

East side, ...	1,523½ feet.
South side, ...	916 "
West side, ...	1,600 "
North side, ...	1,038 "

It is sufficiently exact, therefore, to say that the platform is 1,500 feet from north to south, and 1,000 feet from east to west, the proportions being as two to three, the ordinary proportions of a Freemasons Lodge, but reversed in form, the longest dimension being from north to south.

This great platform, it must be recollected, is *entirely artificial*. The original form of Mount Moriah may be seen in a hundred neighboring hills yet in a state of nature. It was a sharp, serrated and sinuous ridge sloping rapidly to the south. Its summit was about 300 feet from the eastern valley, that of Jehoshaphat, through which the Brook Kedron flows; the bed of the brook being some 500 feet in level distance from the top of the ridge.

To get room upon so ill shapen a hill for a vast and permanent structure was a piece of engineering suitable to a *Solomon* to contrive, and a *Hiram* to execute. The first step performed was that of cutting down the top of the ridge about fifteen feet, beginning near the centre of the proposed platform and cutting towards the north. This served a double purpose, viz.: it reduced the labor of filling in upon the sides, and furnished a good amount of material in the form of broken rock for the same. A little calculation of the space to be filled in gives gives the following particulars: Supposing the original wall to have averaged forty feet in height, the amount of earth necessary for this purpose would be 3½ millions cubic yards. Even admitting the half of this only as necessary for the filling-in, and the labor appears enormous. At the south-east corner of the platform are the remains which indicate the greatest antiquity—they are thought by many to reach the age of Solomon. Here the wall is forty feet high, the lower portion being composed of sixteen courses of very large stones, some of them as much as nineteen feet long, four high, and eight thick. These are beveled.

In filling up the vast cavity lying between the walls and the original hill, advantage was taken of subterranean apartments, saving much material, and affording conveniences for the Temple service. Through these chambers, which are immensely large, some of them not less than 300 feet in length, forty wide, and thirty high, the victims for the sacrifices were driven and received by an inclined passage way at the very foot of the great altar, thus avoiding the necessity of driving cattle, sheep and goats through the great courts, oftentimes crowded as they were by worshipers. Another of these subterranean chambers is near the southeast corner of the platform. It is more like a series of caves, including a vault, supported in all by fifteen rows of columns, making an apartment 319 feet by 250. If the traditions of Freemasonry are to be in any degree relied upon, the craftsmen of King Solomon had a mystic purpose in the formation of these substructures of the Temple, and the institution of the Royal Arch Degree is directly referrable to them.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

General Jackson.—In the fall of 1803, while Jackson was on his way from Nashville to Jonesboro', where he was about to hold a court, he was informed by a friend, who met him on the road, that a combination had been formed against him, and that on his arrival at Jonesboro' he might expect to be mobbed. He was sick, at the time, of an intermittent fever, which had so reduced his strength that he was scarcely able to sit on his horse. On hearing this intelligence he spurred forward, and reached the town; but was so exhausted that he could not dismount without help. Burning with fever, he lay down upon a bed in the tavern. A few minutes after, a friend came in and said that Colonel Harrison and a "regiment of men" were in front of the tavern, who had assembled for the purpose of tarring and feathering him. His friend advised him to lock his door. Jacksen rose suddenly, threw his door wide open, and said, with that peculiar emphasis which won him so many battles without fighting,

"Give my compliments to Colonel Harrison, and tell him my door is open to receive him and his regiment whenever they choose to wait upon me, and that I hope the colonel's chivalry will induce him to *lead* his men, not follow them."

The regiment, either because they were ashamed to harm a sick man, or afraid to attack a desperate one, thought better of their purpose, and gradually dispersed.

Burns says:

Man is the god of the dog. He knows no other, he can understand no other; and see how he worships him, with what reverence he crouches at his feet, with what love he fawns upon him, with what dependence he looks up to him, and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him! His whole soul is wrapped up in his god; all the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service, and these powers and faculties are ennobled by the intercourse. Divines tell us that it ought to be just so with the Christian; but the dog puts the Christian to shame.

Burns naturally knew much of dog-nature, especially as presented by the Scotch colley, one of the most intelligent and faithful of the canine race, and his portrait of Luath, in "The Twa Dogs," is as perfect as either pen or pencil could make it. Burns also, like many other poets, expressed his indignation at the treatment which the dog so frequently meets with at the hands of a cruel or merely thoughtless master.

General Jackson.—On the bloody field of Talluschatches was found a slain mother, still embracing her living infant. The child was brought into camp with the other prisoners, and Jackson, anxious to save it, endeavored to induce some of the Indian women to give it nourishment. "No," said they, "all his relations are dead, kill him too." This reply appealed to the heart of the Masonic general. He caused the child to be taken to his own tent, where, among the few remaining stores, was found a little brown sugar. This, mingled with water, served to keep the child alive until it could be sent to Huntsville, where it was nursed at Jackson's expense until the end of the campaign, and then taken to the Hermitage. Mrs. Jackson received it cordially, and the boy grew up in the family, treated by the general and his kind wife as a son and a favorite. Lincoyer was the name given him by the general. He grew up to be a finely formed and robust youth, and received the education usually given to the planters' sons in the neighborhood. Yet, it appears, he remained an Indian to the last, delighting to roam the fields and woods, and decorate his hair and clothes with gay feathers, and given to strong yearnings for his native wilds. At the proper age, the general, wishing to complete his good work by giving him the means of independence, took him among the shops of Nashville, and asked him to choose the trade he would learn. He chose the very business at which Jackson himself had tried his youthful hand—harness making. The apprentice now spent the working days in the shop at Nashville, going to the Hermitage on Sunday evenings, and returning on Monday morning, generally riding one of the general's horses. The work did not agree with him, and he came home sick to the Hermitage, to leave it no more. His disease proved to be consumption. He was nursed with care and solicitude by good Aunt Rachel, but he sank rapidly, and died before he had reached his seventeenth year. The general sincerely mourned his loss, and often spoke of Lincoyer as a parent speaks of a lost child.

Law Intelligence—(Continued).

SUPREME COURT OF MASONIC PUBLIC OPINION.

Before Chief-Justice "Common Sense."

JEWISH BRETHREN *versus* AMERICAN FREEMASONRY.

Eighth Session.

Counsel A. After criticizing sharply the "terrorism" occasioned by Counsel B's graphic delineation of the horrors that will follow the proposed and much wished for change, and the lively interest that Past Grand Master Nimrod and other Masonic worthies still take in the affairs of the American brotherhood, continued: My learned brother has, however, succeeded in placing before us a perfect similie of the "true blue pattern" of "*bigotry deified*," and what certain brethren, in Massachusetts are so anxious to imitate, viz., the imperious, overbearing, browbeating individuals, who are determined, right or wrong, to metamorphose the Masonic institution into a Christian church, disguised by the name of Lodge. Truth, Honor, Justice, are not their mottoes, and when right or justice is mentioned, it only means the right and justice of the Holy Inquisition, of compelling the minority to practice the religious rites of the majority. "We may still," they say, "continue to enter into solemn contracts with Israelites; we may promise them on the word and honor of Masons that there is nothing in the institution to conflict with their religious feelings, and suppose they are offended at being received in the name of the Holy St. John; suppose they do not like to take the saints as patrons, and be prayed for in the name of Jesus, who cares?" True, Bro. Moore tells them, in his Magazine, "that Masonry is not a religious institution; that it teaches no religious dogmas," etc.; and the veracious Dr. Oliver assures them that "a Jew, Mohammedan, or Pagan may attend our Lodges, without fear of hearing his peculiar mode of faith called in question by a comparison with others which are repugnant to his creed." Yet they turn round and cooly tell them that Jews have a "vail on their hearts" that Christianity is destined or expected by the Almighty as the only efficient means of salvation, etc. Hence a little fraud for so good an object is of no consequence. If any one is startled by my statement; if any one, from long habit, is disposed still to believe that Masonry is not a sectarian institution, let him read all the St. John's day orations, and tell me whether it is not so understood and so preached by the "shining lights." But that is not all. Discussion of the connection of the Sts. John with Masonry must be prohibited, and we see a wonderful coincidence between South Carolina and Massachusetts, both being in perfect accordance on that point. Bro. Mackay, with singular inconsistency, assumes to himself the right to discuss and to differ in belief from all his predecessors as to the origin of the Sts. John legends, a right to deny *that the saints were Masons*, and a right to assert that they *were eminent Masons*. And, contrary to all previous established *landmarks*, of Dunckerly, the North of England ritual, and all the fragments given by Dr. Oliver, in all of which the reason given for the dedication to the saints was on account of their having been Masons and promulgators of the Christian theology, Bro. Mackay made an *innovation*, or assumed a right to tell all the previous *landmarkers*, that they did not know their business. He claims his reason as an orthodox and only true reason. Yet, that very Bro. Mackay tells us, "Those brethren who contend for the dismissal of the saints from the station which they now hold in our Lodges, are the real innovators; while, on the contrary, we best show our adherence to the principle of Masonry *when we deny the right of any man*, in approaching the discussion, to advance either one way or the other—either as an argument for or against them, the religious belief of the long acknowledged patrons of the Order." And why should we not have the right to discuss this or any other question? Does Bro. Mackay believe in the *infallibility* of Grand Lodges; or that their decisions must remain for ever irrepealable? or does any brother believe that his salvation depends on retaining the saints in the Lodge? Even Dr. Oliver admitted that the introduction or retention of the saints was not essential to Masonry; and, moreover, "*that it might possibly compromise its universal application to every age and nation in the world.*" This fear of discussion must arise from a consciousness of the weakness of their cause.

My learned brother (like a certain nameless personage who sometimes, it is said, quotes scripture) censured me for violating ancient "Rules;" that I have held up to ridicule "shining lights in Masonry." The rule quoted requires a Mason not to slander or injure a faithful and honest brother. Did the Massachusetts brethren deserve the appellation of faithful? Was the suppression of Bro. Carver's letters an honest transaction? Was the appointment of the one-sided committee by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, in 1851, a just action? Did the *report* of the committee show signs that it emanated from a *shining light?* No. From beginning to end their actions were blameworthy, and I maintain that it was just and proper to expose them. There is another class of offenders that deserve being laughed at—I mean those whose chief Masonic merit consists in "building castles in the air," the legend mongers, the manufacturers of Masonic histories and Masonic rites. If their fables were even harmless, they deserve the public censure of the brotherhood for placing the intelligence of the fraternity in a false light before the world at large. But when we see that the main object of those pious impostors is to undermine the fundamental principle of the organization, why, I ask, should we not hold them up to public ridicule, and show the world that their dreamings form no part of the Masonic creed? Leaving out of the question my learned friend's own belief in the traditions and legends from Adam to the present time, the remainder of his arguments may be condensed almost into the few words, viz.: "*Religious Element*" and "*Ancient Landmark.*" I cannot understand how a truly religious element can oppose itself to justice. If your religious element is of such a fiery nature that you cannot mix with people professing a different creed without obtruding your own theological views, you are either not fit for membership of a society outside of your own church, or it is your duty to make the institution exclusively Christian; either imitate England or Prussia. Now, with respect to the second, viz.: *Ancient Landmark*, I maintain, in the first place, that the dedication to the saints is not a *landmark;* and, second, I deny the truth of those marvelous legends that connect the Saints John with Masonry. To show that it is not a landmark, I must cite the very quotation that my learned brother did from Dr. Oliver's "Antiquities of Masonry." "Moses," he said, "modeled Masonry into so *perfect* a system, and circumscribed its mysteries by *landmarks* so significant and *unalterable*, that from him its transmission was little liable to perversion or error."

"Now, then, let us trace the history of that pretended landmark of the *dedication of Lodges*. According to Dr. Oliver's testimony—first, Lodges were dedicated to Noah, next to Abraham, or both, again to Moses and Aaron, afterwards to Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and last to Saints John the Baptist and Evangelist. According to Bro. Mackay, it was also at one time dedicated to Zerubbabel. Here were no less than eight persons to whom Lodges were successively dedicated. Now, if that *landmark* was circumscribed by Moses as *unalterable*, by what authority was it removed several times after Moses? If, therefore, the history of Bro. Oliver is true, if it is a *landmark*, it belongs of right to Noah. If it is not a landmark, and subject to legislation, we have the same right to alter the dedication as our brethren formerly had.

"We must now touch the next important point. Is there any truth in the legends that connect the Saints John with the Order? Bro. Mackay told us that he did not believe them, but traces the dedication to the Saints John to the heliacal worship of the pagans. Bro. Oliver gave us several legends—first, that of the battle of Bannockburn; second, to the Templars; third, to the god Janus, with two faces; fourth, to St. John the Almoner; fifth, St. John the Baptist was a member of the Essenes, and was, of course, Grand Master; sixth, the legend, nightly repeated in our Lodges, that the Evangelist was invited to become Grand Master when he was upwards of ninety years of age; and, seventh, to what he called the '*ancient document*,' the 'Charter of Colone,' wherein it is said that, though the brethren dedicated their Lodges to St. John, they disclaimed all connection with all the legends. My learned friend dwelled particularly—first, on the legend of the deputation to St. John the Evangelist, requesting him to take the management of the craft when he was upwards of ninety years old, because he was initiated in his young days; and secondly, that the Baptist was an Essene, that the Essenes were Masons. And Dr. Oliver shrewdly guesses that, if so, so distinguished a member as St. John the Baptist was must have been their Grand Master. Now, all we know about the Essenes is that they were a set of religious enthusiasts, resembling in their habits and doctrines our New England 'Shakers.' Their property was held in common, and wedlock neglected. (Why do not their followers keep that as a landmark?) True, they took oaths to obey certain rules; they were a secret society; but does it follow that they were Freemasons or Architects? For the Freemasons of that period must have been what they claimed to have been at the building of King Solomon's Temple, and what they certainly were in the middle ages—*purely a fraternity of architects*, to which no non-operative members were admitted, except kings, nobles, bishops, etc. Personages who either gave the fraternity employment or were able to afford them protection. This exclusiveness was only removed from the Constitution since 1717, when it ceased to be an operative institution, and became a merely speculative organization. Now it is rational to call King Solomon the patron of the Freemasons, .because he undoubtedly employed a great number of builders in building the Temple and his house. But when did either of the saints employ builders? Will Bro. Sheppard inform us if he made any discovery to show that the Baptist built the Casada Castle? Or was the Evangelist in a position to give employment to Freemasons?

"Bearing these facts in mind, it is simply absurd to give credence to either of the above legends. *No ecclesiastical writer ever hazarded his reputation by repeating or even alluding to those legends*, nor does any intelligent Mason believe them. It is a mere pious fraud, gradually enlarged to its present dimensions. Even the credulous Dr. Oliver admits that no authentic document exists that the Saints John were regarded as patrons or parallels before 1717. The Charter of Colone, which he first called an '*ancient document*,' he afterwards admitted was doubtful. It is evident from the doctor's testimony that the introduction of the saints as patrons, etc., was a recent innovation. First, he says the formula was '*improved*' by Desaguliers and Anderson, afterwards again *improved* by Dunckerly, whose lectures, though the doctor was persuaded 'were *identical with those attributed* to Martin Clare,' adds '*and more than this, St. John was now introduced into the style of the O. B.*' Again, first, he mentions only one St. John. Later, or in the middle of the last century, the two saints have joined the fraternity, and became patrons, etc. The late Bro. W. P. Mellen, of Mississippi, came to the conclusion that Dunckerly manufactured those innovations. Such is, no doubt, the opinion of Bros. Simons, Dove and other intelligent Masons. We have, however, amongst us *pious and godly* brethren, who can see no wrong in knowingly deceiving Israelites by specious promises, and by palming off on both Jewish and Christian brethren the absurd fables connected with the patronage of the Saints John. And this double deception must be continued, because *Messrs. Anderson, Dunckerly & Co.* have established it as a *landmark*. To those, however, who may be horrified at the proposed change; to those who, for the want of a better argument, will cry out, 'If we allow this, where shall we stop?' I answer, in the first place, that you cannot make the institution too liberal for the Israelites. From their history and antecedents, both before and since the establishment of Christianity, it is evident that they have no need of a Masonic Lodge for the purpose of impressing them with the necessity of a belief in the Bible. As far, therefore, as they are concerned, you may imitate the custom adopted in the European Continental Lodges, and remove even the Bible from the Lodge. But if you are not willing to go thus far, stop, at least, where the G. L. of England stopped. The majority of the brotherhood in England, in 1813, were as sincere believers in Christianity as the American majority are in 1867. England has tried the experiment for over half a century. Has religion been injured? Have her charities diminished? Has her respectability suffered? We have seen that an English Episcopal clergyman (Bro. Carver) is not only perfectly satisfied with the English system, but censures Bro. Moore for retaining those very points which we are endeavoring to remove. But Bro. Carver is not the first English clergyman that entertained a right conception of the true spirit of Masonry. You remember Bro. Oliver said that 'the lectures in England were, as modified by *Dr. Hemming*, in 1813, *the reference to the two Saints John, both as parallels and patrons, are discontinued, and the use of these lectures having been very generally adopted, all allusion to the above Masonic worthies is exploded and lost.*' *This great misfortune*, which caused Dr. Oliver to write a book ('Johannite Masonry'), was brought about by no unbeliever in Christianity, by no infidel or Jew, but by the Rev. Samuel Hemming, Doctor of Divinity, W. M. of the 'Lodge of Reconciliation.'[*] Bro. Samuel Hemming, though an Episcopal clergyman, was sensible that the functions of the Church and that of the Lodge differed, inasmuch that the former could receive within its fold only believers in Christian theology, while the latter was designed for a union of the good and true of all denominations who believe in the G. A. O. T. U., and he justly disapproved of the scheme of turning a Masonic Lodge into a mere missionary organization, under the specious plea that because Christians believe that Christianity will, at some future time, become the universal religion, etc. How incomparably strange do the acts and sentiments of the P. G. M. of Massachusetts appear when placed beside those of the Rev. Bros. Hemming and Carver, of England. Such an unmasonic action of insulting the feeling of an Israelitish candidate immediately after the solemn assurance given by the W. M., on the word and honor of a gentleman and Mason, because, forsooth, the reverend brother could not conscientiously pray in any other way, could only be perpetrated by a man whose mind was cast in a *mediæval* mould. It was only from that point of view that he could have come to that wonderful conclusion, that because Jews were unjustly persecuted in the middle ages, and because they are still debarred from holding office in some States of the Union, therefore, they must regard as 'a very great favor' the privilege of sitting in his company, and ought to overlook the fraud practiced by the Christian brotherhood of promising one thing and giving another. Dr. Oliver said that Jewish Lodges might be dedicated to Moses and Solomon and Christian Lodges to the Saints John, or, in other words, the one might be a synagogue and the other should be a Christian church. Will such arrangement accomplish the object of 'uniting men of every sect and opinion?' Will they visit each other's Lodges if each party were allowed to introduce their peculiar theological views? Will such course tend to produce harmony between those two professing different creeds? But supposing you follow the doctor's advice, how is the G. L. (where the representatives of both must mingle) to be managed? You cannot have Christian rites in the G. L. without offending. But that is not all. Suppose you allow the theory that a Christian may pray as he pleases, etc. How long will it be before each Christian chaplain will claim a right to introduce his peculiar dogma (which he conscientiously regards as essential) into the Lodge? As an instance, are we to have prayers to saints and virgins by Catholics? For they consider it just as necessary to pray in that form as Bro. Randall does in the name of Jesus Christ. Will such form not offend Protestant brethren? During the last quarter of a century a great deal of 'virtuous indignation' was poured out from Grand Lodges and the Masonic press in this country against the unmasonic conduct of the G. L. of Prussia in excluding Jews from Masonry. We have seen that Bro. Moore, of Boston, took a leading part in condemning the conduct of Prussia. Would it not be proper for you and him to 'take out the mote of your own eye before you examine your neighbor's?' Prussia, it is true, acts unmasonic, but she is not dishonest. She takes nothing from the Israelite, she promises him nothing, and gives him nothing. But how is the case in America? If, therefore, you are sincere in wishing to carry out the great object of Masonry, it can only be accomplished by free and most unrestricted intercommunion between brethren of all denominations. In that way only will they learn to appreciate each other, and become truly united in a bond of friendship. For, 'as the hardest bodies polish by attrition, so will the roughest manners and the strongest prejudices wear away by communion and intercourse.' Let me, therefore, exhort you to be guided in your decision by the principles of TRUTH AND JUSTICE, that the stigma which now rests on the institution, of 'preaching one thing and practicing another,' shall be earnestly condemned. Let the true essence be rigidly enforced. We may then truly boast, as the editor of the Washington *Weekly Herald*, in a recent number, stated, that 'Freemasonry acknowledges no sect or creed. It teaches the religion of God, in the existence of whom all true Masons, of whatever nation, kindred or tongue, implicitly believe, and at the mention of whose name every knee should reverently bow. That name is never profaned by any Mason. Freemasonry teaches high-toned morality; it teaches temperance and chastity, honesty and fidelity, virtue and benevolence, forbearance and forgiveness; it teaches us to do good to all men, and to injure none; it teaches us to aid those who are in need, to bind up the bleeding wounds, to administer consolation to the afflicted, to give good council to the erring and the wayward; and, in short, it teaches us that we should, in all things, DO UNTO OTHERS AS WE WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO US.'"

REPORTER.

(To be continued.)

An estate in Texas has just forwarded $1,000 for relief of indigent Jews of Jerusalem, at Palestine.

Inquisition at Rome—Confraternities.

We noticed last week the INQUISITION AT ROME, *as applied to our brethren*, and showed how our brethren escape persecution. This brought before our readers the *Parish Confraternities*, the general associations for burying the dead, for collecting alms for prisoners, for visiting hospitals, and for other purposes. These confraternities embrace many Masons.

Every visiter at Rome has been startled by the apparition in the Corso of a strange being clothed in a course linen sack, which entirely covers him from head to foot, with only two openings for his eyes, with a heavy rope around his loins, and dangling to his heels, and with rude sandals on his stockingless feet. He walks rapidly from door to door, rattles his tin money-box for alms, asks no questions, pauses not for a moment, has rather a peremptory than a supplicating gait, and gives you the impression of one who is pushing through an unwelcome task with nervous energy. If you catch a sight of his hand you will see it to be soft and white, and possibly flashing with a diamond which he forgot to lay aside when he assumed his rough covering. He is one of the *Sacconi*. Every Friday he is compelled by the rules of his order to go out and collect alms for the poor. It is a society composed of patricians and persons high in office. That long, bare-legged, hideous-looking object may be the cardinal whose stately bearing and splendid robes you admired in the functions at St. Peter's on the day before. The object of the association is to benefit themselves and the poor by this voluntary humility, these good works, these self-imposed penances. One of their principal duties is to check and reprove profanity. As they make their rounds they enter into wine shops, where they overhear the name of God or of the saints taken in vain. They throw themselves upon their knees, exclaiming, "Praised be the Lord!" "Let the holy and dreadful name of God be blessed and praised!" Then humbly and solemnly they exhibit the evil of profanity, declare that God is present, and hears and sees all that is done, and has prepared a very warm place in purgatory for blasphemers; and if they are reviled and derided they answer in meekness, and leave behind them words of love. * * *

The Confraternita de Giovanni decollato dates from the Pontificate of Innocent VIII., towards the close of the fifteenth century. Its object is to furnish consolation to those who are condemned to death, to be with them at the last moment, to bury their bodies, and to pray and furnish masses for their souls. On the day preceding the execution they place printed placards over all the city, in which they exhort the faithful to pray to God for the happy transition of the soul of the condemned to the other world. On the night of the execution, five or six of the brothers of this fraternity, together with a priest and a chaplain of the prisons, assemble in a neighboring church. There they pray for God's assistance to enable them rightly to discharge their painful mission; they agree upon their respective duties, and then, two by two, preceded by lanterns and in silence, they proceed to the prison of the condemned.

Entered into the chapel of the prison, which bears the name of the Chapel of Consolation, they clothe themselves with a black sack, bound with a cord, and give themselves to prayer. At the designated moment the jailors bring the prisoner, with his hands bound, and conduct him before the chapel where a notary reads aloud the sentence of death. As he passes the threshold of the chapel, two of the brothers meet him, embrace him, and holding in their hands an image of the Saviour crucified, or of the *mater dolorosa*, they render him every kindness in their power. He thus prepares himself for the confession and the viaticum. After this he makes his will, if he desires, asks pardon of all whom he has wronged, and assists at his last mass.

While these proceedings take place at the prison, the other members of the fraternity assemble in the Church of San Giovanni decollato (near the Forum), and at sunrise proceed, two by two, covered with their black sacks, and preceded by an enormous black cross, towards the prison, and when the prisoner mounts the tumbril the whole procession moves towards the place of execution. The brothers selected for that purpose stand by him to the last moment, holding up their images, and addressing to him words of cheer and consolation. After the execution they take possession of his body, consign it to the grave with the accustomed religious rites, and for several days provide that masses shall be said for the repose of his soul.

A bull of Benedict XIV. has added to the privileges conferred on this society the prerogative of pardoning every year one criminal condemned to death. After he has been selected, the pardon is conferred with some striking and characteristic ceremonies. The whole fraternity march in procession to the prison. A beadle precedes them, carrying in one hand a black baton, and in the other a tunic of red taffeta and a torch of white wax, which he is to present to the liberated prisoner. After the beadle follow two brothers with lanterns, and six others bearing lighted candles and a crucifix. The crucifix which serves on this occasion has upon its feet a garland of olive, gilded, which is to be placed upon the head of the elected prisoner. The prison is ornamented with draperies, and the space before it is strewn with box and flowers. When the procession arrives, and the liberated prisoner appears, he prostrates himself before the crucifix, and the beadle places the garland upon his brow, and the whole procession returns to the church and chants a Te Deum. After mass he dines with the chaplain, and is accompanied to his home amid the congratulations and applause of the people. * * * * *

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[*] The Dukes of Sussex and Kent were respectively elected Grand Masters, in 1813, of the two Grand Lodges, miscalled "Moderns" and "Ancients." The two brothers were determined to effect a union or fusion of these bodies, on a perfect level; for which purpose Articles of Union were drawn up and submitted to both Grand Lodges. Article V. provided for each G. L. to grant a charter to nine brethren initiated under their respective jurisdictions. These two bodies met at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on the 1st of Dec., 1813. Each party opened a Lodge in due form, according to their respective rites, and initiated the others. These eighteen brethren formed the "Lodge of Reconciliation," through whom the union was effected. It was further understood (though that was not part of the articles) that, to avoid all chance of jealousy, for the G. M. of the United Grand Lodge to appoint the Wardens from both parties. The honor of holding the position of S. W. was given to a former member of the "Moderns," or the G. L. of which the Duke of Sussex was at the head before the union. I may here add that, on that occasion, Bro. Hemming was appointed S. G. W., and Bro. Isaac Lind, an Israelite, J. G. W.

The Confraternity of the Dead was instituted toward the middle of the sixteenth century. Its object was to give honorable and Christian burial to the dead, especially to those who were carried off by the fevers of the Campagna, or who perished in the inundations of the Tiber. It is a society which has always been distinguished by the self-denying zeal and heroism with which it has discharged its painful duty. It has a high place in the regards of the citizens of Rome. Its members belong to the nobility and to the highest class of citizens. Their official costume is a black sack, sandals, without stockings, and a cord for a girdle. They are permitted to travel, when on official duty, only on foot.

When any of them receives news that a dead body has been found in the fields or in the woods, he immediately communicates the news to his fellow-members. Those on whom the lot falls for this office, immediately put on their sack, and start upon the journey to the dead, whatever may be the hour, the season of the year, or the distance to be traversed. It is not unusual for them to go fifteen or twenty miles. Under Clement VIII., in consequence of an excessive inundation, they proceeded to the mouth of the Tiber and to Ostia, where they were engaged for several days and nights in recovering the dead bodies borne down by the current.

Family Circle.

PUTTING BABY TO BED.

Baby, baby, lay your head
On your pretty cradle bed;
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
And the light are gone away;
All the clothes are tucked in tight;
Little baby dear, good night.

Yes, my darling, well I know
How the bitter wind doth blow;
And the winter's snow and rain
Patter on the window-pane;
But they cannot come in here,
To my little baby dear;

For the curtains warm are spread
Round about her cradle bed;
And her little night-cap hides
Every breath of air besides;
So, till morning shineth bright,
Little baby dear, good night.

A Beautiful Tribute to a Wife.—I was guided in my choice only by the blind affections of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent monitress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pertinacious of them. She became prudent from affection, and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love of me. During the most critical period of my life, she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation, she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perfectly at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my feelings or character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause (would to God I could recall those moments), she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm, nay, impetuous; but she was placable, tender and constant. Such was she whom I have lost, when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years' struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, and before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her, alas! the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortunes, at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days.—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

Charity.—Love, benevolence, good will—these are the elements of *Charity*. A world of pain and misery needs a hand of love to stay the work of disease, and want and death; and the destiny of man in two worlds depends in no small degree upon the proper cultivation and timely exercise of the angelic virtue. The dark clouds of adversity recede before its peaceful light, and a new star shines calmly on the weary pilgrim's lone pathway; crime stands rebuked; virtue is strengthened; and the brightest and purest angel, no less than the lowest and poorest mortal, receives a thrill of joy and acknowledges a new glory when made to feel the hallowed influence of *living* love.

Charity must not be *limited*, either in its definition or exercise. It is too noble to be fettered. The proud eagle loves the highest peak, where his piercing eye can glance from mountain to mountain, and from valley to valley; but limit this noble bird to the mean cage and his life is yielded with his liberty. So of *charity;* limit it to selfish purposes and degraded objects, disrobe it of the attribute of universality, and reserve its agency for particular persons and special occasions, and then, like the broken-hearted eagle, it droops and dies, a victim to its own false glory.

Brotherly love has risen upon the world like a gleaming star bursting through a dark and storm-clad sky, and its genial light should extend from land to land, and from sea to sea, until every claim receives its life-giving rays. Let no miserly hand mete out its glories; give it the wings of the morning, and send it forth on a world-wide errand of mercy; let it visit the humblest hamlet and step boldly into the proudest palace; let it approach the beggar on the threshold and the millionaire in his luxury; let it restrain the vicious and encourage the virtuous; direct the ignorant and counsel the wise. These are the attributes of *charity; such* a charity as may be acknowledged on earth, and such as will be rewarded in heaven.

Howqua's Garden at Canton.—It was a curious affair; quantities of flowers and plants, numerous tanks with fish, and the lotus in full bloom, its pink flowers looking beautiful. The garden is a labyrinth with its numerous summer-houses, walks, and trees. The bushes are trimmed in the quaint old style of birds and beasts. Then on our way down we stopped at a smaller garden. The river is filled with boats of all sorts, from little boxes of boats scarce sufficient to support a single paddler, to ponderous junks, half stationary, half locomotive, a sort of floating hotel for travelers and parties of pleasure, who hire them for a few days of jollification, when for retirement they are rowed, pushed or towed a short distance up or down the river, and anchored, while the inmates enjoy themselves with feasting, music, and fresh air; at other times they lay at anchor in very compact rows in the stream, forming a perfect succession of streets. Every boat in the river is registered, and I am informed there are 87,000 within the lamp district (about four miles) on the police books as plying on the river. With an ordinary average their population is computed to be 500,000, while that of the city is 1,000,000, as near as can be estimated.

The Roman Bed-Time.—An immense majority of men in Rome never lighted a candle, unless at early dawn. And the custom of Rome was the custom of all the nations that lived around the great pond of the Mediterranean. In Athens, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, everywhere, the ancients went to bed, like good boys, from seven till nine o'clock. The Turks and other people, who succeeded in the stations and habits of the ancients, do so to this day.

The Romans, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting round the table in the dark, went to bed as the darkness began. Everybody did so. Old Numa Pompilius himself was obliged to trundle off in the dark. Tarquinius might be a very superb fellow, but we doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rush-light. And though it may be thought that plots and conspiracies would flourish in such a city of darkness, it is to be considered that the conspirators themselves had no more candles than honest men; both parties were in the dark.

Errors.—The little that I have seen of the world and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through; the brief pulsation of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctury and threatening voices within; health gone, happiness gone; I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

Humorous.

A Romantic Story.—We have to relate a strange story about a Scotchman named James Henry McGregor, who came to this country in 1860, and in 1862 enlisted as a soldier. Becoming disgusted with a soldier's life, he deserted at the end of five months, and removed west from Massachusetts, where he had previously lived, dropping part of his own name and calling himself James Henry. His wife, whom he had married in 1866, was the only person knowing of this circumstance. He was the second son of a nobleman, and would, of course, succeed to the family estates if his brother died a bachelor. This actually happened, unknown to the younger brother, and search was everywhere made for the latter, an agent having been sent to this country for the purpose. He could be traced no further than Ohio, and recourse was had to advertising. He chanced to see the advertisement, and supposing it to be an attempt on the part of the United States officers to arrest him for his old crime of desertion, he destroyed all the papers and records which could establish his identity. Of this circumstance his wife was kept in ignorance until just before his death, which occurred a week ago last Monday. Since his death his wife has ascertained the true position of affairs; but a lawyer, whom she consulted, is of opinion that she cannot establish the identity necessary to claim the property, which will revert to the crown of England, the old man's childishness having thus deprived his wife and children of their lawful inheritance.

Amusing Story.—A Scotch paper tells the following story: "In a church not a hundred miles from Keith, a porter, employed during the week at the railway station, does duty on Sunday by blowing the bellows of the organ. The other Sunday, wearied by the long hours of railway attendance, combined, it may be, with the soporific effects of a dull sermon, he fell asleep during the service, and so remained when the pealing of the organ was required. He was suddenly and rather rudely awakened by another official, when, apparently dreaming of an approaching train, he started to his feet and roared out, with all the force and shrillness of stentorian lungs and habit, "Change here for Elgin, Lossiermouth and Burghead!" The effect on the congregation, sitting in expectation of a concord of sweed sounds, may be imagined.

A Wrinkle for Lay and Clerical Disputants.—The ladies of the congregation of a learned doctor, in Edinburg, lately determined to present him with a pulpit gown. The doctor, on the Sunday after it was presented, intimated to the people of the church: "The ladies have been kind enough to present me with a pulpit gown; but lest any member should object to my wearing it, I shan't put it on yet, and will hear objections on Thursday night." Nobody came to object but an old lady. The doctor said, "Well, Janet, what objections have you to the pulpit gown?" "A-well, sir," said Janet, "we never read of the Apostle Paul wearing a gown." "You are quite right, Janet," said the doctor; "but we never read of St. Paul wearing breeks." That satisfied the old lady.

Popular Science.

How to Light a Dark Room.—If, in a very narrow street or lane, we look out of a window with the eye in the same plane as the outer face of the wall in which the window is placed, we shall see the whole of the sky by which the apartment can be illuminated. If we now withdraw the eye inward we shall gradually lose sight of the sky till it wholly disappears, which may take place when the eye is only six or eight inches from its first position. In such a case the apartment is illuminated only by the light reflected from the opposite wall or the sides of the stones which form the window; because if the glass of the window is six or eight inches within the wall, as it generally is, not a ray of light can fall upon it. If we now remove our window and substitute another in which all the panes are roughly ground on the outside, and flush with the outer wall, the light from the whole of the visible sky, and from the remotest parts of the opposite wall, will be introduced into the apartment, reflected from the innumerable faces or facets which the rough grinding of the glass has produced. The whole window will appear as if the sky were beyond it, and from every point of this luminous surface light will radiate into all parts of the room.

The National Freemason.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 16, 1867.

R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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Our Rooms are No. 10 (first floor—second story), 39 Nassau Street, cor. of Nassau and Liberty Streets, opposite the Post-Office.

Dr. McMurdy is ready to see his friends in the morning, from 9 to 12 o'clock, at the office.

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National Freemasons kept for sale at all the news companies, and returnable.

A Sunday in Two Hospitals.

By invitation, we, yesterday, held a full morning service, with sermon, at the *Nursery and Child's Hospital*, Fifty-first street, corner Lexington Avenue. It was a cheering sight to see so many small children so well cared for, so well fed and dressed and so happy. We were gratified that the young lady in charge of the children allowed them *bodily freedom*, and did not check their cheerful, noisy prattle. There came into the chapel, women, and mothers, and children, rescued from vice and degradation, and others finding here protection and home.

This charity was commenced 12 years ago. Last year there were 40 women admitted for confinement, 117 women with children, 324 children were admitted, and 29 children born. 48 women found situations as wet nurses.

This is a voluntary charity, with no certain income. Last year it was desired to avoid the annual ball, which yields $10,000. An appeal was made to the churches, which objected to balls, and a proffer to receive twelve women from each church. Only two responded, and these to amount of a Christmas dinner and twenty-five dollars. A ball appeared to be necessary or a close of the institution.

The institution is full. There are continual applicants sent away. A new building is needed. Who will help to save women from infanticide and suicide? and to afford shelter for the forsaken houseless wife, whose natural protector occupies a criminal's cell?

We held evening *service and sermon* at the *Orphans' Home and Asylum* of the P. E. C. in 49th street, corner Lexington Avenue. Here was a much larger congregation of boys and girls. The orphans chaunted, without assistance, all the anthems of the service. It was the most orderly and attentive congregation we have ever preached to.

Among the friends, contributors and Trustees of this institution we were pleased to find many names of Masons.

The amount expended during the last year was $15,284 and received $16,704. There are here 158 orphans, and the institution can take no more.

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Adelphi Lodge.—We deeply regretted our absence from its social entertainment, especially as we had received such a cordial invitation. The mayor of the city was there, and one of the Pennsylvania Lodges made a fraternal visit to Adelphi.

Expensive Funerals.

A bill of funeral expenses for a New York brother, who died away from home, was shown us a few weeks ago, sent by the Lodge of a distant jurisdiction, amounting to $600.

We have heard of the funeral expenses of brothers amounting to two, three, four, five, six, and even nine hundred dollars.

In the first case mentioned, it was intended to honor the Lodge in New York, whence the brother hailed.

In the other cases it was done; we doubt not, out of true affection and regard. But it is, nevertheless, a mistake, and should be intelligently corrected.

Plain, quiet, unobtrusive funerals, are always in the best taste. Masonry also teaches that charity suggests to spend less money upon mere outward demonstration, and give more to the widow and orphan deprived of a protector and friend. Honor the deceased brother by shedding the tear of affection over his grave, by imitating his virtues, and by cherishing his surviving family.

This cannot be reached by mere public sentiment, so long as Lodge rivalry exists. The remedy is found in incorporating in the By-Laws of each Lodge that *not more than* $100 shall be expended upon any given funeral.

This is an item in the By-Laws of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, just started in New York.

Relief for the South.

We have called the attention of our readers again and again to the suffering condition of our brethren and sisters of the South. We have appeals upon appeals of the most piteous kind, for relief, from this region. We can but beg our Lodges and our brethren, who can spare sums larger or smaller, to do something. Noble men and women are not only suffering, but actually starving to death. We should not believe it if we had not the most undoubted proof of it.

Here are paragraphs in a letter received from Virginia (one of many):

> "I write to you because the National Freemason exhibits so much of the spirit of charity and of true Freemasonry. I am the wife of a 'Mason,' a poor, dependent and penniless orphan. I know not what to do, nor where to look for a full meal. My pastor would help me, but he is in as wretched a condition as myself, and a Mason also. Starvation stares us in the face. Do urge your people to do something."

Another widow writes for help to start a little store.

These letters are painful to read, because of our inability to do anything. We have been living plainly, that we might have a little to spare for our needy brother, but our own ability to do anything personally is quite at an end.

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Bro. Widdows receives a Grand Complimentary Concert on the twenty-first of February, 1867, at Steinway Hall. We trust the brethren will patronize it liberally, as a proper and *beneficial* token of regard to a worthy brother and late Master of St. Cecile Lodge, over which he has presided with such urbanity, kindliness, efficiency and popular success. Tickets, one dollar.

Since writing the above, we learn that the following eminent artists have kindly volunteered their services for the occasion, viz., Miss Nettie Sterling, the popular contralto; Bro. J. Earnest Perring, the distinguished English tenor (his first appearance in two years); Bro. Sig. S. Strini, the eminent basso; Bro. Thomas, the popular composer; Bro. Geo. W. Morgan, organist of Grand Lodge; Mr. Alfred H. Pease, the distinguished pianist; Mr. James Caulfield, organist; and Mr. Edward Hoffman, pianist and conductor.

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Our columns are all filled with care. Some neglect the columns of *Masonic Intelligence*, yet they are the most interesting and most illustrative of the sentiments of our fraternity. Let not only Masons, but statesmen also read the addresses of the Grand Masters in the present number.

Organs for Lodges.

Much interest has latterly been attracted to the employment of music in the ceremonies of conferring degrees, and otherwise, in Lodges. In New York and New England it has been widely introduced, with much satisfaction. The Grand Lodges of the District of Columbia and other jurisdictions are moving in its introduction. We wish to say a word in its favor.

The power of music upon man's emotional nature is very real, and widely recognized. It has, indeed, been obvious to almost every observing mind, in its own experience. There are few who have not been solemnized or cheered, quieted or aroused to enthusiasm, attracted to good or evil, by music. So well has this power been understood, that the employment of music wherever men were to be impressed, whether to patriotism or religion, to deeds of charity or of heroism, to the tender or more heroic emotions, has been common in all ages. It has found an important place in the church and the theatre, on the battle-field and at the festival of peace, at home and abroad, among the well and the sick, the merry and the sad, in the haunts of vice and abodes of virtue, in Lodges and Masonic bodies, and has been classed among the seven Masonic "liberal arts."

In what manner this influence is accomplished, what is the philosophy of its operation, is not easy to explain, but its fact is very patent, and very important. Governments have been overthrown, and mighty enthusiasms enkindled, by music, and there are few natures which are not more or less influenced and impressed by it.

It is this great power, then, that may and ought to be used with judgment in every good work, which we desire *to see universal in Lodges.* Wherever it has been tried it is, we believe, valued, having been found to add greatly to the interest of the ceremonies, and to render them more impressive as well as attractive. Both instrumental and vocal music may be used, and an instrument is of great importance, almost essential to its successful introduction. The best instrument is the organ.

We noticed last week one organ, and desire to call attention now to the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs, as peculiarly adapted to the purpose, leaving little to be reasonably desired. They are compact and not too expensive, the largest of them having abundant power and variety for any Lodge, costing, in plain case, but six hundred dollars, while the smallest are furnished at about one hundred dollars each. As to the quality of their tones, their amount of power and variety, and general excellence, it is enough to say that they stand at the head of their class, being almost universally recognized as superior. They are especially adapted to use in Lodges, and to render aid in the work which we deem so important, of the general introduction of music. It will be an added force toward the attainment of the great objects which we set before us; it is practicable and in all cases desirable, and should not be neglected.

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Why not?—We observe our brethren, who edit and publish secular journals, unintentionally keep alive prejudice against our Jewish brethren and friends. They publish that "A *Jew* was arrested," "A *Jew* was convicted," "A *Jew's* property was confiscated."

Why not as well say, "A *Methodist* was convicted," "A *Methodist* was arrested" and "A *Methodist's* property was confiscated," or insert *Episcopalian* or *Baptist*, in place of the word "*Jew*" or "*Methodist?*"

Freemasonry should lift us above all class, national or religious prejudices, and enable us to speak and write of men as men.

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The Directory of the Lodges which we published for some months was gratuitous. Lodges wishing it continued must pay for it.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS, P. G. M.

The Grand Chapter of New York.

This, the Supreme Legislature of Royal Arch Masonry in this State, held its Annual Convocation in Albany last week, commencing on Tuesday, and continuing, by adjournments, till Friday afternoon. Over one hundred Chapters were represented, and there was a large array of Past Grand Officers, including M. E. Companions Ezra S. Barnum, John L. Lewis, George S. Thacher, John S. Perry, D. A. Ogden, Jas. M. Austin, Arthur Boyce, and L. G. Hoffman.

During the Session, M. E. Companion A. T. C. Pierson, G. G. K., of the Grand Chapter of the United States, was announced, and received with the honors due his position.

The M. E. Horace S. Taylor, Grand High Priest, presided with great dignity and acceptability. His address, as published by us last week, gave great satisfaction. The second and third of the decisions reported by him were somewhat modified by the Grand Chapter; the second, by making the rule of the Grand Lodge that a reconsideration and unfavorable ballot after election, but before initiation, is equivalent to an original rejection; and the third, that a member of a Chapter cannot be refused admission unless for good reasons assigned.

The Deputy Grand High Priest submitted his action in installing a new Chapter when but seven of the petitioners were present. The Committee on Jurisprudence reported the action taken as irregular; and, on their recommendation, the Grand Chapter ordered the companions exalted to be healed.

The report on correspondence, by Comp. Joseph White, was ably and carefully written, and, when printed, will no doubt command general perusal.

The second day and part of the third was occupied with discussion of the new Constitution, which was finally adopted with entire unanimity. We regard it, with some few exceptions, as a very excellent instrument, and trust that it will be allowed to stand as it is for some years at least without amendment. The original draft is due to the pen of M. E. Comp. S. H. Stone, and is creditable to his foresight and attention to the wants of Royal Arch Masonry in this jurisdiction.

At the close of the debate on the Constitution, the Grand Chapter proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year, with the following result, M. E. Comp. Taylor positively, but courteously, declining a reelection:

Seymour H. Stone, Syracuse, G. H. P.; John W. Simons, Brooklyn, D. G. H. P.; Rees G. Williams, Utica, G. K.; Jos. B. Chaffee, Binghamton, G. S.; Wm. Seymour, Albany, G. T.; John O. Cole, Albany, G. S.; Chas. H. Platt, Binghamton, G. C.; Amza Fuller, Albany, G. T.

The Grand Treasurer and Grand Secretary were unanimously elected as a matter of course, and on the announcement by the presiding officer of Comp. Cole's re-election, a most affecting episode occurred. Comp. Cole, as all know, is an old, zealous and most faithful servant of the Grand Chapter. For many years he performed the duties of Grand Secretary and kept the affairs of the Grand Chapter in order without the hope of fee or reward, and even when a salary was paid him, its amount was so small as to be merely nominal; gratitude for past services, apart from all other considerations, would have kept him in office during his natural life, but the weight of declining years at last compelled him to decline further service. The announcement of this determination took the body by surprise, and for a moment it seemed as if it were impossible to realize the fact that at last the official tie was severed, and that our venerable companion would no longer occupy his accustomed place. He was not allowed to retire, however, without a substantial recognition of his long service, and we feel warranted in saying that, of all the elder brethren, not one will hold a warmer place in the affections and respect of Royal Arch Masons than the retiring Grand Secretary.

The choice of a successor fell upon Comp. Christopher G. Fox, of Buffalo, and we hazard nothing in saying that the mantle has been worthily bestowed on one who will follow in the path so long trod by the veteran with credit to himself and with honor to the royal craft.

Resolutions expressive of regret for the death of M. E. Comp. Enos, P. G. H. P., and of respect for his memory, were presented by M. E. Comp. Ogden, and unanimously adopted.

M. E. Comp. Perry presented resolutions of compliments to Comp. Hoffman, one of the pioneers of the American Masonic Press, and first Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence of this Grand Chapter, which were unanimously adopted.

Warrants were granted to the following new Chapters:

Suwassett, 195, Port Jefferson; Staten Island, 196, Tottenville; Deer River, 197, Lawrenceville; Progressive, 198, Williamsburgh; Naples, 199, Naples; Niagara, 200, Niagara Falls; Griswold, 201, Clyde; Croton, 202, Croton Falls; Copestone, 203, New York City; Rockland, 204, Piermont.

Various matters of routine business were disposed of.

The M. E. John L. Lewis, General Grand High Priest, was received with suitable demonstration of honor and respect, and proceeded to install the officers elect. He also, at the request of the Grand High Priest, presented, on behalf of the Grand Chapter, testimonials which had been prepared by previous resolution, to M. E. Companions John S. Perry and Ezra S. Barnum, who made appropriate responses. He likewise presented the memorial resolutions in honor of the late M. E. Charles L. Church, which were received on behalf of the family by the Deputy Grand High Priest, who took occasion to pay a tribute of friendship to the memory of the departed.

The Grand High Priest then announced the following as the appointed officers:

David F. Day, Buffalo, G. C. of H.; John D. Williams, Elmira, G. P. S.; John S. Dickerman, Albany, G. R. A. C.; Daniel Wolf, New York, G. M. 3d V.; J. C. Cassidy New York, G. M. 2d. V.; J. D. Pollard, Seneca Falls, G. M. 1st V.

There being no further business before the Grand Chapter, it was then closed in ample form.

During the week the Council of High Priests assembled, and in their presence the Order of High Priesthood was conferred on twenty-three aspirants.

The Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters held their annual assembly during the week. We shall endeavor to give in our next a report of their transactions.

:o:

About Work.

An old and valued friend, a correspondent, sends us the following queries:

Editor National Freemason:

As I understand it is the duty of all well informed Masons to give light where there is no impropriety in so doing, to the uninformed, I, in common with many others, would like to know who were the fathers of what is styled the "old work," though I confess I do not know exactly what that means, or whose work is the oldest. I supposed that in New York we had the work as correctly as any other State on the continent; but while visiting a Lodge in Philadelphia where the ritual differs in many respects from ours, I was politely informed that the work in New York is a thing of shreds and patches, made up by incompetent brethren and so-called Lodges of instruction. I asked where their work came from and they answered, "England in the last century." To the question, how have you preserved your ritual unaltered? the reply was, "Through a family remarkable for tenacity of memory, and one of whom is regarded as authority on all questions pertaining to it." How is this?

Again. I spent an evening lately with a few brethren, among whom were the Master of my Lodge, who is what is termed a strong Webb Mason and a most pertinacious defender of his work, and an ex-Masonic editor. The Master asserted Webb's to be the only true work; the editor, on the other hand, spoke most contemptuously of the departed luminary, calling him a charlatan and an appropriator of Preston's ideas, giving as an evidence of his character the fact that he wrote a monitor for Royal Arch Masons, before he was old enough, under the regulations of Rhode Island, where he lived, to receive the Chapter Degrees. Pray, throw a little light on this. ORDO AB CHAO.

ANSWER.—It is a very difficult thing to say who were the fathers of the "old work;" but it is very certain that the system now in vogue is very far removed from the original. Preston was the first innovator, and no doubt it is to his genius that we owe the quotations from Shakespeare and Goldsmith. His formula was, however, much more brief than the one now in use, and was the basis on which Webb erected his system, which underlies the American Ritual as practiced by all teachers of whatever name. We have never seen the Philadelphia work, but from what we have heard of it we take it to be very nearly the same as the English work, as manipulated by Preston. Webb's work was, at first, the Preston system, but it is more than likely that the various followers of that gentleman have more or less *improved* on what he taught, so that if he were to revisit us now he would find a capital opening for a course of lectures to get us back to the old ways. Cross, Barney, Fowle, Gleason, and others, have each left something of their own in the work; and thus it happens that from an exceedingly brief ceremony the degrees have grown into lectures of rather formidable proportions, the general tendency appearing to be to lengthen rather than to abbreviate. It is folly, however, to talk about the old work at present. It is more or less present in all the systems in use, but it is so overlaid with "modern improvements" that we do not exaggerate in saying that it is buried out of sight. And we may say further, that if the old work could be segregated and carefully set up on its venerable pins, it would find no one to offer it an asylum. To require the Lodges to practice it would be like asking us to leave our modern homes with gas and water, and go back to the days when even royalty knew not the comfort of a carpet and lighted itself to bed with penny dips. The best that can be done with the work at present is to keep it from growing any larger, and stick to the "standard" as the best that can be had under the circumstances.

As to the second query, we presume the ex-editor was in some measure correct. Webb was undoubtedly a creative genius, and, once his hand in, he could just as well write a Royal Arch Monitor as anything else.

:o:

The Ladies' Reception.

This affair, to which we have already referred in a previous issue, is to come off the 7th March, and not the 11th, as we wrote it before. Brother Wallace has most generously tendered the services of his fine band for the occasion, and every one will know that on this account there will be most excellent music. It will be something of a novelty, too, to attend a ball engineered by ladies, and quite a luxury to see a lot of he bipeds playing wall flowers, and waiting to be asked if they are engaged for the next dance. *We* feel safe however, as there are but two "lancers" on the order, and we have been engaged by telegraph for both. Irving Hall is a very large room, but there is a limit to its capacity, and we therefore recommend all who wish to shine on the occasion to lose no time in securing the necessary credentials. It will be remembered that the profits of this affair are to go to swell the receipts of the Fair, thence to the Hall and Asylum Fund.

:o:

Three Years.

Three years bring many changes. Three sun-circuits through the vast orbit of the heavenly Lodge witness many a fall and many an uprising. Disappointments come and are overcome. Hearts are depressed and hearts are buoyed up again. The Mason's Lodge receives new material for its spiritual walls, new wisdom to its wisdom, strength to its strength, beauty to its beauty. Likewise the brothers bear many a polished block to lamented grave. Up the mystic steps untried feet are constantly passing. At the sacred portals, trembling hands are still knocking. Within the guarded and secluded chambers, very nigh to heaven, the hallowed fire is yet burning. The call from labor to refreshment and from refreshment to labor is still heard resounding; while the field of graves has always some freshly upturned earth that marks a new tenant who sleeps beneath the sprigs of evergreen with which his comrades defied the power of death.

Three years—the mutability of time—affects us all. Those who formed the rear guard, called to be last, become the first, while many who were the first, exchange places with the outstripped in the race of knowledge.—*Lights and Shadows of Freemasonry.*

:o:

Charity is the most brilliant jewel with which Masonry adorns herself. This stands pre-eminent among the virtues that God in his holy word calls on man to practice.

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[Correspondents will look here for notices of their communications.—R. MCMURDY.]

Replies to Letters and Inquiries of Correspondents.

THE SECRETARY OF FORTITUDE LODGE, Brooklyn, is not Henry Hawkes, as we were informed, but *Merriek D. Lawrence.*

LECTURER.—You can get Rev. Dr. and Bro. Deems, of North Carolina, now in the city, to lecture on a literary or scientific subject. He has few equals as a gentleman of high literary cultivation and ability.

BRO. MACOY'S Address is 432 Broome street, New York.

QUERY asks which is right, *Bye Laws*, *Bye-Laws* or *By-Laws*. The best usage sustains the last, BY-LAWS, and it is time our literary Masons governed themselves accordingly.

CONFIRMED, ADOPTED OR APPROVED. Minutes of a previous meeting are not confirmed. The business has been done and the minutes are to be a strict record and literal written history of the transactions of the previous meeting. Although our English brethren generally use the term "confirmed," as applied to the minutes, it is incorrect. *Appointments* are *confirmed*, *resolutions and reports* are *adopted*, and *minutes* are *approved*. The Secretary's record is approved as an exact statement of transactions. All who opposed the transactions of the meeting, may approve of the minutes.

THE ARCH has been traced at Thebes, 460 years before the building of Solomon's Temple.

"EX DEXTRÆ FIDISQUE."—*Joining hands* signifies friendship and a covenant. Cicero calls the right hand the *witness of our faith*.

DISCALCEATION means the *drawing off of the shoe*. It denotes the sanctity of the place and the presence of God at the seat of Judgment. Moses was commanded to take off his shoes because the place whereon he stood was holy. The priests entered the temple barefooted. Joshua took off his shoe in the presence of the angel of God.

Extract—Letters.

From a lady, Thibodeaux, La.

You are aware of the broadcast poverty of the South; those who were wealthy are fast approaching the condition of hewers of wood and drawers of water. But we do not repine. Our trust is in Heaven.

You may be curious to know how I take so great an interest in Masonry. It is simply because I was once the wife of a Mason of high grade, and I now have two gold medals presented by Lodges of Virginia. I must have the National Freemason.

Editorial and Masonic Courtesy.

In an article or two from a correspondent, a word has escaped our eye which may not have been courteous to our brethren of the press. This is regretted. Our friends must learn, if they have private grievances with editors of papers, they must not publish them through our columns. Where we find an editor not a Masonic gentleman, we prefer to have no intercourse with him, and our correspondents must not depart from our rule.

We return our thanks to the thousand papers who have so kindly noticed the National Freemason, in every case without money or a request from us—the more valued because voluntary.

Scottish Rite.

A brother writes us from Ohio that our paper is so highly esteemed that Ohio craftsmen will take the paper, although there are parties (send on their names, brother) who represent that the National Freemason is in the interest of the New York East.

Our journal is not partisan nor local. It is for all who wish a good weekly Masonic paper. It admits kind and temperate discussion of any mooted Masonic point. It does not purpose to exist by advocacy of any particular body or rite, nor by the patronage of any man or set of men. Its only purpose is to be useful. To be so, it must be, not abusive, but *independent*.

It will do all it can to compose existing difficulties between brethren, and will welcome to its columns any brother, of any rite, who can add to the general stock of knowledge.

The paper has no position on the Scottish Rite. Both rites are represented by its editors, and this ought to satisfy all who wish a *purely Masonic* journal. Its effort will be, not to create and widen differences, but to heal divisions and unite brethren.

We know, Masonically, no North nor South, no East nor West, no political, nor religious, nor Masonic party, and no personal considerations. The National Freemason admits articles advocating views very opposite to its own, feeling that reason and truth will not suffer in the conflict, when untrammeled.

Generally, all parties and classes in Freemasonry are enthusiastically sustaining the National Freemason.

* * *

We regret to announce that Bro. Dr. William R. Little, Master of the Lodge at Panama, U. S. of C., and consul at that port, died on the 29th of January. He was sick but three days. He was esteemed in private and public life.

We Meet Upon the Level.

A writer in the British *Freemasons' Magazine* asks for the author of the song beginning as above, and where it can be found. We answer:

The "Level and the Square" was written by Bro. Morris, in 1854, and was first introduced to the public by Bro. Henry S. Deming, Member of Congress from Hartford, Conn., as an appendage to a toast at a banquet at Hartford, Sept., 1856.

We meet upon the Level and we part upon the Square;
What words of precious meaning these words Masonic are!
Come let us contemplate them, they are worthy of a thought—
In the very soul of Masonry these precious words are wrought.

We meet upon the Level, though from every station come;
The rich man from his mansion and the poor man from his home;
For the one must leave his wealth and state outside the Mason's door,
And the other finds his true respect upon the checkered floor.

We part upon the Square, for the world must have its due;
We mingle with the multitude, a cold, unfriendly crew,
But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,
And we look upon the Level to renew the happy scene.

There's a world where all are equal—we are hurrying toward it fast;
We shall meet upon the Level there, when the gates of death are past;
We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be there,
To try the blocks we offer by His own unerring Square.

We shall meet upon the Level there, but never thence depart;
There's a Mansion 'tis all ready for each trusting, faithful heart;
There's a Mansion and a welcome—and a multitude is there,
Who have met upon the Level and been tried upon the Square.

Let us meet upon the Level, then, while laboring patient here;
Let us meet and let us labor, though the labor be severe;
Already in the Western sky the signs bid us prepare,
To gather up our Working Tools and part upon the Square.

Hands round, ye faithful Masons, form the bright fraternal chain,
We part upon the Square below to meet in heaven again.
Oh! what words of precious meaning these words Masonic are—
We meet upon the Level and we part upon the Square.

The following alterations have been made since its first publication by Bro. Morris. In the seventh line, in place of "wealth and state," it now reads "heritage." [This is no improvement.] In the eighth line "and" is changed to "white," and "true" to "best." In the tenth line, "a cold, unfriendly crew" is changed to "a faithful band and true." In the twelfth line, "look" is changed to "long." In the fourteenth line "by" is changed to "with."

Our late Bro. Philip C. Tucker, when Grand Master of Vermont, 1856, said:

> When I heard Bro. H. C. Deming read these lines at the Hartford banquet, I was not quite sure that his splendid manner and ennunciation had not deceived me as to their real value. When I saw them in print I read them fifty times over with great care, studied the thoughts, and became gloriously satisfied that it was not Bro. Deming's fine reading which had captivated me, but the sentiments of the beautiful lines themselves. A few days since, I dedicated a new Lodge-room at Richmond, Vt., and took it into my head that if, near the close of our ceremonies, I were to recite those lines well, it might have a good effect; so I ventured to do it, and I never saw such an effect produced upon an audience by such means. When I got to the lines,
>
> 'Already in *the western sky* the signs bid us prepare
> To gather up our Working Tools and part upon the Square,'
>
> the Masons were either pale or crying; and those who were not Masons, women and all, had an expression of intense thought upon their countenances, such as I never before saw upon the faces of men or women. I have no idea of offering flattery or incense, when I say that as a pure matter of Masonic feeling, nothing within my knowledge equals it, from the writing of Burns' "Adieu" to the present hour. It must pass into our permanent annals, and carry Bro. Morris's name and heart with it to the ages which are to come after it.

* * *

The ladies connected with the late Fair, and of the Adoptive rite, have formed themselves into an association, and propose giving a public reception at Irving Hall, on the evening of the 7th of March. Price of tickets, two dollars. The proceeds will go to the Hall and Asylum Fund. Bro. Wallace proffers his band, and Mr. Harrison, Irving Hall.

Masonic Corpulency.

A brother came into our office a month ago in search of more degrees. Fourteen months ago he had left the profane world as Masonic traveler, and had advanced with railroad speed. He utterly ignored the old slow-coach system. In these short months he had passed through the degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow-Craft and Master Mason. He, in all probability, had acquired parrot or verbal proficiency, and could answer all the routine questions creditably. All very well, so far as it goes. But he was deficient in all other Masonic knowledge. He was soon made a Royal Arch Mason and then admitted to the Council, and had become a Knight Templar, and had advanced still farther. He was in quest of more "light," which he understood to be *more degrees*. I told him that I thought he had as much as he could digest in the next quarter of a century, and feared he would die of Masonic obesity. I asked him if he had studied Masonic history, philosophy and literature, and he gazed at me in astonishment. "Do you take a Masonic journal!" He said not, that he could not well afford it after taking so many degrees. I told him that if he could not afford four dollars for the National Freemason that he could get a very good Masonic paper for one dollar and fifty cents. He thought he must wait for —— digestion.

I presented to him a worthy subject for charity. Oh! he really could not give anything, he was doing so much for the fraternity; *why, he had gone to the expense of buying a Knight Templar's regalia*—for the benefit of the institution.

This case is, perhaps, an exaggerated specimen, and yet there are many much like it.

Such Masonry injures the subject of it. It makes him a useless Masonic formalist. It injures his family in taking from them so much money in a given year, and in occupying all his time, a portion of which should be given to them. It brings discredit upon our institution, and keeps out such as would adorn it and bless mankind.

Zeal, not for Masonry, but for particular Chapters and Commanderies and rites, hurried him through, and made this brother useless to the craft.

It is like putting a boy through the elementary and the grammar schools, the academy, the college and the medical, the legal and the theological schools—all in fourteen months. He comes out, however many questions he may answer, *a professional quack*.

* * *

David C. Miller, the publisher of Morgan's book, terminated his earthly career at Bristolville, Trumbull Co., Ohio. "He died a drunkard, and now fills a drunkard's grave in our town (Bristolville), with not a single relative or friend to shed a tear for his departure." Thus writes an esteemed correspondent of the National Freemason.

There are some Masons in New York city who will meet a similar end, who, if rumor be true, impose upon the public by issuing sundry books, advertised as monitors, worse than Morgan's. Brethren who report certain things to us are morally and Masonically bound to push them to a definite conclusion.

Under Age.

In 1756, as by "Eutick's Constitutions," and in 1723, as by first "Printed Constitutions," the law was "that no Lodge shall make any man *under the age of twenty-five years* (who must be also his own master), unless by a dispensation from the Grand Master."

When was this law altered to twenty-one? What is the history of the alteration?

The minimum age in Scotland is now *eighteen*.

* * *

Our brother of "*Le Monde*," Paris, France, is mistaken about Utah. The Lodge at Salt Lake City is composed almost exclusively of brethren who have no connection with Mormonism or plurality of wives.

What are the Facts?—Masonic Fair—Lotteries.

A brother (who is a devoted friend of the NATIONAL FREEMASON) writes in regard to *charities* and modes of their sustenance in such spirit as plainly to show the mark of fancied wrong or smarting neglect.

We were not familiar with the transactions of the Masonic Fair. We know that there were many *drawings*. We are morally certain that they were reputably conducted. There may have been too much urging of parties to invest, and a little demagoguism and imperfection. But humanity, alas, appertains to all our earthly efforts. We do not regard fairs, drawings, presentations, excursions to Jones' Woods, and concerts as the best mode of charity. We should give from principle, from a sense of obligation, duty, and charity, from love to God and man. But if we will not thus give, must the widow and the orphan and the poor starve? We must not find fault with those who do the best they can and in the best way, in their judgment. We must do more and better; but croakers usually do nothing. Drawings are no worse for Masonic than for Church purposes; but we heartily trust that the day is not far distant when the wants of suffering humanity will be systematically, regularly and fully met, without resort to appeals or indirection of any kind.

We heartily desire such moral and legislative action as will force Masons and Christians to give from the great principle of charity.

We say no young man should ever start out in life, with the hope of acquiring money, position or fame, unless by hard, slow, persistent, long continued, regular efforts. He should eschew lotteries, speculations, reliance upon friends, demagoguism or indirection. Let him be *virtuous, sober, honest*, have faith in God and in his own well directed labor. The evil of presentations, of speculations upon Wall street and in Western lots, is in the creation of the hope of speedy wealth.

Let it be understood that we do not publish the NATIONAL FREEMASON; we edit it. We do not approve of every sentinent in our correspondents' articles, nor indorse everything said in advertisements. But the publishers, being Masons and gentlemen, without mercenary disposition, do not intend to advertise anything without believing the parties to be responsible and the purpose of advertisement honest. If brethren wish to know anything beyond what is in the paper they must correspond. We have said to some Southern friends that their advertisement shall go in too, for we believe in relief of suffering everywhere, North or South, in India or Candia, wherever a needy widow or orphan can be found, without inquiry as to the means by which they were made orphans. It suffices us to know that they are needy and seek succor. How shall these sufferers be provided for? Our plan is to endow institutions both in the State and Lodge and Church sufficiently to meet the wants of all sufferers. This is not done. *Our plan upon principle* is not yet successful. Others propose suppers, fairs, and concerts and presentations.

We advise and encourage no one to help the widow and orphan in the mode suggested in any advertisement.

But if there are those who wish to do so, deal fairly with them. Let them do the good they desire, and they who object to these methods show by their own consistent works of charity that they have no sinister motive in finding fault, that no disappointed ambition or neglect causes their expression of condemnation.

We are reminded in the attitudes of parties occasionally, in their notions of right and wrong, by the following:

"During a brief term of court held by Judge Hall, at Martinsburg, Va., several applications were made for naturalization papers. Among the applicants was a native of 'Faderland.' He took with him a German friend to prove his residence in the country. Of this witness the judge asked:

"'Do you know the applicant, Mr. ——?'
"'Yesh, I well knows him.'
"'Is his moral character good?'
"'*Oh, yesh, yesh, Shudge, he's all right—he votes mit us!*'"

The names of persons referred to in the advertisement of the N. Y. V. I. were sufficient guaranty that the whole matter would be conducted honorably and justly, and the fullest security for the funds being appropriated, to a penny.

If such names as Robert J. Walker, ex-Treasurer of United States; Anthony J. Bleeker, Assessor of Internal Revenue; Gen. Wm. H. Morris, Jas. S. Polhemus, John R. Livingston, Algernon S. Sullivan, Miles G. Moies, A. D. Ruggles, and others, are not a sufficient guaranty of integrity and honesty, there can be none found.

The object to be attained is certainly noble.

When money was plenty and orphans excited more sympathy than now, a gentleman and lady (daughter of a noble Florida Mason) gathered sixty (sometimes reaching one hundred and fifty) orphans together, fed them, clothed them, educated them. When the war was over and money became scarce, they found it more and more difficult, by appeals to charity, to keep up the establishment. They offered their sixty and more orphans to the State, but there was no provision for them. They offered them to religious, charitable institutions, but there was no room for them. Their clothing was becoming indifferent, their food scanty, and they said to Mr. Kennedy, do something for us. There appeared to be no other resort but to proceed in the course of popular feeling. If ever there was a charity proper, it was this; and yet we wish that Christian and Masonic people had done something directly for them. The State ought to take care of them. The Church ought to take care of them. Masonry ought to take care of them. Alas! the widow and the orphan receive a miserable pittance, and it is grudgingly, patronizingly given.

We are acquainted with the self-denying efforts of those interested in the *New York State Volunteer Institute*, and we know that there is great need for its succor. Money is now offered daily from the proceeds of this scheme to clothe and feed these orphans, the parties not waiting for the close of it. The Governor of the State (Hon. Reuben E. Fenton), Hon. Jas. Wadsworth, Messrs. Turner & Brothers, and other prominent gentlemen, are trustees of this institution.

We trust that persons sympathizing with every effort for the good of humanity will take hold of these orphans, and raise the money to take care of them permanently.

We close by repeating that we trust that concerts, fairs, drawings and suppers may soon and forever cease from our Lodge, church and charitable operations; when people will give directly, and thus charitably, with no hope of reward, to aid the distressed and help the widow and orphan. Our charities are all tainted with the love of display, and with admixture with mercenary and inferior considerations and associations. God grant the return of the pure Masonic spirit of charity, when the love our kind will constrain us to do good unostentatiously, and without this aid from motives addressed to our alimentiveness, our social enjoyment and our love of money.

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MUSIC, published by Thaddeus Firth, 563 Broadway, New York City:

"Susan's Story," ballad, by Claribel.
"The Lonely Rose," aria for baritone, by Shattuck.
"Can it Be? Can it Be?" by Mad. Scheller.
"Ida Galop," arranged by Downing's 71st Band, by Faust.
"Little Lizzie Lee," by Bros. Baker & Danks.
"Wake Not that Harp Again," by Holder.
"The Watcher at the Gate," by Augusta Browne Barrett.
"Popular Songs in Doctor of Alcantara," by Eichberg & Linden.

A Cyclopedia of Freemasonry, embracing Bro. Oliver's Dictionary of Symbolical Masonry, with his Portrait, and Supplement of Technical Terms, and an account of the Rise and Progress of Freemasonry and its kindred Associations, Ancient and Modern. Edited by Bro. MACOY. Illustrated with numerous engravings. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Co., 432 Broome street, 1867. Pages 556.

Such works are exceedingly useful to the fraternity, and we cordially recommend them to young craftsmen. Indeed, persons not Masons will find great advantage in their use. The time is rapidly passing away when Masonic truths and principles can be hid among the initiated. They are valuable for the whole human family. The timid Masonic formalist and bigot needs not fear that our mysteries and ritualism will be thus possessed by the profane. They will be involved in greater mist and concealment by a thorough, public and general advocacy of *toleration, universal brotherhood, universal charity*, and a *pure love of the truth*.

We are pleased to see in this edition of Oliver the right rhetorical and Masonic use of such words as "By-Laws" and "Compasses."

We present a fair specimen of each feature of the "Cyclopedia:"

COWAN.—From the affair of Jeptha, an Ephraimite was termed a cowan, or worthless fellow. In Egypt a cohen was the title of a priest or prince, and a term of honor. Bryant, speaking of the harpies, says they were priests of the sun; and as cohen was the name of a dog as well as a priest, they are termed by Appollonius "the dogs of Jove." Now St. John cautions the Christian brethren that "without are dogs" (κυνες), cowans or listeners; and St. Paul exhorts the Christians to "beware of dogs, because they are evil workers." Now κυων, a dog, or evil worker, is the Masonic cowan. The above priests or metaphorical dogs, were also called cercyonians or cer-cowans, because they were lawless in their behavior towards strangers. A writer of the "Freemason's Quarterly Review" thus explains the word. "I trace it," says he, "to the Greek verb ακουω, to hear or listen to, from which it is but parcè detorta; and we have high authority for so importing words from one language to another." Our illustrious brother, Sir Walter Scott, makes one of his characters in "Rob Roy" say, "she does not value a lawsuit mair as a cowan, and he may tell Mac Cullummore that Allan Iverach said sae."

BREADTH.—The breadth of the Lodge is said to be between the north and the south, for the purpose of demonstrating the universality of Freemasonry.

YORK RITE.—The York rite is the basis of all rites that claim a Masonic character. At first there were but three degrees; but, as at present practiced, there are seven: 1. Apprentice; 2. Fellow-Craft; 3. Master; 4. Mark Master; 5. Past Master; 6. Most Excellent Master; 7. Holy Royal Arch. There are three other degrees, appendages to this rite, viz.: the order of the High Priesthood, an honorary degree conferred on the first officer of a Chapter, and the degrees of Royal and Select Master.

HAIL, OR HELE.—The Masonic word usually spelt hail is more more properly the old English word hele, from the ancient German *hehlen*, to conceal. From this comes our word hell, corresponding to the Greek hades, and the Hebrew sheol, the invisible, the unseen.

> "These words thou shalt publish, and these thou shalt hele."
> ESDRAS.

Hele—pronounced hale—should be used in the catechism. The fact that this Saxon word is found in the ritual of Freemasonry proves the relation and connection between the modern system of Freemasonry and the German Building Corporations.

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ITALY.—Our esteemed brother, the Grand Master of Massachusetts, is mistaken in supposing that "*Italy has been Masonically redeemed*," and that "in the city of Rome itself, the seat of the Papal power, one or more Lodges are now held within the shadow of the Vatican, and that the music of the mystic gavel is ringing on the ears of the 'Head of the Church.'"

There are Lodges at Rome, but they exist stealthily, are movable, without fixed locality, and their officers and members are never known by their names. We have before us a document from Italy, in which the W∴ M∴ is known as No. 9; the S∴ W∴ as No. 25; the Sec. as No. 14; and so on. Names are never pronounced. Our brethren at Rome are now in danger from the inquisition as much as ever.

Touching Passage.

How eloquently does Chataubriand reply to the inquiry "Is there a God?" Our French brethren in Masonic error should receive this lesson from their great countryman:

"There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless Him; the insect sports in His beams; the elephant salutes Him with the rising orb of day; the bird sings Him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims Him in the heavens; the ocean declares His immensity. Man alone has said 'There is no God!' Unite in thought at the same instant the most beautiful objects in nature: suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars and a night covered with clouds; meadows enameled with flowers and forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by tints of autumn; then alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing upon that sun which is plunging under the vault of the West, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what inconceivable magic does that aged star which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reappear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dews of morning? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising, resplendent at noonday, and setting in the west; or rather our senses deceive us and there is, properly speaking, no East or West or South in the world. Every thing reduces itself to a single point, from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The bright splendor is perhaps that which nature can present that is most beautiful, for while it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits at the same time a shining image of the glorious Trinity."

A letter from our esteemed friend and brother, Past Grand Master of Massachusetts:

BOSTON, *February* 10, 1867.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—In the excellent biographical sketch of General Jackson, you mention tributes of respect to his memory by the Grand Lodges of Alabama and Florida. We of the North were not unmindful of his Masonic worth, and in the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts for 1846 you will find the resolution, offered by R. W. Bro. Winslow Lewis, Jr., which was unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts deeply sympathize with the great Masonic family in the loss sustained by the decease of R.·. W.·: Andrew Jackson, Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, one of the firmest and most unwavering of Masons, and who, when elevated to the highest political office on earth, continued his attention and devotion to the Order." Fraternally,

WINSLOW LEWIS.

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

The Sisters of Charity in the United States are 951, having under their charge 22 hospitals, 32 orphan asylums, 49 parochial schools, 4 houses of charity and 1 academy—108 establishments. They have been devoted nurses on the battle-field and in the hospitals.

KIND WORDS.—Kind words cost but little. Any one but a confirmed cynic ought to be able to dispense them at pleasure. They make nobody the poorer. Like the widows cruise, the stock need not be exhausted even by constant using—yea, better than the widow's cruise, the stock increases the more it is drawn from the fountain. A kind heart, which is the only true source of kind words, is a perennial stream. No winter's cold can freeze it; no summer's drought can dry it up. Through all seasons it pours out its life-giving flood, making glad and green whatever it touches, gurgling and eddying round with inward joy because of its offices of love. One would think that kind words, diffusing gladness as they do, through the hearts of both donors and receivers, would be the common currency in life's intercourse. Even the employer, who has hundreds at his beck and call, might afford to lay aside his oriental majesty, sufficient to speak to his underlings a word of recognition; journeymen and apprentices would not render themselves menials and abjects by putting off their reserved rights and attitude, so as to speak to their employer with deference and respect; clerks and salesmen need not consider dumb solemnity or waspish rudeness essential to their calling; and last, but not least, their high mightinesses, steamboat and hotel clerks and railroad conductors might, perhaps, occasionally, without too much condescension, afford to give a civil answer. We are a great people in this country, certainly. Everybody is so impressed with a consciousness of his inherent dignity, that he fears to compromise it by the exercise of common courtesy.

"A little word in kindness spoken,
  A motion or a tear.
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
  And made a friend sincere."

Hon. I. Washburn has purchased 22,500 feet of land, for $26,000, at Worcester, Mass., to erect a Memorial Dispensary and Hospital for the poor of that city, without regard to creed, nationality or condition. It is a *memorial*, in memory of two deceased daughters.

George Peabody gives to Southern education two millions of dollars.

Masonic (Home) Items.

Mount Nebo passes resolutions of condolence in the case of the death of Bro. Lewis Sink.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—PITTSFIELD.—The Lodge halls are being nicely fitted up. The editor of the *Gazette* noticed in his visit thereto, "*a first-class cooking stove in one of the rooms.*"

ALEXANDRIA, VA.—Rev. Bro. Biting delivered an admirable lecture, for the benefit of the Orphan Asplum, on Freemasonry.

—Binghamton ladies, New York, gave voluntary tableaux, for the benefit of Hall and Asylum Fund. There were 25 exhibitions, such as the players from Hamlet and the Goddess of Liberty. Net receipts, $256.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

ARKANSAS GRAND LODGE.—The Grand Master, at the late meeting thus discourses:

THE HOPE OF A TREE.—What our illustrious Ancient Grand Master, the son and successor of David, observed to be the law of the *tree*, is likewise the *law* which the Creator of all things has impressed upon all organic bodies, of whatsoever form or substance. Germination, growth, maturity, decay, death, and reproduction, are words which indicate the natural history of all the individuals as well as of all the numerous classes of animate nature. Life is ever springing, death is ever destroying. The vigorous sprout shoots from the mouldering trunk of the fallen tree. The vine covers with verdure the limbless and lifeless body of the blasted oak. The rose, planted by the hand of surviving affection, feeds upon the crumbling bones of the dead, whilst it blooms and blushes over the tomb. Nimble childhood sports and prattles by the side of tottering age. Inexorable Death, with his ever-whetted and all-devouring scythe, has been battling since the fall of Adam, for victory over Life; but amidst the desolation and ruin which he produces, God, the Creator, who is mightier than him, is ever animating and reproducing. Hence, *there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again.*

When a few of us assembled here a year ago, your State was in the condition of a fallen tree. It had been prostrated and crushed by the storm of war, the favorite agent of Death. But under the genial influences of the sun of peace a new and vigorous oak is springing up. Its trunk is growing, its boughs are spreading, and in process of time it may become more beautiful, more majestic than the fallen tree. Coming years may behold it a sturdy Druid Oak, under whose protecting arms millions of prosperous people may shelter. No prophet seer has scanned the destiny of Arkansas. England (whose territorial area is not greater than hers) was plundered by the Saxon, pillaged by the Dane, and crushed by the iron heel of the Norman, yet she has become a giant among the nations of the earth. Her commerce covers all the seas, and the sun never sets upon her dominions. But England is in her maturity. Decay must follow. Death is preparing a tomb for her, while Arkansas is in her infancy; and, crippled as she at present is, a long career of glory is before her!

MASONRY IN ARKANSAS.—Twelve months ago, Masonry in Arkansas was also in the condition of a fallen tree. Out of *one hundred and seventy* chartered Lodges upon our Register, but *fifty* were represented at your last annual communication. The Register itself had been destroyed by fire, with the Masonic Hall of this city, which contained it. Many other Lodge houses had been consumed by flames kindled by the war. A number of Lodges had been plundered of their charters, records, furniture, and jewels. The Masters and Wardens of other Lodges were dead. They had fallen upon distant battle-fields, or died from the exposures of the march and the camp, and slept in unmarked graves, far from their homes and their much loved Masonic altars. The membership of many of the Lodges were also dead or scattered. Communities were broken up, houses left tenantless, and abandoned fields uncultivated. The destitute widow and the helpless orphan were in want of bread, and, in many instances, there was but little to supply them.

THE MASONIC TREE REVIVES.—But at the close of the war no class of our population returned more readily, quietly, and cheerfully to the peaceful pursuits of life than the Masonic fraternity. During the past Masonic year Lodges have been rebuilt and refurnished, charters duplicated, and the surviving craftsmen have reassembled and resumed their labors. Much the larger portion of the Lodges are at work again, and others are preparing for labor. But few charters have been surrendered. The number of new Lodges established during the year will, perhaps, equal the number which have surrendered their charters. The Masonic Tree revives again! There is no permanent decay—no death for Masonry! "Truth crushed to earth will rise again—the eternal years of God are hers!" Her date is from the year of Light. She was present when the morning stars shouted over the new-born earth. She saw the Sun make his first march through the heavens; and will witness his last setting when the Angel of Death shall sound the funeral knell of Time! She has seen the oak of many centuries spring from the earth, mature, decay, and tumble down. She has witnessed the infancy, maturity, decline, and fall of many kingdoms and empires. She saw Rome when but a bantling upon the banks of the Tiber, saw her when she had her foot upon the neck of all Europe, and saw her when she sunk into the tomb of nations! She *may* see her spring into life again, and become the flourishing capital of a mighty empire under the reign of Victor Emmanuel and his successors. For nations are like *trees;* if they *be cut down* they *may sprout again*. But *Masonry* can never die, because her laws are immutable and everlasting.

GEOMETRY.—The great problem in geometry, that the square of the hypothenuse of a right angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the two other sides, was as true, in the nature of things, when the *first man saw the light* as it was when our ancient brother Pythagoras discovered it, and cried out in the joy of his heart, *Eureka!* Multiplied thousands of men, who have taught the mode of solving and demonstrating the problem, and millions of students who have learned it, sleep in their long forgotten graves, but the truth of the problem survives unchanged and unchangeable.

This problem is placed in our books to invite the attention of the intelligent Mason to the study of *geometry*, which is the basis of our noble art; and it illustrates the fixedness of the cardinal principles of the Order.

PERPETUITY OF FREEMASONRY.—Masonry is founded in the mutual wants and necessities of our race; and as long as these wants and necessities continue, so long must Masonry exist. As long as there is a hungry man to be fed, a naked man to be clothed, an afflicted man to be comforted, a man in danger or distress to be relieved, a destitute widow to be supplied, a helpless orphan to be nurtured and educated; as long as there is a weeping eye to be dried, a broken heart to be healed, a sighing son of sorrow to be consoled, a dead man to be buried, so long has Masonry her mission to perform. Charity, her great virtue, never faileth; Faith terminates in sight; Hope ends in fruition, but Charity continues beyond the grave—survives the general "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds," and endures through all the unending ages of eternity! When the sun and the moon and the lesser lights shall be blotted out, when the stars shall fall, and Death shall make his final triumph over the human race, Masonry, like an angel of mercy, will sit weeping by the *last man* and hold a cup of water to his fevered lips; and then, abandoning the doomed earth, she will ascend to heaven and behold the Almighty Creator cause to spring from the wreck of matter the *new heavens* and the *new earth*—for as of the *tree*, *there is hope of the heavens and the earth if they may be cut down that they will sprout again!*

The *perpetuity* of *organized* Masonry finds its guaranty in the attachment of the craftsmen to the fixed principles of the Order. The obligations imposed, the vows assumed, lay fast hold upon the conscience, and make a deep and lasting impression upon the mind; they become as indelible as the lines of the engraver's chisel upon the surface of the unwasting rock. The moral and social lessons illustrated in the degrees, and inculcated in the lectures and charges, have a moulding and assimilating influence upon the mind of the novitiate, and the lessons being often repeated in his presence and hearing, they become, as he grows older, a part of his moral constitution. I have seen some fallen Masons, some who had degraded themselves from the high and beautiful walks of virtue, into the lowest sinks of vice and immoraltity; but I have never yet met one so low—so lost to virtue—that his heart and his conscience could not, momentarily, at least, be awakened by reminding him of the Masonic *altar*, and its associations. It is like a sunbeam breaking into a charnel-house—the bones are wont to stir, as if the resurrection morn had come!

To the unitiated the devotion of the zealous craftsman to Masonry is unaccountable. Why, he sometimes asks, do you leave your family and your fireside, and go night after night to the Lodge and labor there, not unfrequently, until the cock crows? Why do you annually leave your home and go all the way to Little Rock to attend the sessions of what you call your Grand Lodge? You make no money by it. On the contrary, you waste your time and expend your means. It brings you no public honors, and promotes you to no public stations. Very true; but there are *pearls* of more value than gold, or silver, or *greenbacks!* There are rewards more to be prized than public honors or public stations! In one of the beautiful visions of old John Bunyan, he saw a man toiling in the dirt for treasures, whilst an angel hovered over him, offering to place a crown of surpassing value and beauty upon his head, if he would *look up!*

The Drones.—It is lamentably true, however, that, as among the bees, there are drones in Masonry. Some who, heedless of the oft repeated lesson of industry, neither labor nor learn. They occasionally attend the Lodge or parade in a public procession, but they grow no better or wiser. For long years they eat and sleep, and then they die, leaving no memorials of virtue behind them. Their paths through life are like the footprints of the gull upon the sands of the sea-shore, which are effaced by the next succeeding breeze. Such untoiling, unimproving men, are not, however, peculiar to Masonry. They are to be found in all classes and associations of men.

The *universality* of Masonry furnishes an additional guaranty of its perpetuity. It has within itself no elements of discord. It is the institution of no section, creed, climate, or race. It is the great and noble institution of *humanity!* The *globe* is a fit symbol of its universality, and the blue arch which spans it aptly symbolizes the bounds of its charity. It spreads its generous arms like a great sea, and embraces all the shore!

In the course of its history, even in our own country, an element of discord has occasionally crept in, but the good sense and prevailing prudence of the craftsmen have very soon expelled it. At an early period of the late unfortunate civil war, one or two of our Northern sister Grand Lodges, participating in the general excitement, and forgetting for the time the *landmarks* of the Order, were disposed to denounce and excommunicate all Masons sympathizing with the Southern States. But this was condemned by our more prudent Northern sisters as unmasonic, and abandoned. When a wounded or imprisoned Mason was in want of care, food, or clothing, he paused not to inquire whether the hand of the brother who offered them had wielded a sword on the one side or the other. If Masonry had suffered herself to be involved in political revolutions and civil commotions, her *tree would have been cut down in ages gone never to sprout again.*

My R. W. Bro. Charles W. Millard, the Deputy Grand Master of the Second District, who reports to me an encouraging account of the reviving condition of most of the Lodges in his district, says, however, that in one or two of the Lodges some discord has existed in consequence of occurrences of the war. But this is on the mend. How beautiful, and yet how cautiously to be repeated, is the language of the model prayer: Forgive us *our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.* We must forgive, as we hope to be forgiven. A learned brother, a *Rabbi*, says this was one of the prayers in the service of the Old Temple, and was appropriated by the Saviour.

Noble Lesson.—I repeat now, in writing, substantially what I said to the last Grand Lodge verbally. In considering the claims of applicants for initiation, advancement or affiliation, the physical, the moral, and mental fitness of the applicant must alone be regarded. In other words, none other than the old and well defined Masonic tests should be applied. No inquiry should be made as to whether he was born North or South, or was upon the one side or on the other in the late war. One inquiry is sectional and the other political; and in Masonry we ignore them both. Outside of Masonry I may have a very poor opinion of a man's religion, his politics, or his section, but when he seeks to become a Mason I look at him simply as a *man.* If he be already a Mason, and *as such* worthy, I hail him as a brother when we meet at the Masonic altar, or elsewhere Masonically.

The Grand Master then appropriately notices the death of the Grand Secretary, and adverts to the prostrate condition of St. John's College, saying that he found Major-General Reynolds ready to do what he could to relieve and restore the property. He asked Secretary Stanton to leave the temporary wooden buildings as a partial compensation for occupancy, injury to premises, and apparatus and minerals, removed by Federal forces. Secretary Stanton was inexorable, and would make no order for the relief of the College. It has been rumored that Mr. Stanton is a Freemason; we do not believe it. His acts do not sustain such theory. We deny it, until we have proof. We have nothing to do with politics, but we are not therefore silent, when any one in power tramples upon Masonry. How different Mr. Stanton's conduct from that of Gen. Washington, and many in the late war! Gen. Washington returned Masonic property, saying that his country "did not war upon charitable institutions." Secretary Cameron, a Royal Arch Mason, when in the Cabinet, had an order passed that all Masonic property should be respected and restored. We trust Congress will unitedly see that the Masonic property of St. John's College, under the control of the Grand Lodge of Arkansas, may be restored without detriment and loss. Herein we utter the sentiment of the whole Masonic world, without reference to political distinctions.

Bro. English thus closes his address:

You have no political or civil power. No penal laws inflicting corporal punishment, no prison houses, no sheriffs or bayonets to enforce your mandates. Masonry is a moral power—a light—an educator—a civilizer. And it is moral power at last that governs the world. One man, the Czar of Russia, governs fifty millions of subjects. His physical power, compared to that of the millions, is like a grain of sand to the globe. The millions may become angry with him, rage, storm, roar, and sweep him away like a straw upon a great foaming billow. It is a *moral force* that keeps them quiet. Masons, numbering millions as they do, have no despot to become angry with. They are all *brothers*—all upon a *level*—all *equals.*

Your Masonic tree must increase, flourish in perpetual verdure, bloom and perfume the land with virtue, bear fruit for the hungry, spread its beautiful boughs, and furnish shelter for the houseless. It has no death to fear, no enemy to dread. The storm of persecution may, as in days gone, howl like a demon among its branches, but it cannot harm them.

The following officers were installed for 1867:

E. H. English, G. M.; E. H. Whitfield, G. L.; John R. Eakin, G. O.; Will. Hicks, G. S. W.; H. F. Thomason, G. J. W.; Jocob Ash, G. T.; B. F. Riddick, G. S. D.; F. J. Cameron, G. J. D.; Thos. R. Welch, G. C.; Joseph Renfro, G. P.; H. M. Grant, G. S. B.; —— Cook, —— Cole, G. S.; James Tunnah, G. T.

Massachusetts.—Grand Master at the late session of the Grand Lodge thus opened his address:

Brethren of the Grand Lodge: In the original charter or "Commission," as it was then called, granted by Lord Montacute, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England, in 1733, authorizing the R. W. Henry Price to open and hold a Provincial Grand Lodge for New England, it being the first establishment of the kind on the American Continent, I find the following words: "And lastly, we will and require that our said Provincial Grand Master of New England, do annually cause the brethren to keep the Feast of St. John the Evangelist, and dine together on that day, or (in case any accident should happen to prevent their dining together on that day) on any other day near that time."

I find also in the first book of Masonic constitutions ever printed, and which was originally published by authority of the Grand Lodge of England, in 1722, the following regulation, it being the twenty-second of the well known "Thirty-nine Articles" adopted in 1720, to wit: "The brethren of all the Lodges in and about London and Westminster, shall meet at an Annual Communication and Feast, in some convenient place, on St. John Baptist's day, or else on St. John Evangelist's day, as the Grand Lodge shall think fit, by a new regulation, having of late years met on St. John Baptist's day. The record also shows that the Grand Lodge frequently, subsequent to this, assembled and held the "Grand Feast" on both the St. Johns' days in the same year; and if we turn over the pages of the previous history of the Order in England, we shall find that this custom of assembling on one or the other of these days to celebrate the feast, is of much elder date than that of the origin of our venerable mother Grand Lodge; and indeed, that the circumstance that the custom of holding the "Annual Feast" on St. John's day had fallen into abeyance, was one of the primary causes which led to the establishment of the Grand Lodge in London, in 1717.

I am not able to say at what precise time, or under what circumstances, the custom of holding these annual St. John feasts originated; but we learn from the history of the Order in England, that on St. John's day, December 27, 1561, the Grand Lodge being assembled at the old city of York, Queen Elizabeth, "jealous of all secret assemblies," "sent an armed force" to break up the meeting. The meeting, however, was not broken up, nor was its business otherwise interfered with than by the initiation of the officers of the "armed force" referred to! The Grand Lodge continued thereafter to hold its Annual Assemblies and Feasts on St. John's day without interruption, and we find it, one hundred years afterwards, namely, 1663, in session on St. John the Evangelist's day, under the Grand Mastership of the Earl of St. Albans, when the following among other regulations was adopted: "That for the future the said fraternity of Freemasons shall be regulated and governed by one Grand Master and as many Wardens as the said society shall think fit to appoint at every Annual General Assembly."

These evidences, that until a very recent period it was the practice of our English brethren to hold their Annual Assembly and Feast, for more than three centuries at least, on one or the other of the St. Johns' days, in honor of the virtues and exemplary characters of those two eminent patrons of our Order, might be easily multiplied; but it is not necessary to do so. My object is accomplished when I have demonstrated the antiquity of the practice, and indicated our own obligations to follow it, as a duty imposed on the fathers of our beloved Grand Lodge, by the charter that gave them existence, and which their successors, with a fidelity worthy of the highest commendation, have faithfully observed and performed to the present time. And, brethren, we are now and here assembled, in the light of the Past, to continue this good old landmark of our fathers, and by thus honoring it, to make manifest the love and veneration in which we hold their memories and their examples.

UNIVERSALITY OF MASONRY.

It is said that our institution is a Universal Fraternity, and this is qualifiedly true, and perhaps never more so than at the present time. It is as widespread as the area of human sympathy. Wherever civilization has extended, there is the banner of Masonry seen waving in the breeze. In the farthest India, in the flowery empire of China, in Japan, at the Sandwich Islands, all along the shores of the Pacific, from Cape Horn to the extreme northern boundary of the United States, and back into the interior, where, but a few years since, the voice of the white man was in reality a voice in the wilderness; along the banks of the Nile, and even on the shores of the Barbary States, and North again, to the borders of the Arctic Ocean, is heard the sound of the gavel calling the craftsmen to labor. And there is scarcely a State in Western or Central Europe, where our brethren are not to-day assembling in their Lodge-rooms, and practising those mystic rites, and inculcating those great moral and beneficent truths, which, through a long succession of ages, have given stability to our institution, and commanded for it the respect and admiration of the wise and good of all nations and tongues.

Thus the address closes:

If we are true to the teachings of the past, and faithful to the landmarks which our fathers have left for our direction and guidance, it will be well. If, on the contrary, we allow ourselves to be shaken by every wind of doctrine and blown about like the leaves of autumn, it will be otherwise. Let us, then, unitedly and heartily resolve to hand down to our successors this good old Grand Lodge, with its teachings, its principles, and its Freemasonry, unshaken in its integrity, and unsullied in its purity, just as we received it at the hands of the venerable and honored brethren who first erected the Masonic altar on the soil of America. Let us do this faithfully and conscientiously, and the blessing of God will continue to abide with us as it abode with our fathers.

Maryland Grand Lodge.—We have already published nearly all of general interest appertaining to the last year of this Grand Lodge. We add the following from the proceedings furnished us in full by the Grand Secretary, who has furnished a neat and attractive journal. The address of the Grand Master is the briefest made to any Grand Lodge on the American continent. It is eminently practical.

Bro. Coates shows great wisdom herein. We endorse every word of it, especially commending the sentiments of its close, which reads:

A new era is about to dawn upon our time-honored fraternity in our Masonic jurisdiction; crowding memories press upon us, spirits of the fraternal dead hover over us this evening with watchful interest, as we legislate the measures that will cause these halls to be left silent, where they once labored with great solicitude for the good of men. The echo of voices that once thrilled the heart come upon the ear, and our tears mingle with the gratulations of grateful hearts, as we remember the mighty ones who lived and acted here. In the wise ordination of a gracious Providence, we, my brethren, must pass away from the stern labors of life, to the refreshments of another and better state of existence. We shall, I trust, appear before the Supreme Grand Master, wearing the jewels of a well spent life. It is only by a firm belief in the great truths inculcated by our mysteries, and in an honest and conscientious discharge of duty, that we can expect to be classed among the great and true of our Order, who have gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. Let the memories of the past, the glowing hopes of the present, and the labors which in their results will give body and form to the future, stimulate us to the practice of every Masonic duty, and the cultivation of every Masonic virtue, until opposition is disarmed, and every prejudice silenced, by the convincing logic of a pure and honorable life of piety and usefulness. Thus will our institution be nobly vindicated, and children's children will rise up and call us blessed.

$3,000 were added to the Charity Fund during the year, making the present fund $57,000.

The Grand Master presented P. G. Master John S. Berry with a beautiful gold jewel in behalf of the members of Adherence Lodge.

P. G. Master Anthony Kimmel thus addressed the Grand Master:

SIR—*Mount Nebo Lodge*, of our sister jurisdiction of the State of Virginia, has been pleased to send to this grand occasion (the laying of the corner-stone of the Masonic Temple at Baltimore), by its members,

"THIS MASONIC APRON,"

the handiwork of the fair daughters of the chateau "*La Grange*," and by them presented to the "*Grand Orient*" of La Belle France, with which this our Grand Lodge has been for years in fraternal communion.

When our enfranchised fellow-citizen of Maryland, our venerated brother of this Grand Lodge,

"THE LAFAYETTE,"

visited our beloved country previous to the present century, the "*Grand Orient*" forwarded by, and by that good brother presented in its name,

"THIS APRON,"

to our brother of Virginia, the great, the immortal

"WASHINGTON,"

which that illustrious chieftain on all occasions wore with great gratification to himself, and highest delight to his adoring countrymen, and especially on the Great Masonic Festival, the *laying* of the *corner-stone* of the

"CAPITOL OF THE UNITED STATES."

Upon the demise of that illustrious brother, this relic fell to the lot of one of the Washingtons of the vicinity of Martinsburg, Virginia, the location of "*Mount Nebo*," who generously bestowed it to the charge of that ancient Lodge, which tendered its use to all the Lodges of its vicinity and to the admiring gaze of the *Craft*, on all occasions within its range, and on this occasion for the delight of craftsmen.

This apron is embroidered on *white satin*, and is of common size, the square and compass, the points of the latter above the square, interwoven with branches of the *Cassia*, the whole surmounted with the star-spangled banner and the stripes of our land, and the lily flags, and the *mallet* of the Grand Master, the whole emblematic of the Revolutionary Alliance of the two nations, which consummated the independence of our beloved land, now being happily restored under the guidance of our distinguished brother,
President ANDREW JOHNSON, Past Grand Master of
the Masons of *Tennessee*.

NEBRASKA.—The Grand Master has issued his circular to all the Lodges of Nebraska, in conformity with the resolution of Bro. Irish, as adopted by the late Grand Lodge. He invites proposals from different points as to the location of the institution for educating orphans of deceased Masons, and mode of raising funds. A special meeting of the standing committee is ordered at Omaha, June 18, 1867.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

FRANCE AND MEXICO.—The Grand Orient (Lodge) of Mexico took the initiative in establishing fraternal relations with the Grand Orient of France. The Grand Orient of France cordially received the overtures of that of Mexico.

FRANCE.—At the late meeting of the Grand Orient, the Grand Master of the Council of Order was sustained in replying to the overtures of the Grand Orient of Brazil, for fraternal relations, that Brazilian Freemasons ought to cease personal ownership in slaves, if they wish to be recognized by the brethren of France, and that the Grand Orient of France will break all fraternal ties with the Grand Orient of Brazil if it does not engage to combat slavery.

We have steadily for four years of our conducting a journal. cautioned our brethren against all efforts to make Masonry a power. Let the Craft be satisfied with having it an all-pervading influence, permeating every organization, political and religious.

We therefore look with especial apprehension when she organizes against any evil or unites men as Masons merely for any specific good.

We fear that she may become an anti-slavery or a temperance society, and thus have a limited influence and an ephemeral existence. Let Masons, in resisting evil and organizing for good objects, do it as citizens. What would be thought of Masons, as such, having a Masonic Methodist or Episcopal Church? Let us adhere to old principles and old modes of Masonic action.

BELGIUM.—The Lodges have been contributing liberally to the sufferers by cholera.

SWEDEN.—Masonry makes some progress here, but it is affected by its recognition by the State and alliance therewith. The Duke of Ostrogoth assisted at the inauguration of the new edifice which the Freemasons of Malinoe have constructed at Stockholm.

SCOTLAND.—The Lodge of St. Mark has been celebrating its centennial anniversary lately.

EGYPT.—The Vicar-General of the Greek Archbishop has lately been made a Freemason in the Lodge of "Regeneration of Greece," at Alexandria, Egypt.

PORTUGAL.—The Grand Master of Portugal, Count of Paraty, thus writes to the Grand Master of Massachusetts:

The Grand Orient Lusitania (Portugal) does not think the apogee of Masonry will have arrived, until all the family of the Universe shall recognize all its members. To obtain this, it is necessary that fraternal relations shall be formed among all the legitimate Masonic powers.

In this conviction, the Lusitanian Grand Orient does not hesitate in its duty of addressing the Grand Orient of Boston, and doing entire justice to the illustrious sentiments which animates them, and proposes to them the establishment of fraternal relations, formed upon the basis of a perfect reciprocity.

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

NEW JERSEY—GRAND LODGE.—The Grand Master made the following decisions during 1866:

My attention was attracted during the last session of the Legislature of this State to the numerous applications to that body for the passage of acts incorporating Subordinate Lodges. Such applications are made by the brethren undoubtedly with the best intentions, but without due reflection, and without realizing the legal effect and operation of such legislation. I have lately given this subject some examination, and the conclusion to which I have arrived is, that the incorporation of Masonic bodies is subversive of the true principles of Masonic government, and inimical to the prosperity and perpetuity of the institution. As my objections to such applications are generally of a legal character, I must be pardoned if my remarks upon this subject may smell somewhat of the shop.

When a Lodge is incorporated by an act of the Legislature, it becomes a subject of the laws of the State, just as is an individual citizen, with certain exceptions. It not only acquires the right to hold and convey real estate and invest personal property in the Lodge name, but it also renders itself liable to be sued in its corporate capacity, and submits itself and concerns to the supervision and control of the courts of law. By the rules of government of our institution a brother who feels aggrieved by the action of his Lodge has the right of appeal to the Grand Lodge. If, however, he should be fractious and indisposed to submit himself to the adjudication of the Grand Lodge, he has the power, if the Lodge be incorporated, to appeal directly to the judicial tribunals. If he has been expelled by his Lodge for a Masonic offense justifying such punishment, courts of law have the power—denied by some of the ablest and wisest of Masonic writers even to the Grand Lodge itself—to restore the offending brother into full and complete membership in the Lodge from which he has been expelled.

Let me illustrate this subject by a reference to one or two pertinent adjudications.

Slander is a Masonic crime. None but a Master Mason can realize and appreciate the enormity of the offense of slander of a Mason by his brother Mason. For such violations of Masonic duty and solemn obligations, Subordinate Lodges claim the right of expelling the unworthy brother, and the Grand Lodge, where the charge was sustained, would not hesitate to confirm the action of its Subordinate.

In the 2d of Binney's Pennsylvania Reports is found the report of a case, entitled "The Commonwealth *vs.* The President and Members of the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society." By the act of incorporation of this society, it was authorized to make rules and by-laws, and, in pursuance of such authority, it enacted a by-law to the effect that vilifying any of its members was a crime against the society, and that the penalty for such crime should be removal from office, fine, or expulsion. William Duane, a member of the society, presented charges against John Binns, also a member, charging him with falsely and scandalously vilifying said Duane. Upon these charges Binns was regularly tried and was finally expelled. He thereupon appealed to the Supreme Court to be restored to his standing in the society. The court, after argument, by a unanimous decision, restored him to his former position as a member in good standing. The judge who pronounced the opinion of the court speaks as follows:

"There is a tacit condition annexed to the franchise of a member, which, if he breaks, he may be disfranchised. The cases in which this inherent power may be exercised are of three kinds:

"1. Where an offense is committed which has no immediate relation to a member's corporate duty, but is of so infamous a nature as renders him unfit for the society of honest men. Such are the offenses of perjury, forgery, &c. But before an expulsion is made for a cause of this kind it is necessary that there should be a *previous conviction by a jury*, according to the law of the land.

"2. When the offense is against his duty as a corporator.

"3. The third is an offense of a mixed nature against the member's duty as a corporator, and also *indictable by the laws of the land*."

In the case of "The Commonwealth *vs.* The Pennsylvania Beneficial Institution," reported in 2 Sergeant & Rawle, page 140, a similar control was exercised by the court over the membership of a society. By the articles of incorporation of that society, each member was to pay fifty cents as a monthly contribution, and should any member neglect to pay his contribution for three months he was to be expelled. One of the members being in arrears for three months, his name was stricken from the roll. He thereupon appealed to the Supreme Court, which decided that the society was not authorized to strike his name from the roll, but that according to their articles of incorporation they must expel him. The society having failed to do this, the court restored him to his membership.

Again, in cases of incorporated societies courts of law have the power to inquire and adjudicate upon the right of a member to an office, the functions of which he may be exercising. Thus, a defeated candidate for the office of W. M. in a Subordinate Lodge, instead of appealing to the Grand Lodge, may appeal to the courts of law. If the court should be satisfied that he has been irregularly elected, it has the power *to* eject him from his office and place his opponent *in the* East of the Lodge.

It is to be borne in mind that a judge, when considering questions which may arise in connection with an incorporated Lodge, regards the case from a different standpoint than that from which a Mason views it. The judge knows nothing about the binding force of secret obligations. He does not allow his judgment to be influenced by the fact that the society of Freemasons was instituted for the purpose of fostering virtue, morality, and brotherly love. He neither knows nor cares anything about the immutable character of Ancient Landmarks. He sees before him a citizen who has acquired certain rights in an incorporated company, which rights the law is bound to protect. And for the purpose of ascertaining and protecting these rights, he brings to bear upon the case the same rules of law which he would apply in the case of a stockholder in a bank or an insurance company. It is plain that the application of such rules is subversive of the structure of Masonic government. It sweeps away the appellate jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge and the Grand Master, and subordinates the Masonic to the civil authorities upon questions strictly Masonic.

There are many other objections of a similar character to the incorporation of Subordinate Lodges, to which I might call your attention, did time permit. I think, however, that I have said enough to satisfy the Grand Lodge that the practice is fraught with great danger, and should be discountenanced.

If it should become necessary, for the purpose of holding the title of real estate or investing money, that an incorporated company should be created, I would recommend that in all cases some association outside and independent of the Lodge should be chartered. In such case, while courts would have control over the body which might be chartered, they would have no control over or right of interference with the affairs of the Lodge itself.

1. A Lodge cannot be regularly opened unless the Charter is present, except in the presence of the Grand Master.

2. It is not necessary, in order to complete his membership in a Lodge, that the candidate should sign the by-laws. As soon as he is raised to the sublime degree of a M. M. he becomes, *ipso facto*, a member of the Lodge to which he has presented his petition.

3. The W. M. has the right to place either of his

Wardens, or a brother from the floor, in the East, and permit him to confer either of the degrees.

4. Indefinite suspension does not relieve the suspended brother from his Masonic obligations, nor does it deprive his Lodge of jurisdiction over him. If, during the suspension, he should be guilty of gross unmasonic conduct, his Lodge has the power to try him on charges and expel him.

5. The peculiar forms and ceremonies of Ancient Craft Masonry are immutable. It is unlawful to add to them for the purpose of making them more binding in the case of a particular candidate.

6. A "regular summons" is usually in writing or print, issued by order of the W. M., signed by the Secretary, and authenticated by the seal of the Lodge. I am of opinion, however, that a verbal summons by the W. M. is equally binding upon the brother to whom it is given.

7. Neither the W. M. or the S. or J. W. can dimit from the Lodge during his term of office.

8. It is not lawful for any Lodge in this jurisdiction to exempt a candidate, whether he be a clergyman or a layman, from the payment of the initiation fee, as required by the 8th General Regulation of the Grand Lodge.

9. It is not regular for a Lodge to receive a candidate's verbal or written promise to pay in lieu of his initiation fee.

10. A Lodge cannot deprive an accused brother of counsel when the report of the committee comes before the Lodge for its final action.

11. The accused brother has the right to be present in the Lodge while the discussion of his case is going on. When the vote is taken he should be directed to retire.

12. The word "month," when used in Masonic General Regulations or By-Laws, is to be construed as a *lunar* month, or four weeks.

13. A member's dues commence from the time that he is raised to the sublime degree of a M. M. An E. A. or a F. C. cannot be charged with dues.

ARKANSAS GRAND LODGE.—The following are the decisions of the last year:

1. Where a brother, who is under charges of unmasonic conduct, dies before trial, whether his Lodge should bury him with funeral honors, and pass the usual resolutions of tribute to his memory, depends upon the nature of the charges and the *prima facie* indications of their being well founded. If the charge is for a grave offense, and apparently well grounded, the funeral honors and publication of resolutions should be withheld. No public parade should be made by the Lodge over a deceased member not in fair standing. It does not look well. Do honor to the *virtuous* and the *good*; bury the *evil* in *silence*.

2. A member denounced the W. Master thus: "You are a grand old *rascal*, and all your neighbors say so. You are a grand old *liar*," with divers other inflammatory words and abuses. The member making the denunciations was charged upon them before the Lodge. He admitted that he he used the language, but insisted, on trial, on reading the depositions of one Mason and three of the profane, to prove that the words spoken were true. In other words, to prove the truth of the denunciations in justification. In the courts of law, where one person sues another for slander, the defendant may prove the truth of the words in justification. But this, I think, is not the true Masonic rule. If the accused brother really believed the Master of the Lodge to be a bad man—a *rascal* and a *liar*—it was not the Masonic course to denounce him, and thereby provoke him to strife. He should have procured four other members of the Lodge to join him in sending to the Grand Master an impeachment of the Master; and the Grand Master would have ordered the charges in the impeachment to be investigated by Past Masters appointed by him for the purpose; and if they reported the charges sustained, he would have suspended the Master from his office, and summoned him to appear before the next Grand Lodge for trial. (*General Regulations, Sec. 36.*) But the member was charged with unmasonic conduct in denouncing the Master as a *rascal*, *liar*, etc. The Master was not on trial, his character was not on trial. It was not his suit, it was the suit of the Lodge. The issue was, did the accused brother make the denunciations; and, if so, was it unmasonic for him to make them in the *mode* adopted by him. On the trial of such an issue it would not, in my opinion, be proper to read depositions to establish the truth of the denunciations. If a Mason has grounds to believe that a brother Mason, a member of the Lodge, is a bad man, a *rascal*, *liar*, etc., he should not so denounce him personally or to the community, but go and accuse him before the Lodge, and give him an opportunity to be heard and tried fairly. If he be the Master of the Lodge, the accusing brother should cause him to be impeached, as above stated. This is *Masonry*, but it is exceedingly hard to bring frail and petulant humanity up to this standard—there is a *proneness* to *denunciation*.

3. A Mason took the *test oath* under the act commonly known as the *Murphy test oath act;* when he had been clerk of the circuit court, under what is designated as the rebel state government. Can he be charged and tried, etc.? If he knowingly and willfully took a false oath, he is morally unfit to be a Mason, and may be charged, tried, and expelled for the offense. If he took the oath through a misconception of its import, that is, if it was honestly his opinion that holding the office of clerk did not bring him within the scope and intention of the test oath act, then he would be guilty of no immorality. The whole matter must depend on his motive and intention, to be gathered from all the circumstances. Of these the Lodge would have to judge on the trial. If charged and tried, all political feelings should be kept out. It should be settled as a question of Masonic morals.

MARYLAND.—The Grand Stewards' Lodge decided:

That in their judgment it is incompetent for a Master of a Lodge, even in the exercise of his prerogatives, to annul the validity of a regular ballot after it has been declared approved, according to the usages of Masonry, as it would establish a precedent unparalleled in the history of Masonic Jurisprudence, and be subversive of one of the ancient landmarks—the inviolability of the ballot. Admit this principle, and you throw the door open for rejected candidates when there may be a shadow of an informality.

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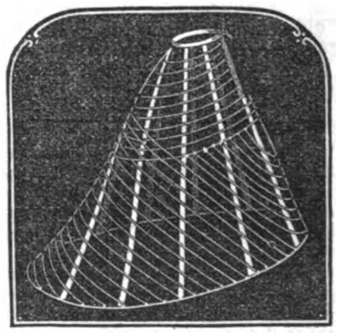

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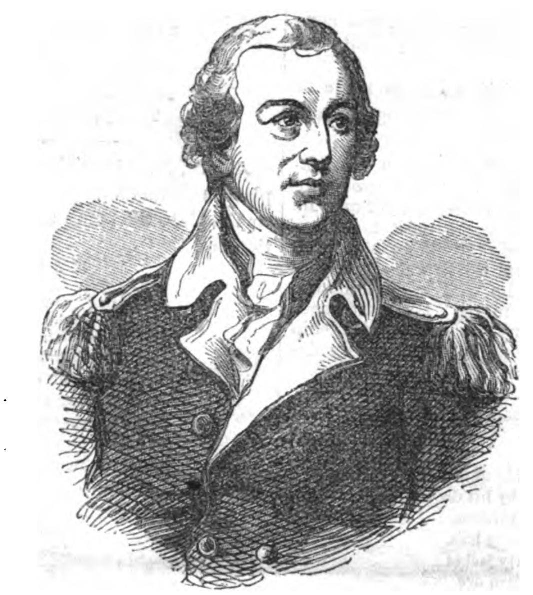


Nath Greene

NATHANIEL GREENE—The Rhode Island Blacksmith and Mill-Boy—Major-General and Commander of the Southern Army of the Revolution—The Designated Successor of General Washington—The first Quarter-Master General of the United States—The General who never lost a Battle—The Rhode Island Freemason.—

No. 1.

Bishop Randall, of Colorado, thus spoke at the (summer) St. John's festival, 1857, at Providence, R. I.

Need I ask, standing as I do, in the metropolis of this my native State, Who was he that fullest shared the confidence of the Father of his Country? Who was the bosom companion of Washington, and who did that great captain designate as the man to whom command of the army should be given in case any fatality should befall him? I hear your spontaneous answer—NATHANIEL GREENE! Who was Nathaniel Greeno? Go to the fields of Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, Germantown, the Island of Rhode Island: go to Eutaw Springs, where he returned this memorable answer to those who advised him, as he was compelled to retreat with a small and feeble army to retire to Virginia—"*I will recover South Carolina or die in the attempt!*" Then you will learn *who* he was and *what* he was. But some may add, he was a *Rhode Island Blacksmith*. I will add, he was a *Rhode Island Mason*. Congress voted him a *British standard* and a *gold medal*. He carried Masonry in his heart. Here is the medal, of more worth than gold, which that brave soldier wore during the long years of that weary war. (Holding up to view a Masonic medal.) This he did, as many others, that when he no longer had the power to make himself known as a Mason, a brother in a foe might recognize him and give him a cup of cold water, or give his body an honorable burial.

Ours is a union such as no other society can claim, a union of hearts and hands, a band bound together, whose stout but silken fibres reach almost every neighborhood throughout this vast Republic; a bond as strong as truth, as elastic as love. Every other bond will break before this shall snap asunder.

Virginia produced her Washington, Massachusetts her Hancock, Carolina her Marion, and Rhode Island her Nathaniel Greene. The town of Salisbury was the place of residence of his English ancestry. John Greene, the founder of the family in this country, settled in Providence, R. I., from Salem, Mass., in 1637. Oct. 1, 1642, he received from the two sachems, Miantenomow and Socononeo, a deed for a portion of Warwick. Nathaniel Greene, the third in descent from John, built his mill and forge on the banks of Potowhommett. Here stood the humble stone house of but one story, in which Nathaniel Greene, the subject of our sketch, the second of six sons by a second marriage, was born, May 27, 1742. Nathaniel's father was a Quaker preacher, and a rigid disciplinarian, educating his boys to be temperate and frugal. He regarded the Bible as the only book they needed, and the humble elements of an English country school sufficient education. Young Greene was not indifferent, however, to youthful sports, and was a chief actor in them. At fourteen he fell in with a lad from the University of Rhode Island, and Greene was fired with a desire for books. He ransacked the shelves of his friends. He increased the labor of his hands to procure means to purchase books for study. He ceased to be a boy. He studied beside the anchor forge or the hopper of the mill, or wherever opportunity offered. A Freemason, by the name of Maxwell, was delighted with his fondness for information, and taught him geometry and Latin. He read in the evenings geography, travels, and military history. When, by great economy and extraordinary labor, Greene had obtained a little money, he went to Newport and bought such books as Watt's Logic, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, and Ferguson on Civil Society. His heavy labors at the forge finally produced that lameness of the right foot which attended him through life; while to enable himself to pass from the coarse work of the forge to the manufacture of the finer fabrics, on which his perquisites wherewith to buy books depended, he was known to *grind off the callosities from his hands* at the grindstone, in order to give them the necessary pliancy and delicacy of touch, and this while studying logic and philosophy.

On one of his visits to Newport he met with *Lindley Murray*, the subject of our last sketch, who was making a tour of the eastern Quaker settlement. Like a true Freemason, ever watching the opportunity for usefulness, Murray was delighted with Greene's spirit, and accompanied him to Potowhommett, and prevailed upon Greene's father to permit his son to return the visit on Murray Hill, New York city, where Lindley Murray lived. Here he reveled in the means of knowledge afforded by Murray. Oh, Masonry, how much good has been done by thy disciples, and how much more might be accomplished if they were more faithful to their opportunities and trust!

No wonder, when he saw Masonic fruit in Maxwell and Murray, when he learned the principles of the fraternity, when he read its lessons of liberty and religious toleration, which had brought his father to Rhode Island—no wonder that he became a Freemason.

Although Greene was a student, satisfied with one meal a day, and only one cup of coffee or tea, rising at day-dawn, and laboring at forge or farm while the day lasted, he did not always avail himself of the night for sleep. He was social, and his father mistook his nature (and that of children) in trying to make work and the Bible his only employment. At an early hour doors and windows were closed and bolted, and all good boys were to be in bed. Young Greene obeyed; but when his father was safe in the arms of sleep, he let himself down from the eaves and sped himself away to the rustic dance. Before dawn he was at home again.

But the Quaker sire had his suspicions awakened in regard to the practices of his son. To be told that the son whom he valued over all the rest, on whom he had bestowed the best education, and to whom he fondly looked as his successor on the floor of the meeting-house, was guilty of such a profanity as dancing implied, was to awaken all his indignation, and to render him equally subtle and strict in his vigilance. He watched the movements of the youth, and was very soon in possession of the most ample proofs of the correctness of his suspicions.

Greene, as usual, had stolen forth from the house when it appeared to be wrapt in slumber. But when he drew nigh the homestead, his keen eyes discovered the person of his father, paternally waiting, whip in hand, beneath the very window through which alone he could find entrance. There was no means of escaping him. The stern old Quaker was one of that class of people who are apt to unite the word and blow together, the latter being quite likely to make itself felt before the other. In this emergency, conscious that there was no remedy against or rescue from the rod, young Greene promptly conceived an idea which suggests a ready capacity for military resource. A pile of shingles lay at hand, and before he supposed his father to behold his approach, he insinuated beneath his jacket a sufficient number of thin layers of shingle to shield his back and shoulders from the thong. With this secret corslet he approached, and received his punishment with the most exemplary fortitude. The old man laid on with the utmost unction, little dreaming of the secret cause of that hardy resignation with which the lad submitted to a punishment which was meant to be most exemplary.

Greene's library was enlarging. He read on history, literature, and philosophy, studied Blackstone carefully, attended courts, formed acquaintance with judges and lawyers, and informed himself in the principles of English law and politics. His father had become sole proprietor of the old mill, and had purchased another at Coventry, over which he placed Nathaniel. His means thus increased, and, with it, his library, to 300 volumes. He established the first public school in Coventry, and now, at the age of 23, became a Freemason, and, with agreeable and dignified manners, and through the Lodge, became on familiar terms with bench and bar. He took the popular political side in politics.

Three years after witnessed the burning of the Gaspee, in Providence River. Greene shared in the strong popular excitement on these occasions, and his expressions were of a nature which threatened to draw upon him the severities of Government. But, escaping from this danger, he did not the less earnestly urge and maintain the sentiments which had provoked it.

He added the best military authors of the time, and attended the rude displays of the colonial militia. This outraged Quakerism more even than his Freemasonry, and resulted in his being excluded from this religious body.

1770, Greene was elected to the general assembly of the colony, and continued to be chosen by his constituents until he took command of the army in the south. He was employed on the most important committees. 1774, he enrolled himself as a private in the Kentish Corps, composed of the most worthy of the neighboring yeomanry. In the war which followed, thirty of those guards bore commissions. It was evident that Great Britain meant to coerce the refractory colonies. The colonies were ready to maintain their position, but they wanted munitions of war. Greene had no firearms. He went to Boston to procure them, under pretext of securing an old claim of his father's. There he first beheld a parade of regulars. Greene watched all their movements, got his musket and smuggled it in safety in his wagon beyond the guards of the enemy. This musket is still preserved in the family. This same year he married Catharine Littlefield, for whose society he had endured his father's whip.

With the first tidings of the battle of Lexington, in 1775, the drum of the Kentish guards beat to arms. They were marching to Boston when the loyalist Governor of the province recalled them. The troops returned, except four, of whom one was Greene and another his brother. They procured horses, and went to Boston as volunteers.

Rhode Island was aroused; troops were raised, and Nathaniel Greene was made Brigadier-General, taking command of the army of Rhode Island, May, 1775. In July, when Washington took command of the army, the troops of Greene were pronounced "the best disciplined and appointed in the whole army."

No sooner did the commander-in-chief become thoroughly acquainted with the character and merits of General Greene, the ardor of his patriotism, the integrity of his heart, his profound judgment and sagacity in council, and the firmness and gallantry of his spirit in the field, than he regularly consulted him in difficult emergencies, and received his opinions with uncommon deference. General Hamilton alone excepted, it is believed that he never, in a public capacity, reposed in any other individual an equal confidence. Nor had time, and a confirmed intimacy with him, any other effect than to enhance his estimation of his capacity and worth. *It is a fact of notoriety that he entertained, and frequently expressed, an anxious wish that, in case of his death or disability, General Greene might be appointed his successor in the supreme command.* A more honorable testimonial could not have been awarded than such a desire, expressed by one who was equally distinguished for his love of country and his unerring judgment of human character.

It is also known, that a majority in Congress considered Greene, next to Washington, best qualified for the command-in-chief.

There were frequent and malicious efforts made to separate the Masonic hearts of Washington and Greene.

But General Washington had too much discernment to become the dupe of such weak and groveling artifices. An enlightened judge of human actions, he attributed to their true motives those dark machinations against an officer of whose talents he had sufficient evidence, and whose moral worth was above suspicion. Envy and detraction he well knew to be the constant lot of pre-eminent merit. He continued, therefore, regardless of calumny, to bestow friendship and repose confidence where they were so amply deserved.

(To be continued.)

GOD'S COUNT OF MEN.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thought and feeling—
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone,
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown;
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While He values thrones, the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
That your meanest hinds are men;
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills;
There are feeble, inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills.
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to Him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice;
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifted up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light,
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression, with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

THE ALL-SEEING EYE.

There is an Eye through blackest night
A vigil ever keeps;
A vision of unerring light
O'er lowly vale and giddy height—
The Eye that never sleeps,

Midst poverty and sickness lain
The lowly sufferer weeps;
What marks the face convulsed with pain?
What marks the softened look again?
The Eye that never sleeps.

Above the far meridian sun,
Below profoundest deeps,
Where dewy day his course begun,
Where scarlet marks his labor done—
The Eye that never sleeps.

No limit bounds the Eternal sight,
No misty cloud o'ersweeps;
The depths of hell confess the light,
Eternity itself is bright—
The Eye that never sleeps.

Then rest we calm, though round our head
The life-storm fiercely sweeps;
What fear is in the blast? What dread
To us hath death? an Eye's o'erhead—
The Eye that never sleeps.

Aurora, Ill.—After the dedication of the Hall at this place a dinner was given. At its close the following was read, to the amusement of the company, by a gentleman:

MASONRY.

BY A LADY.

A Mason's life is one that's free—
(Not the life tho' of mortar and bricks)—
But out of nights enjoying a spree,
And playing astounding tricks.
While the shes at home are waiting,
Ne'er dreaming it all a dodge,
But thinking the sad belating
Is caused by "work at the Lodge!"
Where they meet upon the level,
To part upon the square,
And raise the very devil
While congregated there.

If a bacheler chap in his courting days
Grows weary of being tied,
Both day and eve, almost always,
By his fair Dulcinea's side—
The easiest way to escape awhile,
And in fact some calls to dodge,
Is to seek the aid of a Mason friend,
And join a Masonic Lodge.
Where they meet, etc.

The women don't like Masons,
Don't believe in them the least—
From the Tyler at the entrance,
To the fellow in the East.
Lodge-meetings are but covers
To hide some larking dodge—
Look out when mates and lovers
Have "business at the Lodge."
Where they meet, etc.

Now whate'er the Mason's secret,
Be their fetish goat or ram—
Be their Order good or evil,
Worth a blessing or a——psalm—
Let them keep it snug and cosy,
Let them worship (in a horn),
Let them be sedate and prosy—
But as sure as they are born
We'll yet meet them on "the level,"
And ere we part be "square,"
For at some Lodge-held revel
The women will be there.

Then woe betide the sinner
Who "spreads it" in the East:
Fear will make him rather thinner,
Though he may be fat—the beast!
And all their grand regalia—
Skin aprons, scarfs and jewels—
We'll seize upon as plunder,
For women all an't fools,
Though they don't meet on a level,
And part upon the square,
Still they can raise the ——
If they get a chance that's fair.

THE SONG OF MARGARET.

[In the original, nothing can exceed the melody and sweet pathos of the song put by our Goethe in the mouth of Gretchen at the spinning wheel. In prose translations it becomes tame and commonplace; and, as yet, no poetical translation has succeeded in transferring its bloom and violet fragrance in the English version. The *Round Table* attempts a new translation of the Masonic poet of Germany.]

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore,
I'm lone and wan
For evermore!

Where he is not
Is like the tomb;
Ah, better the lot
Where all is gloom.

Oh, my poor head,
It wanders so;
My senses fled—
All, all is woe.

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore,
I'm lone and wan
For evermore!

I stand at the blind
His coming to greet;
And him to find
I search the street.

His shape, how grand!
His step so high!
That mouth e'er bland!
That winsome eye!

His speech takes form
Of witching bliss;
His hand, how warm;
And ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore,
I'm lone and wan
For evermore.

My bosom doth burn
His heart to hold;
For ever I yearn
His form to enfold.

'Twere heaven, I wis',
My head to lay,
Where on his kiss
I could pass away.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE READING OF THE WILL.

A wintry night, starless and lowering with a bleak wind moaning drearily through the woods of Belair like a voice of sorrowful warning. Eight o'clock is striking by the turret-clock as the great doors of the Hall are flung wide open to let out for the last time him who had so long been master of that stately home. His pleasant voice and genial laugh never more to be heard within its rooms; never more his tall, slender form and white head to be seen by tenant or farm laborer in the field or coppice, or at friendly rent-day feast. All that is left on earth of Sir Philip Spencelaugh is about to cross the threshold of his home for the last time, and to-morrow a new master will reign at Belair.

Never had the little church of Belair been more densely crowded than it was on that night at the baronet's funeral. The first to enter it, and the last to leave it, were two women, who sat in an obscure corner of the gallery, and the hoods of whose black cloaks completely hid their faces from observation. When the solemn service was at an end—when the body had been lowered into its resting-place in the vault underneath the chancel—when the vicar's last Amen had been said, and the last notes of the choir had died away into silence, these two hooded women were the last of all there to lean over the dark cavity in the floor, and bid farewell in tearful silence to him who slept so soundly below—then homeward through the already deserted Park by near ways well known to themselves.

These were Frederica Spencelaugh and Jane Garrod.

Frederica had passed only one night at Belair after her return from town. Now that its master was dead, she felt that not without derogation to herself could she stay there any longer. As the antagonist of Lady Spencelaugh in the course which she, Frederica, was fully determined to pursue, she felt that for the future her home must be elsewhere; so she went to her friend, Mrs. Barber, of Ashleigh Park, and there took asylum for a week or two. She had telegraphed for Mr. Penning on the day following her uncle's death, and that gentleman, acting on her instructions, had intimated to Mr. Greenhough, the family lawyer, that he would be prepared, on the reading of the will, to offer certain evidence which would go far to prove that Gaston Spencelaugh was not the rightful heir to the entail and title of his father.

The reading of the will was fixed to take place in the great drawing-room of Belair at ten o'clock on the morning after the funeral. Mr. Greenhough, instructed by Lady Spencelaugh and Mrs. Winch as to the nature of the evidence which was likely to be put in by Mr. Penning in opposition to the natural and lawful claim of Sir Gaston, pooh-poohed the whole affair cheerfully; and hinted delicately how sorry he was to find that a lady for whom he entertained so profound a respect as he did for Miss Spencelaugh, should have lent herself so credulously to the schemes of an impostor. Under the influence of this mild tonic, and the exordiums of her staunch friend, Mrs Winch, her ladyship's drooping courage revived in some measure; and it was with tolerable composure both of mind and body that she took her seat, on the eventful morning, in the great chair of carved oak, which had been brought from the library on purpose, and so sat, with Gaston on her right hand, to hear the reading of her husband's will. Her mourning became her admirably. The style of her corsage, and the cut of her sleeves, had been a source of some anxiety to her; but little Miss Penny, assisted by a hint now and then from Clotilde, had overcome all difficulties admirably; and nothing could have been more becoming, and at the same time more pensively stylish, than her ladyship's toilet on this her first appearance in public in her new *rôle* of widow.

At the opposite end of the long table sat Frederica, looking very pale, but very lovely. The executors named under the will were Sir Michael Casey, a middle-aged Irish baronet, who resided a few miles from Belair; and Dr. Allen, the vicar of Normanford, and one of Sir Philip's oldest friends. Both these gentlemen followed Lady Spencelaugh into the room, and sat down opposite to Mr. Greenhough, the lawyer, There, too, were assembled Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, and Mr. Bellamy, the steward, and a few of the older domestics, whose grief for the loss of their master was probably tempered by some natural anticipations of a legacy. Discreetly in the background sat Dr. Roach, the great medical luminary of the district, blandly unconscious, to all outward appearance, that his name was mentioned in the will of his late esteemed patient, although his friend, Mr. Greenhough, had whispered that pleasing fact in his ear as they drove home from the funeral together on the preceding night.

A very brief abstract of the contents of Sir Philip Spencelaugh's will, as read slowly and distinctly by Mr. Greenhough, is all that need be given here. The Belair and Hillgrove estates were both entailed, and beyond these, the amount of property left for division was not very considerable. The savings of the baronet's later years, consisting chiefly of securities in various public undertakings, amounting in the aggregate to about fifteen thousand pounds, together with a small banker's balance, were all left to Gaston, burdened only with a few legacies to certain old servants, and the cost of a few mementoes to the executors and other friends. To Lady Spencelaugh was left, for her own absolute disposal, the small Norfolk estate of Dene Towers, of the value of five hundred pounds per annum; with the further addition of a life-charge on the general estates of four hundred a year more. Frederica's name was mentioned last of all. We give the extract relating to her in its entirety:

"To my well-beloved kinswoman, Frederica Mary Spencelaugh" (so ran the will), "I give and bequeath the necklace and coronet of diamonds formerly the property of my mother; together with the miniatures, painted on ivory, of her father, my dear cousin and companion-in-arms, and myself, which will be found in the top left-hand drawer of my private bureau. These (knowing her to be in no need of worldly goods), together with an old man's love and blessing, are all that I have to bequeath to the aforesaid Frederica Mary Spencelaugh; but they will be enough for her to remember me by."

Mr. Greenhough took off his spectacles, and proceeded slowly to fold up the will. Mrs. Jones took the hint, and rising, dropped a stately courtesy to my lady, and sailed out of the room, followed by the other domestics. An uneasy brooding sense, as of a moral thunder-cloud about to burst close over their heads, rested upon the majority of those now left in the room—for it had been whispered about that something strange would follow upon the reading of the will. Mr. Greenhough proceeded in the midst of profound silence to rub his spectacles deliberately with his pocket-handkerchief, then to adjust them carefully on his nose, and then to select a letter from a bundle of other documents, all labeled and tied together with red tape.

"Your ladyship and gentlemen," began Mr. Greenhough, "I have here a communication of a very singular character, received by me five days ago, and signed by a gentleman of the name of Penning, who is, I believe, like myself, a lawyer, and who, in this matter, is acting under instructions from Miss Spencelaugh. Before laying this document before you, Miss Spencelaugh will, perhaps, allow me to ask her one question?"

A slight motion of Frederica's head gave Mr. Greenhough the required permission.

"Is it your deliberate intention, Miss Spencelaugh, may I ask, to persevere in this matter? There is yet time to draw back. Those blazing embers would destroy this letter in a few seconds. No eye but my own has seen it, and I would forget that it had ever been written."

"It *is* my deliberate intention to proceed with this matter," said Frederica, in a low, clear voice.

"Then I have no alternative but to read the letter," said Mr. Greenhough.

"Before you begin, I should like Mr. Penning to be present," said Frederica.

Then when Mr. Penning, who had been waiting in an ante-room, was seated, and had been duly scrutinized by the assembled company, Mr. Greenhough proceeded to read the letter, which, as before stated, was simply an intimation that Miss Spencelaugh was prepared with certain evidence to dispute the right of Gaston to the title and estates of his father.

The Irish baronet took snuff nervously; family disagreements were his especial abhorrence. The vicar looked very grave; he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own ears. It sounded to him like the assertion of a lunatic to state that Gaston Spencelaugh, who had grown up among them all from childhood, was not his father's heir. And that such an assertion should emanate from Frederica, of all people in the world! But that he had known her intimately for years, and had long recognized her as by far the clearest and most able of the female coadjutors whom he had enlisted under his banner, he felt that he should really have had cause this morning to doubt her sanity. In such a case it was evidently his duty to remonstrate with her, and the vicar was a man who never shrank from a duty, however unpleasant it might be. So he crossed the room, and leaned over her and spoke to her in a low voice. Frederica listened quietly to all he had to urge, but only shook her head when he had done, and laying her hand gently in his, said: "You are prejudging me. Wait till you have heard everything. Heaven knows, this task is not of my seeking. It has come to me unsought; and I should be doing foul wrong to the memory of the dead, and the rights of the living, were I to abandon it now." After this, the worthy vicar could only go back to his seat, wondering more and more.

Lady Spencelaugh was sitting near the fire, with her face so far turned away from the company that nothing of it was visible but the profile. Gaston, chafing inwardly, was seated near her. What was all this bother about, he should like to know? Dispute his title, indeed! Was he not Sir Gaston Spencelaugh, owner of Belair, and of all that fair landscape which could be seen through the windows stretching far into the dim distance? He had half a mind to ring the bell and order Green to show these old fogies the door. It was high time they remembered who was master now. He was touched a little to think that Freddy, whom he had always liked and loved in his own careless fashion, should be turning against him at such a time, with some trumped-up story of another heir; but he felt so secure in his new position that he could afford to let her have a fling, and then be magnanimous and forgive her.

"The evidence of which you speak in this letter," said Mr. Greenhough to Mr. Penning, "will be, I presume, forthcoming without difficulty?"

"We are prepared to go into the question at once," said Mr. Penning.

"Before entering into particulars," returned Mr. Greenhough, "you will, perhaps, furnish us with the name of the individual in whose favor these extraordinary proceedings are taken?"

"Willingly. The gentleman to whom you allude at present is known as Mr. John English."

"I should like to ask this Mr. John English a few questions. Oblige me by producing him."

"We are unable to do so, just now," answered Mr. Penning, not without hesitation.

"Do you, in fact, know where this Mr. John English is living at the present time?" asked Mr. Greenhough.

"We certainly do not," answered the London man of law.

"Precisely so." And Mr. Greenhough leaned back in his chair, and glanced at Mr. Penning with an air that seemed to say: "I think, my friend, your case has not a leg to stand on;" at the same time refreshing himself copiously from the baronet's box.

"Then I suppose that we may consider this little unpleasantness as at an end?" said the vicar, with a genial smile.

"That's right: let's make everything pleasant," said the baronet, encouragingly.

"I beg, gentlemen, that you will not put us out of court in such a summary manner," said Mr. Penning, with a deprecatory smile. "What Mr. Greenhough has just urged sounds very plausible, I must admit; but, pray, remember that you have as yet heard only one side of the question. We at once confess that the disappearance of Mr. English is a circumstance for which we are unable to account, and one which, at the first glance, may seem to prejudice our case. But putting this fact for the moment on one side, I beg to state, seriously and earnestly, on the part of Miss Spencelaugh, that we are prepared with evidence which will go far to prove that many years ago, under this very roof, a heinous crime was perpetrated—by whom, we do not say—and a good man most foully deceived; and if right still be right, and if wrong still be wrong, then does it most certainly rest with you two gentlemen, whom the dead master of this house appointed executors of his last will and testament, to do what he himself would have done, had he lived—to mete out, so far as in you lies, simple justice to the living and the dead."

"I really don't see," said Mr. Greenhough, with emphasis, "that in the absence of the chief—what shall I call him?—conspirator, we can proceed any further in this business. Let this Mr. English come forward in proper person, and we shall then be prepared to hear what he may have to say for himself."

Mr. Penning shrugged his shoulders. "Do you really wish to force us into a court of law?" he said. "Miss Spencelaugh thought, and I quite concurred with her, that it was advisable, in the first instance at least, to sift this affair, which deeply concerns the honor of an ancient and reputable family, before some tribunal of private friends, and not make a public scandal of it, unless after circumstances should render such a course imperatively necessary.

"You are right, sir," said the vicar, with dignity. "In the position in which I and my colleague are placed by the will of the late Sir Philip Spencelaugh, we cannot do otherwise than lend an attentive hearing to what you may have to say, and either nip this matter in the bud, if it be based on a lie; or if it have truth for its foundation, see that justice may be done to all whom it may affect. Before entering, however, upon any of your proofs, I wish to know, and I dare say my curiosity is shared by others, whom this Mr. John English asserts himself to be?"

There was a general stir and movement in the room as the vicar ceased speaking. Lady Spencelaugh's cheek paled perceptibly, but she shaded her face with a hand-screen, and gazed more intently into the fire. Gaston unfolded his arms, and lifted himself for a moment out of the state of moody irritation into which he had fallen. Vague fears of some impending disaster were beginning to coil themselves round his heart. What was the meaning of this dark conspiracy which was gathering so ominously about him at the outset of his new career? The Irish baronet paused in the act of opening his snuff-box, to listen; and the vicar himself drew up closer to the table, and leaned forward with one hand to his ear.

Then Mr. Penning spoke. "Mr. John English," he said, "asserts himself to be the eldest son of the late Sir Philip Spencelaugh by his first marriage."

"But," said the vicar, recovering from his surprise, the late baronet had only one son by his first marriage, Arthur by name, who died in infancy, and lies buried in the family vault."

"Mr. English asserts that *he* is the child in question;" said Mr. Penning; "and if this be true, he is now Sir Arthur Spencelaugh, and the owner of Belair."

"Produce your proofs," said the vicar.

"Things are not looking so pleasant as they might do," thought the baronet. "I wish I was well out of this."

CHAPTER XXXV.—EVIDENCE FOR THE PROSECUTION.

"The first evidence which I shall bring before you," said Mr. Penning, "is that of Jane Garrod—a woman of excellent character.

Jane Garrod was accordingly called. As the servant who had ushered her into the room was going out, Lady Spencelaugh said: "If Martha Winch is there, tell her to bring me my salts." Once in the room, Mrs. Winch took care not to leave it again. She sat down on a low stool behind Lady Spencelaugh, and was an attentive auditor of all that followed.

Jane courtsied respectfully to Lady Spencelaugh, and then to the assembled company; seated herself in the their indicated by Mr. Penning, a short distance from the table. After a few preliminary questions from Mr. Greenhough, she began her narrative as under:

"My name is Jane Garrod, and I shall have been married eighteen years come next Lady-day. My father was a small farmer a few miles from Normanford; but he was too poor to keep all his children at home, and when I was old enough I had to go out to service; and a few years later I was fortunate enough to be chosen as lady's-maid to Miss Honoria Barry, of Dean's Manor—close to where my father lived. Miss Honoria was just seventeen at that time, which was my own age. She was as beautiful as she was good; and it was impossible for any one to be near her without loving her. She took a liking to me, and was very kind to me, and treated me more like an an humble friend than a paid servant. * * Well, it so fell out, one Christmas, when Miss Eveleen was staying at Dean's Manor, that among other guests invited there for the holidays came Sir Arthur Spencelaugh, of Belair—at that time a major in the army, and his cousin, Captain Philip Spencelaugh; both over from India on leave of absence. They had not been twenty-four hours at the Manor, before Sir Arthur was head over ears in love with Miss Honoria, and his cousin was as deeply smitten with the charms of Miss Eveleen. There were ardent lovers in those days; and before two months were over, the double wedding took place.

My dear Miss Honoria was now Lady Spencelaugh. We lived here at Belair for eight quiet, happy months, and then both Sir Arthur and his cousin were ordered back to India. Well, nothing would serve the ladies but that they must go with their husbands; and I, of course, must go with my dear mistress. Three or four years passed pleasantly away, marked with nothing in my memory beyond an occasional removal to a fresh station. But, after a time, Captain Spencelaugh's lady was confined of a son; and a little while afterwards, my dear mistress brought her husband a sweet daughter—no other, in fact, than Miss Frederica here. We had just been celebrating baby's second birthday, when the cholera of a very bad kind broke out at the station, and among its first victims were Sir Arthur Spencelaugh and his poor wife. They were well in the morning, and dead, both of them, at sunset; and they were buried under the walls of the fort at daybreak next morning. The last words of my dear mistress, and they were all she had strength to say, were: "Take care of baby;" and I promised her solemnly that, with heaven's help, I would do so as far as in me lay. The captain's wife was away on a visit at the time, but the shock nearly killed her when she heard the news; and as her health had been delicate for some time, the captain (now Sir Philip Spencelaugh, the late baronet's only child being a daughter) determined at once to send her back to England, together with his own child, and his cousin's orphan girl. So we all went down to Bombay, and everything was got ready for the voyage. But misfortune still followed us; for on what was to have been the very last day of our stay, as Lady Spencelaugh was riding out, her horse shied suddenly, and threw her. Her leg was broken by the fall; and although everything was done for her that could be done, fever set in, and she was dead in less than a week. I thought for a time that Sir Philip would have gone crazy, but it takes a deal of grief to kill; and, besides, he had his little son to live for; so he got leave of absence, and we all came over to England together—the baronet, his son, little Miss Frederica, myself, and an ayah, or native nurse, who was in charge of the little motherless lad, with me to look after them both. This ayah, who was never any favorite of mine, was sent back to India a few months after our arrival, the climate of England being too cold for her. We came to Belair, and I and the children settled down here; but Sir Philip soon left us, and went to London, for his melancholy got the master of him in the country. At the end of about eighteen months, we heard that he was going to marry again; and presently he came down to Belair with his bride, the present Lady Spencelaugh. As it happened after his first marriage, so it happened now: scarcely was the honeymoon over, when he was summoned back to India. This time, he went alone. A short time after Sir Philip had left England, Miss Frederica's health became delicate, and the doctors recommended change of air; so we went to Pevsey Bay, she and I, and were away for about six months. This was two or three months after Mr. Gaston was born. Lady Spencelaugh drove over every fortnight or so to see how we were getting on, besides which, I had instructions to write to her ladyship every few days, so that she might know how Miss Frederica's health was progressing. It was while we were staying at Pevsey Bay that news came to us of Master Arthur's illness and death; and I remember, as as if is was only yesterday, our mourning things being sent over by the Normanford carrier; and after we got back home, the first place Miss Frederica and I went to was Belair church, to see the marble tablet which had been put up to the memory of the dead child. I stayed with Miss Frederica a year or two longer, till she was taken out of my hands, and put under the care of a governess; and I was then free to marry, for I had been engaged many years, and Abel Garrod, my present husband that is, was getting tired of waiting."

"A very interesting piece of family history," said Mr. Greenhough, testily, as Jane paused for a moment; "but really, I don't see in what way it bears upon the case now under consideration."

"Mrs. Garrod, I believe, has not quite finished yet," said Mr. Penning, dryly.

Mr. Greenhough shrugged his shoulders, glanced at his watch, and began to bite the end of his quill viciously.

"Captain Spencelaugh—that is the late Sir Philip"—resumed Jane, "on his visits to Dean's Manor, was sometimes accompanied by a younger brother, named Reginald, who had been brought up to be a barrister, but who afterwards went out to Canada, and died there a a few years later. I saw Mr. Reginald many different times, and had often occasion to speak to him, and have had presents from him, so that I could not possibly be mistaken as to his appearance. One evening last autumn, as I was walking through the waiting-room at Kingsthorpe Station, I certainly thought that I saw his ghost before me. I was quite scared, so striking was the likeness between the man I saw before me and my late master's youngest brother. I never thought of asking who the stranger was, but set it down as a mere chance likeness, and forgot all about it after a few days; that is, I forgot all about it till I saw the stranger again. The next time I saw him was when he was brought to my door by the Kingsthorpe carrier, who had found him lying wounded and insensible in the high-road. I recognized him again in an instant as the stranger I had seen for a moment one evening about two months before; but, gentlemen, I should quite fail in expressing to you what I felt when the doctor, in stripping the wounded man's shoulder to examine his hurt, pointed out to me a strange mark on that shoulder, exactly similar to the mark which I knew to have been on the shoulder of Master Arthur, who had died twenty years before; there it certainly was, line for line, as I so well remembered it.

"I have already said that we brought an ayah with us from India, who had charge of Master Arthur, under me, and who was sent back home after a very short stay in England. This woman was passionately fond of the boy, and before she left Belair, while I was away for a few days burying my mother, she contrived, by some means best known to herself, to mark him on the left shoulder with the figure of a coiled snake holding a lotos-flower in its mouth, done in faint blue lines, which nothing could ever rub out. Both the lotos and the snake, as you, gentlemen, are, perhaps, aware, are sacred symbols among the Hindoos; and the ayah said the mark was a charm which would carry the child safely through many dangers, and that would bring him back to life when everybody thought he was dead. Of course, I set no store by her gibberish; but I must say I was startled when I saw on the shoulder of Mr. John English an exact counterpart of the mark which I knew to have been on the shoulder of Master Arthur Spencelaugh, dead twenty years before. And I think, gentlemen, that is all I have to say at present."

"And quite enough, too," muttered Mr. Greenhough. "You do not, I hope, my dear sir, attach much importance to the evidence of this woman?" said the lawyer.

"Not much, certainly, as the case stands at present," returned the vicar. "Still, I believe Jane Garrod to be a strictly honest woman; one who would speak the truth conscientiously, as far as she knows it."

"Just so—as far as she knows it," said the lawyer, dryly. "Half-truths are always dangerous things to handle."

"Well, let us proceed a little further, and see what more we can elicit," said the vicar. "Who is your next witness, Mr. Penning?"

"What I propose to do next," said Mr. Penning, "is to read to you the evidence of one James Billings, formerly a footman at Belair, afterwards transported for burglary, and now just released from Portland, after serving out a second sentence."

(To be continued.)

A Great Secret of Masonry.

An anecdote is related of a brother who is noted for his acts of charity, and who is withal a man of good presence and a favorite among the ladies—so much so as to cause some degree of jealously on the part of his worthy spouse. One evening a bundle came to the house for him, and labeled "private." Of course this was sufficient for female curiosity, and therefore she indulged in an inspection. Horror of horrors! Blankets, baby-linen, &c., greeted her astonished vision, and dreams of two families floated through her brain. The husband soon came in, and after tea, when the wife had discovered in his eye the treachery of his conduct—as she supposed—he took the bundle and went out, but not alone, for the jealous wife was on his track. The faithless husband little imagined that she, who supposed herself so foully wronged, was moving after him. He halted before a small tenement, which he entered. Here she paused to hold a council of war. What tactics to follow she was in doubt, but, determined to storm the citadel, she knocked, and hastily brushed past the little child who answered the summons. She stood in an instant before her astonished husband, the embodiment of injured innocence. Her feelings were about to find expression, when the scene before her caused her to pause. A pale and careworn man, shivering over the expiring embers of a scanty fire, a poor woman on a sick bed, a babe not old enough for christening, and two little girls snugly stowed away on some straw in a corner, met her ferocious gaze. She read the story at a glance, and returned home with her husband, a better and wiser woman, satisfied that she had discovered the great secret of Masonry.

Knights of Malta.

Rev. Bro. Holland, of Kentucky, lately made a *visit to the Island of Malta*, and gives his reflections thereon, dated Malta, Dec. 8, 1866, and addressed to the Sir Knights of Malta of the Grand Commandery of Kentucky. A Lousville brother has kindly forwarded the same to the NATIONAL FREEMASON. (Sir Knight Holland is a special correspondent of the Louisville *Courier.*)

I rest awhile, on my pilgrimage to Jerusalem, in a spot which to our common affections is indeed a sanctuary—Malta—the island where the dauntless crusaders took refuge after their disasters in the East, and where, through nearly four centuries, they maintained the unity and magnified the glory of their order. Here are the impregnable fortifications they reared for defense, and the splendid temple they erected for worship, and the hallowed soil upon which, in well fought battle, they poured out their blood as a sacrament to Christendom.

Here they planted the cross they had chosen as the emblem of their faith and life, the cross they had seen driven from its native hill before the crescent of the infidel, and around it rallied for a final struggle, whose story is familiar to the world, and has furnished mankind with some of its sublimest examples of heroism and self-sacrificing nobility. Here, too, their ashes rest in marble sarcophagi, and their memory, like a sweet smelling savor, imparts to every object the perfume of its own sacred associations.

I have, Sir Knights—though I can scarcely realize it myself—I have this day strolled through the narrow strade of Valetta, looked from its high walls far over the sea once red with the wrath of Saracen artillery, sat down in the hall where in clear summer weather the wearied warriors touched glass to glass and drank the merry bumper of refreshment after strife, and the solemn pledge of eternal fidelity to their cause and one another's weal. I have, this day, stood in the nave of St. John's Cathedral, contemplated beneath my feet the magnificent mosaic pavement, every slab of which is inlaid with the arms and inscribed with the epitaph of a deceased Grand Master; gazed upon its lofty, arched roof, frescoed with rare allegoric paintings time has strangely dimmed, but by that dimness rendered all the more holy; sauntered among the chapels devoted to the use of different nationalities, and decorated with mediæval pictures of wonderful beauty, beheld on either side the famous silver railing, suspended from silver plates engraved with their history, the keys of Rhodes and Jerusalem, never surrendered, but brought hither by three valiant champions, and locked by their stout hearts and stalwart arms in invincible custody, and almost bowed with the homage of admiration before the peerless statuary carved from a solid block of purest marble, into a life-size and life-like representation of the Baptism of Jesus by John, the tutelary saint of the order, to whom the Cathedral is dedicated.

I only enumerate, because it were presumption to attempt more. Description is impossible, and even if it were not, the mind is too much awed by the recollections which crowd upon it like the ghosts of the dead into whose mausoleum it has intruded, to think of studying for description. It falls back upon itself, too absorbed in its own emotions to calmly consider the grandeur that has aroused them.

From St. John's I went to the Governor's palace, and was conducted by a valet through its various apartments, furnished with regal opulence and relics of more than regal worth. Like that of St. John's, though not so old, the floor is a marble mosaic of heraldic shields. The halls are lined with full suits of armor, exhibiting the size of the successive Grand Masters. I was shown from among these the mail worn by La Valette himself, probably when he led his intrepid followers in fierce sally against the beleaguerers. I was shown his sceptre also, and the shoulder-piece and sceptre of Vignacoux. In a large room set apart exclusively to the antiquities of Malta I found many other articles of lively interest to all who, like ourselves, claim legal descent from their original possessors. In the number are a rope cannon captured from the Turks, and several piles of immense stone balls shot from similar guns against the city during its investment; the sword of Dragut Raes, taken from his nerveless grasp when slain in one of the many attacks he had made against the Knights; the identical trumpet that sounded the retreat of L'Isle Adam from Rhodes, and, more ancient and historically valuable than all, the original bull of Paschal the Second, receiving under his protection the Hospital of St. John's, of Jerusalem, passed in the year, 1113 A. D.

It was a religious holiday in Malta. From nearly every church tower the bells mingle their chimes in musical appeal to prayer. A mild, celestial amber, like a commissioned angel, spreads its bright, etherial wings over land and sea and breathes benisons alike on body and spirit. Nor am I, albeit not a Papist, an excommunicant from the blessed influence of the scene. For, if ever in my life, I have to-day felt superstitious, an idolater at the shrine of memory. Thought has been swinging up its incense of veneration to the immortal prowess of the departed; affection inhaling the aroma has been inspired thereby to kneel and offer sincerest orisons to the Heavenly Father for the absent loved; Masonic zeal has in spirit rehearsed the impressive rites of the degrees of Knighthood, and chaunted joyfully the hymn of the resurrection; and thus all the faculties, clad in priestly robes, have been holding within the soul solemn high mass, in harmony with that which the bishop and his clergy celebrate in the cathedral choirs.

And now, Sir Knights, I propose you, as an adieu, a libation of brotherly esteem and ardent prayer for the prosperity of our society throughout the world, a libation in which, I am sure, you will participate with me and drain the brimfull chalice.

The Square and the Cube.

Everything speaks, if only we will properly interpret it, of the attributes of the Great Architect of the Universe. There are "sermons in stones, and God in everything."

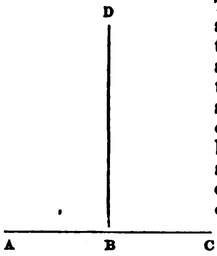
Masonry teaches that man in his natural state is the brute or unhewn stone; not indeed devoid of a wild beauty of its own, but useless for embodiment in the building which represents society without preparation. Man as a good and useful member of society, capable of filling entirely his own place without trenching on his neighbors, is symbolized by the cube. And the good Mason, ready to take his place in the Grand Lodge above, is the perfect cube. In studying the practical mode of forming such a figure, we learn our own duties and shortcomings, as well as how to remove the latter; and I trust those who read this paper to the end will rise with a greater love for the Craft and a higher opinion of the wisdom of its founders, the beauty of its teachings, and the strength which pervades it.

First, then, with the gavel, the Mason knocks off all those irregularities of surface and protuberances which prevent one stone from being applied to another without large vacuities, and reduces the stone to an approximation to its final form. These protuberances symbolize our self-love and impatience of all restraint. And as the protuberances are caused by the very hardness and rigidity of the stone which duly regulated it for the use to which it is destined, some learn that the passions and qualities with which we have been endowed by the Most High are not in themselves evil, but that they require restraint and regulation, subject to which they are essential to our due performance of our duty as members of society. The chisel is another tool for a further stage of preparation, but equally to remove irregularities of surface; and as the performance of this necessary preparation is the duty of the masters and governors of society, so from their qualities we may learn what should be some of the qualifications for these offices. They must have *temper;* that is, while hard enough to remove protuberances, they must not be too hard; some elasticity is absolutely necessary, or in removing the offending matter they will injure themselves and lose their efficiency. Judgment must guide their use; the weight and keenness of the tool, the hardness and elasticity of the material, must all be considered in regulating the treatment; indeed, the nature of the material will exercise some influence in the selection of the form and temper of the tool.

We now come to the guage or straight-edge and the square. These are not tools, strictly; their object is not to prepare materials, but to test the work, and accordingly they require care in their construction and in preserving them from influences which may warp and distort them, so as to render them not only unfit to serve their end, but injurious as sources of error. As they cannot, however, be used, and at the same time entirely protected from these influences, every good Mason should know the principles on which they are constructed, and be able to test and perfect them, as well as apply them.

In testing a straight-edge (which I will call for distinction A), we first make a second B, whose edge exactly fits that of A. If then A has any faults, B has the same number, but precisely opposite in nature; every protuberance on A is represented by a hollow in B. A third, C, is similarly fitted to A; B and C are then applied to each other. If A be true, B and C will coincide and prove its truth; but every fault in A will be represented by a want of coincidence in B and C of double its own amount. The edge of B is then corrected till, on applying it to C, half the errors remain which were visible on its first application. A and C being then fitted to B, will, by their coincidence, prove the truth of all three, or give again a further correction; and by repetitions of this process we ultimately get a straight edge. The straight line which mathematically represents the edge, morally represents our proper conduct under any circumstances. The universal use of the words *rectitude* and *straightforwardness* as expressions of approbation, are enough to prove this, and comes from the teachings of the ancient members of our Craft.

The square is the implement by which we test right angles. It consists of two straight edges placed at right angles to each other.* "When one straight line standing on another straight line makes the adjacent angles equal, each of them is called a right angle."



That is, if A C be a straight line, and B D stand on it at B, making the angle D B C = D B A, each is a right angle. If then we wish to test a square we get a plane surface (I shall afterwards have occasion to show how this may be done) and make one edge straight, testing it by the guage or straight edge, making one edge of the square coincide with B C part of the straight edge; we mark the other edge B D. Now, revising the square, we examine the place of its edge. If it still coincide with B D it is true; if not, the difference is double the error of the square, which must be corrected and tried again. The moral equivalent to the square is the principle of doing to others as we would they should do to us, and the square thus is seen to be an apt emblem of justice and impartiality.

In both these cases it will readily be seen that the principle involved is the making of an imperfect guide detect its own inaccuracies, which are then approximately corrected. A continued repetition of this alone produces truth. The ancient teachers of Masonry must have got and verified their principles by a mutual process analogous to the physical ones I have pointed out. If, however, we were possessed of guages of undoubted accuracy, we should, by no very long process, be able to compare ours with them. Such "The Book of the Law" furnishes, and we are saved much of the anxiety and thought which were once necessary to deduce guides to conduct.

Having good tests, the Mason proceeds to construct his cube. The cube is a solid contained by six equal squares. To form a cube, then, it is necessary to make six plane surfaces and six right angles. The workman judges the position in which he can best work his material. He then begins to make one plane or flat surface. After roughly flattening it, he cuts a channel in any convenient direction, the bottom of which is flat, as tested by his straight edge. A second is then cut across this, so that at the place of crossing, the two may coincide. These are again crossed by others until the spaces are so small that they may be readily and accurately reduced to the general plane.

Having thus made one plane, which I will call A B C D, the workman makes two of its edges, A D, D C, in the figure true and perpendicular to each other, by cutting small portions of the adjacent faces, and he then makes D E perpendicular to both, cutting a channel on the top of the stone, perpendicular to both A D and D C, and another on the side. A channel or drift is then cut from C to E, and one from D at the same depth at the crossing. Then, as before, the plane D C F E is completed by multiplying the channels and cutting away the intervals. So, again, the face A D E G is cut. The three edges, A D, D C, and D E are now marked equal to the sides of the cube, and the other three faces are cut. If, now, all the angles have been truly set out, all the angles at H (opposite to G) will on trial be found right angles, and the sides meeting in H equal to those meeting in D. Probably trial will show that there is some error accumulated. The stone is good enough for ordinary buildings, but is not a true cube. Greater care will reduce this error, but no time or care will entirely remove it, for the tests can always be made more delicate than the work. The old craftsmen have taken great pains, for in the Temple it is said that the joints were invisible, and this could only have been attained by a truth of workmanship such as we never see now. In the Great Pyramid, supposed to have been built even before the time of Abraham, the joints of the casing are nowhere thicker than a sheet of paper, and this is to be seen in our own days. To attain such accuracy must have needed great pains and frequent revisions. But such forms are not perfect. That no pains, no time could make them. The imperfections of the materials alone would prevent this.

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* Such is Euclid's definition. We are in the habit of calling a square an angle of 90°. I have been more rigorous; first, because a *square* is not an angle, but the implement whose sides contain a right angle; second, because the only definition of a degree is, that it is the 90th part of a right angle. It is not the 360th part of a circle, in any accurate sense.

As it is quite practicable by watchful care to make an ashlar fit for ordinary use, some Masons can fit themselves for their places in society. The skill and care of the workman enables him to detect error in his own work, and the more excellent the work, the more carefully done, the more surely the skill that executed it will detect defects where others, who are casual observers, fail to see them. So the true Mason will see faults and errors in himself; however perfect he may seem to his neighbors, he knows well that he is not perfect. If the end of Masonry were merely to fit us for our own places here, we should not have held out as our pattern the perfect cube. No! after-filling his place in Lodge here, after his work as part of the earthly society is over, the Mason is to take his place above; he is to be an ashlar in the Great Temple not built with hands. For this he must be perfect, able to stand the tests of the Great Architect of the Universe. His life here passed in constant labor, carefully correcting his faults and shortcomings, he must, when the call comes, find himself only too defective, even in his own eyes. How, then, shall he dare to present himself to the square of the Grand Geometrician?

We are taught not to despair; that by living in faith and the exercise of charity we have grounds for sure hope. Masonry teaches us that there is some way by which we shall be freed from our faults and defects, but it does not tell us how; on the contrary, we are taught that our light is but darkness visible. We seek the light which shines more and more to the perfect day. This the true Mason will seek; the mode in which we can become perfect is the true secret of Masonry, and all its ceremonies and teaching should be incitements to further research. We shall not, indeed, here meet with complete success. Portions of truth we shall get; glimpses, more or less perfect, of the great mystery, a mystery so great that we could not comprehend it entirely. Firmly believing that our honest efforts cannot but lead us to some truth, we shall not want faith, and we shall need all our charity to keep constantly before us the fact that we have not the whole truth, and that the results of the honest research of others will (even though we see not how) be another phase of the same verity. Hereafter the clouds and dimness will pass away. We now see as through a glass darkly, then we shall see face to face; we shall know as we are known.—*British Freemasons' Magazine.*

Masonic Palestine the Hot-House of the Great Ideas of Nations.

Israel had no great political ruler, and that is partly true, but it is also true that the Alexanders, Cæsars, Napoleons were neither a blessing to their own countries nor to mankind at large. Napoleon did more injury to the progress of justice, freedom, and enlightenment than all the crowned imbeciles of the nineteenth century, and Napoleon was a great political ruler. Cæsar slaughtered the Roman republic and initiated the tyranny of the Cæsars, and Cæsar was a great political ruler. What you call great political rulers have never done more than benefiting themselves and their friends, or also momentarily benefiting their country, at the expense of other nations or of their opponents in their own land. Prudence is not justice; and the happiness of mankind depends on justice. Policy is the offspring of cunningness; but the redemption of the human family is linked to the progress of reason. *Israel's mission was not the promulgation of cunningness and prudence; it was the promulgation of justice and reason. The small Palestine was not made to bring forth great rulers, as little indeed, as small Switzerland is; it was made to be the hot-house of great ideas, as Switzerland stands a republic in the heart of Europe. We need no great political rulers; they cannot benefit the cause of humanity. We need high priests of justice, banner bearers of light and truth, champions of freedom, they* are the benefactors of mankind, the messengers and Messiahs of the Most High, the beacon light of suffering humanity, and their number under the Mosaic dispensation is legion. The whole notion of politics is a mistaken one. * * * * *It will take the world centuries of progress before it will be able to appreciate and realize the laws of Moses.* Yet this is the fact. Nobody, however, can tell us, how Moses could legislate so successfully for all coming generations, if he denies revelation. Moses has neither a precedent nor a parallel in history. Strike out the word revelation, and we are at a loss to account for the Mosaic code, the literature of the prophets, the history of Israel, and the voluntary adoption of the principal laws of Moses by all civilized nations. *Strike out the simple word revelation, and nobody knows what justice, virtue, or righteousness means.* It is not so very easy to throw the Mosaic code to the rubbish of ancient codes, *when it has become the corner-stone of the nations.* It is not so easy to demonstrate revelation away, if we have no other authority for either justice or virtue and their definitions. * * * The civilized world has expressed the verdict of "revelation" on the Mosaic code, and adopted it as such for a basis in law and religion.

Cowans—Exposure of an Absurd Theory.

Our intelligent brother, D. Murray Lyons, A. M., of Ayr, Scotland, exposing the absurdity of the theories of those anti-Masonic writers of the last century, who proposed to derive the word *cowan* from the French *chouwan*, gives a quotation from the mother Kilwinning Lodge records, of Dec. 20, 1705, as follows:

> "The same day by consent of the meeting, it was agreed that no Measson shall imploy no Cowan, which is to say without the word, to work. If there be ane Measson to be found within fiftein myles he is not to imploy ane Cowan, under the pain of fourtie shellings Scots."

He adds another, half a century older, as follows:

> "The Court of the Massoun Tred of the Ludge of of Kilwyning, holding in the upper chamber of Hew Smythe at the croce of Kilwyning the xx of Decr. 1645....Item they hev ordanit that Hew Mure sall not work with ony Cowane in tymes cuming, under the pane of x lb money. Item John Smythe is becum catiouner for Hew Mure to pey xx s. for his absense last year, and the said Hew Mure obleges him to relieff him under the dubble thairof."

> "xix Decr., 1646..The qlk day Hew Mure in Kilmarnock was decernit to pey to the box ten lb. monie of unlaw for working with Cowans, contrari to the Acts and Ordinances of the said Ludge; and for the whairof the said Hew Mure as principall, and Johne Allasoune, massoun, as cautiouner for him, bind and obledges thaim to pey the foirsaid unlaw betwixt and Decr. 1647; and the said Hew oblidges him to relieff his cautiouner under the paine of dubling the soum. Off the qlk unlaw ther is pey'd be Hew Mure xx s."

> "At Air the twenty aucht day of Januar, the zeir of God sextein hunder fourtie sevin zeires. The Court of the Massounes of the Ludge of Kilwinning....Quhilk day Robert Quhyt, masoune in Air, upoune oath disclymed all working with the Cowains at any tyme, and oblidges him to his Ludg and to observe the auncient rewles maid thairanent, under the paine of fourtie pund, conforme to the Act."

Working in the Dark—the Bees—Freemasonry.

A late scientific discovery concerning bees, presents some analogies worth tracing up. We give the article entire:

"Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear, yellow syrup, without a trace of solid sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance—it *candies*, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid lump of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change was due to a photographic action; that the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of the iodine of silver on the excited collodion plate, and determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle, causes the syrupy honey to assume a crystalline form. This, however, is the case. M. Scheibler has inclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, whilst others have been exposed to the light. The invariable results have been that the sunned portion rapidly crystalizes, while that kept in the dark has remained perfectly liquid. We now see why bees are so careful to work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. The existence of their young depends on the liquidity of saccharine food presented to them, and if light were allowed access to this, the syrup would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive."

Now the majority of people imagined that the bees had no particular object in their selection of a working place except a desire to escape observation, following the rules of the mole and the bat. It turns out that in this respect instinct is founded upon a great chemical law.

In like manner the majority of mankind attribute the seclusion of Masonic workings to mere whim, convenience, or baser motives. It seems useless to urge upon them that the very nature of Freemasonry, its instinct and vitality, lie in this very thing. Using the analogy of the scientific fact, above recorded, we argue that it is as necessary to the existence of our society to "work in the dark" as for the bees to do so. To throw open the door and expose the mysterious operations of the Lodge to the profane world, "would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive!" In this respect we ask only for the same privacy that the family claims.

A Noble Freemason, who does not ask whether the Sufferers are Freemasons or not, but Labors for the Relief of Men, Women and Children.

Capt. Freeman, referred to below, is a member of Central Lodge, No. 361, F. and A. M., and we have reason to know that a more clear-headed, big-hearted fellow never trod a deck.

Ship Resolute, Freeman, Liverpool, Dec. 29. Is at anchor at the S. W. Spit. Capt. Freeman reports: Friday, Jan. 25, lat. 39 30, lon. 68 10, at 1 P. M., made a vessel on our starboard bow, dismasted and a signal of distress flying. She proved to be the ship Bavaria, of and for New York, from Havre, with emigrants. The captain hailed us, and asked if we would take his passengers, as he was very short of provisions. Replied that we would do so. Shortened sail, and hove to, it blowing a moderate gale from N. W., with a high sea running. Finding he did not attempt to lower his own boat, we got two out, and the first and second officers went in them with a picked crew, and made four trips, bringing 64 passengers on board. At 4 30 P. M. the first officer's boat was swamped, but, fortunately, all the passenges had been taken out of her. Had much difficulty in saving her crew and getting her alongside again. At 5 P. M. the second mate's boat arrived alongside, in an almost sinking condition, with 23 women and children, having been boarded by a heavy sea, which nearly filled her. As it was now getting dark, hoisted boats in and lay by till daylight. At 4 A. M. of the 26th, wind moderate, but large sea on, ran close to the wreck, out boats, and by 8 30 A. M. had 170 souls transferred to our ship; also two boat loads of bedding and clothing; 10 A. M., got boats in and proceeded on our course. The Bavaria was dismasted on the 21st of Jan., in an easterly gale, having sprung her rudder head, causing her to broach to, fore and main masts gone by the deck, bowsprit at knightheads, and mizentopmast at the cap. The captain was rigging a jury foremast, and hoped to get her into some port. We got one-half a bag of bread from the Bavaria, and as we were only provisioned for our crew, we were obliged to put all hands on short allowance—one biscuit a day for eight days, when we fell in with the steamship Caledonia, who very kindly supplied us with an abundance of bread, and offered to take the passengers, if necessary. We also got some provisions from the ship John Bright. The passengers have borne their privations with great patience.

Ephesus.

One of the most intelligent and zealous Freemasons of England is Bro. Hyde Clarke, for a number of years past; his discoveries, as follows, will be read with interest:

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERIES AT EPHESUS.

Mr. Hyde Clarke writes to the *Athenæum* from Smyrna, on the 4th inst. "Yesterday, being at Azizieh, I had some finds worth noticing in the London *Athenæum.* First, I examined the conical hill near Azizieh, beyond the Ephesus Pass. This, as I suspected, I found to be a tomb; and it proves to be one of the remarkable monuments of Asia Minor. It is a conical hill, and about six or seven hundred feet high, but joining on to a low ridge behind. It is so unlike the neighboring formations of limestone, that I suspect it has been trimmed partially. This mound, about one hundred and fifty feet below the summit, is crowned with a ring wall of loose rubble piled about ten feet wide on the surface, and which is mostly in good preservation. On the top is the tumulus, in a very dilapidated state, having been rifled, and in a worse state than the tomb of Tantalus on Sipylus. There are appearances of the inner vault, and, like that of Tantalus, there are many bits of tiles of the same kind, and so likewise in the wall and scattered over the mound. To designate this, I propose to call it the tomb of Lydus. At the foot of the east, close against the tomb, I found the site of a small town, about one thousand feet square, evidently on the old road to the interior. I went, with Mr. E. A. Drew, to see the pass he has brought to light, and which is the real Ephesus Pass, about one mile or one mile and a half to the right of the present Ephesus Pass, through which the railway passes to Azizieh. The original and deserted pass is a very interesting site. Here I identified the site of a large town or city which must have had upwards of twenty thousand inhabitants. For a mile and a half or two miles, the surface is likely filled with tiles and stones, interspersed with foundations and heaps of stones. The only sculptured remains are at the lower part, near Azizieh, where there is a small but solid building with a niche and two windows. In the tombs are two double pilasters of very poor style. This place I have named Eski Azizieh. I cannot conjecture its ancient designation. It was evidently the summer town or village of Ephesus; and I consider Latorea was at Boorgas, close by. There are considerable remains of the causeway, but the place must have been deserted for many centuries. The pass leading to Azizieh is well supplied with water; but then below Eski Azizieh is a good stream most of the way from Magenesia ad Meandrum. I consider Eski Azizieh a promising site for excavations. All the places I have referred to are within a short walk of Azizieh, and Eski Azizieh is about five miles from Ephesus station.—*Voice of Masonry.*

Family Circle.

A HOME PICTURE—OR "THEY'RE WORTH THEIR THOUSANDS."

Ben Fisher had finished his hard day's work,
And he sat in his cottage door;
His good wife Kate sat by his side,
And the moonlight danced on the floor;
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor,
Her beams were as clear and bright
As when he and Kate, twenty years before,
Talked love in the mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
And never a dram drank he;
So he loved at home with his wife to stay,
And they chatted right merrily;
Right merrily chatted they on the while,
Her babe was silent on her breast;
While a chubby rogue, with rosy smile,
On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told how fast his potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field;
And the wheat on the hill had grown to seed,
And promised a glorious yield;
A glorious yield in the harvest time;
And his orchard was doing fair;
His sheep and his stock were in their prime,
His farm all in good repair.

Kate said her garden looked beautiful,
Her fowls and her calves were fat,
That the butter that Tommy that morning had churned
Would buy him a Sunday hat;
That Jenny for pa a new shirt had made,
And it was done, too, by the rule;
That Neddy the garden could nicely spade,
And Ann was a-head at school.

Ben slowly passed his toil-worn hand
Through his locks of grayish-brown—
"I tell you, Kate, what I think," said he,
"We're the happiest folks in town."
"I know," said Kate, "that we all work hard—
Work and health go together, I've found;
For there's Mrs. Bell, she won't work at all,
And she's sick the whole year round.

"They're worth their thousands, so people say,
But I never saw them happy yet;
'Twould not be me that would take their gold
And live a constant fret;
My humble home has a light within
Mrs. Bell's gold cannot buy—
Six hearty children, a merry heart,
And a husband's love-lit eye."

I fancied a tear was in Ben's eye—
The moon shone brighter and clearer—
I could not tell why the man should cry,
But he hitched up to Kate still nearer;
He leaned his head on her shoulder there,
And took her hand in his—
I guess (though I looked at the moon just then)
That he left on her lips a kiss.

Our Mother.—At the gateway of one of our beautiful rural cemeteries, a large funeral was just entering, as our attention was called to a very remarkable sight. The bier was resting on the shoulders of four tall, noble looking men in the prime of life. One of these bearers was a judge on the bench of the Supreme Court of the nation. A second was one of the most eminent and accomplished lawyers whom this or any other country can boast. A third was a very distinguished divine, whose pen is a great power. And the fourth was the president of the Senate of his State. And these remarkable men were brothers.

They stood strong in life, but were bowed and silent and solemn, as if the bier was too heavy for their strength. Very slowly and carefully they trod, as if the sleeper should not feel the motion. And who was on the bier, so carefully and tenderly borne? It was their own mother! Never did I see a grief more reverent or respect more profound. It seems to me that a mother's cold heart must also throb in the coffin. A nobler sight or a more beautiful tribute of love I never saw. They were all, doubtless, going back in memory to their early childhood, and to the loving care of this best of all earthly friends.

They well knew they, the sons of a poor village pastor, could never have been trained and educated and fitted to occupy their stations without a very extraordinary mother. They well knew that they owed more to her than to all other human agencies. No shoulders but theirs must bear the precious dust to the graveyard; no hands but theirs must deposit it in its last resting place. That body had been inhabited by one of the sweetest, most cheerful and brilliant minds that ever inhabited an earthly tabernacle. It had long, too, been the temple of the Holy Ghost.

What that lovely woman had done to make her husband's ministry useful and profitable, what she had done in training daughters that are ornaments to their sex, what she had done to make these distinguished men what they are, who can tell? What has not such a mother accomplished who has given such an influence to the world? I never see one of these sons but my thoughts go back to the home of their childhood, and I can hardly keep my eyes from filling with tears as I think of that mother.

Heaven will be just where we are not, and I can find no words in which to express my appreciation of such a friend. Some few who have early lost their mothers through death or the loss of reasons come out useful and respectable men, but they would, probably, have been much more so, had they enjoyed her love and care. They may well mourn the loss of their days. The names of the mothers of Moses, of Samuel, Timothy, and other eminent men are recorded, and so are the names of the mothers of the wicked kings generally recorded, as if to tie them to the disgrace of their sons.

Oh, mother! amid all your anxieties and labors, be assured that time is coming when your name and image will find the chambers of the memories of your children as no other can. You are gathering up love, respect, and veneration, which will gather around your coffin, if not before. You will grow in the hearts of your children as long as they live.

Oh, son of the good mother! remember that she hath spared nothing that the human heart could yield for thy good, Let thy love and gratitude and reverence flow back upon her, and if her hair is becoming silvered with age, remember that thy opportunities to minister to her comfort are every day becoming fewer and fewer. God help thee to cheer her.—*Dr. Todd.*

The Use of Time.—Time was given man to use and not waste. It is for rational use and not for foolish abuse. And at times it appears to the reflecting mind that we are mistaken in our endeavors to crowd into half an hour what should fill half a day. We do not refer to our habits of hurried eating, so frequently the subject of critics and lecturers, but to the general hurry and haste that characterize every movement of our people. In traveling we give preference to the fastest lines, this being the grand recommendation of one competing line over another. The annihilation of space and time is a modern boast, as though the feat was really meritorious.

It is to be questioned whether this idea is a correct one. Human life is more valuable than a few hours or days, yet we risk life and limb in patronizing those conveyances which run the longest possible distance in the shortest possible time. The employees of railroad and steamboat companies have received the title of "baggage smashers," for no reason except that the rules of the companies and the exacting demands of the public will not allow them to handle baggage as Tom Hood advised the management of the body of the despairing suicide:

"Take her up tenderly,
Handle with care."

It is a public demand that everything shall be done in the shortest possible time, but it is a wasteful and often suicidal demand. We do not "live out half our days." If we exist the allotted space of man's life we do not live. We are driven by this spirit of hurry as relentlessly as the poor souls in Dante's Inferno by the tormenting devils of Hades.

Live for Good.—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world and none were blessed by them as instruments of their redemption; not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished, their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, oh, man immortal? Live for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No. Your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

Humorous.

Pictorializing Language.—"I take my tea barefoot," said a backwoodsman, when asked if he would have cream and sugar. (I find barefoot, by the way, in the Coventry Plays.) A., speaking to me once of a very rocky clearing, said, "Stone's got a very heavy mortgage on that land;" and I overheard a guide in the woods say to his companions who were urging him to sing, "Wall, I did sing once; but tunes got invented, and that spilt my trade."

Whoever has driven over a stream by a bridge made of slabs, will feel the picturesque force of the epithet slab-bridge, applied to a fellow of shaky character. Almost every county has some good die-sinker in phrase, whose mintage passes into the currency of the whole neighborhood. Such a one described the county jail (the one-story dwellings are of wood) as the house whose underpinin' came up to the eaves, and called hell "the place where they didn't take up their fires nights."

I once asked a stage-driver if the other side of a hill were as steep as the one we were climbing. "Steep! chain lightnin' couldn't go down it 'thout puttin' the shoe on!" And so this brings me back to the exaggerations of which I spoke before. To me there is something very taking in the negro "so black that charcoal made a white mark on him," and the "shingle painted so like marble that it sank in water," as if its very consciousness of its vanity had been over-persuaded by the painter. I heard a man, in order to give a notion of some very cold weather, say to another that a certain Joe, who had been taking mercury, found a lump of quicksilver in each boot when he went home to dinner. This power of rapidly dramatizing a dry act into flesh and blood, and the vivid conception of Joe as a human thermometer, strikes me as showing a poetic sense that may be refined into faculty.

Captain Basil Hall denied that our people had any humor, deceived, perhaps, by their gravity of manner. Perhaps Captain Hall had no humor himself, and if so, he would never find it. Did he always feel the point of what was said to himself? I doubt it, because I happened to know a chance he had once given him in vain. The Captain was walking up and down the verandah of a country tavern in Massachusetts, while the coach changed horses. A thunderstorm was going on, and with that pleasant European air of indirect self-compliment in condescending to be surprised at American merit, which we find so conciliating, he said to a countryman lounging near the door, "Pretty heavy thunder you have here." The other, who divined at a glance his feelings of generous concession to the country, drawled out gravely,—

"Wall, we du, considerin' the number of inhabitants!"

This, the more I analyze it, the more humorous does it seem. The same man was capable of wit, also, when he would. He was a cabinet-maker, and was once employed to make some Commandment tables for the parish meeting-house. The parson, a very old man, annoyed him by looking into his work-shop every morning, and cautioning him to be very sure to pick out "clear mahogany, without any knots in it." At last, wearied out, he retorted one day, "Wall, I guess, Dr. B., if I was to leave the *nots* out o' some o' the Commandments 'twould soot you ez well!"

The National Freemason.

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The Widow and the Orphan—A Masonic Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.

The Mason, rightly apprehending our principles and truths, while first attentive to the widows and orphans of his own Lodge, and next to those without his own Lodge limits and within those of his own jurisdiction, neglects not those of his own country, North or South, nor is indifferent to them wherever found over the wide earth, whether of his own creed or not, of his own government or not, of the Masonic order or not.

A letter was sent us by a Freemason (in name) objecting to our appeals for our suffering brethren and their families *southward*. In the same letter he unwittingly objected to an appeal for orphans of Northern soldiers, or, rather, the only way open for their immediate relief, thus showing his *animus*. A brother reading the letter thought he could tell who wrote, or rather who dictated it. He found that he was correct.

The next mail brought us a letter from a lady respecting the same person, inquiring "if a Royal Arch Mason, led away by liquor, falls lower and lower in the social circle, till at length he arrives at the point of a total disregard of all family ties and of his own word of honor, ill treats his wife, so that she is obliged to leave him, and not only refuses proper support to her and the rest of the family, but year after year, harasses them in every possible way, * * * and should these ladies as a last resort apply to the Masonic fraternity, not for *money*, but simply for advice and assistance—would the fact that this man is a Mason exempt his brother Masons from all obligations?" The letter says that she appeals to the National Freemason, not knowing its editors, from its elevated spirit and temper. True Masons can guess our reply. The matter is in such train that Masonry will not long be used for a cloak, and this *Masonic wolf in sheep's clothing* will find that his protests against true Masonic charity and fraternal interference will not avail him.

So it is generally. They who object to charity in one direction, object equally to charity in another. They who are blessed with its full power, are ever ready to do good to all as opportunity offers.

Masonry teaches fully the great law of brotherly love, the law of sympathy with, and interest in, *man, simply as man.* To love their friends and hate their enemies is the prime precept of the code of the world. The bounds of kindred and country, the lines traced by pride, interest and other personal considerations, wordly charity rarely oversteps. Masonic love is of a far higher strain. It passes the flaming bounds of space and time. It owns no restriction on its exercise. It has a hearing ear, a responsive heart and a helping hand for wronged and suffering humanity, in whatever clime, and under whatever sky. Whether in the North or the South, among religious or political foes, or on the battle-field, it puts forth its best might from the impulse of a disinterestedness but slightly tainted with personal alloy.

If there is any one does not like such Freemasonry, let him not patronize the National Freemason. While varieties of opinion may be permitted on minor points, there will be no compromise nor hesitancy where cardinal Masonic doctrines are concerned.

In *essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity.*

Our dear lamented Bro. Bain, the late Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, beloved by all who knew him, endeared to the craft in a thousand ways, has been called to everlasting rest.

His son thus writes the National Freemason:

"Since your last Masonic information from North Carolina, my father has passed away. He was permitted to serve the craft in this jurisdiction, in the capacity of Grand Secretary, 26 years, being elected the 27th time at the annual communication in December last. He was blessed with a long life, being in his 74th year at the time of his death.

"It has pleased the Grand Master to designate me as the successor of my father."

Love of Approbation—Masonic Lessons.

The love of praise is one of the most universal of passions. Sweet to the human ear is the voice of approbation; dear to the human heart, the music of approving lips. The child's eye lights with sudden joy when his efforts to do right have been noticed and appreciated; and the aged statesman, decorated with the tokens of a nation's gratitude through many years of public service: the eminent orator, whose words have thrilled the hearts of assembled multitudes—these, also, are not insensible to every additional proof of their influence with the people. From the smile which hovers on the maiden's lip, as she listens, half pleased and half alarmed, to the first praises of her virgin beauty, to the solemn hour when a nation is assembled to pay its tribute of honor to its most illustrious and well proved servants, there seems a long interval; but it is the same essential feeling which thrills the girl's heart and the breast of a Washington.

And, between these two extremes, what a multitude of human actions and words are prompted by the regard for human praise! This enters, as the serpent entered Eden, to trail its dangerous form beneath the innocent flowers which spring freshest from the unpolluted hea[illegible]n God's garden of youth, to mingle its hiss with the notes of birds and the ripple of the breeze among the trees. Some of the best actions are alloyed with it; some of the worst, checked or prevented by it. How much more dazzling would be our virtues, how much blacker our sin, if this neutral tint of vanity were taken out of them! For the love of praise does often restrain men from vices which no higher motive would prevent; they would sell their soul, but they will not stain their reputation. Public opinion awes and checks where no more moral influence will go. While conscience slumbers, the thought of what men will say—of their contempt, of their scorn—stands, a less noble sentinel, at the portal of the unguarded heart.

But, on the other hand, how many good actions are degraded by the infusion of this passion—how many good actions done partly from the love of goodness, and done partly, also, "to be seen of men!" The Pharisees, we are told. did all their works to be seen of men; that was their chief motive; and, therefore, they were justly called hypocrites. But, as heresies have been divided and subdivided, so may vices and follies be divided; and those of us who are not wholly hypocritical may often find ourselves *half*-Pharisees—semi-hypocrites—if we sharply analyze our motives. How many an eloquent sermon would lose much of its fire if the preacher should lose all hope of his hearers admiring his eloquence! He perhaps *begins* to speak with a deep sense of responsibility to God, with a sincere desire to do good. This true and deep motive gives earnestness and power to his words. And then the thought comes across his mind that he *is* eloquent and effective, and then he ceases to be so. He perhaps perceives this motive influencing him, and is humbled by the thought of it; and yet, perhaps, may presently please himself with thinking that his humility, also, has been noticed. So, also, do men pray, "*to be seen of men*," if not at the corners of the streets. They feel gratified at being thought powerful in prayer, earnest in prayer, solemn in prayer; are vain of their piety, vain of their sincerity; and, while apparently imploring the pardon of God, are really seeking the approbation of their fellow-sinners. So, also, officers and brethren in the Lodge, and out of it, do much to be seen. So, also, though it is not now the custom to sound a trumpet before us, to call men's attention when we are about to give alms, the trumpet, in some way or other, is sounded directly afterward; and very seldom indeed does the left hand of Masons remain unconscious of the good deeds of its brother. So that it is well understood that, if a large sum is to be raised, you must appeal to this potent motive of the love of praise. Emulation, in some form or other, is called into action. Great sums are raised for charity and other operations by the regular publication, in periodicals used for that purpose, of what every Lodge gives; and every individual belonging to it knows what is expected of him. If you have a good object for which to appeal to the charity of a Lodge, and you wish to get the *smallest* sum, state your case simply and plainly, give your reasons, and then ask your hearers to send you their donations, or drop them into a hat. If you wish a larger sum, send round the deacon, and let every one give or refuse under the eyes of those around him. If you wish the *largest* sum, carry a subscription paper, with the largest sums at the head; and let every man put his name, with his gift, to be seen by all the rest. I do not mean to say that all who give in this way are influenced by such motives, but that these facts show us how many there are who are induced to be generous by the thought that their generosity will be known by men as well as by God.

Now, the Masonic mode of charity strikes at the root of all this. It literally obeys the injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Lately, there has been considerable departure from it in our fraternity, when our Masonic principle has been affected by the outer world and by our great prosperity. Let not this spasmodic, noisy, showy, clap-trap charity be encouraged among us. Our mode, the old mode, of doing good is much endangered by some of our Masons, who know much more of outside cunning and devices than of our mysteries.

So, likewise, how many there are who are of a sad countenance, that they may appear unto men to fast! How many heretics there are who enjoy being persecuted, and make sectarian capital out of it! how many reformers who delight themselves in the abuse they receive and the opposition they meet with! how many martyrs to principle, victims of conscience, who are always talking about their martyrdom, and so *have* their reward in a little present praise, preferring a temporal to an eternal crown! Beautiful, therefore, is it to see a martyr who anoints his head, and appears with calm brow and smiling face, not appearing to fast, nor making any mention of his self-denials or his trials; who places on the altar of a great cause popularity, friendship, reputation, influence, position; who consents to be ridiculed, hated, and trampled on; choosing not the highest, but the lowest places, in the commonweal; and counting these sacrifices *nothing*, and making no mention of them, in his joy at being allowed to suffer and labor for a noble end. But such men as these, though there are such, are rare. A morbid love of praise seems to have taken possession of the minds of men. Poets, artists, literary men, praise one another continually. Christians, calling themselves the chief of sinners, call each other eminent saints; and philanthropists, in speech and print, spend half their time in extolling each other's philanthropy and humanity. And how much of this has crept into our Masonic sanctuaries! How much more pure and beautiful our lives would be if this habit of perpetual panegyric was abolished, and men could be satisfied with being good themselves, and loving the goodness of others, without bringing every good action immediately to the light, and putting it in all the newspapers of the land! The atmosphere in which virtue thrives the best is not that of applause and flattery, not that of popularity and adulation. It grows strong in the midst of opposition; it grows pure in the cold solitudes of neglect. As the trees are injured, not by the sharp frost of winter, but by its unseasonable weather, so are virtue and talent and charity blighted by the flattery of coteries and parties. Let not Masonry forget her principles and teachings.

But the *love of praise* does not merely debase and injure *goodness*, it pollutes the mind with positive evil, and leads directly to mean and wicked conduct. As the Pharisees would not confess their faith in Jesus, because they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God, so men now hide their best convictions through fear of man's disapprobation or of the laughter of fools. So, likewise, they are prevented from seeing new truth, because they fear that they shall be led out of the beaten track of popular opinion if they allow themselves to inquire freely. This evil, also, Jesus has pointed out: "How *can* ye believe, who receive honor one from another, and not the honor which comes from God only?" The love of praise is the source of constant prevarication. It fills the world with lies and liars; it takes honesty and manly frankness out of our conversation, leaving instead weak concession and miserable falsehood. In social and Masonic life, it leads to the love of display; to foolish extravagance; to expense in dress, in furniture, in equipage, and in regalia and in presentations; substituting the desire to *seem* for the desire to *be;* putting surface for substance. How many families have been ruined because they must live as expensively as their neighbors—because they must rival the rich and fashionable! How much domestic misery, dishonesty and fraud, have come from this source! How often, in humbler spheres, has the love of dress been the ruin of many a poor girl, who would rather give up virtue, home, peace of mind, and the hope of heaven, than not appear as well dressed as her companions! It is the working of this fatal and contagious passion which makes the real evil of large parties, balls, and fashionable society generally. It makes people artificial and insincere in such scenes. They act, speak, and look for *effect;* so that we can hardly enter them without being tainted with this falseness, and without feeling that, for the time, at least, we have lost our simplicity and honor.

[To be continued.]

Bishop Potter sends us a letter stating that the "*House of Mercy*" needs more room for its work, being obliged to refuse admission to persons offering themselves. The "*Midnight Mission*" is multiplying candidates for a place in that refuge. They need, at once, a new building, costing $50,000. What say our men and women of wealth, especially those who spend their leisure time in finding fault with what is done for charities?

RELIEF FOR THE SOUTH.—The little money which has been yet secured has been given chiefly by Masons, or through their exertions.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS, P. G. M.

Royal and Select Masters.

The Grand Council of this grade for the State of New York met in Annual Assembly, in the city of Albany, on Tuesday, 5th inst. Present, the Grand Officers and the representatives of twenty subordinate Councils.

The Grand Master, M. P. and Rev. Charles H. Platt, delivered one of his usually impressive addresses.

Some slight modifications were made in the Constitution.

A warrant was granted to Utica Council No. 28, and, on petition, the name of Pennell Council was changed to Union Council No. 2.

For the first time in the history of this Grand Body the funds were in such a state as to warrant the payment of a sufficient sum to the officers and representatives to pay their expenses in attending the Assembly, and this fact would seem to warrant the conclusion that the future stability of the Grand Council is placed beyond question. The following are the officers for the current year:

M. P. and Rev. Charles H. Platt, Grand Master; R. P. John Hoole, Deputy Grand Master; R. P. James McCredie, Gr. Ill. Master; R. P. John D. Williams, Gr. P. C. of W.; R. P. Josiah Shove, Gr. Recorder; M. P. H. F. L. Bunting, Gr. Treasurer; R. P. Daniel Wolff, Gr. C. of G.; R. P. and Rev. J. G. Webster, Gr. Chaplain; P. F. F. Driggs, Gr. Steward; P. Amza Fuller, Gr. Sentinel.

"The Sorrows of a Poor Old Man."

We have been called on to relieve a brother who appears to have very strong claims on the sympathy of the craft, and we have given him such temporary assistance as an editorial purse and many calls would permit. Something more substantial is needed, and we, therefore, call upon our friends for a lift. The brother in whose behalf we speak is nearly eighty years of age, a stranger in a strange land; once occupying high Masonic and social position, he now finds himself on the trembling verge of human life absolutely penniless, and depending on what may be given him from day to day for food and shelter. We desire to raise a small sum of ready money, say fifty or seventy-five dollars, wherewith to set the old gent up in some sort of traffic which may afford him the little he needs to supply his daily wants and keep him from the constant humiliation of extending his hand to the brethren. A very small sum from each of the many who may see this article will accomplish this act of charity, and some day or other each will receive back what he gives, increased many fold during its absence and radiant with the blessing promised to those who give to the poor.

Making Progress.

A Friend in Paris writes us that the Grand Orient of France has inaugurated a plan for establishing and encouraging a system of primary education, the benefits of which are to be extended to adults as well as children. The Grand Orient contributes a certain sum annually, and solicits aid from Lodges, individual Masons, and profanes.

We should judge that in France such a work might not only be successful, financially, but, in the absence of any system of public education, eminently beneficial, not directly to Masonry, but still of benefit, as preparing the popular mind to understand its benevolent doctrines and smoothing its progress toward the ultimate result. Our people, enjoying all the benefits of education, without money and without price, find it difficult to realize that, in the overcrowded countries of the Old World how comparatively few persons possess even the rudiments of what we call a common school education. Understanding this, however, they will appreciate the undertaking of the Grand Orient, and sympathize in their endeavors to make their Masonry practical.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.—We are in receipt of invitations from various directions, in the city and out of it, to participate in Masonic observances of the great national festival, and were we endowed with seven league boots, or the power of being in several places at once, we would gladly accept all, for we take great delight in the association of the brethren. Having promised some weeks since a Lodge in this city, we deem that the prior engagement. St. John's Lodge, No. 1, of Newark, will accept our thanks for their kindness in remembering us, and prevail on M. W. Bro. Whitehead to say a word or two for us.

Answers to Correspondents.

VAN C.—"Having recently accepted the appointment of Master of a Lodge under dispensation, I am somewhat exercised as to what are the powers confided to such a Lodge. Some say that we have no right to affiliate Masons; others, that the Masons made in this Lodge are not and cannot be members of it. That, having paid for and received the degrees, they owe us no allegiance, and can go where they like; others, that we have no right to make by-laws or have a seal; and, in short, that, except the right to make Masons, we have no right that any one is bound to respect. Will you oblige me by stating, briefly, what are the rights and powers of a Lodge U. D.?"

ANSWER.—We have not time, at present, to write out all that might be said on the subject; but, if our correspondent will turn to the Dispensation itself, he will find these words: "Therefore be it known that I, having full confidence in the aforesaid brethren, and being desirous of extending the light and advantages of a well regulated Lodge to said brethren, as well as to those who may see fit to unite with them in sustaining the Masonic institution, do hereby authorize and empower the petitioners aforesaid to meet together as *a regular Lodge of Master Masons*, with power to make Masons, admit members, form a code of by-laws, and do all such acts and things as have been and ought to be done by Lodges under Dispensation," which appear to us to fully cover the ground, and sufficiently set forth what may be done by a Lodge U. D. in this jurisdiction.

B.—"Last night, in our Chapter, an amendment to the by-laws was offered in this wise:

"We have a standing resolution requiring members to perform a certain act within a certain time, which resolution is very generally disregarded. It has therefore been thought by some of the members that, if, instead of a resolution, we had a positive enactment in the by-laws, we should stand a better chance of having attention paid to it. Notice was therefore given at the last convocation of an intention to amend the by-laws. A member offered a motion to lie on the table indefinitely, which, in spite of opposition, the H. P. put and declared carried.

"We would like to know—

"1. Was it in order to take any action or receive and entertain the motion to lie on the table?

"2. Was it not the duty of the H. P. to order such amendment or addition to the by-laws to lie over the usual time before allowing any action in the premises?

"3. Had the Chapter, at the time, any right to go into the merits or demerits of the question?

"4. Our by-laws say that Companions shall be notified. Does not this mean that a summons shall issue?"

ANSWER.—1. We think the High Priest erred, although the error was a most excusable one. He very probably understood the notice to be a motion; and as all motions are subject to a motion to lie on the table, he deemed it in order to entertain the proposition to that effect. A notice of intention to move an amendment is certainly not a motion, and, therefore, not subject to lie on the table. We should, therefore, were we the H. P., consider the motion entertained as of no account, and allow the notice to stand as required by the by-laws. If, at the next convocation, the Chapter does not wish to entertain the proposed amendment, it can then postpone it indefinitely, or, what would be better, vote it squarely down, and have done with it.

2. The proper course would certainly have been for the presiding officer to say, "Under the rules, the proposition lies on the table till next stated convocation;" but as he did not so understand it, he naturally did not make the order.

3. The merits of the question could, under no circumstances, come before the Chapter at the preliminary stage of the proceedings.

4. It is usual on such occasions to summon the Chapter, and such was, doubtless, the intention of the framers of the by-laws.

M. E. G., Iowa.—Your commission has been attended to, and you will receive the result in due course. Your previous favors never reached their destination.

ZEILUKA.—I perceive that you are engaged for the "Lancers" at the ladies' reception to come off at Irving Hall. Would you consider me impertinent if I should ask the favor of your hand for the "Caledonians?" I know, of course, that old gents like you do not want to dance overmuch; still on this occasion you might run the risk of a little extra fatigue to oblige one who cannot bear the idea of seeing you rusting among the "wall flowers."

ANSWER.—This correspondent writes to us on the newest style of nutmeg grater stationery, and perfumes the envelope with "Jockey Club;" but there is just sufficient quaver in the penmanship to make us think that poking fun at us as an *old* gent is rather a matter of sympathy than otherwise. We don't care, however, for we are by no means so sweetly sensitive that a distant allusion to our venerable appearance can affect us to tears. We accept the invitation, and will take great pleasure in doing the Caledonians with Zeiluka, if she will make herself known to us in time. We respectfully refer to Inspector Dilks, who will do the amiable and who can vouch for our style.

Stone Dresser.—There is much to be said on both sides of the question, but our conviction is that Masonry as now organized is the sequence of the building fraternities of the middle ages. Their organization was kept up till Grand Master Wren died, when the change from an operative to a speculative institution occurred, and we are the legitimate successors of those who wrought that change and opened the doors to free as well as accepted Masons. The ancient mysteries had a Masonic form, but they crumbled to dust before advancing civilization and have left no successors. Get the "Origin and Early History of Freemasonry," by Steinbrenner, and you will have the whole argument in a nutshell.

C. L. C.—Your favor received, but as we have already said our say on the subject, we prefer at present to let it alone. Time will do much toward healing the difficulty, and in the meantime we can assure you that the great majority of the craft is on our side—under which state of facts we can afford to wait with a tolerable degree of equanimity.

H. P.—No authentic decision has been made under the new Constitution, and we prefer that you should send your query to the Grand High Priest. We feel tolerably certain what his decision will be; but we choose to let him make it as he may deem just, without other influence than his own sense of right. His Post-Office address is Syracuse, New York.

:o:

The Way into the Lodge.

The following suggestions touching the reports of investigating committees and subsequent ballots, from the pen of R. W. John H. Anthon, have our hearty approbation, as in entire accord with our own experience, and the views heretofore expressed by us on the subject:

"In our Lodges the name of the candidate is announced with that of his proposer; a committee is openly appointed, who openly report and the ballot is taken. Far different is the rule in the strict practice of the foreign Lodge. The proposition is placed without any proposer's name, in a bag, in such a manner that no brother can know from whom it comes; the Master appoints in private a committee, the members of which report in writing privately to him; their names are not read when their report is communicated to the Lodge, and the merits of the candidate are openly discussed. Let us consider these differences separately.

"*First*—The disclosure of the name of the proposer may operate injuriously in two ways: by securing the election of a candidate proposed by the Master or by some popular member, or by inducing the rejection of the candidate as a measure of hostility to the proposer. All of our Lodges have felt the evil effects of both these causes, and in the present view of the subject they need mere mention, which indicates the superiority of the other plan.

"*Second*—The committee publicly appointed and reporting openly, under their own names, if they do their duty, are thus practically deprived of the benefit of the secret ballot; they alone, of all the brethren, are compelled to express their opinion openly; and not only that, but to openly announce their reason for entertaining it; the result is practically that an adverse report is the rarest thing in the world, and rejections follow constantly upon favorable reports. Ordinarly such a vote would be an implicit censure upon the committee. With us, though in form a disapproval, it is not so felt.

"It also follows that no special report of facts is ever made; adverse reports, if they do occur, and rejections are based upon unknown ground, which a brief explanation might remove, and the majority of the members are compelled to vote without information; and to this must be added that members of committees are led to be guilty of the hypocrisy, uncondemned by the distorted public sentiment of the brethren, of voting in opposition to their own repor—treporting in favor of the candidate and voting against him. In short, even in the Lodges, too few in number, where committees really examine the merits of an application, their report is a mere idle form.

"*Third*—From these points we pass naturally to the last—that we suffer no discussion of the merits of the candidate.

"In the foreign Lodges the candidate presents a sketch of his own life; the committee, under the vail of secrecy, but under the obligation of their Masonic duty, state fully the result of their inquiries, and as the matter is then open to discussion, no injustice can be done to the candidate; no unfounded statement need pass uncontradicted, no erroneous impression need rest undispelled.

"It is needless to add that a Master worthy of his office can always restrain such a discussion within proper bounds.

"Satisfied that the foreign mode is the more fair and the more advantageous to the fraternity, and that it involves nothing in any wise contrary to the Constitution of the Grand Lodge, we suggest it to the consideration of the brethren—we may add of those in a special degree whose Lodges have been disturbed by charges of the rejection of the candidate on grounds other than his personal merits."

:o:

Progressive Chapter No. 198.—We had the honor of performing our first official act as Deputy Grand High Priest, on Friday evening last, by constituting Progressive Chapter over in Williamsburgh, and installing its officers, in which we were aided by M. E. Companions Hoole, Wolf, Gardner, Budlong, Weeks, and others. This chapter has already a membership of about fifty companions, and bids fair to attain a place in the very front rank. The High Priest, Comp. Crane, is a zealous and devoted Mason, and it certainly will not be his fault if its labors are not in the highest degree successful.

:o:

Don't Forget that the Ladies' Reception comes off March 7th, at Irving Hall, and that the proceeds are to be paid into the Hall and Asylum Fund. It will be the affair of the season, and the only way to avoid disappointment is to secure a ticket right away at once.

:o:

A parsimonious man, one of illiberal ideas, destitute of the nobler impulses, is utterly unfit to make a Freemason. We may improve him, but in so doing we will have wasted more time on him than his services to us will be worth; endangered the harmony of the Order, and imposed a clog on its mission of charity. A man of such disposition is in dread of coming to want, and thinking our institution offers him indemnity against such a contingency, he seeks connection with us for that sole purpose. He doesn't join to do good to others, but to have them do good to him. He contributes no more to the charities enjoined upon all good Masons than the strictest construction of Masonic law compels him, and then so grudgingly that the recipient, if of a sensitive nature, had rather be spared the infliction.

[Correspondents will look here for notices of their communications.—R. McMurdy.]

Replies to Letters and Inquiries of Correspondents.

LAURENCE STERNE.—The impression of Sterne's being a Freemason arose from the controversy respecting his being a member of "*The Brotherhood*," or the *Franciscans*, or the Licentious Club. This debauched fraternity consisted of men of wit and fashion, who restored and fitted up the ruins of Mendenham Abbey, near Marlow, England, adopted the monastic garb at their convivial meetings, and instituted the most immodest rites and ribald mysteries within its sacred walls.

The ruins of the old Abbey, formerly a convent of Cistercian monks, still stand, surrounded by rich meadows, by hanging woods and venerable elms, in a beautiful and secluded spot on the banks of the Thames. Over the principal entrance was the inscription, borrowed from Rabelais' *Abbey of Theleme*, "*Fay Ce Que Voudras.*" In the pleasure grounds the temples, statues and inscriptions all savored of the impure tastes and irreverent wit of the modern denizens of the Abbey. The members of the new order styled themselves Franciscans, in honor of their Father Abbot, Sir Francis Dashwood.

> Dashwood shall pour from a communion cup
> Libations to the goddess without eyes,
> And hob and nob in cider and excise.

Each monk had his cell and appropriate name. In the chapel, the embellishments of which were of so immodest a character that none but the initiated were permitted access to it—the monks not only adapted the sacred rites of the Roman Catholic Church to the profane worship of Bacchus and Venus, but are said to have carried their blasphemy to such a pitch as to administer the Eucharist to an ape.

We need scarcely affirm that no one at this day would even suggest that Sterne had any connection with this infamous association.

NEW YORK.—PRESIDENT LINCOLN was not a Freemason. He had made application, and the Grand Master had given a dispensation for the Degrees after his election to the Presidency, but the troubles of the period prevented his carrying his wishes into effect.

WASHINGTON—ANDREW JOHNSON.—We printed an error on page 110 of last number, from the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, but had no right to make any alteration of the proceedings. It is absurd to hold us responsible for the mistake of Bro. Kimmel. We had designed appending a note that Bro. Kimmel is mistaken that the President is a Master Mason, but has never held any official position, to our knowledge, in the Constituent or Grand Lodge of Tennessee. Certainly he was not Grand Master. Our biographical sketch is correct.

Extracts—Letters.

ARCADE, NEW YORK.

Our children look for the NATIONAL FREEMASON anxiously, and say "Grandpa, I wish the Freemason paper would come, for we love to read it." * * I hope to place it within the reach of many dear children.

CLARINDA, IOWA.

I have been very unfortunate and have a large family, and it keeps me at steady work to keep up. Were it not for my family's taking such an interest in the NATIONAL FREEMASON, I would stop it until I could better afford it. It is such a great and good paper I must keep on.

GRAND SEC.'S OFFICE, N. C.

I am much pleased with the NATIONAL FREEMASON, in every particular. * * It is an excellent text-book for the young Mason.

NEW YORK CITY.

A constant reader of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, although not a member of the honorable fraternity, yet as a *Christian*, I can fully appreciate its contents. It is better than any religious journal I read. It has more of the divine spirit of charity, and less of sectarian censoriousness. God speed you to bless mankind.

BROOKLYN.

I am astonished that there is a Mason who can say, "I don't take the NATIONAL FREEMASON." So long as I can earn a living, enough shall be saved for the NATIONAL FREEMASON.

Mutual Relief Association.

Will our brethren read the notice of this incorporated association, on page 128 of the present number, and find a full response to their inquiries? As this is only adapted to a few large cities, provision is made for receiving applications from any part of the United States. Any brother out of New York, wishing to insure, and not able to call at our office, can send, *at his own risk*, six dollars, accompanied with a statement of *his name in full*, his age, his place of birth, his residence, his place and kind of business, and a certificate from the Master of the Lodge that he is in reasonable health and able to earn a livelihood. Brethren residing in New York city or vicinity must call at our office in person.

We urge none to unite with this association. Its simplicity, its inexpensiveness and its security, must recommend itself to all disinterested and thoughtful Masons.

The Twenty-second of February.—We have several invitations to participate in the festivities of this day, set apart to the Masonic memory of General Washington. Our brethren will, of course, accept our thanks for their invitations, and excuse our absence.

The Prize.—The Masonic stories for the prize were placed in the hands of a committee, on the fifteenth day of February, to decide upon their merits. We should not like to undertake the task, especially where so many ladies are interested. It will take three weeks to examine the MSS. thoroughly.

Our condolence with Bro. Sparrow, Grand Master of Ohio, on the loss of his wife, an estimable Christian lady.

Freemasons among the Catholics.

A correspondent, under the title, "A Catholic," communicates some interesting thoughts concerning the Papal edicts issued since 1738 against the society of Freemasons. In the conclusion of his letter he urges the propriety of all the Masonic Catholics in this country uniting in an appeal to the Pope in repudiation of the charges so unjustly persisted in. He says, "Will any man tell me that, if he were besieged by a petition with 100,000 signatures, containing a solemn assurance that Ancient York Masonry has no undue concern either with religion or politics, and that our morality is that which is inculcated by Christianity, the authorities at Rome would not heed it? I am sure they would."

In regard to the great number of Catholic Freemasons, he says, "I became a Mason at Amsterdam, Holland, in 1818. When I went to Portugal and Spain I met with hundreds of ecclesiastics who were Freemasons, and who understood the Papal decrees to be *merely local.* Hundreds of Catholics, from conscientious scruples, are deterred from joining the society, and vast numbers among the many thousand Catholics who have belonged or do belong to secret societies feel greatly annoyed, and often disturbed in their peace of mind, at the species of uncertainty created by these sweeping and cruel condemnations and unjust prohibitions of what we know to be innocent and moral, almost coeval with the birth of mankind, second only *to* Christianity."

The Old Man—Cœur-de-Lion—Assassins—Templars.

THE VERITABLE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN that attempted to assassinate our eminent Sir Knight of the Crusades, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, has a hereditary Grand Master in Aga Khan. This has been formally decided in India by Sir Joseph Arnauld in behalf of the British Government. The veritable Old Man of the Mountain was Grand Master of the Assassins, and it is worth money to his successor, the assassins still making converts in India. Aga Khan's claim to the Grand Mastership has been contested for some time by rivals, but has been finally decided in his favor.

The word *assassin* some think took its rise from a prince of the family of the *Assacidæ*, popularly called *Assassins*, living in a castle between Antioch and Damascus, and bringing up a number of young men ready to pay a blind obedience to his commands, whom he employed in murdering the princes with whom he was at enmity.

The assassins were bound to the "Old Man of the Mountain" by fearful oaths of terrible and bloody fanaticism to murder unhesitatingly, reckless of danger and death, whomsoever he arbitrarily pointed out. He was called Hashishin, from Hashishet, an opiate now known as *hashish*, used by the prophet to bring his followers into a state of murderous frenzy.

The first chief of this remarkable people was Hassah Ben Sabah, a subtle imposter. Their religion was compounded of that of the Magi, the Jews, the Christians, and the Mohammedans. Their capital article was to believe that the Holy Ghost resided in their chief, and that his orders proceeded from God Himself. The Orientals termed him Sheikh-el-Jebelz; in Europe he is better known by the name of the *Old Man of the Mountain.* This chief, from his residence on Mount Lebanon, like a vindictive deity, with the thunder-bolt in his hand, sent inevitable death to all quarters of the world; so that from one end of the earth to the other every nation and people execrated and dreaded his sanguinary power, rom the strokes of which there was no security. The least suggestion that he threatened the death of any potentate, led to a doubling of the guards. Philip Augustus, King of France, on a premature advice that the Shiekh intended his assassination, instituted a new body guard of men of great activity and courage, called *sergens d'armes*, with brass clubs, bows and arrows. Most sovereigns paid secretly a pension to the Sheikh. Our brethren, the Knights Templars, alone dared to defy his sacred machinations and open force.

Instead of being extirpated, they are still a distinct military and religious order, subject to the control of a Grand Master, like the Templars.

The Good that a Mason Does Lives After Him.

Yes. It reproduces itself a thousand times. No one can calculate how many great and noble spirits are to be born into a life of genius and charity by the instructions and example of such craftsmen as Washington, Greene, Murray and Franklin.

We were led into this train of thought by reading the "History of Ancient Arts among the Greeks," by John Winckelmann. This old craftsman Winckelmann, gave life and direction to our great Bro. Goethe. Winckelmann's art criticism is traceable all through Goethe's works.

Johann Joachim Winckelmann was born at Stendal, in Brandenburg, in 1717. He was the child of a poor tradesman, and slowly rose, depressed by poverty.

When he traveled to Egypt and France he says he had a wistful sense of something lost. As a boy he wandered among the ugly Brandenburg sand hills. Goethe sympathized with Winckelmann when he was interested in the insignificant vestiges of the antique around Strasburg.

* * * * * *

Everywhere through the richness of the culture of the Entered Apprentice Goethe, the influence of the Master, Winckelmann, is the strong, regulative under current of a clear, Masonic and antique nature.

The *Insurance Journal* notices the *New York Mutual Relief Association*, under the name of *Burial Insurance.* The incorporated name is as stated—*The New York Mutual Relief Association.* It is not a *Buridl Insurance* company, in any sense of the term. In one case only does it appropriate anything for funeral purposes. If the spirit of the article of the *Insurance Journal* were not friendly, we should deem the suggestions those of an enemy.

How will blanks and registry books be bought and notices served, when amounting to a thousand or two, without expenditure? How can such records be properly preserved, and a room be secured for operations of this character, without funds?

Of the six dollars for initiation, one dollar is set aside for the family of the first deceased brother. It has been found by trial that not less than four dollars of a fund from each one is at all sufficient. To prevent all embarassment, the originators of this association placed it at five dollars. If, upon due trial, five dollars shall be found to be too much, it will be reduced.

Then, again, each member of the association has a vote, and only one vote. If the directors do not meet their views, it is an easy matter, at the annual election, to change the Board of Control.

Does it Bear Fruit?

Preaching for a clerical and Masonic brother on Sunday, he remarked that nine-tenths of the men of his congregation are Freemasons. Do not the lessons of trust and faith in God, hope and immortality, and the necessity and duty of prayer taught in the Lodge-room, bear fruit without, in a more serious and prayerful and churchly life?

Our Baltimore brethren will find Bro. A. S. Walton at the Masonic Hall, Baltimore, Md., and fully empowered to transact all business for the paper.

Le Bon Ton for March is a splendid Spring number for our lady readers.

The Past.

Temple Lodge, No. 14, Albany, N. Y., shows in its Historical By-Laws (thanks to the Secretary for them) that the Lodge received its charter in 1796, Robert R. Livingston being Grand Master, and De Witt Clinton Junior Grand Warden. It was chartered as No. 53. The re-numbering was in June, 1839.

Before the American Revolution, the Grand Lodges of the United States were called Provincial Grand Lodges, held under Anglican authority and supervision.

After the Revolution, say, 1785, the Provincial Grand Lodge of New York was closed *sine die*, and an independent Grand Lodge was formed, the brethren here still looking to England for instruction. Bro. Hanmer came from England to Albany 1793 (and left 1800), with indorsement from the Grand Master ter of England, got Bros. T. S. Webb, Ames, Fairman and Philip S. Van Rensselaer together, and formed a Lodge, he being the first Master. He was also the first High Priest of Temple Chapter, and the first Secretary of New York Grand Chapter.

Thomas Smith Webb was admitted as a member January 11, 1797, and became a W.·. M.·. Henry C. Southwick became a member January 5, 1816.

The section of the By-Laws is a good one making an election void, and the candidate ineligible to office for one year, who may have solicited votes for himself.

One other section might be added, inflicting the penalty of suspension upon any brother for electioneering at all.

Dimitted Masons.

It is as good a thing as a puzzled man can do to go to the first Great Light for a solution of any moral difficulty. We were thinking this morning over this much controverted subject of "Dimitted Masons," what can be done to neutralize the mischief of their departure from us, &c., &c, when the perusal of our daily chapter (which happened to be 1 John, 2), threw a flood of light upon the theme. Shall we quote the 19th verse?

> "They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us they would, no doubt, have continued with us; but they went out that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us."

How pat to the subject is that! "they went out from us because they were not of us." They had no love for the principles that we profess. They could not endure the moral bonds which we had thrown around them. They were unwilling to engage in the works of brotherly kindness and charity which we had allotted to them, so "it was made manifest that they were not of us."

Rev. Bro. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., a chaplain of one of the New York Constitutuent Lodges, has just issued his sermon, on the death of Rev. W. M. Van Vagenen, styled, "The True Yoke-Fellow." It is full of Masonic sentiment. Thus:

> "*His part* (the deceased minister's) *in the brotherhood of man* is unrevoked by ordination vows. * * In a word, while a minister, he is yet a man. * * Timotheus was a better minister because a brother."

The deceased was very useful, not only in Bro. Tyng's parish, but also among the poor, and in the hospitals. During the five hot months, while the city was infected by the cholera, he was among sick and dying men, from early morning till late evening. His medical knowledge fitted him to be more useful among the sick. He said that "he would rather be *chaplain of the city hospital* than occupy any church in the city."

THE NICE THING.—The four Masonic Lodges in Columbia, S. C., lost, by the burning of this city, their halls, jewels and furniture. A few of our brethren and friends of Lebanon Lodge, Washington City, in a quiet way, had manufactured a beautiful set of jewels and regalia. The brethren of Philadelphia added a costly Bible.

The Jaffa Colony.

The readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON for the last two years will recollect our keeping them posted with authentic information respecting the movements of sundry persons, chiefly of the State of Maine, and most of them Freemasons, to found a colony in Palestine. Their first two buildings were to be a school-house and a Lodge-room. Their agent had visited the Holy Land, and made arrangements for purchase of land. He had visited Washington city, and had been kindly received by Secretary Seward, and had perfected arrangements to secure, through our government, protection from Turkey in their colonial efforts. The party reached their destination in due time- Soon reports of the most unfavorable character for the success of the colony were spread abroad by interested parties in Palestine, and our non-Masonic, religious and political press predicted utter ruin to the parties, and called upon the government to return the colonists to Maine.

We declined to publish the attacks upon the colony until we had fully ascertained their truth. Because they were not of our religion, or that of the missionaries of Palestine, was not sufficient ground for us, as Masons, to join in a crusade against them. *We have no sympathy with their religion. We have all sympathy with their Freemasonry.*

If the colony shall prove a failure, much blame will attach to the religionists and commercial men of Palestine, who imagine the colony will come in competition with their interests.

The Bangor (Me.) *Times*, gives a more hopeful aspect to matters, and our brother of the *Tidings* can now read what " Bro. McMurdy has to say:"

The extracts are from letters shown to us by a gentleman of this city, to whom they were forwarded by their recipients. Of their genuiness we can vouch. The first is a letter from J. B. Ames to Capt Cobb, of South Orrington, Me., and is dated at Jaffa, Dec. 2. He commences by allusion to what the colony had accomplished in the way of house building and sowing. The soil is dark and rich. There are no rocks. Can have just as much land as they want. Some of the grain is up and looking finely. Everything works in their favor, although there had been some sickness and a few deaths—mostly children. Their meetings are attended by many strangers and foreign consuls. The mass of the people are friendly. An old Turk, his next door neighbor, voluntarily offered him wheat and barley at the lowest price, with the privilege to pay when convenient. Another, worth $1,000,000, said they could have all the money they wanted. Their lot is not all fenced in, and any one can come in that chooses—lumber, laths, &c., lying about unguarded—yet none is stolen. Fruit gardens are all about them loaded with oranges, and all kinds of fruit. The letter concludes as follows:

"I tell you we are received with kindness by all; still there are some few—one or two—who want to get back to America. You will ask, 'What for?' Because you cannot get pork and beans, poundcake, and such like. There is enough here to eat, but the articles are not of so fine a quality as in America. Seed wheat is $1 20 a bushel; flour (good) is from $7 to $10; rice, 5 cents per pound; eggs, 8 cents per dozen; and other things in proportion. There are some things I shall want you to bring me next year—will let you know in time. I am well pleased with the country. I don't put my hands to the plow and look back."

Another letter from G. W. Ames, to his brother at South Orrington, Wm. Ames, and dated at Jaffa, Dec. 16, states that ten or eleven houses have been built, and others are in process of erection. Over 150 bushels of grain had been put into the ground, and a part of it was looking "first rate." It was as pleasant there as in Maine during the summer. We quote:

"Nothing was overrated to us by Bro. Adams, although some that were the most eager to get to Palestine were the first to get discontented and apostatize from the faith. Bro. Adams says they never had any. They have forgotten what they came to this land for. I think it a glorious thing to live in a country where once dwelt the prophets, patriarchs, and the Messiah himself. One of these men, an elder in the church, went so far as to say he would not sow a kernel of wheat. We have had a hard time in relation to some things, but it is as well as I expected. We are favored by every one. They offer us land and grain, and everything that they have, and tell us we may pay when we get ready. The Arabs are our warmest friends. There are two or three of the church who are going back if they can, and they will bring any amount of lies. I know they will, for they have commenced it here. I have faith to believe that more will come out here next year, who can make up their minds to bear trials and hard work for the first year or two. * * In a few years there will be more business carried on in Palestine than in any other country in Asia, for the French are coming another year to build a harbor here and a railroad to Jerusalem. The natives already begin to see that we are friendly to them. They are glad to have us come to their gardens, and nothing they have is too good for us. The orange and lemon trees are breaking down under the weight of fruit. * * * You must not think we are all discontented; it is only a few boobies."

In another letter, under date of Dec. 28, in reply to one received from his brother, Mr. Ames says:

"We are all quite well, and as happy as can be. * * What a country to live in, where there is plenty of fruit and flowers all through the winter! There has been about 300 bushels of grain sowed already, and Bro. Adams has about 1,300 bushels on hand now, and they can sow all they wish to. If what the natives say is true we can raise more wheat here in one year than they can in Maine in five. Some of the colony are getting dissatisfied, and want to go back, and the reason is they have never done a day's work, are fault finding and growling, and doing all they can to injure Bro. Adams and all of us; and I wish they were back. * * The people of every name and creed are glad to meet us and help us, except the Sectarians, and they are trying to injure us; but we shall come off conquerers!"

It has been stated that the Turkish government refused from the first to grant the colony privileges indispensable to their success. This is not so. A firman was granted them by that government, a copy of which is now at the State Department at Washington, permitting them to land their goods free of duty, and to preëmpt unoccupied lands on the same terms allowed the natives. This statement proving incorrect, may not others from the same source be placed in the same category?

May the colonists, who are Freemasons, conduct themselves worthy of their profession!

Masonic Thoughts, Suggested by Barth's Discoveries in North and Central Africa.

Vol. I., p. 58.—"All the people of these regions regard *strangers* with suspicion." This is the rule the world over, and there is no corrective of it, except Freemasonry. It is well known to every Bible reader that the chosen people of God were so unfriendly to strangers that Moses found it necessary to give them stringent regulations enjoining kindness and honest dealing to that class; and Solomon, in his dedication prayer, devotes one of his seven petitions to an entreaty for Divine favor to the stranger "that is not of Thy people Israel, that cometh out of a far country for Thy name's sake." In all ages and in all countries "the lot of the stranger" has been a proverbially hard one; the Masonic system alone enjoins and practices welcoming the stranger, and every Masonic Lodge has an officer, one of whose indispensable duties it is "to welcome and accommodate the visiting brothers."

Vol. I, p. 73, he describes a very remarkable architectural ruin, consisting of two pillars, ten feet high and two feet square, which stand about nineteen inches apart. These are crossed at the top by a stone block six and a half feet long and two feet wide. Barth intended them for religious use. He says: "It is well known that the most ancient idols were mere pillars or stones, not only of a round or conical shape, as symbols of the the procreative power of nature, but even of a square form. It is also well known from the examples of the columns in Heliopolis, of the two celebrated columns Yakin and Boaz, in front of the Temple in Jerusalem, and from that of the two pillars of the Phœnician Hercules in Gades, that *the power of the Deity* was often represented by a *pair*. A pair of massive columns or pillars, covered with a similarly massive impost, may well serve to represent symbolically the firmness and eternity of the cosmical order, while the name of the chief deity of the pagan Berbers, 'Amun,' may probably have the original meaning of 'The Founder, Supporter.' The religious character of the whole structure can scarcely be doubtful."

Vol. I., p. 163, he describes a particular sect of Mohammedans, founded recently as "a sort of Freemasonry, which promises to make a great many proselytes." He thinks "there is a vital principle in Islam which has only to be brought out by a reformer to accomplish great things."

A Deputy Grand Master's Speech.

At the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, Nov. 30, last, the Earl of Dalhousie, Deputy Grand Master, made the following reply to the toast, "The Grand Lodge of England and the Earl of Zetland."

The Earl of Dalhousie, on rising to reply, was received with prolonged applause. His lordship said he would not fail to convey to the Earl of Zetland the sentiments of that true fraternal feeling which had now been given forth by The Most Worshipful, The Grand Master Mason of Scotland, and so heartily responded to by the brethren assembled. It was, therefore, with the greatest pleasure that he returned thanks in the name of the Earl of Zetland, and in behalf of the Grand Lodge of England, and had now to express his earnest desire that the bond that so closely united the members of the craft should ever increase in strength, and that the love and harmony which prevailed among the brethren on both sides of the Tweed should know no decay.

In conclusion, his lordship said he could not refrain from complaining of treatment which he had received during his year of office as Deputy Grand Master; and instead of brooding over what he considered rather sharp practice, he would at once state his grievance, and then forgive and forget the occurrence. His grandfather held a prominent position in the Grand Lodge of Scotland, his father also held office, and his cousin occupied the chair as The Most Worshipful Grand Master. His attachment to the Grand Lodge, his desire to perform the duties of the office to which he was appointed, and the pleasure he experienced in being at his post, were sincere and undiminished. His non-attendance at the meetings of Grand Lodge during the last year might be misinterpreted, but his lordship had to assure the brethren present, and the craft in general, that his absence was not the result of any want of inclination to take part in the proceedings, but only caused by an omission on the part of those brethren who issue the intimations, as he had not received a single notice to be present at the meetings of Grand Lodge during the year he held the office of Deputy Grand Master. This he deeply regretted. He would forgive and forget the past, and would continue to do everything in his power to promote the interests of our Ancient Order.

Following this an original song was sung, as follows:

Tune—"Let Haughty Gaul."

We're here on Auld St. Andrew's night,
 A' brithers and a' freemen;
But still we lack the lustrous licht
 That shines in angel women.
Rab Burns, deep lair'd in human ken,
 Aye when he'd fill his can fu',
Drank "Scotland's lassies, wives, and men,
 And Scotland's boast, St. Andrew."

It's said that women whiles gae daft,
 And secrets canna keep, boys;
But I hae kiss'd my lassie aft,
 An' ne'er o't heard a cheep, boys!
And, mind ye, gin a wife's weel used,
 She'll aye be to her man true;
So wherefore should be refused
 A keel 'o Auld St. Andrew!

Though woman tasted first the fruit
 That wrocht us a' sic ill, boys—
A woman soon gat to the root
 O' a' Masonic skill, boys.
When Solomon let Sheba's Queen
 His holy Temple scan through,
She trigg'd the mystic marks wi' een
 As clear as slee St. Andrew.

A woman wears Great Britain's crown,
 And reigns o'er half the warld, boys;
And gathers glory and renown
 Whaure'er her flag's unfurl'd, boys.
And should our Queen e'er daunder here,
 And proffer her wee haund true,
We'll hail her wi' brither cheer,
 A sister o' St. Andrew.

Gustative Freemasonry.

It was formerly the custom in Anglican Lodges for the person initiated to pay the expenses of the supper, of which the Lodge partakes. Some Lodges still adhere to the custom.

The effect has not been good, and the more distinct banqueting is kept from Masonic contributions the better. If Lodges will enjoy themselves at the expense of the friends of the Lodge, poverty must be the result, and charity must be neglected.

Spenser—Sir Walter Raleigh—The World's Indebtedness to Our Older Brethren.

At various times the readers of the National Freemason have been reminded of the world's obligation to the Masonic fraternity and the Knightly orders. We present another instance, in the case of Spenser, the author of "Fairie Queen."

Spenser had struggled for "the vacant head which verse demands," had laid out the plan of his brilliant pageants, had composed his whole work, had given the last touches of genius to "The Red Cross Knight," and had perfected the "Bower of Bliss," which never has been, and never will be, equaled in the English language. But there were none to appreciate, nor to bestow the smile of approbation and encouragement. When about to commit to the flames his work, which inspired Shakspeare, and has made our language what it is, Sir Walter Raleigh, in the summer of 1588, visiting his estates in Ireland, called upon Spenser, at Kilcolman. Diffidently exposing his nursling of interdicted lore, he solicited the opinion of his visiter. Posterity, and our very language, were interested in the decision. If Sir Walter Raleigh had decided as all before him, "Faery Queen" would never have seen the light. "The Shepherd of the Ocean" listened to the music of "Colin." Raleigh, restored to favor, took Spenser with him to Court, was introduced to the Queen, and received a pension of fifty pounds. 159., the first three books of "Faery Queen" were published, and Spenser rose at once to the pinnacle of fame.

Death of the Last Daughter of Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea), the Celebrated Indian Freemason, and Chief of the Iroquois.

A few days ago, Mrs. Catharine John, the last surviving daughter of Joseph Brant, died at Wellington, a few miles from Hamilton, Canada. Mrs. John was a truly estimable woman, and had won the esteem of all who had known her. She could tell many remarkable stories of the early settlement of the country, and was very generally known throughout the section of country in which she lived. Her remains were conveyed to Mohawk, and interred with much ceremony alongside the the grave of her father, in the first churchard that ever was inclosed in Upper Canada.

Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea) was a Mohawk, and one of the most renowned warriors of the Six Nations of Indians. His Masonic history is interwoven with that of our country.

At the battle of the "Cedars," thirty miles above Montreal, in 1776, Colonel McKinstry, then a captain in Patterson's regiment of Continental troops, was twice wounded, and afterwards taken prisoner by the Indians employed in the British service. The previous bravery and success of Captain McKinstry had excited at once the fears and resentment of his Indian conquerors, and, in accordance with the customs of savage warfare, he was doomed to die at the stake, accompanied with all those horrid and protracted torments which the Indian knows so well how to inflict and to endure. Already had he been fastened to the fatal tree, and the preparations for the human sacrifice were rapidly proceeding, when, in the agony of despair, and scarcely conscious of a hope, the captive made the great mystic appeal of a Mason in the hour of danger. It was seen and understood by the Chieftain Brant, who was present on the occasion. Brant at once interfered in his behalf, and succeeded, by the influence of his position, in rescuing his American brother from his impending fate. Having freed him from his bonds, he conducted and guarded him in safety to Quebec, where he placed him in the hands of the English, by whom he was permitted to return to his home on his parole.

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Freemasons in the U. S. Senate.—Mr. Guthrie, Past Grand Master, Kentucky, is the oldest senator—72; Bro. Sprague, of Rhode Island, is the youngest—34; Bro. Garret Davis, of Ky., is the shortest—5 feet 3½ inches in height.

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Beethoven said that he never saw a lanscape without being able to translate it into bars of music.

Practical Reply to the Charge of certain Bigoted Drones in the Lord's Vineyard, who aver that Masonry Interferes with hearty Clerical Labor.

In this country, our earnest laborers in all the churches have generally been Masons. Bishops Chase, Griswold, Odenheimer, Rev. Drs. Bedell, Milner, Tyng, Vinton, Lewis, Hall, Bishops Hedding and George, Father Taylor, Lorenzo Dow, and such, were, when living, and some are now, Freemasons. The like is true of the working clergy of England. We have an instance in the case of the devoted Mason, the Rev. Bro. Vaughan, of East End, London. His field of labor is

The district of St. John, a part of the large and necessitous parish of St. George's-in-the-East, and contains a population of 6,000 souls, chiefly poor. It abounds with the children of dock laborers and others connected with the shipping and wharves of the Thames, of those employed in the sugar refineries, of coal whippers, needlewomen, etc., many of whom are growing up in ignorance and vice.

A ragged school, with the assistance of the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Marquis of Westminster, the Ragged School Union, and other friends, was established in February, 1865, at a cost of £300. The school became so crowded after six months, that it was found absolutely necessary to erect an additional room for further accommodation, which is also full, although only opened on the 1st of January last. *Four hundred and fifty children are being educated in these schools, free of charge.*

Operations consist of services (Sundays and Thursdays), Sunday school, men's class, singing class, women's meeting, penny savings bank, penny readings, lectures, etc.

Ancient Architecture—A Model Master—Where is the Architect?

Bro. Thompson, a W∴M∴ of Scotland, has delivered a fourth lecture on Ancient Architecture. He says he has done so because he is passionately fond of the subject, and adds:

I never look upon a magnificent building, whether ancient or modern, without inspiring feelings of awe, wonder, and admiration. In surveying ancient architecture the mind naturally reverts to the architect. You contemplate with wonder and amazement the godlike powers that fashioned into shape and form the magnificent pile upon which the eye is gazing. Here is the building, but where are the builders? Here is the architecture-but where is the architect? Gone, alas! to that country from which there is no return, and which ought to stimulate all of us to be up and doing all the good we can, for even the longest life is comparatively short and verifies that saying of the wise man, that man goeth and cometh, but the earth abideth forever. The works of a man's hands will long outlive him, and the poet says a thing of beauty is a joy forever; so, also, the good that a man does can never die. It will reproduce itself in a thousand different forms, as wave follows wave on the rippling of the waters.

For a second reason, he adds:

I think it would be a mighty advantage to all of us if we would study carefully and practically the subject of architecture. If our tracing boards were more fully and more frequently covered with geometrical and mathematical subjects we would soon find our minds developed, our thoughts extended, our ideas strengthened and multiplied, and ourselves made wiser and better men; and as Freemasons, instead of wasting our precious time bantering about some trivial matter that should never have crossed the threshold of a Masonic Lodge, we should set ourselves to work out these immortal principles so emphatically taught by Freemasonry.

For a third reason he says:

As the ivy clings to the moss-covered tower, binding together in its fond embraces the crumbling ruins, so we are often called upon as Freemasons to take a part in laying foundation-stones of important buildings; and by studying architecture and operative Masonry both in practice and theory, it would tend to give us a higher appreciation of the origin of our craft, the study of which would impart much varied and useful information.

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An Example to Grand Masters.—Brother Martin, Grand Master of Kentucky, collected from the Lodges of his jurisdiction $4,000, for the suffering widows and orphans of the South, and conveys the token of kindliness in person.

Women not Freemasons.

Our brother, Thomas E. Hitchcock, in his address before Sullivan Lodge, New York, thus notices the exclusion of women from the Fraternity:

This custom was coeval with the origin of the institution. In its career this rule has ever been observed, and is to-day faithfully adhered to. In times of old, none were accepted but the strong, athletic and vigorous—men who could rally at the signal of danger, and gird themselves for the fray. Men of enduring muscle, and of thews unyielding. Men by whom fatigue, rough fare and heavy labor could be borne. Workmen and artizans, of skill to design, and will to execute. Men who could lay the foundation and erect the edifice. Woman was not fitted by her Creator for this. *She* was fashioned to be protected—man as the protector. Man was created the pioneer of labor—woman to grace and adorn his home. How preposterous the idea that woman is excluded from the Order, because her capability for entertaining well a secret is but an experiment at best. Proverbial Masonic gallantry never permitted such a thought—never harbored so reproachful and libelous a sentiment. The man who could calmly consign to metrical preservation such a shocking caricature of woman's dearest attribute, as the following, could never attain to that strict moral courage so necessary to the composition of a true Mason:

The woman who has a secret,
And affirms and promises well,
And vows she means to keep it,
Is pretty sure to—tell.

And the misguided wretch who could unflinchingly, and without a quiver of his anatomy, perpetrate the hobbling stanza given below, is certainly without hope—abandoned—lost:

My wife (it cannot be denied),
Since she and I were one,
To hold her own has well contrived,
Except—to hold her tongue!

What a slanderous perversion of facts? What a pitiful libel on the well known, time-honored habits of woman! The Masonic heart is too liberal to cherish so ungenerous an opinion—too true to nourish such a selfish doctrine. In *auld lang syne*, when the mystic labors of the craft were usually terminated by the refreshment of social banquet—in those friendly seasons of innocent conviviality, the merits of the fair were duly honored in the following favorite song:

We're true and sincere,
And just to the fair:
They'll trust us on any occasion.
No mortal can more
The ladies adore,
Than a free and accepted Mason!

Woman! the soother of our sorrows, and the gentle assuager of our griefs—just cause indeed has the world to acknowledge thy devotion, thy consolation, thy true-hearted fortitude.

When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

Fair harbinger of light and mercy—first at the cross and last at the sepulchre—nature's noblest handiwork—well may humanity exclaim:

Oh, woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue!
Whether sunned in the tropics, or chilled at the pole,
If woman be there, there's happiness too!

The address concludes—

Let each and all so live that we may hail the end of life in the language of the poet:

O Death! the good man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my feeble limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!

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Bro. Gouley, of St. Louis, thus writes in his unexcelled journal:

"The National Freemason continues to live up to its high mission of Masonic intelligence, and its weekly summary is indispensable to the inquiring craftsman, and, as we stated in our first number, we are and shall be indebted to it for valuable tidings from the craft, which we shall be compelled to make use of in our column of *Tidings from the Craft.*

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Architecture is the work of fraternities and nations. In modern days, we have no architects, and no grand buildings having both a form and a soul, for we have no fraternities that are not merely speculative, and the sentiment of profound worship is at fault. Let it be reawakened.

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The first toast at the banquet of Lodge of Lights, Warrington, England, last month, was "The Queen, the daughter and niece of Masons."

The Feast of Darius.

The following, from a very learned and curious brother, will attract great attention among our Sir Knights.

In the preparation of the Ritual of the "Knights of the Red Cross," Webb made a happy use of the account by Esdras (in the Apocryphal books) of the Feast of Darius. With this every Knight Templar is familiar, so far as Webb, in his condensed history, gave the facts. But the whole account is worthy of perusal, and as but few persons read the Apocryphal Scriptures at the present day, we have thought the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON would like to have the entire account as given in 1st Esdras. It will be seen that there are some differences between this and the Monitors of the Red Cross Knights.

1. Now when Darius reigned, he made a great feast unto all his subjects, and unto all his household, and unto all the princes of Media and Persia,

2. And to all the governors, and captains, and lieutenants that were under him, from India unto Ethiopia, of a hundred twenty and seven provinces.

3. And when they had eaten and drunken, and being satisfied, were gone home, then Darius, the king, went unto his bed-chamber, and slept, and soon after awaked.

4. Then three young men, that were of the guard that kept the king's body, spake one to another:

5. Let every one of us speak a sentence. He that shall overcome, and whose sentence shall seem wiser than the others', unto him shall the King Darius give great gifts, and great things in token of victory:

6. As, to be clothed in purple, to drink in gold, and to sleep upon gold, and a chariot with bridles of gold and a head-tire of fine linen, and a chain about his neck;

7. And he shall sit next to Darius, because of his wisdom, and shall be called Darius his cousin.

8. And then every one wrote his sentence, sealed it, and laid it under King Darius his pillow.

9. And said that, when the king is risen, some will give him the writings; and of whose side the king and the three princes of Persia shall judge that his sentence is the wisest, to him shall the victory be given, as was appointed.

10. The first wrote, Wine is the strongest.

11. The second wrote, The king is the strongest.

12. The third wrote, Women are strongest; but, above all things, truth beareth away the victory.

13. Now when the king was risen up, they took their writings and delivered them unto him, and so he read them.

14. And sending forth, he called all the princes of Persia and Media, and the governors, and the captains, and the lieutenants and the chief officers;

15. And sat him down in the royal seat of judgment; and the writings were read before them.

16. And he said, Call the young men, and they shall declare their own sentences. So they were called, and came in.

17. And he said unto them, Declare unto us your minds concerning the writings. Then began the first, who had spoken of the strength of wine;

18. And he said thus, O ye men, how exceeding strong is wine. It causeth all men to err that drink it.

19. It maketh the mind of the king and of the fatherless child to be all one; and of the bondmen and of the freeman, of the poor man and of the rich.

20. It turneth, also, every thought into jollity and mirth, so that a man remembereth neither sorrow nor debt.

21. And it maketh every heart rich, so that a man remembereth neither king nor governor; and it maketh to speak all things by talents.

22. And when they are in their cups, they forget their love both to friends and brethren, and a little after draw out swords.

23. But when they are from the wine, they remember not what they have done.

24. O ye men, is not wine the strongest, that enforceth to do thus? And when he had so spoken, he held his peace.

1. Then the second, that had spoken of the strength of the king, began to say,

2. O ye men, do not men excel in strength that bear rule over sea and land, and all things in them?

3. But yet the king is more mighty, for he is lord of all these things, and hath dominion over them, and whatsoever he commandeth them they do.

4. If he bid them make war, the one against the other, they do it; if he send them out against the enemies, they go, and break down mountains, walls and towers.

5. They slay and are slain, and transgress not the king's commandment. If they get the victory, they bring all to the king, as well the spoil as all things else.

6. Likewise for those that are no soldiers, and have not to do with wars, but use husbandry, when they have reaped again that which they had sown, they bring it to the king, and compel one another to pay tribute unto the king.

7. And yet he is but one man. If he command to kill, they kill; if he command to spare, they spare;

8. If he command to smite, they smite; if he command to make desolate, they make desolate; if he command to build, they build;

9. If he command to cut down, they cut down; if he command to plant, they plant.

10. So all his people and his armies obey him. Furthermore, he lieth down, he eateth and drinketh, and taketh his rest.

11. And these keep watch round about him. Neither may any one depart, and do his own business; neither disobey they him in any thing.

12. O ye men, how should not the king be mightiest, when in such sort he is obeyed? And he held his tongue.

13. ¶ Then the third, who had spoken of women, and of the truth (this was Zorobabel) began to speak:

14. O ye men, it is not the great king, nor the multitude of men, neither is it wine that excelleth. Who is it, then, that ruleth them, or hath the lordship over them? Are they not women?

15. Women have borne the king and all the people that bear rule by sea and land.

16. Even of them came they. And they nourished them up that planted the vineyards from whence the wine cometh.

17. These also make garments for men; these bring glory unto men; and without women, cannot men be.

18. Yea, and if men have gathered together gold and silver, or any other goodly thing, do they not have a woman which is comely in favor and beauty?

19. And letting all these things go, do they not gape, and even with open mouth fix their eyes fast upon her; and have not all men more desire unto her than unto silver or gold, or any goodly thing whatsoever?

20. A man leaveth his own father that brought him up, and his own country, and cleaveth unto his wife.

21. He sticketh not to spend his life with his wife, and remembereth neither father, nor mother, nor country.

22. By this also ye must know that women have dominion over you. Do ye not labor and toil, and give and bring all to the women?

23. Yea, a man taketh his sword, and goeth his way to rob and to steal, to sail upon the sea and upon rivers;

24. And looketh upon a lion, and goeth in the darkness. And when he hath stolen, spoiled and robbed, he bringeth it to his love.

25. Wherefore a man loveth his wife better than father or mother.

26. Yea, many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become servants for their sakes.

27. Many, also, have perished, have erred and sinned, for women.

28. And now do ye not believe me? Is not the king great in his power? Do not all regions fear to touch him?

29. Yet did I see him and Apame, the king's concubine, the daughter of the admirable Bartacus, sitting at the right hand of the king,

30. And taking the crown from the king's head, and setting it upon her own head. She also struck the king with her left hand.

31. And yet, for all this, the king gaped and gazed upon her with open mouth. If she laughed upon him, he laughed also; but if she took any displeasure at him, the king was fain to flatter, that she might be reconciled to him again.

32. O ye men, how can it be but women should be strong, seeing that they do thus?

33. Then the king and the princes looked one upon another. So he began to speak of the truth.

34. O ye men, are not women strong? Great is the earth, high is the heavens, swift is the sun in his course, for he compasseth the heavens round about, and fetching his course again to his own place in one day.

35. Is he not great that maketh these things? Therefore, great is the truth, and stranger than all things.

36. All the earth calleth upon the truth, and the heavens blesseth it; all works shake and tremble at it, and with it is no unrighteous thing.

37. Wine is wicked, the king is wicked, women are wicked, all the children of men are wicked, and such are all their wicked works; and there is no truth in them. In their unrighteousness, also, they shall perish.

38. As for the truth, it endureth, and is always strong; it liveth ahd conquereth for evermore.

39. With her there is no accepting of persons or rewards, but she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unjust and wicked things; and all men do well like of her works.

40. Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness; and she is the strength, kingdom. power, and majesty of all ages. Blessed be the God of truth.

41. And with that he held his peace, and all the people then shouted, and said, Great is truth, and mighty above all things.

42. Then said the king unto him. Ask what thou wilt more than is appointed in the writing, and we will give it thee, because thou art found wisest; and thou shalt sit next me, and shalt be called my cousin.

43. Then said he unto the king, Remember thy vow, which thou hast vowed to build Jerusalem in the clay when thou camest to thy kingdom.

44. And to send away all the vessels that were taken away out of Jerusalem, which Cyrus set apart, when he vowed to destroy Babylon, and to send them again thither.

45. Thou also hast vowed to build up the temple which the Edomites burned, when Judea was made desolate by the Chaldees.

46. And now, O lord the king, this is that which I require, and which I desire of thee, and this is the princely liberality proceeding from thyself; I desire therefore that thou make good the vow, the performance whereof with thine own mouth thou hast vowed to the king of heaven.

47. Then Darius the king stood up and kissed him, and wrote letters for him unto all the treasurers, and lieutenants, and captains, and governors that they should safely convey on their way both him and all those that go up with him to build Jerusalem.

48. He wrote letters also unto the lieutenants that were in Celosyria, and Phenice, and unto them in Libanus, that they should bring cedar wood from Libanus unto Jerusalem. and that they should build the city with him.

49. Moreover he wrote for all the Jews that went out of the realm up in to Jewry, concerning their freedom, that no officer, no ruler, no lieutenant, nor treasurer, should forcibly enter into their doors;

50. And that all the country which they held should be free without tribute; and that the Edomites should give over the villages of the Jews which there they held:

51. Yea, that there should be yearly given twenty talents to the building of the temple, until the time that it were built;

52. And other ten talents yearly to maintain the burnt offering upon the altar every day, as they had a commandment to offer seventeen:

53. And that all they that went from Babylon to build the city should have free liberty, as well they as their posterity, and all the priests that went away.

54. He wrote also concerning the charges, and the priests' vestments wherein they minister;

55. And likewise for the charges of the Levites to be given them, until the day that the house were finished, and Jerusalem builded up.

56. And he commanded to give to all that kept the city, pensions and wages.

57. He sent away also all the vessels from Babylon, that Cyrus had set apart; and all that Cyrus had given in commandment the same charged he also to be done and sent unto Jerusalem.

58. Now when this young man was gone forth, he lifted up his face to heaven, towards Jerusalem, and praised the king of heaven,

59. And said, From thee cometh victory, from thee cometh wisdom, and thine is the glory, and I am thy servant.

60. Blessed art thou, who hast given me wisdom, for to thee I give thanks, O Lord of our fathers.

61. And so he took the letters, and went out, and came unto Babylon, and told it all his brethren,

62. And they praised the God of their fathers, bebause he had given them freedom and liberty,

63. To go up, and to build Jerusalem and the temple which is called by his name: and they feasted with instruments of music and gladness seven days.

◆

UNITY WITH VARIETY.—Unity as to our great principles, our recognitions, and our essential symbolic ceremonies and ritual. Beyond these, variety. Nature presents us with one infinite variety.

There is no bush on the face of the globe exactly like another bush; there are no two trees in the forest whose boughs bend into the same network; nor two leaves on the same tree which could not be told one from the other; nor two waves in the sea exactly alike. And out of this mass of various yet agreeing beauty, it is by long attention only that the conception of the constant character—the ideal form—hinted at by all, yet assumed by none, is fixed upon the imagination or its standard of truth.

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.—Once upon a time, when the Adige suddenly overflowed its banks, the bridge of Verona was carried away with the exception of the centre arch, on which stood a house, whose inhabitants supplicated help from the windows, while the foundations were visibly giving way. "I will give a hundred French louis," said the Count Spolverini, who stood by, "to any person who will venture to deliver these unfortunate people." A young peasant came forth from the crowd, seized a boat, and pushed into the stream. He gained the pier, received the whole family into the boat, and made for the shore, where he landed them in safety. "Here is your money, my brave young fellow," said the Count. "No," was the answer of the young man, "*I do not sell my life;* give the money to this poor family who have need of it."

The Emperor Sigismund was asked why he always showed favor to his enemies, instead of destroying them. "Do I not," he answered, "destroy my enemies when I make them my friends?"

Mrs. Rosanna Osterman, a Jewess, has devised $100,000 for a "Widows and Orphans' Home," free for all denominations, and $50,000 to especial Jewish charities.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

HENRY CLAY.—When Henry Clay was young, and a brilliant member of the Legislature of Kentucky, one of the old Buckskins heard him quote the Common Law of England as decisive in the case then under discussion. The old fellow was astonished, and, jumping up, began:

"Mr. Speaker, I want to know, sir, ef what that gentleman is said is true! Are we all livin' under Old English law?"

The Speaker informed the anxious inquirer that the Common Law was recognized as part of the law of the land.

"Well, sir," resumed Buckskin, "when I remember that our fathers and some of *us* fit, bled, and died, to be free from English law, I don't want to be under any on it any longer. And I make a motion that it be repealed right away!"

The motion was seconded. The Kentucky blood was up. The Buckskins fired off speech after speech, and Mr. Clay had as much as he could do to explain the matter, and save the Legislature of Kentucky from repealing the Common Law of England!

DUMAS, the younger, sat, the other night, at one of the last representations of Rhodojune, by Mlle. Georges.

"I do not like to see an old woman die," said one of the spectators.

"Especially when the death is not real," remarked the witty Dumas, as quick as light.

ANDREW JACKSON.—At a presidential levee, to which all Washington rushed, just after the election of Mr. Adams, and the defeat of Gen. Jackson for the presidency, in the election in the House, Goodrich says:

"I shall pass over other individuals present, only noting an incident which respects the two persons in the assembly who, most of all others, engrossed the thoughts of the visitors—Mr. Adams. the elect, Gen. Jackson the defeated. It chanced, in the course of the evening, that these two persons, involved in the throng, approached each other from opposite directions, yet without knowing it. Suddenly, as they were almost together, the persons around, seeing what was to happen, by a sort of instinct, stepped aside and left them face to face. Mr. Adams was by himself; Gen. Jackson had a large, handsome lady on his arm. They looked at each other for a moment, and then Gen. Jackson moved forward, and reaching out his long arm, said, 'How do you do, Mr. Adams? I give you my left hand, for the right, as you see, is devoted to the fair. I hope you are very well sir.' All this was gallantly and heartily said and done. Mr. Adams took the general's hand, and said, with chilling coldness, 'Very well, sir. I hope Gen. Jackson is well.' It was curious to see the Western planter, the Indian fighter, the stern soldier, who had written his country's glory in the blood of the enemy at New Orleans, genial and gracious in the midst of a court, while the old courtier and diplomat was stiff, rigid, cold as a statue. It was all the more remarkable from the fact that, four hours before, the former had been defeated, and the latter was the victor, in a struggle for one of the highest objects of human ambition. The personal character of these two individuals was, in fact, well expressed in that chance meeting—the gallantry, the frankness, and the heartiness of the one, which captivated all; the coldness, the distance, the self-concentration of the other, which repelled all."

GENERAL JACKSON was seventy years of age when he retired from the presidency. He was a very infirm old man, seldom free from pain for an hour, never for a day. Possessed of a most beautiful and productive farm and a hundred and fifty negroes, he yet felt himself to be a poor man on his return to the Hermitage. "I returned home," he writes, to Mr. Trist, "with just ninety dollars in money, having expended all my salary, and most of the proceeds of my cotton crop; found everything out of repair; corn and everything else for the use of my farm to buy; having but one tract of land besides my homestead, which I have sold, and which has enabled me to begin the new year (1838) clear of debt, relying on our industry and economy to yield us a support, trusting to a kind Providence for good seasons and a prosperous crop."

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The following took place at *Fort Union, New Mexico,* and just forwarded to the NATIONAL FREEMASON by a brother:

"Some years ago, a Mr. R. petitioned a Lodge in this territory, was accepted, and, in due time, initiated and passed. He was a very worthy man, but poor, and was about leaving this country, waiting only to receive the degree of M. M. After he was raised, and before the Lodge was closed, the Master requested him to step into the Tyler's room for a few moments; and while he was thus absent the Master represented to the Lodge that the new brother was, in the morning, to start with his family on a long journey, with scanty means and uncertain prospects, and proposed, by private contributions then and there, to reimburse him the fees which he had paid the Lodge for degrees. In less time than it takes me to write it, the collection was made, the $30 put into an envelope, and given by the Master to Bro. R., who had been recalled, and was told that he must not open the envelope until 'high twelve' to-morrow, under any circumstances whatever, which he promised to do faithfully, being under the impression that the handing over of the envelope was the usual winding up of the ceremony of conferring the third degree, to be observed in the case of every candidate. Next morning he left, and has not been heard of since."

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK.—Bro. Dr. Hayes' "Open Polar Sea" is just issued.

Bro. Rev. Wm. P. Corbitt, pastor of 17th street Methodist Church, was married on the 13th, to Miss Emma Case.

NEW YORK.—The following are officers of *Afton Lodge*, for 1867:

J. Farnsworth, W. M.; I. E. Carrington, S. W.; William Bateman, J. W.; A. C. Hyde, Treasurer; William N. Wilkinson, Secretary.

The following are officers of *Vallonia Chapter*, at Afton, for 1867:

Erastus Fisher, H. P.; H. R. Caswell, E. K.; A. C. Hyde, E. S.; L. Pollard, Treasurer; J. Farnsworth, Secretary.

VERMONT.—The Senate of the United States, on the 13th, passed a resolution to pay the widow of our late brother, Jacob Collamer, United States Senator from Vermont, the amount due under the bill increasing compensation of members.

NEW JERSEY.—Hiram Chapter, Eatontown, is the oldest in the jurisdiction. G.·. H.·. P.·. Baldwin installed Comp. Patterson as H.·. P.·. and Comp. Holmes as Secretary. The first three officers weigh, together, 636 pounds. A weighty chapter.

RICHMOND, INDIANA, A.·. A.·. A.·. S.·. R.·.—Bro. Fetta is T.·. P.·. G.·. M.·. *Lodge of Perfection*, and Bro. W. W. Austin, Secretary. Bro. Samson is M. E. S. P. G. M. *Council Prince of Jerusalem*, and Bro. Austin, Secretary. Bro. Palmer is M. W. and P. M. *Rose Croix Chapter*, and Bro. Austin, Secretary. Bro. Fetta is I. C. in C. in *Consistory*, and Bro. Austin I. G. S. and K. of S.

KENTUCKY—GRAND LODGE.—In addition to the proceedings already published, we find that the Grand Lodge acknowledged the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia as a regularly established Grand Lodge.

KENTUCKY.—Bro. and Hon. James Guthrie, United States Senator, from Ky., is reported better, though still suffering from a weakness of the ankles.

THE MARBLE STATUE of Henry Clay, P.·. G.·. M.·. of Kentucky, executed in Italy by Hart, the Kentucky Masonic sculptor, will be set up in the Louisville Court House, on the anniversary of Henry Clay's birth, April 12th.

Lancaster, Ky., Masonic Hall burned on the 3d.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Hugh De Payens Encampment, Boston, sets an example to slovenly commanderies. In its notices to members, it states what the work of the evening is, as "*Work*: Order of the Temple," mentions who the candidates are, and also who are the candidates for membership, specifying by whom proposed and who are the committee in each case, also the names of the applicants for orders, by whom proposed and to what committees referred.

VIRGINIA. ALEXANDRIA.—Andrew Jackson Lodge realized $72 by Rev. Bro. Bitting's lecture, and gave the same to the city Orphan Asylum. This is wise. Where the craft is not able to sustain an Asylum of their own, it is well to be interested in one of a general character. In such cases we would advise that they buy beds, as it is termed—that is, the right to send free of charge any orphan they may designate.

IOWA—*Dubuque.*—At the Burns' Festival, (the anniversary of his birth, January 28,) Bro. Dr. Guilbert, P.·. G.·. M.·., did not forget Burns as a Freemason, and he responded to the toast "The Benevolent, Patriotic and Fraternal Societies." He highly commended the Young Mens' Christian Association, its work and agents. He said the Masonic Order was one which Burns and many Caledonians have loved.

GEORGIA.—Perry Masonic Hall suffered by fire somewhat.

MARYLAND.—Baltimore city, Monumental Lodge, No. 96, had a good time last week at Gilmour's Hotel. The G.·. M.·., G.·. S.·. W.·. and G.·. T.·. were present.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Our brethren of Charleston propose holding a fair to secure working tools and paraphernalia, in place of those lost, which were removed from Charleston to Columbia, when it was stormed, and which were destroyed in the burning of Columbia.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

TURK'S ISLANDS.—The Grand Master of England is addressing his Lodges, urging collections in behalf of the Masonic and other sufferers, by the late great hurricane.

ENGLAND.—Mrs. Lane Freer, widow of the late Archdeacon Lane Freer, Rector of Church at Bishopstone, and D. Prov. G. Master of Herefordshire, has published a memorial volume of her husband, embracing his Masonic diary of a visit to this country.

[Can some English brother send us a copy?]

The following is an advertisement in a late British Masonic paper:

TO PATRON MASONS.—A Hard-working Evangelical Curate solicits a Brother's helping hand to some Permanent Sphere of Labour in the Lord's Vineyard. (Heb. xiii., 1). References to well-known Clergymen and others. Address—Rev. Bro. R. S., Office of this Paper.

Our eminent brother, Lord Brougham, is the oldest Baron of England, aged 88, and he is also the oldest member of the Privy Council.

ENGLAND.—A bust of Lord Macauley has been placed in Westminster Abbey.

Routledge & Sons are publishing a new edition of *Bulwer*.

JERUSALEM.—Sir Moses Montefiore is erecting another Hospice at Jerusalem for the residence of poor Israelitish families.

ITALY.—The law sweeping away secret societies, convents and monasteries, except all fraternitiees which have devoted themselves to education or works of charity. Sisters of charity are excepted and Freemasonry is flourishing under the new state of things. Well done, Sicily!

JAVA.—The Regent of Koedroes-Radin Maas, Ario Toeria, Tjondra Negrea, was the first person ever made a Mason in Java, who was initiated in the □ La Constante et Fidele in Tamarang, on the 17th October last. All questions were promptly answered by him. The initiation, which made a deep impression on the mind of such a man, promises a great good as to the natives. Thus does Freemasonry move in the advance of the true religion and prepare the way for its reception.

NETHERLANDS.—In the late revision of the ritual ordered by the Grand Lodge of the Netherlands, it appears that the Grand Lodge retained the formula forbidding the making of Masons of *Atheists* and *Libertines*. One of the Lodges sympathizing with the Atheistic Masonic movement protested against it, and refused to lay the Bible on the altar. They propose to obligate their candidates on the Constitution and By-Laws of Freemasonry. We trust that the Grand Lodge of the Netherlands will not hesitate to cut off this Lodge from its communion.

DIED.

In Shasta, California, January 5, 1867, GEORGE D. FORBES, Secretary of the Lodge, Chapter and Council for years.

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Rev. H. M. Gallaher, Kt. Prelate.

PRIMITIVE CHAPTER, No. 5, ROSE CROIX, A.·. & P.·. R.·. M.·. meets 1st and 3d Fridays, N. W. cor. Broadway and 34th St.

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PROGRESSIVE CHAPTER, U. D., R. A. M., meets in Ninth Street, near North First Street, Brooklyn, E. D., on the first and third Fridays in each month.

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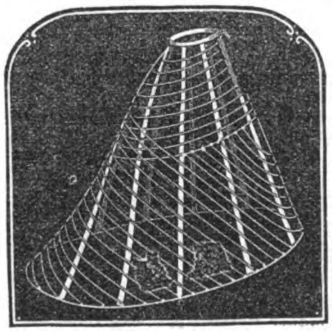

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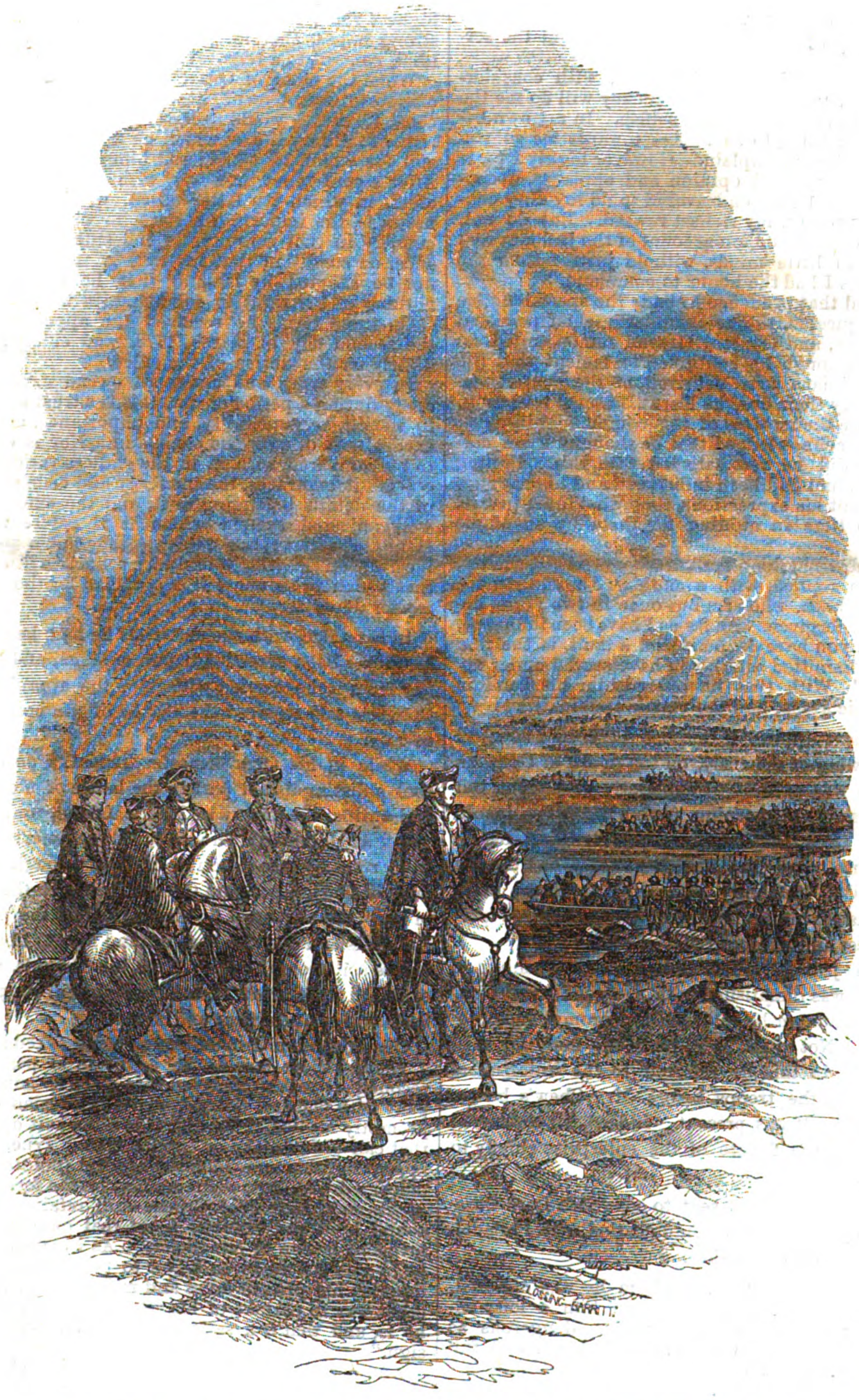

RETREAT OF THE AMERICANS FROM LONG ISLAND.

NATHANIEL GREENE—The Rhode Island Blacksmith and Mill-Boy—Major-General and Commander of the Southern Army of the Revolution—The Designated Successor of General Washington—The first Quarter-Master General of the United States—The General who never lost a Battle—The Rhode Island Freemason.—

No. 2.

August 26, 1776, Gen. Greene was promoted by Congress to the rank of Major-General in the regular army, the day preceding the destructive battle of Long Island. Greene, on the verge of the grave, was prevented by a severe fit of sickness, from taking part in it. Gen. Washington and the army, after the evacuation of Boston, had moved toward New York and prepared for its defense. The passages to the city, both by the North and the East rivers, had been defended by strong intrenchments, by chains, sunken vessels, and other obstructions. The Declaration of Independence had been promulgated, but the luke-warm people were not prepared to sustain it.

Among other approaches to the city, Long Island had been provided for, and General Greene had faithfully secured or guarded the passes which led to Brooklyn through the surrounding hills. Works had been erected at Red Hook, on the Heights, and on the sight of Fort Greene, at the Wallabout, by our Masonic hero. An intrenchment extended from the work on the site of Fort Greene northwesterly to the corner of Portland street and Flushing avenue, in the city of Brooklyn, to which point the Wallabout then extended; and another, in a zigzag course, by way of Flatbush avenue and Powers street, extended to the head of Gowanus Creek, near the junction of Carrol street and Second avenue. Near the intersection of Nevins and Dean streets, General Greene had cast a redoubt and mounted it with five guns. East from Washington square, near the Jamaica road, was another small work, and another at Bergen's Hill, and another on Atlantic street. Mounted patrols watched the passes near Bedford, Flatbush, and Yellow Hook. At this crisis, General Greene, from over-exertion, was taken sick.

It was while thus he lay, anxious and prostrated, the crisis barely passed in his disease, that he heard the cannon of the contending armies resounding in his ears. No situation could have been more humbling to the brave and ambitious spirit. "Gracious God!" he exclaimed, in his mental agony and disappointment, "to be confined at such a time!" He could scarcely lift his head from his pillow. The thought which added to his distress at this moment arose from the recollection that he was the only general officer of the Americans who had made himself familiar with the scene of conflict. He it was who had explored highways and byways, marked equally the woods, traversed the passes, and established the redoubts and fortifications. He, only, knew where lay the greatest peril, which were the points most accessible, and how to provide against the exigency which might occur in each.

Terrible was the anxiety with which he listened, incapable, to the progress of the cannonade, and received, from time to time, the reports of the conflict. Bitter were the tears which he shed as he was told of the havoc made in Smallwood's division—his own favorite regiment; and long did he feel the sore of that first hurt to his pride and hope, in a career which, however noble throughout, and triumphant in the end, was destined to be particularly distinguished by reverses and disappointments. The command of his brigade had been confided, during his illness, to Major-General Sullivan. The attack of the British was made late in August, and was pressed with energy and skill. The affair is sufficiently well known. Sullivan and Stirling were assailed in front by a force strong enough to give them full employment, while another column of the enemy stealthily made their way along the south side of the island, and, turning the left wing of the Americans, gained their rear behind the range of hills that run from Brooklyn to Jamaica. The defense was creditable, but overborne by numbers. Stirling and Sullivan were both made prisoners; and the remnant of the American army was fortunate in making its retreat over East River, the evening of the day of the battle, before the British had any suspicion of their object.

Greene remounted his horse as soon as he dared venture from his bed. He was impatient to retrieve his position, and show himself in the front of danger.

Greene lost nothing in public estimation. Indeed, all felt that had he been in command the result would have been different.

New York was the great point of public interest, momently threatened by the enemy. Greene counseled against any defense, Washington that it be burned, but the doubtful cause of the Revolution prevented Congress proceeding so desperately, and its hesitating policy led to embarrassment. Greene distinguished himself at Harlem in his first battle, withstanding nobly, but in vain.

Gen. Washington from White Plains detached Greene to watch the enemy's forces at Staten Island, with his headquarters at Fort Lee or Bergen, having command of the forces of New Jersey. He was to keep communication with the main army, east of the Hudson, and secure for Washington a retreat through the Jerseys.

This was, probably, the most melancholy period of doubt, humility, and apprehension, among the Americans, in the whole course of the revolutionary struggle. But it found Greene as firm and undespairing as Washington; ready for any sacrifice but that of popular liberty—prepared to retire to the wilderness rather than return to the domination of Great Britian. Their despondency was not irrational, nor of serious duration. It strengthened rather than impaired their resolution, and, deserving well of fortune, they were now destined to experience some gleams of sunshine through the cloud. Suddenly, at the moment of greatest seeming prostration, the columns of Washington were set in motion for the surprise of Trenton. This place was occupied by a force of fifteen hundred Hessians, under the command of Colonel Rahl. The surprise was eminently successful, and at once rearoused the nation into hope and confidence. Crossing the Delaware on Christmas night, in a storm of wind and rain, a detachment of the American army made its way to the Jersey shore, and, by a forced march of nine miles, succeeded in a secret progress which left the British totally unapprized of their progress until they felt the shock of battle. A few minutes decided the affair, in the defeat and surrender of more than a thousand Hessians, considered among the best troops of the British army. This blow was followed up by the masterly manœuvre against Princeton, by which all the schemes of the enemy were defeated—his designs frustrated against Philadelphia, and his chain of posts temporarily broken up. In this brilliant *coup-de-main*, as in the affair of Trenton, Greene's credit was considerable. He was one of those by whom these enterprises were counseled, and, at Trenton, was intrusted with the command of the left wing, accompanied by Washington in person. It was this division which first reached the town, and, having seized upon the enemy's artillery, cut off their retreat to Princeton. The arrival of Sullivan, with the right wing, secured the victory. The affair at Princeton was not less brilliant, and, next to the claim of Washington, as commander-in-chief, must be that of Greene, as his admirable and efficient second. In these two happy victories, achieved at a moment when all seemed desperate in the condition of the nation, the British were confounded, and the Americans proportionably inspirited at proofs in their officers, not only of a valor which could look coolly on the strife with the veterans of Europe, but of a skill in strategic warfare which could baffle their best plans, and put all their experience at fault. With these glorious events, closing the campaign of 1776, the army of the Americans, not exceeding three thousand men, retired into winter quarters, at Morristown, New Jersey.

But winter quarters did not mean inactivity. Greene, in the confidence of the commander-in-chief, was specially dispatched to Philadelphia to awaken Congress. He was next dispatched to explore the passes of the New York Highlands and to prepare for their defense. The militia of Connecticut and Massachusetts were placed at his disposal. He next distinguishes himself at the battle of Brandywine. Gen. Greene, at the head of Weedon's Virginia brigade, flew to the support of Gen. Sullivan and his detachment, marching four miles in forty-two minutes, and saved Sullivan from annihilation. At this time, only, did these two great Freemasons, Washington and Greene, have even a slight misunderstanding. In his general orders, Gen. Washington had neglected to bestow any special applause on Weedon's brigade. Gen. Greene remonstrated.

General Washington replied, "You, sir, are considered my favorite officer. Weedon's brigade, like myself, are Virginians. Should I applaud them for their achievement, under your command, I shall be charged with partiality, jealousy will be excited, and the service injured."

"Sir," exclaimed General Greene, with considerable emotion, "I trust your excellency will do me the jutice to believe that I am not selfish. In my own behalf, I have nothing to ask. Act towards *me* as you please; I shall not complain. However highly I prize your excellency's good opinion and applause, a consciousness that I have endeavored to do my duty constitutes, at present, my richest reward. But do not, sir, let me entreat you, on account of the jealousy that may arise, in little minds, withold justice from the brave fellows I had the honor to command."

Convinced that prudence forbade the special notice that was requested, the commander-in-chief persisted in his silence, and General Greene remonstrated no further. Although he continued to lament that the gallant Virginians were deprived of the commendations so justly their due, he learnt, on cool reflection, to appreeiate the motives of the commander-in-chief, and frankly acknowledged that he thought them correct. Nor did he rest satisfied with this. Feeling that his conduct had been indiscreet, and his manner, at least, if not his expressions, somewhat intemperate, he lost no time in atoning for them by an ample apology.

Delighted with his frankness and magnanimity, Washington replied, with a smile, "An officer, tried as you have been, who errs but once in two years, deserves to be forgiven. As far as I have been informed, this, which you have denominated a fault, is the first you have committed since you have served under my command." With that he offered him his hand in true Masonic grasp, and the matter terminated.

Greene next appeared, October, 1777, in command of the left wing of the army, on the plains of Germantown. He was at first triumphantly successful, but the darkness of the morning, from a dense fog, insubordination in a part of his troops battling before Chew's house, where the British infantry had thrown itself, and Col. Matthew's separating from the main column, placed him in imminent peril; but his perfect coolness and wisdom relieved him.

When a jealous officer asked Gen. Washington whether he was dissatisfied with the conduct of Gen. Greene, the answer he returned was prompt and unequivocal. "Not at all," said he, "the fault lay with ourselves." In this he referred to the unfortunate halt made by the troops before Mr. Chew's house, where he himself was present. Indeed, all concurred in attributing the failure of the enterprise chiefly to that error.

Gen. Greene was next sent to cope with Lord Cornwallis, in opening free communication with Philadelphia and the shipping below.

Even the British officer, to whom he was opposed, had the magnanimity to bestow on him a lofty encomium. "Greene," said he, "is as dangerous as Washington. He is vigilant, enterprising, and full of resources. With but little hope of gaining any advantage over him, I never feel secure when encamped in his neighborhood."

At this period, the quartermaster department, in the American army, was in a very defective and alarming condition. Although vast sums of money had been expended for its use, and men of high reputation appointed to administer it, yet, in every branch of it, nothing but poverty and disorder prevailed. Without a speedy and radical reform of these grievances, Gen. Washington had pronounced it impossible for the army, in the course of the approaching summer (1778), to be adequate to an active and efficient campaign. He even doubted its ability to continue in the field. He further declared, that such a reform could be effected only by the appointment of a quartermaster general, of great resources, well versed in business, and posessing practical talents of the first order. When requested, by Congress, to look out for such an officer, he at once fixed his eye on Gen. Greene.

Greene was wedded not to the duties of the staff, but to those of the line. Gen. Washington knew his Masonic character and motives of action, and said:

"There is not an officer of the army, nor a man in America, more sincerely attached to the interests of his country. Could he best promote those interests, in the character of a corporal, he would exchange, as I firmly believe, without a murmur, the epaulet for the knot. For, although he is not without ambition, that ambition has not for its object the highest rank, so much as the *greatest good*. I have strong hopes, therefore, that he will, for a time, at least, consent to a removal from the line to the staff."

When the office of Quartermaster General was first offered to Gen. Greene, he declined accepting it, because its duties would necessarily lead him from that walk of military life of which he was most enamored, and for which he considered himself best qualified. After a conference, however, with the commander-in-chief, in which the latter urged, with peculiar earnestness, the important service he would render his country in that capacity, he consented to an acceptance, on condition that his rank in the army should not be affected by it, and that he should forfeit nothing of his right to command, in time of action.

On these terms he received the appointment, on the second day of March, 1778, and entered immediately on the duties of the office.

In every army, and under all circumstances, especially during a period of war, this is a trust surpassing in weight, responsibility, and importance, any other, except that of supreme command. Nor is even that to be compared with it, in the endless variety of the objects it embraces, the intricacy and embarrassment of the details belonging to it, and the extensive and well adjusted system which it therefore requires. Hence, the most honorable testimonial a pupil can receive, on leaving a military school in Europe, is that which pronounces him qualified for the quartermaster department.

In his office, with the materials he had, he did what has never been exceeded before or since, and on retiring from it he carried with him the approbation of Congress and received the thanks of the commander-in-chief.

While in his Quartermaster-General's position, he took a distinguished part in the battle of Monmouth, and against the enemy in Rhode Island, under Sullivan. At Monmouth, Greene saved the American cause from ruin, by the defection of Lee, through his jealousy of Washington and Greene, being in the interest of the "Conway cabal." Greene rallied the people of Rhode Island and the East around him to liberate his native soil from the foe. Even the Friends, who had excluded him from their communion, supplied his table with viands, fruit and wine.

One of these plain gentlemen, being asked in jest by a young officer how he, an advocate of peace, could reconcile it to his conscience to keep so much company with General Greene, whose profession was war, promptly replied, "Friend, it is not a suit of uniform that can either make or spoil a man. True, I do not approve of this many-colored apparel (pointing to the officer's dress), but, whatever may be the form or color of his coat, Nathaniel Greene still retains the same sound head and virtuous heart that gained him the love and esteem of our society. As I believe it would be in vain for me to endeavor to persuade him to relinquish his present dress and mode of life, I have no other way to partake of his society but to visit him as he is, and that is a satisfaction I am unwilling to resign."

Another gentleman, a member of high standing in the same society, was heard to declare that, with the exception of his having adopted the profession of arms, his "neighbor, Nathaniel Greene, was one of the most correct and unoffending men he had ever known. It is true," continued he, "that he had always a disposition to influence others, and make them think and act with him, but this he never attempted by unfair means; he did it by convincing them that they were wrong and he was right, and this was his custom when he was a very young man."

The French fleet failed to co-operate with the land forces, in despite of the remonstrances of Greene and his brother Lafayette, and the land forces were compelled to retreat from the island, after having manifested great firmness and fought with great effect.

Greene was next sent by Washington to make confidential revelations to Congress about the Newport affair, thus avoiding a court of inquiry, which might drive off the French Admiral D'Estaing.

He repaired to Philadelphia, and, by a unanimous vote of Congress, was invited to a seat on the floor, and shown to a chair beside the President. Henry Laurens at this time occupied the chair, and but a few moments had elapsed after Greene had taken his seat, when a communication from the Governor of Rhode Island was announced and an order passed that it should be read. Conceiving, instantly, the character of the document, and that it embodied the same feeling and sentiments with those of Sullivan and others, which had already given so much offense, Greene seized the moment while the clerk was unsealing the envelope to convey to the President a slip of paper, on which he had written, "For God's sake, do not let that paper be read until you have looked it over." His suspicion was instantly adopted by the President, who, in a whisper, arrested the progress of the clerk. A call for the order of the day, judiciously interposed at this moment, diverted attention from the Governor's dispatch, which, in fact, embodied a remonstrance against the conduct of D'Estaing, such as could not but have painfully outraged the French minister, who, with his suite, D'Estaing himself, and other distinguished persons of his nation, was, at that very moment, in the gallery. It is difficult to say what might have been the degree of mischief done, had not the happy tact of the Rhode Island blacksmith interposed for its prevention. Greene, in fact, was quite as much a politician as a general.

The cabal opposed to Washington was equally opposed to Greene, and may be termed the *anti-Masonic* party of that day. They spread abroad rumors against Greene's competency and his honesty. They reached Greene's brother in Rhode Island.

Greene's quarters at this time were near Morristown. The parties were separated by a space of nearly two hundred miles, yet the moment that the brother heard the humiliating story, he took horse and hurried to the army. Greene's cordial reception of his guest met with no answering sympathy. The brother, before he opened his heart to the embrace which it yet solicited, was first to learn that he dealt with an honest man. He demanded a private interview, which was at once vouchsafed him. "I am come, brother," he said, in a voice nearly choked by emotion, "to inform you that you are charged with improper conduct in your office. Are you innocent?" With an affectionate smile, a calm voice, clear countenance, and a hand pressed upon his heart, Greene answered, instantly, "I am!" The assurance was satisfactory. The brother knew, from the experience of long and trusting years, what degree of confidence could be yielded to such an assurance. It was then that he embraced him, and, happy and relieved, he departed as suddenly as he came. He had but one object in the interview, and, the single interrogation answered, he had no other motive for delay.

But the communication sunk deeply into the heart of Greene. He had met the inquiry of his brother with a smile. With clear and unembarrassed brow and eye, he had answered the painful question; but he did not the less suffer from the cruel wound which it inflicted, and he resolved, as soon as possible, to break away from the shackles of an office equally responsible and burdensome, in which he had toiled without regard to selfish considerations, in spite of them, indeed, and had reaped repoach and suspicions, instead of gratitude. Fortunately for the fame of Greene, calumny itself, with all its agents, was not able to oppose the unquestionable evidence which his friends could produce in favor of the administration of his department and in proof of his own integrity. Congress, after an inquiry, passed a resolution, declaring its confidence in his ability and integrity. Greene was sufficiently soothed by this resolution to listen to the entreaties of the commander-in-chief and of the army, that he would not relinquish the department he had so ably managed. But calumny was not so easily silenced; the creature was very soon again at her dirty work. A remnant of the old faction of Conway, no longer able to hurt Washington, were always eager to wreak their malice upon Greene. To such a degree did they carry this malice, that it was even designed, if possible, to deprive him of his command in the line. But their most obvious game was to impeach his integrity. He was supposed or asserted to have made a fortune by his office, while in truth, he was about to retire from it something poorer than when he entered it. It had been to him, indeed, like that supper of the Barmecides, in the Arabian tale, in which, without a single dish before him, he was required to fancy that he enjoyed the most delicious variety. A resolution from the treasury board required a statement of his accounts. For this performance, but twenty-seven days were allowed him. He expostulated against the unreasonable and oppressive requisition, demonstrating the moral and physical impossibility of traversing such a wide and various field of investigation in such a space of time. An additional month was grudgingly allowed him, while a committee was appointed to inquire into the condition of his department. The investigation resulted in his triumph. The members of this committee, to borrow the language of one of them, "entered upon the investigation with the strongest prejudices and closed it with a unanimous conviction of his ability, fidelity and zeal." Here, then, was a favorable opportunity for Greene to withdraw from the ungracious service in which he was engaged, and resume his station in the line, which he had always preferred; but Washington was unwilling to lose him in a capacity in which he could render services of so much importance, and a scheme for the regulation of the department was drawn up by the commander-in-chief, in conjunction with a committee of Congress, which Greene entirely approved of, and which he professed himself willing to administer, without other pay than that which accrued to him from his commission as major-general. But Congress, with its amendments, so mutilated the plan submitted by Washington through its own committee, as to depart from all its most essential paticulars. Under these circumstances, Greene no longer hesitated to make his escape from an office in which he had neither enjoyed repose nor realized profit. There was no sufficient motive to remain in a department which subjected him to equal annoyance and mortification. His preference was wholly given to active duties in the line, and indeed, as we remember, he had stipulated for the privilege of resuming his military rank and duties whenever a general engagement was anticipated. Thus feeling and desiring, it was with a sentiment of relief and pride that he covered his resignation to Congress of the office of quartermaster-general, requesting that body to appoint his successor without loss of time. He declared his own resolution no longer to officiate in the offic[illegible]except so far as was necessary to close up his accounts, and to set fairly in operation the new system as adopted for the future government of the department.

Gen. Greene next performs his most painful duty, in the affair of Major Andre, adjutant-general to the British army, captured in disguise within the American lines. Lafayette, Steuben, and other Masons were on the court. Gen. Greene presided.

The deportment of the prisoner, young, elegant, of superior intellect and highly accomplished, was magnanimous and affecting, beyond, perhaps, what had ever been witnessed on a similar occasion.

Life was not the object he was anxious to preserve. The love of that he had long since, as an officer, learnt to commute for the love of honor. In proportion, therefore, as the latter passion had been cultivated and strengthened, the former had been neglected and suffered to decay.

To preserve his reputation from the stain of treason, constituted now his only care. To effect that he labored most earnestly and in a manner that was peculiarly touching to the heart of sensibility.

When summened to his trial he frankly disclosed, without interrogatory, all that bore heaviest on his own life, but inviolably concealed whatever might endanger the safety of others. His confessions were conclusive, and no witness was examined against him. The court were unanimous that he had been taken as a spy and must suffer death.

Of this sentence he did not complain. He knew it was just and was prepared to meet it without a murmur, provided the mode of his death were rendered acceptable to him.

His companions in arms, the friends of his bosom, and the world at large, with all the enjoyments it had appeared but lately to hold in store for him, he cheerfully resigned. But still he had one remaining wish that clung to his heart with a lingering fondness, which nothing could alienate, and a force of adhesion which nothing could subdue. It was that he might be permitted to close a life of honor by a professional death, and not be compelled, like a common felon, to expire on a gibbet.

To this effect he made, in a letter to General Washington, written on the evening preceding his execution, one of the most pathetic and powerful appeals that ever fell from the pen of a mortal.

Staggered in his resolution, the commander-in-chief referred the subject, accompanied by the letter, to his general officers, who, with one exception, became unanimous in their desire that Andre should be shot.

That exception was found in General Greene, the president of the court. When the report of the sitting, drawn up by Laurens, was handed to Greene for his signature, his head was seen to bend low upon the paper, to hide the tear which he could not suppress. The death-warrant bore traces, also, of the regrets of those who, while forced to condemn, were not insensible to pity.

He, although his heart was softened by the tenderest sympathy and penetrated with the keenest sorrow for the prisoner's fate, declared, notwithstanding, that the indulgence solicited, could, in no shape, be granted.

"Andre," said he, "is either a spy or an innocent man. If the latter, to execute him in any way will be murder; if the former, the mode of his death is prescribed by law, and you have no right to alter it. Nor is this all. At the present alarming crisis of our affairs, the public safety calls for a solemn and impressive example. Nothing can satisfy it short of the execution of the prisoner as a common spy, a character of which his own confession has clearly convicted him. Beware how you suffer your feelings to triumph over your judgment. Indulgence to one may be death to thousands. Through mistaken sensibility, humanity may be wounded and the cause of freedom sustain an injury you cannot remedy.

"Besides, if you shoot the prisoner instead of hanging him, you will excite suspicions which you will be unable to allay. Notwithstanding all your efforts to the contrary, you will awaken public compassion, and the belief will become general, that in the case of Major Andre there were exculpatory circumstances entitling him to lenity, beyond what he received, perhaps entitling him to pardon. Hang him, therefore, or set him free."

This reasoning being considered conclusive, the prisoner suffered as a common spy.

The preponderance of General Greene's opinion and the firmness and decision which marked his conduct throughout the whole of this tragical affair, gave rise to a declaration, circulated at the time and repeated since, on various occasions, that he himself constituted the court in which Major Andre was tried and convicted.

He was, doubtless, the ablest and weightiest member of that court, and, the commander-in-chief alone excepted, the most influential officer in the army. Of the truth of this no evidence is requisite, beyond what is contained in the foregoing statement.

Let it not be alleged that in this instance General Greene was devoid of feeling. The reverse is most true. His heart was as compassionate as his intellect was powerful. He had the rare merit, in despite of feeling and in opposition to the tide of public sentiment, to be rigorously just.

[To be continued.]

THE RAISING OF THE BEAUSEANT.

BY BRO. WM. E. AYTOUN.

Written and recited at a Festival of the Knights Templar of the Metropolitan Priory of Scotland.

Fling out the Temple banner as of old!
Age hath not stained the whiteness of its fold,
  Nor marred the ruddy cross, Salvation's sign.
Once more we lift the sacred standard up—
    Companions, fill the cup—
  We pledge the Beauseant in this sparkling wine!

Oh! what a valiant host have fought and bled
Beneath that banner to the wind outspread,
  Since first it moved against the infidel!
Who knows not how it waved on Salem's towers,
When Acre, Ramla, Nazareth were ours,
    And at Tiberias fell?

Fell with the Knights who bore it to the field,
When foulest treason broke the Christian shield,
  And bade the Turkish crescent-sign advance!—
Fell but to rise again with triple pride,
    When, bounding o'er the tide,
  The armies came of England and of France!

And who is he, the leader of that band,
Who first sets foot upon the Holy land?
  Move on, unrival'd champion that thou art!
Shout, Brethren, shout! aloft your banners fling—
'Tis he, the Christian's hope, the island King—
    Richard, the Lion Heart!

Then Acre fell—the Moslem foe went back,
And still our Brethren followed on their track,
And ever in the van of battle flew
The sacred Beauseant, like a meteor star
Shedding its wrath afar
Upon the foul and unbelieving crew.

Unvanquish'd still—till fraud, not force, combined
With basest envy in a despot's mind,
Dragged from its staff that glorious emblem down,
And poured, like water, forth the guiltless blood,
When Jacques Molay, the valiant and the good,
Received his martyr-crown.

Then perish'd all—yet no; on Scottish ground
Some remnant of the Templars still was found,
Whom ever treason did not dare to quell.
Walter de Clifton! honored be thy name!
Who, braving death and shame,
Didst vindicate thine Order's truth so well.

Years passed away, ere yet the warring world
Beheld again the Templar's flag unfurled,
But England saw the Rosy Cross return
Once more to light, and scattering dismay
Within their ranks upon that glorious day
When Bruce won Bannockburn!

Then raise it up, Companions, once again,
Though now it wave not on the battle-plain,
True hearts are here to guard its spotless fold;
Forever honored be the Templar's name,
Forever dear their fame!
Fling out the Beauseant banner as of old!

NOTHING TO SPARE.

FOR THY NEEDY BRETHREN HAVE SOME CARE.

What! hast thou naught to spare? Alas! thy lot
Indeed is hapless; thou art very poor.
Poorer than thy poor brethren who have not
The hoarded much, that crieth still for more!
Where are thy baubles? Where thy glittering toys?
Where thy rich trappings? Thy amusements, where?
The daily luxury, that only cloys?
Oh! look, and see if thou hast naught to spare.

Where is thy wasted time? Thy unbreathed word
Of gentleness? Thy hidden talent, where?
The look of pity which thou mightest accord?
Oh! do not tell me thou hast naught to spare.
Bethink thee, ere thou speakest so again,
And for thy needy brethren have some care;
Oh! be more grateful to thy Father, when
So much He giveth thee—so much to spare.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXXV.—*(continued).*

"Oh, ho!" said Mr. Greenhough, grimly. "Pretty company you are introducing us to! I wonder what value any jury would attach to the evidence of such a double-dyed scoundrel. But why is not the fellow himself here?"

"I did not think it necessary to produce him in person on such an occasion as this," said Mr. Penning. "I can, however, have him here for you by to-morrow morning, if you wish it. Meanwhile, I will, with your permission, read this statement, which has been drawn up by Billings himself without any assistance."

"Pray proceed, sir," said the vicar; whereupon Mr. Penning read as under:

"According to promise made and given, I, James Billings, otherwise known as 'Jim the Downy,' now proceed to put down on paper some recollections of my early life.

"To begin at the beginning. You know already that I was footman at Belair, but you don't know how I came to fill that situation; and I must add a few words of explanation, so that you may understand better what follows. My father was a well known begging-letter writer, which accounts for my education; and all my family were more or less mixed up with the profession. But my governor got lagged at last, and my two brothers came to grief in another way; and I got such a sickening of the whole business, that I determined to try what honesty would do towards making my fortune. Not to bother you with what you wouldn't care to hear about, I got a footman's place at last; and two or three years later, I went into the service of Lady Spencelaugh on her marriage; and so, in course of time, found myself at Belair. I liked a footman's life well enough for some things—there was no hard work to do, and plenty of time for reading the newspapers; but, on the other hand, I seemed as far as ever from making my fortune. It was about this time that I fell in with Nance Fennell, who was living with her mother at White Grange, and I used to go there to see her as often as I could find time.

"I ought to have told you that one of my sisters was married to Charley Wing, a noted cracksman or housebreaker. Charley often professed to be sorry that I had taken to such a duffing way of getting a living, and said that a young fellow of my abilities, with. proper instruction, might have done something splendid in his own line, and would often invite me to join him. One day Charley met me, and said, 'Your people often go to Sedgeley Court, and you go with them.' 'Yes,' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'me and my pal, Bill Stuckley, have got a plant on there. There is no end of plate in the house; and just at this time of the year, while they are having so much company, the old dowager keeps all her diamonds at home. Now, I want you, next time you go there, to make a careful plan of the house, and to ascertain all you can about the position and strength of the plate-chest; and if the crack comes off all right, you shall have a fair share of the swag, and then you can marry that girl you are so sweet on, and hook it to Australia.' I took the bait after a while, and agreed to do as he wanted. Perhaps Charley would have wanted to crack Belair, only he knew from me that, while Sir Philip was away in India, all the family plate was kept at the banker's.

"At this time there was living at Belair Lady Spencelaugh and her baby son; Master Arthur Spencelaugh, the baronet's son by his first marriage, a lad about five years old, and Miss Frederica Spencelaugh, the daughter of the last baronet, both of whose parents had died in India. After a time, Miss Frederica was sent away with some nurse to the seaside for the benefit of her health; and a few weeks after that, it was reported among us servants down-stairs that Master Arthur was lying very ill up-stairs of some catching fever; and orders were given that nobody was to go near the room except the doctor and the woman who had volunteered to nurse him. This woman was a Mrs. Winch, the landlady of the Hand and Dagger, at Normanford, and my lady's *confidante* in everything (it seems they had known one another when girls); and everybody said it was very good of her to run the risk. The doctor who saw the boy was Mrs. Winch's brother; his name was Kreefe—a lame, squint-eyed man, and not one of your swell doctors, by any means. Well, Master Arth[illegible] got worse and worse, and in a few days he died—at least, we were told so; and so particular was Mrs. Winch that nobody should run the risk of catching the fever but herself, that, when the undertaker's men brought the coffin, she made them leave it outside the room, and said she would do the rest herself. So we were all put into black, and there was a quiet funeral one morning; and everybody thought they had seen the last of poor Master Arthur.

"On the second night after the funeral, I had an engagement to meet Crack Charley at twelve o'clock in the east plantation. We kept early hours at Belair; and at that time of night I was obliged to let myself out and in again unknown to anybody; but that wasn't difficult to manage. I had seen Charley, and was coming back along the graveled path that runs round the east wing of the Hall, when what should I hear but a child's thin voice, that sounded close by me, but whether above or below, I couldn't tell, crying, 'Help—help! Please ask them to let me out.' I looked round, but could see nobody, and my blood ran cold all over me. 'Who the d—— are you? and what place do you want to be let out of?' 'I am Master Arthur,' said the child's voice, 'and I have been shut up here ever such a long time. Oh, do please to beg of them to let me out!' I swear you might have knocked me down with a sneeze when I heard these words. I had watched this lad's funeral only a few hours before, yet here he was, still alive. and speaking to me! With a good deal of bother, I made out where he was; and then I got one of the gardener's ladders, and planting it against the wall, which just there is thickly covered with ivy, I climbed up it, and so found where the voice came from. It was a long, narrow slit in the thick wall of what is the oldest part of the Hall, lighting a small room, which no doubt had often been used as a hiding-place in the old troubled times. This opening, as I afterwards found, was entirely hidden from the outside by a thick curtain of ivy. 'Who shut you up here, Master Arthur,' I said, speaking to him through the slit in the wall. 'My lady and that woman with the cat's eyes,' he said—meaning Mrs. Winch. 'How long have you been here?' I asked. 'I don't know how long, because I always feel so sleepy here; but a very long time,' he said. 'That's you, Billings, is it not? I know your voice. Will you please to shake hands with me?' I squeezed my hand into the slit as far as I could, and then I felt his cold little fingers grasp mine. 'Thank you,' he said, in his sweet, melancholy way, as he let go my hand again; and I had a very queer feeling round my heart for some minutes afterwards. I talked to him a little while longer; then he said, 'I think I must get down now, Billings—I am standing on two chairs placed on a table—as I am getting very sleepy again, and I might fall, you know. You will ask them to let me out, will you not? Good night, and God bless you, Billings!'

"On my soul, I don't like to put it down, but I betrayed my promise to that child, and never mentioned to any one what I had seen or heard. I have done many a rascally trick in my time, but that was the wickedest of them all. Instead of doing what I ought to have done, I said to myself, 'My lady has got a little private game of her own here. If I can only make myself master of it, she will pay me well to keep the secret.' So I determined to keep my eyes open. I had not long to watch, for the very next night, about 11 P. M., a little covered cart, driven by Kreefe, came up to one of the side-doors; and presently Mrs. Winch came out, carrying the child in her arms, fast asleep. She got into the cart with him; the cover was tied down, and the doctor drove off with his load. I heard them say something about White Grange, so I stole away by a near footpath across the moors, and was there, hidden in the thick thorn-tree that grows just inside the boundary-wall, when Kreefe drove up to the door. Old Job Sandyson came out with a lantern, and himself carried the lad, still asleep, into the house; and there he was hidden away for six weeks in one of the top rooms of White Grange. Nance Fennell told me all about it afterwards. At the end of that time, Mrs. Winch and the doctor went one night to White Grange with the same little covered cart, and took the lad away; and as to what became of him afterward, I know nothing, only Nance said that she happened to overhear that they were going to Liverpool. But I do happen to know that, just at that very time, Kreefe and his wife left Normanford; and it was given out that they had gone to America.

"Well, I thought after this that I had got a clear case against my lady, such a one as ought to bring me in something handsome; and so it would have done, had not other things turned out badly. Sedgeley Court was safely cracked, and I got my share of the plunder; but, unfortunately, the police got hold of Bill Stuckley for it, and he peached when in prison; besides which, my plan of the house was found on him; so one fine morning, he and I and Charley had the pleasure of hearing that we were to be sent on our travels into foreign parts for several years to come. Before sailing, I sent a message to Lady Spencelaugh, telling her I wanted to see her on important business; but either she never got the message, or else she wouldn't come. But the secret was one that would keep, and I determined to keep it till I got back home. At the end of ten years, I found myself in the old country again, hard up. I had made up my mind that, as soon as I got the means, I would run down to Belair and pay my lady a visit. Before I could do this, however, I fell in with an old friend of Charley's, and was persuaded to join him in a little affair, for which we both got into trouble, and the rest you know.

"And now you've got the whole boiling out of me; and my opinion is that I'm a cursed fool for my pains. I ain't a superstitious cove, but I can't help thinking that, if I had acted square by the lad, as I promised him, things might have gone more square with me. But, what can't be cured must be endured. One thing I do know—that writing is deuced dry work; so, now that this job is well out of hand, I'm dead nuts on a tumbler of old rum, and a pipe of choice negro-head. Yours to command,

"JIM BILLINGS.

"P. S.—I haven't bothered you with any dates in my letter, but I can give you them all as pat as ninepence, whenever you may want them."

CHAPTER XXXVI.—MR. PENNING'S PROPOSITION.

"A very characteristic proposition!" said Mr. Greenhough, as Mr. Penning finished reading the ex-convict's statement. "Mr. James Billings's old skill as a begging-letter impostor has stood him in good stead in that ingenious piece of composition. Faugh! The whole narrative is redolent of the Old Bailey!"

The baronet chuckled, and then instantly became grave again, as though he had been caught in some dereliction of duty. The vicar, too, looked very grave, and was conning his notes seriously. Mr. Greenhough had a strong opinion of the vicar's clear, good sense, and he felt vaguely uneasy at the expression of that gentleman's face; for the lawyer himself was quite serious in believing that the whole affair was nothing more than an ingenious conspiracy to defraud the rightful heir.

Lady Spencelaugh said no word, but sat quite still, with one hand clasped in that of her faithful friend, Martha Winch, and with her eyes bent mostly on Gaston—that son for whose sake she had risked so much. Gaston himself sat biting his nails moodily. The olive of his cheek had paled somewhat during the last half hour.

"What further evidence have you to offer in support of this extraordinary charge?" said the vicar, at last.

The next evidence put in by Mr. Penning was that of Margaret Fennell, at present a resident in Grellier's Almshouses, who deposed that, in a certain month of a certain year, Martha Winch and her brother, Jeremiah Kreefe, took to the house known as White Grange a boy, apparently about five years of age; which child, after being kept locked up in the said White Grange for the space of six weeks, was taken away one evening after dark by the two before-named persons, and never seen by her, Margaret Fennell, afterwards.

Mr. Penning next brought forward the evidence of Mr. Edwin, ex-master of the Foundation School at Normanford, who deposed to having been at Liverpool on a certain day of a certain year, and to there seeing Dr. Kreefe, his wife, and Mrs. Winch, accompanied by a boy, apparently about five years old, alight from a cab at one of the docks. Mr. Edwin further deposed to seeing Mrs. Winch bid farewell to her brother and his wife; and to seeing the two latter, accompanied by the child, go on board a vessel named the Lone Star, which vessel he found, from after inquiry, was advertised to sail for New York at high-water that very day.

The next piece of evidence put in by Mr. Penning was the statement written by John English at Pevsey Bay, and sent by him to Miss Spencelaugh. Mr. Penning read this statement aloud, as he had done the previous evidence. In it, as may be remembered, John English spoke of his early life in America with the Kreefes, and how the lame doctor had at last contrived to get rid of him. He mentioned his recognition of the doctor's portrait at the Hand and Dagger; and how he became acquainted with the contents of the note intended for Lady Spencelaugh; and of his sudden dismissal from Belair the day after Mrs. Winch's return to Normanford; together with various other minor matters, some of which had been brought out more strongly in the previous evidence, but all tending to establish the truth of his story.

"This concludes our case as it stands at present," said Mr. Penning, as he refolded John's manuscript.

"In the absence of Mr. English, as I must still continue to call him," said the vicar, "I really don't see what further steps can possibly be taken in this matter. But perhaps Lady Spencelaugh may have something to say to all this."

Mr. Greenhough was whispering earnestly with my lady and Mrs. Winch, and presently he came forward, and addressing the vicar and the baronet, said, "Lady Spencelaugh desires me to deny emphatically the truth of the allegations contained in the statements just read to you by Mr. Penning, so far as they affect her ladyship. The evidence of the convict Billings she states to be without the shadow of a foundation in fact—at least, that portion of it which relates to the late Master Arthur Spencelaugh; whether the rest of it be true or false, is a matter of no moment. Mrs. Winch, the respected landlady of the Hand and Dagger, is quite willing to admit that there was a child taken to White Grange by herself and brother, and that the same child was afterwards taken by Dr. Kreefe to America; but that the child in question was Master Arthur Spencelaugh, she most positively denies. At the proper time and place, Mrs. Winch will be prepared to prove who the child really was. For the rest, we don't think that this Mr. English ever will turn up in this neighborhood again.

Mr. Penning rose. "We are not here to bandy accusations," he said, "but to set right, as far as in us lies, a great apparent wrong. On you, reverend sir, and on your colleagues, as executors under the will of the late lamented head of this family, that responsibility must now devolve; and in the absence of the person chiefly concerned, it will rest with you to decide, from what you have heard, as to what steps, if any, you may deem it requisite to take in the present contingency. Whatever decision you may arrive at, Miss Spencelaugh will abide by; but to say, as my legal friend has said, that the lady in question ought to have kept back the evidence which you have heard this morning, is equivalent to saying that she ought to have made herself accessory after the fact to what, if our case be a genuine one, is one of the most base and cruel conspiracies that ever came within the range of my experience. I say this without the slightest imputation on any person or persons here present. We can, however, go one step further in this business, and one only; but that step, if you are willing to sanction it, may prove a most important one in testing the value of the evidence which has been brought before you to-day — that evidence which my legal friend has denounced as a wholesale piece of imposture. Gentlemen, *we can open the coffin which is said to contain the body of Master Arthur Spencelaugh.*"

At these ominous words, a low cry of agony burst irrepressibly from the lips of Lady Spencelaugh, and a death-like whiteness overspread her face.

Mr. Penning resumed. "You, Sir Michael, are, I believe, a county magistrate; and, unless I mistake, you, reverend sir, are vicar of the parish in which the church of Belair is situate; besides which, the family vault is private property; and as the executors of the late baronet, you have, I opine, full power in that capacity to act as I have indicated, should you think well to do so."

"Really, Mr. Penning," said the vicar, "this proposition of yours is a most extraordinary one. But, in any case, we certainly could not think of proceeding in such a matter without the concurrence of Sir Gaston Spencelaugh, whom I must still consider as the head of the family, and the owner of Belair."

"It would be rank sacrilege!" exclaimed Lady Spencelaugh. All present were struck by the change in her voice, ordinarily so low, honeyed, and courteous, *now so husky*, and with an ill concealed anxiety in its tones. "Gaston, my dear boy, you must not allow this thing to take place."

"What have we to fear, mother?" said Gaston. "You have already stated that the evidence we have heard this morning is a tissue of falsehoods. Do you still adhere to that assertion?"

"I do, I do!" said the miserable woman, eagerly. "All lies, Gaston, dear, so far as I am concerned."

"In that case, mother, we have nothing to be afraid of," said Gaston. "Whatever permission you require of me in this case I grant freely and fully. Act as seems best to your own judgment."

"But, Gaston, Gaston," implored Lady Spencelaugh, in a tone of agony, "I tell you this must not be allowed! Oh, it is horrible! For my sake, Gaston, you must not allow this!"

"Mother, in such a case as this it is necessary," said Gaston, firmly. "The permission I have given I cannot retract."

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE FAMILY VAULT.

The vestry of the little church at Belair was a chilly and desolate looking room, with its flagged floor and whitewashed walls; with its straight-backed oaken chairs, and its little iron-barred window; and not all the efforts of the rheumatic old sexton, who had lighted it up with a couple of wax candles and a sputtering fire of damp wood, could make it seem even tolerably cheerful. Hardly had six o'clock done striking, when the vicar and Sir Michael arrived. Five minutes later came Mr. Greenhough and Mr. Penning, thickly powdered with snow-flakes, they having walked down together, arm-in-arm, from the Hall.

"I named the hour of six as that of our meeting here," said the vicar, "because I thought that what we had to do had better be done under the friendly shade of darkness."

Jenkins being summoned, produced a huge horn lantern, which he proceeded to light up with one of the wax-candles; and then, taking a large key from its nail on the wall, he led the way out of the church; and so, by a narrow graveled path, round one corner of the edifice to where an iron door, let into the wall, with a grating above it, and reached by a descent of three or four steps, indicated the entrance to the family vault of the Spencelaughs.

Although so few hours had passed since the funeral of Sir Philip, all traces of that ceremony had already been removed. The great flag over the centre of the vault had been put back into its place, and the baronet had found a last home on the slab appointed for him. A hushed and solemn feeling crept over the hearts of the four visiters as they gazed around. In the reverent presence of the dead, all heads were uncovered.

"This, sir, is the coffin you want to examine," said the sexton, in dry, creaking tones, as though the hinges of his voice were in want of oiling. "This is Master Arthur's coffin."

"You have usually a good memory for such things," said the vicar. "Tell me, do you remember the funeral of Master Arthur Spencelaugh?"

"That I do, sir," said the old man, eagerly. "I recollect it as well as if it had only happened yesterday; and a shabby funeral it were, although it's I that says so. Sir Philip was away in India at that time, and Lady Spencelaugh was too ill to come; so there was just nobody to see the last of the poor lad but that lame and ugly Dr. Kreefe, and a couple of undertaker's men. Mr. Rolfe, he were curate here at that time, and a fast reader he was, surely; and he soon gabbled through the service; and they all seemed glad to hurry the poor little chap out of sight. Before Sir Philip came home there was a pretty white tablet to the memory of Master Arthur put up by my lady, just over the family pew; and many a time has Sir Philip come here by himself to read what is there written on it about his boy; and sometimes he would say, 'It was a sad day's work for me, Jenkins, when my poor Arthur died.'"

The old man paused, more from lack of breath than want of words.

"Am I to begin, sir?" he said to the vicar. "I have got my screw-driver here ready."

"One cannot help feeling somewhat reluctant to intrude upon the sacred repose of the dead," said the vicar, addressing his companions. "But in an exceptional case like the present one, where the truth cannot be arrived at by ordinary means, I think we may consider that we are fully justified in taking such a step. Jenkins, you may begin."

All present turned suddenly. They felt, by the quick, keen rush of snow-laden air, that the iron door was being opened by some one from the outside. They turned, to see a black, snow-sprinkled figure, half standing, half crouching, at the entrance to the vault. It was a woman's figure; but the face was hidden, in part by the black hood drawn closely over the head, and part by the white, delicate hands.

"Oh, not too late! say that I am not too late!" It was Lady Spencelaugh's voice, but strangely altered. She staggered forward as she spoke, like one suddenly struck blind, till she stood by the table in the centre of the vault on which rested the little coffin. "Do not touch *that!*" she exclaimed. "It contains not what you seek—what it does contain matters not. I confess everything. Arthur Spencelaugh did not die. I sent him away to White Grange, from which place he was taken to America by the Kreefes. I wanted the title and estates for my own son. I have carried the wretched secret about with me for twenty years, only to have it wrenched from me at the moment the reward seemed in my grasp. Pardon me—pity me, if you will. I care not. I only ask to die—to die—to die!"

As the last words came almost inaudibly from her lips, she sank in a dead faint on the floor of the vault. Mr. Greenhough ran to support her; and then, with the assistance of the other gentlemen, she was carried out, and through the churchyard, and into the vestry. Scarcely had they got there with their burden, when Mrs. Winch made her appearance. That faithful retainer, having left Lady Spencelaugh for a few minutes, and missing her when she returned, had divined, as by instinct, whither her ladyship had gone, and had at once hurried after her. Finding, after a time, that Lady Spencelaugh showed signs of returning consciousness, the gentlemen left her to the care of the landlady, with a promise to send a carriage down from the Hall.

"Cheer up, my lady," whispered Mrs. Winch, reassuringly in the ear of the prostrate woman, whose head lay on her shoulder. "All is not lost, even after what you have told them. The game is still our own. You remember the words of the telegram: 'The Ocean Child has foundered with all on board.' Nothing can keep Mr. Gaston out of the title and the estates; and, for his sake, what you have said to-night will be hushed up and forgotten."

(To be continued.)

The Freemasons and the Pope.

Our Antwerp brethren, in their letter to the Pope, thus write:

"Liberty, equality, solidarity, not realized by the sword and by blood, but peacefully carried out in the bosom of a progressive society—such is our aim. It is so great, so truly human, that no one, be he whom he may, who bears the name of man, can view it with aversion. We desire to make men greater in dignity and in happiness. Is this not an ideal which must be inviting to all, whatever their religion or their especial philosophy?

"Freemasonry is above all religions and all systems of philosophy, because it accepts them all, in so far as they are willing to concur in rendering men better and more worthy. But whenever a religion, departing from this social mission, declares itself as a truth superior to humanity, and pretends to be anything but an instrument of progress, perfectible by the hand of sovereign man, it is our duty to declare that this religion places itself outside the pale of humanity, and that human reason ought to reject it.

"Such is the danger, most Holy Father, you cause the religion you represent once more to run."

What came of a Valentine, or the Poor Sempstress.

On the evening of the 13th of February, 1850, two young men sat in a comfortably furnished room in a New York boarding house. A bright fire glowed in the grate, well chosen engravings adorned the walls, and a bright light was diffused about the room from an Argand burner.

Let me introduce the occupants of the apartment as Tom Stacy and John Wilbur, young men of twenty-five, or thereabouts, who were known in business circles as Stacy & Wilbur, retail dry goods dealers, No. —, Broadway. They had not been in business long, but were already doing unusally well. They had taken apartments together, one of which is now presented to the reader.

"Has it occurred to you, Wilbur," asked his partner, removing his cigar and knocking away the ashes, "that to-morrow is St. Valentine's day?"

"Yes; I thought of it this afternoon, as I was walking up from the store."

"So did I, and to some purpose, too, as I will show you."

Tom Stacy went to a drawer and drew out a gorgeous valentine, an elaborate combination of hearts, doves, &c.

"What do you think I gave for that?" he asked.

"I don't know, I'm sure. It appears to be very elegant."

"It cost me ten dollars."

"Whew!" whistled Wilbur. "It strikes me you are either very extravagant or very devoted. May I know what fair damsel is to be made glad by the receipt of this elegant missive?"

"That's my secret," said Tom, laughing. "I don't mind telling you, however. It's to go to Edith Castleton."

"I presume you feel particularly interested in the young lady?"

"Not at all. But I told her I would send her a valentine, *et la roto!* Shan't you conform to the custom of the day?"

"I had not thought of it," said John, thoughtfully; "but I believe I will."

"And what fair lady will you select as the recipient?"

"You remember the poor sempstress who occupies an attic in the house?"

"Yes; I have met her on the steps two or three times."

"She looks as if times were hard with her. I think I will send her a valentine."

"And what good do you think it will do her?" asked Stacy, in surprise.

"Wait till you see the kind of valentine I will send."

Wilbur went to his desk, and taking out a sheet of paper, drew from his portmonnaie a ten dollar bill, wrapped it in the paper, on which he had previously written "From St. Valentine," and placed the whole in an envelope.

"There," said he, "my valentine has cost as much as yours, and I venture to say it will be as welcome."

"You are right. I wish now I had not bought this costly trifle. However, as it is purchased I will send it."

The next day dawned clear and frosty. It was lively enough for those who sat by comfortable fires and dined at luxurious tables, but for the poor who shared none of these advantages it was indeed a bitter day.

In an attic room, meanly furnished, sat a young girl, pale and thin. She was cowering over a scanty wood fire, the best she could afford, which heated the room very insufficiently. She was sewing steadily, shivering from time to time as the cold blast shook the window, and found its way through the crevices.

Poor child! Life had a very black aspect for her on that winter day. She was alone in the world. There was absolutely no one on whom she could call for assistance, though she needed it sorely enough. The thought came to her more than once in her discomfort, "Is it worth while living any longer?" But she recoiled from the sin of suicide. She might starve to death, but she would not take the life that God had given her.

Plunged in gloomy thought she continued to work. All at once a step was heard ascending the staircase which led to her room. Then there was a knock at the door. She arose in some surprise, and opened it, thinking it must be the landlady or one of the servants.

She was right; it was a servant.

"Here's a letter for you that the post boy just brought, Miss Morris."

"A letter for me!" repeated Helen Morris, in surprise, taking it from the servant's hand. "Who can have written to me?"

"Maybe it's a valentine, Miss," said the girl, laughing. "You know this is Valentine's day. More by token, I've got two myself this morning. One's a karakter (caricature), as mistress calls it. Just look at it."

Bridget displayed a highly embellished pictorial representation of a female hard at work at the wash-tub, the cast of beauty being decidedly Hibernian.

Helen Morris laughed absently, but did not open her letter while Bridget remained, a little to the disappointment of that curious damsel.

Helen slowly opened the envelope. A bank note for ten dollars dropped from it on the floor.

She eagerly read the few words on the paper: "From St. Valentine."

"Heaven be praised!" she said, folding her hands gratefully. "This sum will enable me to carry out the plan which I had in view."

Eight years passed away. Eight years with their lights and shadows, their joys and sorrows. They brought with them the merry voices of children, they brought with them new made graves, happiness to some and grief to others.

Towards the last they brought the great commercial crisis of '57, when houses that seemed built upon a rock tottered all at once to their fall. Do not many remember that time all too well, when merchants with anxious faces ran from one to another to solicit help, and met only averted faces and distrustful looks? And how was it in that time of universal famine with our friends, Stacy & Wilbur?

Up to 1857 they had been doing an excellent business. They had gradually enlarged the sphere of their operations, and were rapidly growing rich, when the crash came.

They immediately took in sail. Both were prudent, and both felt that now was the time that this quality was urgently needed.

By great efforts they had succeeded in keeping up until the 14th of February, 1858. On that morning a note of two thousand dollars came due. This was their last peril. That surmounted, they would be able to go on with assured confidence.

But this, alas! this was the rock on which they had the most apprehension. They had taxed their resources to the utmost. They had called upon their friends, but their friends were employed in taking care of themselves, and the selfish policy was the one required then.

"Look out for number one," superseded the golden rule for the time being.

As I have said, two thousand dollars were due on the 14th of February.

"How much have you got towards it?" asked Wilbur, as Stacy came in at half-past eleven.

"Three hundred and seventy-five dollars," was the dispirited reply.

"Was that all you could raise?" inquired his partner, turning pale. "Are you sure you thought of everybody?"

"I have been everywhere. I'm fagged to death," was the weary reply of Stacy, as he sank exhausted into a chair.

"Then the crash must come!" said Wilbur, with a gloomy resignation.

"I suppose it must."

There was a silence. Neither felt inclined to say anything. For six months they had been struggling with the tide. They could see the shore, but in sight of it they must go down.

At this moment a note was brought in by a boy. There was no post-mark. Evidently he was a special messenger.

It was opened at once by Mr. Wilbur, to whom it was addressed. It contained these words only:

"If Mr. John Wilbur will call immediately at No. —, Fifth avenue, he will learn something to his great advantage."

There was no signature.

John Wilbur read it with surprise, and passed it to his partner. "What does it mean, do you think?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "but I advise you to go at once."

"It seems to be in a feminine hand writing," said Wilbur, thoughtfully.

"Yes. Do you know any lady on Fifth avenue?"

"None."

"Well, it is worth noticing. We have met with so little to our advantage lately, that it will be a refreshing variety."

In five minutes John Wilbur had jumped into a horse-car, and was on his way to No. —, Fifth avenue.

He walked up to the door of a magnificent brown stone house and rang the bell. He was instantly admitted, and shown into the drawing-room, superbly furnished.

He did not have to wait long. An elegantly dressed lady, scarcely thirty, entered, and bowing said,

"You do not remember me, Mr. Wilbur?"

"No, madam," said he, in perplexity.

"We will waive that, then, and proceed to business. How has your house borne the crisis in which so many of our large firms have gone down?"

John Wilbur smiled bitterly.

"We have struggled successfully till to-day," he answered. "But the end has come. Unless we can raise a certain sum of money by two, we are ruined."

"What sum will save you?" was the lady's question.

"The note due is two thousand dollars. Towards this we have but three hundred and seventy-five."

"Excuse me a moment," said the hostess. She left the room, but quickly returned.

"There," said she, handing a small strip of paper to John Wilbur, "is my check for two thousand dollars. You can repay it at your convenience. If you should require more, come to me again."

"Madam, you have saved us!" exclaimed Wilbur, springing to his feet in delight. "What can have inspired in you such a benevolent interest in our prosperity?"

"Do you remember, Mr. Wilbur," said the lady, "a certain valentine containing a ten dollar note, which you sent to a young girl occupying an attic room in your lodging-house eight years ago?"

"I do, distinctly. I have often wondered what became of the young girl."

"She stands before you!" was the quiet response.

"You, Helen Morris!" exclaimed Wilbur, starting back in amazement. "You, surrounded with luxury?"

"No wonder you are surprised. Life has strange contrasts. The money which you sent me seemed to come from God. I was on the brink of despair, and made application for the post of companion to a wealthy lady. I fortunately obtained it. I had been with her but two years when a gentleman in her circle, immensely rich, offered me his hand in marriage. I esteemed him. He was satisfied with that. I married him. A year since he died, leaving me this house and an immense fortune. I have never forgotten you, having accidentally learned that my timely succor came from you. I resolved, if fortune ever put it in my power, I would befriend you as you befriended me. That time has come. I have paid the first installment of my debt. Helen Eustace remembers the obligations of Helen Morris."

John Wilbur advanced and respectfully took her hand. "You have nobly repaid me," he said. "Will you also award me the privilege of occasionally calling upon you?"

"I shall be most happy," said Mrs. Eustice, cordially.

John took a hurried leave, and returned to his store as the clock struck one. He showed his delighted partner the check which he had just received. "I haven't time to explain," he said; "this must at once be cashed."

Two o'clock came, and the firm was saved—saved from their last peril. Henceforth they met with nothing but prosperous gales.

What more?

Helen Eustice has again changed her name. She is now Helen Wilbur, and her husband lives at No. —, Fifth avenue.

And all this came of a valentine.

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

Alexander T. Stewart.—A young lady whose acquaintance he had made, said to him, on the day preceding the opening of his store, "You must not sell anything on the morrow till I come and make the first purchase; for I will bring luck." True to her promise, she drove up in her carriage early in the day, and purchased goods to nearly two hundred dollars in value, principally of Irish laces. Long years passed; the lady married and removed with her husband to a European city. Mr. Stewart was in that city on business, and there learnt that his first customer was still living, but in very reduced circumstances. Her husband was dead, but before his death had squandered her fortune. Procuring good apartments, he caused them to be furnished in a style corresponding with her former position in life. Then calling upon her and renewing his acquaintance, and after conversing on old times and former friends, asked her to take a drive with him around the city in his carriage, which stood at the door. After looking at some objects of interest he took her to the new residence, saying, "This, if it meets your approbation, is your future home." He settled an annuity upon her, and during the residue of her life she lived not only in comfort but in comparative affluence, supported entirely by his bounty. Truly, if she brought luck to the young merchant, the first morning's purchase was a lucky one for her.

But there was another incident connected with the sales of merchandise on that first day of far more importance in its results, though apparently trifling in its character. One of the clerks stated to a purchaser that a piece of calico was of a certain quality, that the colors were "fast" and would not wash out, and if not so, the article would be taken back and the money returned. The remarks were overheard by Mr. Stewart, and he called the clerk to him and spoke with indignation: "What do you mean by thus saying what you know to be untrue?" The clerk, perhaps astonished at thus being called to account, replied that the woman would not return the goods, and if she did she could easily be put off by stating that she must be mistaken, and the purchase must have been made at some other store. But no; that was not the point. A lie had been told to induce a purchase; and no goods must be sold in his store or in his name under any misrepresentation whatever. The clerk could conform to that rule or at once vacate his place. This interview between him and one of his first clerks was narrated to the writer a few years since, when in a familiar conversation the direct question was asked: "To what do you attribute your great success as a merchant?" "That I have conducted my business from the first on the basis of *truth*. *Truth*, *truth*," he added, with great emphasis, "is the talismanic word; and if I have any one earthly wish or desire greater than another, it is that in this respect my example may be commended and followed by young men entering into business, and especially by young merchants."

There is in his business one price for all. From this fixed price no person employed is permitted to depart; and every purchaser of merchandise, whether of the value of shillings or of tens of thousands of dollars, gets the precise articles sold. No deceit or misrepresentation as to the condition or quality of the goods is tolerated.

* * * * * *

A few years ago, when there was a famine there, he adopted a course unique and perfect in itself, and illustrating one of the peculiar characteristics of the man. First, he sought for a ship to charter. A British vessel was offered and refused; he wanted a ship of his own country, an American ship. Such a one was found, new, in fine order, with an American captain and an American crew, and was at once chartered. He then sat down and ascertained the amount of the fortune which he brought from Ireland, and added the interest thereto, and there was a very considerable sum of money which he considered he owed to Ireland, and he resolved to pay the debt. The vessel was loaded entirely by him with both necessary and costly provisions, and with the American flag floating proudly at the fore, entered the harbor of Belfast. It was one of America's contributions to Ireland, and was so intended by the giver. The arrival of that vessel and the distribution of the valuable cargo among the suffering poor produced, as may well be imagined, a profound impression. An ovation yet awaits the donor, should he ever afford the warm-hearted people of his native land the opportunity to give him an Irish welcome.

But the enterprise was not yet complete. The agent at Belfast was directed to advertise for young men and women who desired to go to America, and a free passage was given to as many as the vessel could carry, the only requirement being that each applicant should be of good moral character, and able to read and write. A circular was issued by Mr. Stewart himself, and sent to his numerous friends, stating the fact that he expected a large number of young people, and asking employment for them. When the vessel reached the harbor of New York places had been found for almost every one of the new emigrants. The circle was then complete. It was a thorough and finished work.—*Harper's Monthly.*

Family Circle.

THE LITTLE LIE-A-BED.

Andy is an idler, loves to lie in bed;
Go and pull the pillow from beneath his head:
Pull the sheet and blanket from his sleepy eyes:
See, the sun is shining! Lazy-bones, arise!

While in stupid snoozing you are lying here,
We, our shovels using, make the sidewalk clear;
With our sleds and baskets we take off the snow,
Till our cheeks and fingers are all in a glow.

Breakfast now is ready, yet in bed you lie;
Oh, you little sluggard! see, the sun is high!
We have learned our lessons, we've had work and play,
We've got health and wisdom from the new-born day.

OLD FRIENDS.

The old, old friends!
Some changed; some buried; some gone out of sight!
Some enemies, and in the world's swift flight
No time to make amends.

The old, old friends—
Where are they? Three are lying in one grave;
And one from the far-off world on the daily wave
No loving messenger sends.

The old, dear friends!
One passes daily; and one wears a mask;
Another, long estranged, cares not to ask
Where causeless anger ends.

The dear old friends,
So many and so fond in days of youth!
Alas! that Faith can be divorced from Truth,
When love in severance ends.

The old, old friends!
They hover round me still in evening shades;
Surely they shall return when sunlight fades,
And life on God depends.

Home and Music.—Music combines in happiest proportions instruction and pleasure, standing at the head of the home evening enjoyments. What a never-failing resource have those homes which God has blessed with the gift! How many pleasant fairy circles gather nightly about the piano! How many a home is vocal with the voice of song or psalm! In other times the father violed the domestic harmony, and sons, with the clarionet, or flute, or manly voice, and daughters sweetly and clearly filling in the intervals of sound, made joyful noise! There was then no piano—to the house of this generation, the great, the universal boon and comforter. One pauses and blesses it, as he hears it through the open farm house window, or detects its sweetness stealing out amid the jargons of the city—an angel's benison upon a wilderness of discord, soothing the weary brain, lifting the troubled spirit, pouring fresh strength into the body, waking to worship or lulling to rest. Touched by the hand we love—a mother, sister, wife—is it not a ministrant of love to the child, to man—a household deity, now meeting our moods, answering to our deeds, sinking to depths we cannot fathom, rising to heights we cannot reach, leading, guiding, great and grand and good, and now stooping to our lower wants, the frolic of our souls reveberating from its keys? The home that has a piano, what a capacity for evening pleasure and profit has it! Alas! that so many wives and mothers should speak of their ability to play as an accomplishment of the past, and that children should grow up looking on the piano as a thing unwisely kept for company and show.

The Cure of the Drunkard.—A man long noted for intemperate habits was induced by the Rev. John Abbott to sign the pledge "in his own way," which he did in these words: "I pledge myself to drink no intoxicating drinks for one year." Few believed he could keep it; but, near the end of the year, he again appeared at a temperance meeting, without once having touched a drop.

"Are you not going to sign again?" asked Mr. Abbott.

"Yes," replied he, "if I can do it in my own way;" and accordingly he wrote: "I sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and if I live to that time, I intend to take out a life-lease."

A few days after he called upon the tavern-keeper, who welcomed him back to his old haunt.

"Oh, landlord!" said he, as if in pain, "I have such a lump on my side!"

"That's because you've stopped drinking," said the landlord. "You won't live long if you keep on."

"Will drink take the lump away?"

"Yes: and if you don't drink, you'll soon have a lump on the other side. "Come, let's drink together;" and he poured out two glasses of whiskey.

"I guess I won't drink," said the former inebriate, "especially if keeping the pledge will bring another lump; for it isn't very hard to bear, after all;" and with this he drew the *lump*—a roll of greenbacks—from his side pocket, and walked off, leaving the landlord to his reflections.

What the Heart Is.—The heart is like a plant in the tropics, which all the year round is bearing flowers, and ripening seeds, and letting them fly. It is shaking off memories and dropping associations. The joys of last year are ripe seeds, that will come up in joys again next year. Thus the heart is planting seeds in every nook and corner; and as a wind which serves to prostrate a plant is only a sower coming forth to sow its seeds, planting some of them in rocky crevices, some by river courses, some among mossy stones, some by warm hedges, and some in garden and open field, so it is with our experiences of life, that sway and blow us either with joy or sorrow. They plant everything round about us with heart seeds. Thus a house becomes sacred. Every room hath a memory, and a thousand of them; every door and window is clustered with associations.

A King in his Old Age.—When a young lion reaches the age of two years he is able to strangle or pull down a horse or an ox; and so he continues to grow and increase in strength till he reaches his eight year, and his talons, teeth and mind are perfect, and he grows no more. For twenty years after he arrives at maturity his fangs and talons show no signs of decay; but after that he gradually becomes feeble; his teeth fail him, and he grows "cubbish." He is no longer a match for the tremendous buffalo; he is over-matched even by the peaceful ox, so he prowls around the cattle krawls, and snatches a lamb or a kid, just as he did when he set out with his parents, nearly thirty years before. A woman or a child at night shares the same fate. His strength and sight now decline more and more, till the mighty lion grows lean and mangy, and crawls about from place to place, eating any offal he can pick up, and despising not even so small an animal as the field mouse; so he starves and dies, or is fallen on and slaughtered by a few cowardly hyenas; or discovered unable to move beneath a tree, and knocked on the head by some wandering hunter.

Marriage.—Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of present enjoyment. She quits her home and her parents, her companions, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, and for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided—the sister to whom she has dared to impart the embryo thought and feeling—the brother who has played with her, by turns the counselor, and the younger children to whom she has hitherto been the mother and playmate, are all to be forsaken at one fell stroke; every former tie is loosened, the spring of action is changed, and she flies with joy in the untrodden paths before her; buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life which is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation to the happiness to come. Then woe to the man who can blight such fair hopes—who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyments and watchful protection of home—who can, coward-like, break the illusions which have won her, and destroyed the confidence which love had inspired. Woe to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline in which she has been nurtured, and yet makes no effort to supply their places; for him is the responsibility of her errors on him who first taught her, by example, to grow careless of her duty, and then exposed her, with a weakened spirit and unsatisfied heart, to the wild temptations of a sinful world.

Funeral of a Bee.—A correspondent of Glasgow transmits the following: "On Sunday morning last I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting ceremony which I desire to record for the benefit of your readers. While walking near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing with them the defunct body of a comrade, with which they flew for a distance of twelve yards. We followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk—the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downward, to the earth—and the solicitude with which they afterwards pushed against it two little stones, doubtless "in memoriam." Their task being ended, they paused for about a minute, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, and then they flew away to their hive."

A True Gentleman.—In an old manor house in Gloucestershire, England, may be found the following sketch or portrait of a true gentleman, written, framed, and hung over the mantle-piece of a tapestried sitting-room:

"The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; virtue is his business, study his recreation; contentment his rest, and happiness his reward; God is his father, the Church is his mother, the saints his brethren; all that need him his friends, devotion his chaplain, charity his chamberlain, sobriety his butler, temperance his cook, hospitality his housekeeper, providence his steward, charity his treasure, piety his mistress of the house, and discretion his porter, to let him in and out most fit. Thus his whole family is made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a man and a Christian."

BE TRUE.

Thou must be true thyself
  If thou the truth would'st teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
  Another's soul would'st reach;
It needs the overflow of hearts
  To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
  Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
  Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
  A great and noble creed.

The National Freemason.

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John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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To Templars.—We design, in four or five weeks, presenting a full account and illustration of the Constantine and other crosses, showing what was the true Constantine Cross. Commanderies wishing extra copies should order them in time. Indeed every eminent Commander should order a copy for each Sir Knight. There will be only the number printed to supply regular subscribers and fill orders in advance.

A Serious Question Answered.

A brother asks if our views of Freemasonry would not interfere with personal prosperity, family interests, the success of a political party and of a church, and with efficient patriotism.

Yes, Freemasonry does interfere with all personal prosperity secured by overreaching and deceiving another, ignoring his existence, and *selfishly* seeking his own gratification. True self-love teaches that whatever is secured for ourselves, at the expense of others, is not any real addition to a valuable estate or reputation. Men who gamble, defraud, speculate and secure wealth by indirection—what is their end, even as men of property? Their wealth does not remain with them during their own generation; they usually die poor.

So also Masonic doctrine interferes with all family prosperity secured with injury to other families, or by a forgetfulness that there are other families in the land. A brother, in providing the best education for his own family, would do well, according to his ability, to provide the same for all the families of his own neighborhood. Such are the relations of his local community to him, that other children and families, by their example and intercourse, educate his family in virtue or vice. However *we* may be prone to forget that we are all of one family, our daily lessons painfully teach it. Carlyle quaintly suggested this by the poor woman who went about the streets and lanes of Edinburgh, asking for shelter and care; but the selfish families turned her away, saying: "*She is no sister of ours.*" Their neglect exposed her to a loathsome disease, which spread all over their neighborhoods, and swept them and their children away. Painfully did she teach them that "*she was, indeed, a sister of theirs.*"

So also does Masonic instruction interfere with the success of a political party or church secured by fraud, deceit, imposition upon the people, the sacrifice of the public good for party ends, or prosecuted and maintained except for political or religious truth, or the worship and love of God and charity to man. All in these parties and churches inconsistent with these views or opposed to them are in antagonism to Freemasonry.

So also of one's country. It does not interfere with genuine, real patriotism—with that seeking the greatest possible mental, moral, religious and physical cultivation. But it does interfere with much that is called patriotism—with that patriotism that seeks glory on the battle-field, at the expense of national justice and national integrity; that attacks another nation, because feebler; that is not as jealous of the rights of another nation as of its own; and that regards not war as so great a calamity as to be entered upon only when all other methods have failed and in defense of the very existence of a nation, fearing to multiply widows and orphans, augment poverty, and suffering, and vice; regarding the victorious people in a war often as most accursed in their moral perversions, their renewed indisposition to industry, and the spread of crime. If nations would act upon the Masonic idea of "*the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man,*" regarding the interests of all as constituting one vast family, wars and wrong would cease. The Masonic doctrine, cordially believed and faithfully obeyed, would secure the *millenium* talked of by Christians. It seeks to exorcise the foul spirit of selfishness. to make *all men* love each other as brethren, and bear one another's burdens.

It teaches the notion of patriotism to be untrue requiring the people to limit their efforts to the good of their own country; the notion that charity is a geographical virtue, and that what it is holy and righteous to do for people on one bank of a river, it is quite improper and unnatural to do for people on the other. If Freemasonry, by its own inefficiency and faithlessness, does not secure it, it is no reason why it should not rejoice in all modifications of personal, family, political, ecclesiastical and national selfishness, and labor for more purity within and more success without, in approximating the time when *righteousness, fraternity and truth* shall prevail over the earth.

Love of Approbation—Masonic Lessons.

But the *love of praise* is not wholly wrong, nor unmasonic.

1. The love of approbation is *implanted by God in our nature* and, therefore, it must be there for some good purpose. Every original tendency of the human soul has a legitimate and proper action. It is not there to be repressed and eradicated, but to be directed, educed and purified. The only way, in fact, to prevent its evils and excesses is to give it its just sphere of action. Dr. Spurzheim, the phrenologist, went to visit a school in this country, the teacher of which tried wholly to dispense with emulation. She had no prizes, no rewards of any kind; and she told the doctor so. "Ah," said he, "if a little child does well, and studies hard, you say so, or your face says so — you look pleased at him; and when the other little child does *not* well, you look *not* pleased. And that, I think, may excite emulation. You cannot but have emulation—have a right emulation."

2. Again, the New Testament morality does not support this view—that the *love of praise* is wholly evil. The Apostle John does not condemn the Pharisees, in our text, for loving praise, but for "loving the praise of men *more than the praise of God.*" Paul says, "Provide things honorable in the sight of all men;" and again, "Whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and any praise, think on these things." Paul says that he urged the Macedonians to give freely for the sufferings by famine at Jerusalem by telling them that the Corinthians had been ready a year before; "and your zeal," says he, to the Corinthians, "has provoked many." Still, the New Testament is employed in offering higher motives than this for man's efforts; and if it does not wholly condemn, neither does it often directly recommend, this motive.

3. But a stronger reason to justify the love of approbation is to be found in examining its nature. In its pure and natural state, it has *something of the character of love*, or divine, Masonic charity; for as love seeks an answering love, so this passion longs for the answer of another's approval. It is a desire to hear the echo of our own acts and words—of having an answer to our efforts. To have the assurance that others agree with us, and approve our course, adds an immense strength to our energy. It is not, therefore, wholly selfish; for interest in the cause we serve, and interest in our fellow-men, will equally lead us to enjoy their approbation. When this sentiment is wanting, the character is hard, cold, and too independent.

There is also a GRAIN OF CONSCIENCE in the love of approbation, as well as a grain of love. We seek to be approved always on the ground that we are doing right. It may be, according to a low standard of right; still, it is according to the highest we have. No one ever expected or hoped for the approbation of others for actions purely evil. They must be made to *look* like virtues before they can be approved.

4. And again, this passion, in its legitimate operation, *produces a great amount of good.* As we have intimated, it restrains multitudes from low vice, when no higher motive would reach; for the public opinion of a community always represents its average amount of conscience, and always checks the progress to greater evil. The love of approbation also impels to deeds of real goodness. It animates youth to study and effort; it calls out the latent powers of genius; it has added its power to the motives which have produced the great works of art in all ages. A man wholly destitute of it could not, by any possibility, produce the paintings of Raphael or the sculptures of Phidias. Genius can only work its great wonders while it breathes an atmosphere of known sympathy; and the noblest cathedrals sprang not only from the Masonic artist's thought of beauty and his deep sense of devotion, but also from his conviction that great multitudes would worship, in awe and wonder, beneath its majestic roof and aerial arches. The love of the approbation of the wise and good impels to acts of wisdom and virtue. This sentiment gives polish *to social* life; softens rudeness; is the fountain of all *good* manners; and tends to refine, and thereby purify, all our domestic intercourse.

> Oh! who shall idly say that fame
> Is nothing but an empty name,
> When, thinking of the mighty dead,
> The young from slothful couch will start,
> And swear, with lifted hands outspread,
> Like them to act a noble part?

The question then comes, If the love of approbation tends both to good and to evil, if it may debase or exalt our character, how shall it be restrained and directed?

1. The first rule I would give is to attend to the distinction between the love of approbation and the love of admiration. We seek to be *approved* for some real and good quality, or for something which we, at least, believe to be good; but we seek to be *admired* for superficial or only apparent qualities. Mr. Buckminster says that "the desire of *approbation* may include God among its objects of concern; but the desire of being admired can have no reference to God; for God cannot admire." I add, that the *love of approbation* distinguishes between the persons from whom approval is to come; but the love of *admiration* values equally the *admiration* of all. All incense is grateful to it, and every flattery acceptable. The love of *admiration*, then, is to be always *checked;* but the love of approbation is to be directed to God, and to those who are most like Him here below.

2. The love of approbation should never be a *motive* in the sense of an *end to propose.* We should not act for the sake of being approved; nor should the approbation of others be any rule by which to direct our conduct. We should have a higher end and law than this, always. But it may properly be a motive in the sense of *moving* us—give additional *impetus* to our action. It may add *encouragement* to a purpose formed on higher grounds to know that therein we shall receive the sympathy and approval of the *good.* So

Lord Bacon says, "Fame may be only *causa impulsiva*—the *impelling* cause; and not *causa constituens* or *efficiens*—the directing cause. As if there were two horses, and the one would do better without the spur than the other; but, again, the other with the spur would far exceed the doing of the former, giving him the spur also. And if one should say, '*Tush!* the life of this horse is but in the spur,' it would not be a wise judgment; for, since the ordinary instrument of horsemanship is the spur, and that it is no manner of impediment nor burden, the horse is not to be accounted a bad horse who does better by means of it. So glory and honor are but the spurs of virtue."

3. And again, to make a proper use of this sentiment, it should never become too active; it should occupy this second and lower place. And it may well be kept there by the thought of the small worth and short life of human approval. Those who are always athirst for human praise, whose life depends on the good opinion of their neighbors, are leaning on a very slender reed. The idol of to-day is the object to-morrow of neglect or hatred. Men revenge themselves on those whom they have made too much of, by as unjust a depreciation. Men who are the most admired, honored, caressed and loved, may live to see themselves neglected and cast aside. And, if not, how long do the great men last? Of the great of to-day, some will be remembered ten or twenty years after their death; some, perhaps, a hundred; but how very few so long! Most of us will be forgotten before the stone has mouldered from our tomb. "Oblivion," says Sir Thomas Brown, "is not to be hired. The greatest part of us must be content to be as though we had never been—to be found in the records of God, not in the registers of man." But he who has sought the praise of God, whether he be famous or unknown, is not forgotten by his heavenly Father. He who is "known of God" is known for ever. He whom God approves shall carry with him, in life and death, this praise near to his heart, the sweet support of his soul for ever.

Masonry thus instructs her disciples in their duty and the great principles of human action, in whose philosophy she is sustained by the great Christian law.

Masonic Politeness.

Masonic politeness is better than that of merely fashionable society. It is beyond the art of the Chesterfields. It takes hold of principles that touch and mould the heart. It is, in its broad, generous, divine principles, inspired of the same wisdom from which we receive our natures themselves. "Honor *all men*," "Love thy neighbor as thyself," "Do good *unto all*." Such tuition opens the fountain of true politeness, producing courtesy to all, without reference to wealth or social distinctions, flowing from an inexhaustible affluence of kind feelings, full of grace, disinterested, existing for itself alone, being its own sufficient reward, with every uttered word and look and gesture under the divine law of kindness and grace.

◆

Bro. Bain, the Late Grand Secretary of North Carolina.—The material for the sketch of this lamented brother came after the first number of General Greene's biography was published. It will appear as the next sketch.

◆

We regret to announce the death of our highly esteemed brother, W. A. Chittenden, Past Master of "Peter Williamson" Lodge, No. 323, Scranton, Pa. He died February 10, and was buried with Masonic honors.

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Masonic Literature is full of expressions, not only testifying a vivid sense of the power of nature over man, but showing sympathy with natural things themselves, the especial characteristic of the true love of the works of God.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS, P. G. M.

Non-Affiliation.

Among the questions now being discussed in Grand Masters' addresses and the reports of Correspondence Committees, that of non-affiliation appears to occupy a prominent place, and it is, on all hands, admitted to be one of the sources of danger in the future.

Notwithstanding the importance of this subject, and in spite of all that has been written and printed during the past ten years, there does not appear to have been any general comprehension of the causes leading to the increasing evil of non-affiliation, and with one exception no common sense application of an adequate remedy. Writers generally seem to think that they must surround their propositions with a certain quantity of smoke to excite the admiration of the multitude, and this process seems to obfuscate their own ideas to such an extent that they fail to give us any adequate comprehension of what they would do if they had the power.

The diagnosis of the complaint is, however, a very simple matter, and the remedy, somewhat surgical in its nature, is very easily applied, once we are convinced of its necessity and propriety.

The prime cause of non-affiliation is one for which Lodges themselves are to blame, and is merely an effect which will continue until the cause is removed. This cause is the overcrowding of Lodges with a membership among whom there is no real bond of affection, because the business being transacted by wholesale, individuals are brought together without the slightest inquiry into their personal habits and tastes, and without any regard for that union which ought to distinguish the children of the mystic tie. The leading idea seems to be that a Lodge must have work and plenty of it; this carries with it a necessity for candidates and plenty of them; and hence, a looseness of inquiry fatal to the idea of making each stone fit with such exact nicety that wooden mauls may alone suffice to adjust it. Nevertheless the true aim of the Masonic association is to aggregate men specially selected for their mental and moral qualities, and to afford a bond of union stronger than a three-fold cord and free from the disintegrating influences of the outer world. This requirement cannot be complied with while the present standard of fitness exists and governs. We now seek to ascertain that a candidate has no bad qualities, and rarely, if ever, inquire whether he has any positively good ones. Instead of scrutinizing his tastes, habits, and propensities, as if he were about to marry into our family, we accept his personal appearance and the recommendation of a friend as sufficient guarantee for the most intimate fellowship and participation in our time honored privileges. We hazard nothing in saying that such was not the intention of the Fathers, and they never supposed that Lodges would ever be suffered to grow into such unwieldy proportions that the members should be comparative strangers to each other, and when meeting abroad need the formality of an introduction as a prelude to the ordinary civilities of intercourse between gentlemen.

It is, however, difficult to see how it should be otherwise, when, as is frequently the case, Lodges run up a membership of two, three, and four hundred members, or how is it to be expected that there should be unity or accord of feeling among the masses thus fortuitously thrown together. What follows? Why naturally lukewarmness, then neglect, and then some other attraction provides for total forgetfulness of the Lodge and its duties, and one after another drops off without his absence being noted, until the Secretary, making up his accounts at the close of the term, finds that so many brethren are in arrears for dues; another year, perhaps, rolls around and their number is increased, and the Lodge, to save itself from carrying so much dead weight, strikes them of its roll, and they go to swell the ranks of the non-affiliated. To the individuals this, as a general thing, makes but little difference; they had seen as many degrees conferred as they cared for, and, the conferring of degrees being the staple of Lodge attraction, nothing is left to make them regret the privilege of membership.

More than this, they find little or no difficulty in visiting, whenever they happen to feel like it, because in the too liberal spirit of the day, no one cares to offer censure, or even want of respect to a brother, merely because he has not paid his dues; and so the earnest, zealous, industrious Mason, who pays his dues, attends his Lodge, and discharges the duties of Masonry according to his ability, finds himself on a par with those who neither work nor pay. Bad examples are notably contagious, and thus many a brother is led to imitate those whom he observes to be sipping the honey without in any way aiding in its production.

We see, then, that to avoid the tendency to non-affiliation we must, to a certain extent, restrict the luxuriant growth of our Lodges, make them homesteads instead of mass meetings, and not allow their members to increase beyond the point where all may be well acquainted, and enjoy the meetings as reunions of friends and brothers instead of mere ceremonials, tickling the ears and feasting the eyes, but leaving the heart untouched.

And then the final remedy can be applied with absolute certainty of success. Draw the line of demarcation between the workers and the drones, so that there can be no mistake about it; close your doors without fear or favor against every man who is not in affiliation with some regular Lodge. Let the Mason who voluntarily remains in a state of non-affiliation be regarded as never having been initiated—dead, in fact; and this evil now looming up, with portentous significance, will disappear, if not entirely, at least to such an extent that there will not be enough of unaffiliated Masons to keep each other in countenance.

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The Grand Master of Pennsylvania once said: "I would remark that we have all, under solemn circumstances, pledged ourselves to each other and to Masonry, that we will support the laws, rules and regulations of the Order, and never permit, under any circumstances, an ancient landmark to be removed or obliterated, or an ancient regulation to be disregarded. I fear, brethren, that in this age of excitement and change these solemn promises are not always strictly adhered to. I fear that some of our modern Masonic teachers are in the habit of pointing out a new and what they conceive a better way, and that the altars where our fathers worshiped are no longer considered holy. There seems to be a restless and increasing desire for change, which, if unresisted, will soon remove the last landmark, break down the last arch of the temple, and the world may mourn over the last vestige of Ancient Freemasonry. Whilst one denounces the language and terms employed in our work as coarse and uncouth, others are prepared to prove that some of our most familiar names and phrases are utterly inconsistent with well established principles and rules of modern science.

"I envy no man's literary taste who cannot discover harmony and beauty in our most ancient Masonic records. Ancient events should be chronicled by ancient phraseology. Who would desire to see the sublime melodies of the 'Sweet Singer of Israel,' or the pathetic pastorals of Job, or the divine and lofty strains of the Prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah or Habbakuk, recorded in the flashy and flippant style of a modern romance?"

The "restless" spirit spoken of by Bro. Scott has increased the volume of each degree about four-fold during the last century, and has piled up quotations and added ornaments till the original is out of sight; and he very truly says that, if allowed to have its way, it will in time make such changes that our successors will vote us slow, and so arrange matters that all semblance of the original design will be lost. But, while we consider the man who desires to add to the length of the degrees as anything but friendly to the institution, we are afraid that it would be equally dangerous to put pruning knives in the hands of the multitude, who would soon have things fixed in such shapes that it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to know Masonry from the secret forms of initiation used by the Adepts of Hermes. If we can manage to keep what we have, we shall do well.

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Copestone Chapter.—Last Monday evening we had the pleasure of constituting this new Chapter and installing its officers, in which duty we were ably and courteously assisted by M. E. Comps. Budlong, Gardner, Hoole, Simms, Fichman and Dixon, and ex-Comp. Cowenhoven. After the ceremonies, which included a brief address by the installing officer, the Chapter was closed, and the Companions adjourned to a neighboring apartment, where a symposium was inaugurated and hugely enjoyed. We extend to the Companions our most heartfelt acknowledgments for their genial and hospitable reception.

M. E. J. C. Loughry is High Priest, E. A. O. De Lamere, King, and E. Wm. Jones, Scribe; and the Convocations will be held in the beautiful hall, corner of 34th street and Broadway.

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A Masonic Celebration of the inauguration of Washington as the first President of the American Republic will be held in the great hall of the Cooper Institute on Monday evening next, 4th inst. The exercises will consist of an oration by Washington Goff, on the character of his illustrious namesake, as a citizen, Christian, soldier, hero, sage, President and Freemason; and a musical olio, including four new patriotic songs, written by the orator of the evening. We trust that Comp. Goff may have a full attendance.

Answers to Correspondents.

HAGGAI—We presume that a large edition of the new constitution adopted by the Grand Chapter will be printed, and from what we know of Comp. Fox, Grand Secretary, we feel warranted in saying that it will be done speedily and well. We take it for granted that a number of copies will be sent to each chapter, and we suggest that it would be a good investment for each chapter to have an edition printed for itself and attached to its by-laws. The document is not lengthy and the cost of printing might be lessened by some one getting up a uniform edition, and supplying all the Chapters.

SUSAN AMELIA—Come, girls, don't be making a guy of our gray hairs. You may some of you live to get old yourselves—and then? We cannot accept any more engagements at present. Recollect that we are already in for the Lancers and Caledonians; we know one or two grandmas who will expect us to dance with them, and by the time all that is finished both feet will be blistered, and we shall be laid up. The only way we can think of is, to toss up among yourselves for the chances.

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The Brooklyn Hall.

"The fund for this object is steadily and rapidly increasing, and our brethren on the other side of the ice will soon be in condition to make their Hall more than a name. Meanwhile they are cramped and unjustly burdened by the heavy tax laid on their Lodges by the last Grand Lodge, in the erection of the possible Hall in New York.

"Surely if a locality desires a Hall of its own, it should be suffered to be free of contributions to an object from which it can draw no benefit, either charitable or ostentatious."

We copy the foregoing from the *Era*, to express our regret that it should have escaped the attention of the responsible editor. We are glad to learn that the Brooklyn fund is rapidly increasing, and shall certainly do whatever lies in our power to assist in decorating the sister city with a Masonic Hall worthy of the name. But truth compels us to deny that they are cramped "unjustly," or otherwise, by the tax levied last year by the Grand Lodge. The fact is the tax is upon *initiates* and not upon Lodges. The Lodges are held responsible for its collection from those who may be initiated by them, and it will certainly be their own faults if one dime comes out of their treasuries. They have fair notice that they are expected to assess each candidate three dollars in addition to the usual initiation fee. If they choose rather to pay this amount from their own funds, by what right do they grumble, or why need others scold for them? It is also immensely unfair to say that they should be exempted from contributions to the Hall and Asylum because they can draw no benefits from it. The Hall, when completed, will be the property of the fraternity of the State of New York, and Brooklyn will have just as much right to throw up her cap and rejoice at its completion as New York city or Palmyra. We think we know the Brooklyn brethren better than to suppose that they cannot rejoice in a Masonic success because it does not happen to occur in King's County, and while they may naturally desire to have a Hall of their own, they will not forego the pleasure of contributing their mite to the cause in which the great heart of the craft is enlisted. The proceeds of the Hall are to be devoted as a perpetual endowment for the maintenance of an asylum, where the orphans of some Brooklyn brother may find a home. If but one little child from that city be sheltered, clothed and educated, to go forth to the world as an evidence of practical Masonry, Brooklyn will have greater cause to rejoice than if she should build a dozen halls. Those who are foolish enough to think they can put down the project of building a Hall and Asylum, forget that man proposes, but God disposes. The small beginnings of this enterprise, if they had only been planted by Paul and watered by Apollos, would long since have withered; that they have grown into their present proportions, and that the final success is now so nearly accomplished, it because the Supreme Architect has blessed the work. With his blessing it will continue to prosper, and those who hope to impede it by misrepresentation and disingenuous slurs, will have done an unworthy labor in a bad cause for no profit.

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ST. CECILE LODGE.—This Lodge, as most of our readers are aware, is composed of musical artists, and it is, we are happy to say, making commendable progress under the able guidance of its present accomplished Master, W. Geo. F. Illsley. Next Tuesday it is proposed to confer the Master's degree, with appropriate music, which has been specially arranged for the occasion. Those who have time to be present will undoubtedly enjoy a rare treat.

HONORARIUM.—At the last meeting of Altair Lodge, No. 601, its Past Master, W. Peter M. Borland, was presented with a most valuable and exquisitely wrought jewel, as an evidence of the great appreciation entertained for him by his brethren. The presentation address was made by W. Bro. Marvin. We happen to know that in this case the honor was richly merited; that, in fact, no consideration of mere value could be entertained in comparison with the zealous labors of Bro. Borland. We are happy to believe that the testimonial receives its greatest value in the eyes of the recipient from the fact that it is the embodiment of the love of his brethren.

This Lodge is having its full share of the rushing tide of popularity now leaning towards the craft; if they succeed in confining their membership to such men as Borland, Farrington, Marvin and the like, they will enjoy a proud and successful career.

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On the memorable 16th June, 1815, at the moment when the allied army commenced a retrograde movement, a Scotch field officer, who had been seriously wounded in the affair of Quatre Bras, was left on the field of battle. Trampled on by the French cavalry, he thought but of death, when he perceived our patrols, who came to succor the wounded. Rallying the little strength that remained, he endeavored to raise himself on his knees, and at all hazards, and in a faint voice, he called on the brethren for aid. Notwithstanding the darkness, the feebleness of his voice in its piteousness, he attracted the attention of a French surgeon, who, recognizing in him a brother, hastened to his aid. His wounds were numerous—the means of transport insufficient—necessity made our compatriot brother vigorous. He first dressed those wounds which presented the most formidable danger, and then raised and carried him to the sick quarters—placed him on his own pallet—watched by his side—directed him to be conveyed to Valenciennes, where he was warmly recommended to his friends, from whom the officer received the kindest attention, and by whose care he was completely restored to health.—*Clavel's Masonry.*

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REMEMBER that the Eastern Star reception, given by the ladies in attendance at the Masonic Fair, and the proceeds of which are to be given to the Hall and Asylum Fund, takes place at Irving Hall on the 7th inst. Bro. Harrison gives the use of the hall; Bro. Wallace the music. The other expenses are nominal. If, therefore, there be a fair attendance, a handsome addition to the Fund will ensue. Let us all go.

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ADHERENCE to the ancient Landmarks and the established forms and ceremonies of the Order, are essential to its preservation and universality; when we depart from them and encourage a spirit of innovation, the institution will, in a short time, cease to exist.

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[Correspondents will look here for notices of their communications.—R. MCMURDY.]

Replies to Letters and Inquiries of Correspondents.

A. G. O.—We take a brother from any part of the country in the Mutual Relief Association. He must state his age, place of birth, kind of business, place of business, exact residence, and send a certificate from a Master of a Lodge that he is in reasonable health and able to earn a livelihood. The six dollars initiation fee must be sent at his own risk. Nothing more is to be paid until a brother dies, when he pays one dollar and ten cents.

Your poetry will be handed over to our poetical critic, to measure its feet.

SCALLOP-SHELL.—A staff, scrip and wallet, and an escallop-shell in the hat, are signs of a pilgrim.

No symbol of pilgrimage is better known than the scallop-shell, so that no modern artist would think of representing a pilgrim without this appurtenance, and as it is a sufficient emblem of the pilgrim, he is very often represented by this only.

PENNSYLVANIA.—There is general jurisprudence and there is local jurisprudence. There are decisions which are the same in all parts of the world. There are some peculiarly American, and there are others that are peculiar to one or more jurisdictions.

1. Charges must be made in open Lodge, at a stated communication, by a brother in good standing—usually, not necessarily, by the Junior Warden—stating specifically the offense, its time and place of commission, and, even if presented by the Junior Warden, must be signed by the accuser. The Lodge, having heard the charges, must decide whether the accused shall be put upon trial. The Master appoints the committee or commission, which must not embrace the accuser.

The Secretary must then furnish the accused with a copy of the charges, under the seal of the Lodge, appointing time and place for him to appear with his witnesses. A reasonable time must be allowed the accused for preparation for trial. Ten days is the usual time, when the accused resides in the place where the Lodge is held. Longer time is allowed when it is deemed necessary.

2. Because a brother is accused, it is no reason why he should not attend his Lodge. It is an outrage to exclude him from the Lodge when his own case is being considered. The Grand Master should suspend any Lodge that prevents a brother having a fair trial and meeting his accusers face to face.

The committee must notify the accused of their verdict, and that the commission will present their conclusion at the next stated meeting of the Lodge. The defendant has a *Masonic right* to be there and to be heard. Before taking the vote, the accused and accuser are directed to retire, and the Lodge finally passes upon the case.

3. While an accused brother is not thereby debarred from the usual rights of membership, he cannot dimit while the charges are pending, nor during the pendency of an appeal.

4. The constitution of your jurisdiction, Pennsylvania, specifies that appeals must be in writing and filed with the Grand Secretary, the appellant giving notice to the appellee, at least ten days, if within three miles of the place of meeting of the Grand Lodge, and twenty days if beyond that distance, before proceedings can be had thereon. In your jurisdiction no definite period is fixed in which an appeal to the Grand Lodge must be taken.

ORIENT means the East. The locality of a Lodge is called its Orient. The seat of the Grand Lodge is called the Grand Orient. This term is used because in Masonry the East is the seat of light and authority. It is the station of the Master.

FREEMASONRY IN COURT.—1807, Alexander Seton was D. G. Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Ireland. Another brother was elected. Seton refused to give up the books and other property of the Grand Lodge. He was then expelled, and notice thereof published to the craft. Seton sued the new Grand Secretary for defamation, laying his damages at £2,000. The case was argued, and the court decided against Seton, declaring that Freemasons could publish their expulsions. Our brother, who is a lawyer, can apply this case.

HELVETIUS:—Helvetius, author of "*De l'Esprit*," was a Mason and the founder of a Lodge at Paris. The "Biographie Universelle" speaks thus of Frederick the Great and Helvetius:

"En. 1764, sur les instances de Frédéric il partit pour la Prusse. Le monarque le logea dans son palais, et l'admit à sa table. Il aimait la personne d'Helvetius et estimait son admirable caractère."

This means that the monarch received Helvetius at his palace, and loved his person and esteemed his character. Madame Helvetius was an ardent propagatress of the Adoptive Rites.

EUREKA.—The Master of the Lodge not only superintends the work of the Lodge, but he governs it. His decisions cannot be appealed from, nor protested against. He is amenable for his conduct to the Grand Lodge alone, and not to the members of his Lodge. If an appeal were proposed, he should refuse to put the question. The aggrieved member must seek for redress from the Grand Lodge. The Master of your Lodge has control also of the minutes, to see that nothing improper is recorded, and that nothing essential to a fair record is omitted. Protests are out of order in your Lodge, and your Master did right to exclude them from the record.

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Leopold of Belgium, the famous Royal Freemason, and the astute ruler, twenty years ago averted rebellion and trouble by becoming a father to his people. Why cannot the English government make some paternal exhibitions towards ill fated Ireland?

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The *Commonwealth* (Wisconsin) pronounces the NATIONAL FREEMASON—

"*The most complete publication of the kind we have yet seen.*"

The *Commercial* (Georgia) says:

"The NATIONAL FREEMASON is an invaluable paper, full of Masonic information interesting to a Mason's family, and its literary articles of the highest character."

The Twenty-second of February.

[A Legal Holiday—Trinity—Newark, N. J.—St. John's Lodge—An Old Bible—Address.]

This is a legal holiday in New York and other States, and never was so generally observed by the people as this year. Business was suspended, many churches were opened and the "Farewell Address" was read in them. National salutes were fired at sunrise, noon and sunset, and Trinity chimes rang out gleefully. It is meet that Trinity Parish should ring her bells, present her best music and read the Address, for of this parish was General Washington a faithful and devout worshiper when in or near New York, and Masonic visiters to our city should see St. Paul's, near the Astor House, one of the very few remaining memories of Washington's day.

Several Lodges in New York and vicinity remembered the day. We regretted that a previous engagement prevented our acceptance of the cordial and kind invitations to assist in the dedication of the New Masonic Hall at Hartford, Conn., or to participate in the festivities of the Independent Royal Arch, N. Y. city.

We spent an agreeable evening at Newark, N. J., by special invitation of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, through their committee, Bros. Wilcox, Lord and Camp. Before the opening of the Lodge, the Secretary and Past Master Wiloox placed before us a copy of the Holy Bible of Beck & Tyndall, printed in the reign of King Edward the Sixth, A. D. 1549. It is now 318 years old.

We were interested in examining the unaltered records of St. John's Lodge, extending back to May 13, 1761. Here also are the jewels which were used in making Lafayette a Mason, and worn when General Washington was a visiter to this Lodge.

Well may this Lodge proudly keep up an annual celebration of the birth of our Washington. *It was the first society of any kind to celebrate the event.*

The Lodge was opened upon the third degree, the Tyler being first called in and catechised as to his duty. We made the prayer, which was followed by an address from Bro. Dr. Grant, which was impressively read. Bro. Grant considered Washington as a Mason in whom dwelt the Masonic virtues. Bro. Grant gave a review of General Washington's Lodge life and his public Masonic acts, and then said:

> Never was our fundamental principle of justice more beautifully or perfectly realized by man. Every foot of his wall was built in the rigid conformity to the square and plummet. You may trace the principle in all his private accounts. To be in debt was, in his judgment, to be in slavery—a slavery to which no Freemason could be honorably subjected. For years his books were kept by his own hands in the most beautified style of neatness and punctuality. He maintained a most perfect oversight of his own business, detecting any mismanagement or carelessness in others, and habitually choosing never to rely upon others to do that which he could do for himself. In his management of public trusts during the whole eight years' campaign of the Revolution, he kept an exact account of all expenditure in the public service, and exhibited them in his own handwriting to Congress at the close of the war; not only refusing any remuneration for the services he had performed, but faithfully declaring himself largely a willing loser in amounts of his private funds which had been expended in the public service.
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> Nor was he less distinguished by one other great principle—*charity*, which wrought in beneficence to the needy, in forgiveness to the penitent, in the kindest and most liberal construction of the motives and characters of other men, in the strongest emotions of private friendship, and in the perfect toleration of the religious conscience of mankind.
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> But what is this charity which is so conspicuous in the Masonic ritual? It is not simply benefactions to the poor, nor alone the care and support of some widow of a deceased brother. These are great duties, but not all of it. It is the recognition of the good in humanity, the belief that deep down in the human heart, perhaps covered all over with meannesses, passions and hateful lusts, God's image rests, and that it may be brought out to shine; that the meanest in existence has an element of good in him; that even in that worst of all wretches, that assassin of character, the slanderer, who lurks about the altars of society to defile and destroy by his poisonous breath—that even in his wicked heart may be found some trace of good.
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> The etymology of the word implies care, tenderness, sympathy. Charity suffereth long, and is kind. It is never extinguished in the heart of the good. How inexpressibly touching is the faith that has been displayed by many explorers in their followers.

Bro. Grant thus beautifully alluded to our heroic brother, the late Dr. Kane:

> The whole history of Doctor Kane, in his Arctic explorations, is but the credited faith that his men were true and courageous; that this belief did not leave him when mutiny threatened to destroy the expedition. He shot at the deserter who, tired of the hard fare and stern discipline of the ship, deserted for the easy life of the Esquimaux; but Godfrey afterwards proved a noble devotion and valor.
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> I shall never forget the impression made upon my mind, as I stood upon the deck of the brig Advance, as your representative of sympathy and cheer in the success of his mission, as he looked the very personification of faith in the stalwart men who gathered about him—the little vessel with its bow planked and bound with iron, the Masonic emblem floating above—the youthful commander—was ever ship so freighted with human faith!
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> The greatest military achievements of the world have been accomplished by the aid of this principle. Washington clung tenaciously to the belief that all about him were as brave and true as himself; and though the treachery of Lee, Reed and Arnold brought him sad misfortune, he did not relinquish his trust, but his ragged and poor-paid army clung together during the dark days by the belief of his confidence and trust.

Thus concluded the address, which was highly applauded:

> Thus it is the history of Masonry cannot be written without writing the history of charity and benevolence. It cannot be written. The structures of architecture which dot the continent of Europe are the visible forms, which tell us of its science and art when Masonry was not merely speculative. The temples with the twelve chapels, the tesselated pavement, the chancel, the choir on the right, and the organ speaking all languages, from vengeance to mercy, and the fingers of stone from pinnacle, and spire, and finial, pointing upward to God, impress us with the great power which Masonic art gave to crude matter—making marble and stone to speak the language of religion. But greater than this is Speculative Masonry in the deep voice of her charity—silent and noiseless, like the sunlight—making no record—for the right that needs assistance against the wrong that needs resistance, and the good that it can do.
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> My brethren, let us in this hour sacred to memory renew our vows to live worthy the principles of our order.
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> Tucker, and Beam, and Blauvell, have given their lives grandly and beautifully in the inspiration of duty. Let us take their example, and make a record of lives spent usefully, worthily and triumphantly.

The exercises at the Lodge-room were closed with music, to which the Lodge pays especial attention. [If brethren who have no music, or slovenly performances, could witness the interest in such a Lodge, they would cultivate this liberal Masonic art more faithfully.] In the opening ode we were struck with the lines:

"The pride of wealth, the pride of birth,
We keep without our door;
Receive the humblest son of earth—
If true, we ask no more."

Without any procession, and without *Masonic* dress of any kind, the brethren repaired to the hall of entertainment, the Grand Master, Bro. Whitehead, escorting us thither. After partaking of a sensible and temperate repast, where there was no liquor of any kind, the W.·. M.·., who governs his Lodge with promptness, called for music, which was furnished by Bros. Cann, Detmars and Moses, and was of a very pleasant and suitable character. The pieces of music were, "The Sword of Bunker Hill," "Hail Glorious Masonry," and "Lady of Beauty." The first toast, "The day we celebrate," was briefly replied to by Bro. Ranney. Bro. Whitehead, in a forcible manner, responded to the toast, "The M.·. W.·. the Grand Lodge of New Jersey." Bro. Whitehead spoke of the high character of the Grand Lodge, of the principles of the Order and of the duty of obedience to mandates. We responded to the next toast, "The Masonic Press," suggesting the doctrines it should advocate and the manner of their support; that ignorance is not the mother of devotion, and that Washington was a friend and patron of Masonic literature. We were compelled to leave after our remarks. Bro. Grant responded to the toast, "The orator of the evening." Bro. Borcherling to the toast, "The ladies, our wives, daughters, mothers, sisters and sweethearts." Bro. Ricord responded to the toast, "Our departed brethren."

Our thanks to brother the Grand Master for his courtesy, to Bro. Wilcox and the committee, and to the Master and brethren of the Lodge, for their attentions.

Presentation Schemes.

We have had several applications for insertion of advertisements of schemes for charitable objects, but we must decline advertising them. We trust the question is forever settled in New York against them, and that now a purified public sentiment will so operate upon Masons and religious people that they will sustain all their benevolent operations from principle. What is to be done with the sixty orphans now supported by Kennedy & Company? Will not our benevolent community rally to their support and education? We publish below, as a simple bit of justice to all parties, the following, as evidencing a most delicate sense of propriety upon the part of Kennedy & Co. in not resisting public sentiment here.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 20th, 1867.

In consequence of the question being raised in the city of New York as to whether our enterprise could be properly included among lotteries, &c., and being desirous of not encumbering our efforts with any legal proceedings, however confident our legal advisers may be in regard to the matter, we have removed our place of business to this city. We have deemed it best to enlarge our enterprise, and in a measure change its character, making it dependent upon a sale of engravings, a list of which will be published and sent to our patrons. In making these changes we have offered the most liberal inducements. We propose to sell for one dollar an engraving, and present to each purchaser of one dollar a ticket entitling the holder to a share in the distribution of premiums. For three, five, or ten dollars a different class of engraving can be purchased, and a corresponding number of tickets will be presented.

To parties holding tickets in our former list we have the honor to state, that this change does not in any manner affect their interests, their numbers holding the same ownership in the new enterprise. As soon as further arrangements are complete their engravings will be forwarded to them, upon receipt of ten cents in postage stamps for expenses.

Should any be dissatisfied with this arrangement, they have only to send us their tickets and notify us that they choose to have a return of their money, and it will be sent to them.

KENNEDY & Co.
388 Pennsylvania avenue.

The South Carolina Case Made Plain.

An esteemed brother writes:

We are aware that frequent effort has been made by partisan journals to produce the impression that the brotherhood in this State have permitted political animosities to operate to the prejudice of certain members of the fraternity. To reply to passionate allegations from such irresponsible sources would not comport with the dignity of a Freemason or your elevated journal. You are fully aware that in no jurisdiction is a party allowed to hold office indefinitely and as a *right*, without regard to his merits as a man and a brother. You likewise know that there is an equal impropriety in any attempt by Masons of foreign Lodges to exercise *surveillance* over affairs in which they are not directly concerned—such, for instance, as an election of local officers in a distant Lodge—and by sitting in judgment on human motives, to determine the *animus* which has contributed to a given result. When, in obedience to improper influences, whether they emanate from the press or the platform, these things are done, they not only come in conflict with the peculiar privileges of the Order, but display an inconsistency of purpose which is sad to contemplate in the actions of those who are familiar with its sacred lessons. Waiving these points, however, I approach this subject with the spirit of candor.

For Dr. Mackey's sake, it is to be greatly regretted that neither his friends nor himself have been willing to submit silently to the decision made by the fraternity of South Carolina. It is especially deplorable that he should have endeavored to make it appear that this disappointment to him was the result of political hostility, and thus provoke slanders and animadversions within and without the brotherhood calculated to bring it into disrepute. The circumstances to which Dr. Mackey owes his failure were of an *entirely* different character; and although I voted for him, I am free to say, they were, if well founded, sufficient to justify every vote which was cast in the opposition.

My support was given only for the same reasons that have sustained him so long in office in the face of the popular prejudices of the community in which he was born and reared—prejudices which I fear have operated against the true interests of the fraternity. Nothing, indeed, has sufficed to give him strength among our Masons for a number of years, but his singular and superior knowledge of Masonic history, his *prestige* as a writer and lecturer, and his rare ability in developing the philosophy of the craft.

Anterior to and during the war, as a politician or man in any way conspicuous by writing or public speaking, Dr. Mackey was not known. It was not until he became the object of a political ovation in New York, in 1865, when he himself introduced the subject of politics into the fraternity, and claimed its sympathy and succor because of his pretended political sacrifices, that we became aware of the paramount and self-absorbing interest he had taken in public affairs. We were told by his eulogists on that occasion of great pecuniary losses and the ruin of a fortune because of his services in behalf of the Union. Whatever these services were—and they must have been slight indeed not to have been suspected in a community like that of Charleston—I have taken the pains to collect proof of the fact that Dr. Mackey had no fortune to lose. He derived his chief support from his official position and the sale of his works; not a dollar of his limited possessions were confiscated, and he was notoriously not a man of property.

It is not for me to penetrate the motives of Dr. Mackey in making this remarkable plea; but if there was a design to politically prescribe him, does it not occur to you that our brethren have been strangely inconsistent in continuing to elect such "an avowed and fearless union man" to the office of Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge in the years successively of 1861, '62 '63 '64 and even in 1865, after his pathetic story had been told to the Masons of the North, and he had received his reward therefor? It is not an astonishing act of generosity that when the spirit of secession ruled the whole State, this notorious "Union man" received, in addition to his salary of $1,200, a donation from the fraternity of $500, and the increased fee of five dollars instead of one for every signature affixed by him to an official instrument, and that it was not until two years after the war he was superseded by a competitor who had greater claims, *personally* and *socially*, upon the respect of the community at large.

No, if for a period of twenty-five years, during which Dr. Mackey, *through much ill report*, held lucrative office in, and derived a handsome support from, the Grand Lodge of S. C., the Masons of the State have seen fit to bestow that office upon another, be assured it was not on account of his political sentiments, for if known they did not counterbalance his great abilities as a Mason.

The *true* and only reason for his disappointment is found in his personal career as an individual, in the culmination of that universally recognized unpopularity among the fraternity which, as early as 1858, would have lost him an election but for one vote, and which has resulted in such opposition that a large majority of city Lodges have for years withheld from him all support, an unpopularity which, I regret to say, results from other causes than those suggested.

There was still another reason which doubtless affected the action of our brotherhood in making a change of officers. As the Collector of Customs for the port of Charleston, Dr. Mackey receives an income of at least $6,000. The duties of this office are onerous to an extent which prevented him from doing full justice to the requirements of the position of Grand Secretary; and indeed it was alleged that since his "political martyrdom" he had grown negligent in the performance of Masonic functions connected with that office. Be this as it may, it was believed he could reasonably dispense with the inferior income received from our fraternity, and allow some less fortunate brother to enjoy in these evil days the succor which even so small an amount as $1,200 per annum could give.

Such, my dear brother, are the facts to which I ask your consideration, as showing that our fraternity were *not* influenced by improper and unmasonic motives, in declining to elect Dr. Mackey to his former office. * * * * * *

Will our Ohio Brethren Read?

BRO. McMURDY,
Ed. National Freemason:

On the 28th day of April, 1865, a few soldiers, members, I think, of the Eleventh Ohio Regiment (cavalry), Gen. Smith's Brigade, Gen. Sheridan's Division, took all the jewels of Roanoke Lodge, No. 8, A. F. and A. M. On account of the stress of circumstances we had been meeting in a house, formerly a private residence, occupying very isolated position in a thick grove of oaks. The Lodge was not visited by the soldiers; but the jewels, all of solid silver, were found at the residence of the Tyler, about a mile and a half distant. He had removed them from their customary place of keeping in the ante-room of the Lodge to his own house, in order to keep stricter watch over them. Naturally supposing that the jewels would not be safe in the house, he deposited them in a tobacco barn, and covered them carelessly, seemingly, with tobacco sticks. But sharp eyes detected these emblems of our sublime mystery, and with haste they were soon in the keeping of others. The soldiers were very young in appearance, and we cannot think that they were Masons.

I must not neglect to state that Gen. Smith was promptly informed of the circumstances. He proved to be a Mason, and promised to do what he could towards detecting the guilty parties and restoring the property.

I have been thus minute in description, hoping that this may meet the eye of some member of Gen. Smith's Ohio Brigade.

It is hardly necessary to add that we are without jewels yet, for you well know, Bro. Editor, our pecuniary condition.

If the Grand Master of Ohio will give me his address, I will give him still more minute particulars, which may enable him to ascertain if any Mason from his jurisdiction was engaged in this affair.

Fraternally yours,
R. H. L.,
W. M. Roanoke Lodge, No. 8.

Halifax Co., Va., Feb. 19, 1867.

The Grand Master's address is: BRO. SPARROW, Columbus, O.

◆

DISTRESS IN THE SOUTH. — Will not our Northern brethren and the North generally do more for the South than they are now doing?

MACON, GA.

Flour is not thirty-six dollars a barrel, nor corn five dollars a bushel, in any portion of this State; but if flour was thirty cents per barrel, and corn five cents per bushel, there are those who come within the line of several O. B's who could not purchase, *and pay*, for enough of either to furnish a thin dinner for one. And, were it not for the efforts of a *noble* few in your land, and a sympathetic feeling among those with us, who have a few blocks left in the quarry, the suffering would be much greater than it is. You may sup, dance and socialize, for it is your privilege, and it is *right;* but it touches us where the pulse starts to find that, in the height of your social enjoyment, you do not forget the third round in the ladder. I often think that, if a pure Masonic influence could be brought to bear on the present deathly state of affairs, a change would be wrought which would not only send joy to the hearts of suffering humanity in our midst, but would touch the whole country with the healing finger of *Charity.*

God bless your efforts in behalf of suffering humanity! and may the Grand Master of the universe, in good time, welcome you within the vail, with "Well done, good and faithful servant." "Let him enter."

I once held a Lodge meeting with "the enemy," within in the stockade of "Andersonville," of which I may write you some time, with, perhaps, some other Masonic incidents which came under my observation during the war.

[Send them on, brother.]

ANOTHER—VIRGINIA.—I promised you, some time last autumn, that I would endeavor to pay for my subscription to the NATIONAL FREEMASON at an early day. I have failed in my promise. Cause, absolute want of money—my family of three are in need of every cent; but I am so loth to part with the FREEMASON—it has become in this short time a valued friend—I really love it. Can you indulge me till our planters sell their crop of tobacco? You must do it. You *know* we "down South" are pressed close to the wall. My wife enjoys the paper, my friends, Masonic and otherwise, borrow it; and, if it gets back to me, it presents a well read appearance.

◆

"Temperance Chimes," published by J. M. Stearns, 172 William street, New York city, pp. 130.

The Square.

On page 117 of the NATIONAL FREEMASON appeared an article on *the Square and the Cube,* which, I think, is calculated to lead the minds of Masonic students who have never studied the mathematics or geometry into wrong impressions. I allude to the different uses therein made of the word square. This confusion is particularly threatened in the part to which the note at the bottom of the last column of the page refers.

The implement so minutely described is called a square by the operative workman, but the geometricians, including Euclid, understand by a square a figure whose sides are equal and whose angles are right angles.

An angle is measured by taking the point of conjunction of the two lines as a centre, and describing the arc of a circle from the one line to the other; when the arc thus described is the fourth part of a circle, or 90° (ninety degrees), it is called a right angle.

A figure may have four sides with right angles and not be a square; for instance, a parallelogram or oblong, in which case the opposite sides must be equal, and as a consequence two will be longer than the other two. At the same time the longer two will be equal to each other, and the shorter two will be equal to each other, if the angles are right angles. An oblong square is a misnomer, which betrays a non-understanding of the subject alluded to by those who use the expression.

These mathematical accuracies of language do not in the least interfere with the moral application referred to in the article in question; but the student must keep clearly in his mind the difference between the implement used to mark right angles and the geometrical figure of four equal sides and right angles.

In the moral application of the ∟ right angle we are taught the doctrine of justifying our conduct towards our neighbor and ourself, neither inclining to prodigality nor selfishness. We are not, however, to rest satisfied with a single application, for the diligent student of moral Masonry, which is synonymous with geometry (moral geometry), will find the applications infinite.

The equilateral triangle △ has three equal sides and three equal angles, not right angles, but equal angles, and is a fitting emblem to represent our duty toward God, our neighbor and ourself, as well as the attributes of Deity, etc. GEO.

The Mind and the Body.

Our eminent brethren have usually possessed strong, handsome and enduring physical systems. Napoleon, Wellington, Humboldt, Washington, Henry Clay, Frederick the Great, Charles XII. (Sweden), Goethe, Burns, Rubens and Vandyke, possessed strong and handsomely built bodies, capable of enduring fatigue.

◆

The mind and wealth of the church are taking a Masonic direction. Dean Stanley, Prof. Maurice, Newman, Hall, and others in England, are conferring with the *working men.* They urge them to state the hindrances which keep them from public worship.

Masonic toleration, Masonic regard for the laboring man, and Masonic estimate of humanity, are now, after years of abuse and misrepresentation, seen in such fruit. Instead of the screw, the axe, the torture, there are consultation and conference.

◆

At the opening of the First Parliament of the North German States the King of Prussia was present. The King, in his speech from the throne, said he was encircled as no German prince had been for ages. He recommended a new constitutional union which would give unity and liberty to Fatherland.

◆

THE CORNISH FREEMASONS' LIFEBOAT is to preserve the shipwrecked mariners on the Cornish coast of England, who are so frequently in troublesome waters and along the coast.

The effort to raise money in Cornwall Lodges has been successful, and the whole sum will soon be secured.

◆

The poor do not all have Bibles now. When they were in MSS., the rich could not always secure them. Our building brethren and craftsmen made the walls of the church the poor man's Bible, and the picture was more easily read upon the walls than a chapter.

Extracts—Letters.

Baltimore City.

I feel it to be my Masonic duty to diffuse light, and after reading all the journals of the country, I found nothing like the National Freemason.

Norfolk, Va.

I hail the approach of your worthy paper weekly with great joy, and peruse its pages with great satisfaction and delight, for it diffuses so much light, and gives so much information in Masonic matters, which is of great interest to me and ought to be to any one of the craft—it teaches so well the true spirit of Masonry and exemplifies the tenets of our beloved Order.

Morganton, N. C.

(From a leading medical gentleman and a well known Mason.)

As the Bible is the magna charta for heaven, so should all the craft have the National Freemason as their chart to live by in the world.

Had I the means to subscribe for this valuable paper (in advance) for fifty years, a copy for each child, I would consider it the richest legacy I could bequeath my children. It is now sought for by us on every Wednesday with increasing eagerness, under the noble contention or emulation who shall first read and imbibe its moral teachings.

Spencerport, N. Y.

The best paper I ever saw. I am poor but cannot get along without it. Next to the Bible, I love the National Freemason.

◆

The *Israelite* says:

We love Freemasonry on account of its broad and cosmopolitan principles. * * The Israelites of this country are grateful chiefly to the Freemasons and Odd Fellows for the removal of many social prejudices and the spread of fraternal feelings. * * The editor of the National Freemason is as liberal and excellent a man as there is in the land.

Masonic Israelites should not fail to subscribe for the National Freemason. It is a paper studded with excellent information.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW JERSEY.

Newark.—Another Masonic Mutual Aid Society has been started at Newark. Don't break this good project down by multiplying associations too much. This appears, however, to be wisely planned, well officered, and promises to be successful.

ILLINOIS.

The Grand Master, Bro. Gorin, orders that no certificate or recommendation, under any circumstances, be given by any Lodge or Mason in Illinois to any pauper to apply from Lodge to Lodge for relief.

This is right. Let each Lodge take care of its own poor, or, in peculiar cases, let there be an application to the authorities of the Grand Lodge for permission to approach other Lodges. This is the method in the Grand Orient of France.

Bro. Bromwell, the preceding Grand Master of Illinois, recommended in his address that a day be set apart in honor of the harmony and tranquillity existing in Illinois. The 24th of June is the day agreed upon. The jurisdiction is to be divided off into districts.

We see a recommendation of scarfs and aprons trimmed and ornamented to be used. If we may make a suggestion, why not return to the simple apron, without ornament or ribbon, as being most Masonic and in the chastest taste?

Bro. Dr. Blaney has been unanimously elected to the Presidency of Rush Medical College.

D. A. Mahony is posted as being no man, so going about imposing on the Lodges.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Tuckahannock.—Resolutions of condolence passed by Temple Lodge upon the death of Past Master and Treasurer George S. Tutton.

MICHIGAN.

Grand Chapter.—The proceedings are issued with dispatch.

The Grand Secretaries ought to be more prompt in sending forth their issues. Some appear to think that Grand Bodies and, indeed, the whole fraternity, exist but for the interests of a few officers. They ought to be ministers to serve the craft.

We find we have already published the entire proceedings which have any general interest.

WISCONSIN.

Grand Chapter was held a few days ago in Milwaukie, and elected the following officers:

David H. Wright, G. H. P.; A. V. H. Carpenter. G. H. P.; T. B. Tyler, G. K.; Joseph Yates, G. S.; John M. Levy, G. T.; W. T. Palmer, G. Sec.; W. H. Norris, Jr., G. C. of the H.; C. M. Perry, G. P. S.; J. H. Evans, G. R. A. C.; H. A. Gess, G. M. 3d V.; J. H. Hyde, G M. 2d V.; C. Curtiss, G. M. 1st V.; Ebenezer Clewit, G. G.

INDIANA.

New Albany.—A∴ and A∴ S∴ R∴—The Lodge, Council, Chapter and Consistory. Bros. Austin and Zeigler are the two chief officers; Bro. Case, Secretary; and Bro. Shields, Treasurer.

OHIO.

The Grand Commandery of Ohio has dropped the name of Grand Encampment.

Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters—Bro. Cunningham, P∴ G∴ M∴, and Bro. Caldwell, G∴ Rec. The great prosperity of the Cryptic Rite is materially due to Bro. Cunningham. He suggests, in his address:

I regret to notice that in several jurisdictions the degree of Super-Excellent Master has been added to the Ritual of Cryptic Masonry. Although I regard it as a degree possessing but little merit, yet as its possession by Councils of Royal and Select Masters is legitimate, and as it is necessary for companions who may be desirous of visiting councils of those jurisdictions in which it is recognized, to be in possession of it, or in a measure be deprived of the right of visitation, I would therefore recommend that your subordinates be directed or authorized to procure and confer it as an honorarium, without charge, by communication or otherwise, as you may determine, upon such Royal and Select Masters as may desire it.

On Committee on Credidentials we notice our young friend, Comp. Nesbitt, and on accounts Comp. Horace Colman.

Bro. Cunningham, in behalf of the Committee of Correspondence, thus concludes his report:

In conclusion, your committee regret the non-appearance of the proceedings of several sister Grand Bodies, with which this Grand Council is in correspondence. The interests of Cryptic Masonry demands a thorough interchange of sentiment and a unity of action throughout the United States; when this is attained—*when a uniformity of work and nomenclature obtains—and when the alphabet is not exhausted for the purpose of procuring wordy titles for its officers, the beautiful* Degrees of Royal and Select Master will soon take the high position to which they are entitled in the American system of the York Rite.

It matters not to us that these degrees were formerly considered as an honorarium of another rite, and as such were so conferred by the Grand Inspectors-General of the Ancient Scottish Rite, to which body they belonged, upon Knights of the Ninth Arch of that Rite, or upon Royal Arch Masons of the York Rite.

Their possession by, and the organization of, State Grand Councils has been sufficiently legitimatized by the supreme and legitimate body of that Rite, for the Northern Masonic jurisdiction of the United States to render their possession just and legal.

The degrees are in themselves beautiful and instructive, and possess a sufficient proof of antiquity to entitle them to our most favorable consideration, when conferred in their proper order, and without unnecessary addition to the Ritual, or to the number of degrees pertaining thereto. In this connection, your committee cannot but regret that so many of our sister Grand Bodies have deemed it necessary to add the degree of Super-Excellent Master to those now conferred by your subordinates. The writer having elsewhere expressed his views in relation thereto, does not deem further comment essential to this report.

Greenfield.—A successful fair has been held for the benefit of the charity fund of the Lodge.

London.—A new Lodge hall has just been completed. The carpet representing the mosaic floor cost $700.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Bro. G. W. Blount has been appointed agent by Mount Lebanon Lodge and Chapter of Wilson, Wilson Co., N. C., to solicit and receive contributions to establish in the town of Wilson a school for the education of the children and orphans of indigent Masons.

ALABAMA.—THE GRAND LODGE.

At the late session the Grand Master thus opens his address:

"Let us remember that whatever we do, 'we do for His glory;' and while we are endeavoring to keep erect and square our moral edifice, let us also 'prepare our minds as living stones for that spiritual building—that house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.'"

He adverts to the death of Bro. Watson. the Grand Treasurer, an exemplary Mason and citizen, not unprepared for the G∴ L∴ above, and to the death of Bro. Hendrix, who was Junior Grand Warden in 1844, Deputy Grand Master in 1846 and 1847, and Grand Master in 1851, a workman of whom the craftsmen were not ashamed.

The Grand Master, through his last Masonic year, declined granting any dispensation. He decided that the Grand Lodge alone has the power to restore a forfeited charter.

KANSAS.

Grand Lodge.—In completing our record of its late meeting, we add the following from the address of Grand Master Saqui:

The institution which we represent for long centuries has performed services in the interest of humanity important in character, and of a nature as diverse as the occasion which called them forth; no great event of a beneficial character is recorded in history but what might be, directly or indirectly, traced to a Masonic source. In former ages Masonry was the propaganda of knowledge and virtue; and when barbarism swept over the nation like a desolating torrent, in the Masonic Temple wisdom and knowledge found a secure asylum, until, under more propitious conditions, they spread thence to build the proud civilization of the present day. * * * * *

Masonry is not a religion; and yet, what does religion teach which Masonry does not inculcate? The boundless charity, undoubting faith and earnest hope of the the Order, beckons good and true men into the Masonic Temple, who could not, and would not, take part in the war of dogmas and rancor of creeds which characterizes the present time, and which increases in violence and intolerance each succeeding year. The catholicism of Masonry, with its pure morality, founded upon wisdom, explains why the good and wise were ever assembled around its altars; and with the growth of creeds, and consequent antagonism of opinion, it will in the future, even more than it has done in the past, draw the virtuous and intelligent of our race within the pale of the Order.

For the inception of liberal ideas, as well as the encouragement and support they received in their struggles with bigotry and intolerance, the world is indebted to Masonry, and it is only natural and right that the Order should prosper in their ultimate triumph. We are also taught thereby, if we will accept the lesson, that right is better than expediency; or, rather, that to do right is always expedient; and that truth, however impeded, is certain at length to win the victory to the advantage of even its enemies, and the honor and lasting fame of its cordial supporters.

Charity, which is only another name for brotherly love, cannot extend too widely. It should never be forgotten, that however noble and excellent the principles of Masonry may be in the abstract, unless the craftsmen carry them into practice—make them the rule of their conduct and conversation—give practical proof in all they do and say, that Masonry, of which they speak so favorably, is, indeed, all that they represent it to be. The Order is injured in reputation, and obstructed in usefulness, by the unfaithfulness of its own children. Therefore, I say, that our duty as Masons, here, abroad in the world, and in our intercourse with our brethren, is a solemn one. The craftsmen owe it to the Order, that from no fault of theirs shall the institution of Masonry fail to accomplish its glorious mission.

The Grand Master thus concludes his address:

During the past few years of terrible excitement and surging passion, when even natural ties and social obligations were powerless, the mystic bonds which unite Masons in fraternal affection were not severed. Above the fierce contention waved the stainless banner of Masonry—the emblem of peace and good will—commanding, if not the obedience, at least, the reverence of all; thus giving additional evidence that the Order is not merely for a locality, or even a nation, but for man—a civilizer and benefactor.

TENNESSEE.

We print the following from the Address of the Grand Master, for the readers of the National Freemason, in advance of the Journal. The Grand Master says:

It affords us sincere pleasure to state that, so far as we could judge, none but sober, moral, industrious and upright men have been received. Bearing high evidence of the prudent care which they had shown in accepting none but good material, we were a little pained to learn that the opinion prevailed among many of the brethren, that all who applied should be recommended to the Lodge, even though the brothers signing the recommendation felt that they could not vote for the applicant. We must condemn this over-good nature on the part of the brethren, in presenting the petitions of unworthy men. It is a bad practice. Bad material might sometimes get into the Lodge, The brethren should never seek to evade the responsibility of refusing to recommend the unworthy, nor should they shift the responsibility of refusal from one to another. Firmness is a Masonic virtue, and should always be observed in preserving the purity of our Order. No brother should ever recommend any one unless he is satisfied that he is every way "Worthy and well qualified." * * *

The Grand Master continues:

We wrote to Bro. Robert D. Holmes, M. W. Grand Master of the State of New York, August 19, 1865, calling his attention to the fact that a subordinate Lodge in his jurisdiction had conferred the three Symbolic Degrees on a resident of Tennessee, and that the Master of the Lodge conferring the degrees knew that the applicant had been rejected in a Lodge in this jurisdiction, less than one year previous. M. W. Bro. Holmes wrote us that he had placed the matter in the hands of one of his District Grand Masters for investigation. During this year we called and left a communication on his desk, again calling his attention to the matter, but up to this good hour, we have heard nothing from him. We present the above facts, that you in your good judgment may take such action in the matter as you may deem proper.

The Grand Master commends as a text-book for his Lodges the revised Tannehill's Manual, and recommends to the craft of Tennessee the NATIONAL FREEMASON, *as "of great worth" and "much valuable information," where the "opinions on the usages and customs of the Order at large are very correct."* He adds that "*much valuable information as to the Written Law* is contained in it.

The Grand Master recommends an uniform code of By-laws for all the constituent Lodges, the founding of an Asylum for aged and infirm Masons, as well as for the widows and orphans of deceased brethren. District Grand Masters and lecturers are recommended.

Bro. Hamilton refers to the deceased of other jurisdictions, and adds:

They sleep the deep and lasting sleep of Death. So let them sleep; and when our brethren of the Mystic Tie make their pious pilgrimages to the graves of these, our noble and devoted dead, let the solemn thought of death inspire them with renewed zeal, to emulate their bright examples, and, like them, to deserve the welcome invitation, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

SCOTLAND.—A Companion of a Scotch Chapter having been refused admission into an English one, a correspondence ensued, which resulted in the following explanation from the Grand Chapter of England, which was accepted as satisfactory:

"That a fraternal communication be made to the Grand Chapter of Scotland, to the effect that this Grand Chapter justly recognizes the right of all regularly exalted R. A. Masons, holding under the Grand Chapter of Scotland, to admission into any English Chapter, when duly open for work, provided the regulations laid down in the Constitution are complied with. That this Grand Chapter would not only exceedingly regret that any Scotch or other regularly exalted R. A. Mason should be refused admission into an English Chapter, but would visit with its severe displeasure any subordinate Chapter which should refuse admission to any such R. A. Mason who was personally known to, recommended, or well vouched for, after due examination by *one* of the Companions present. That this Grand Chapter believes that the Visiting Companion in question did not exhibit his certificate, or so comply with the regulations regarding Visiters as to justify the Companions present in admitting him; hence the refusal."

An interchange of representatives having been sought by the Grand Chapter of Scotland, the English grand body thus explains why the proposal cannot be complied with:

"That, as regards an interchange of representatives, this Grand Chapter desires to explain that, in England, the Holy Royal Arch is considered as supplemental to and forming the completion of the Master Mason's degree, and that, consequently, all interchange of representatives between the supreme Masonic authority in England and other countries has been and is confined to the Grand Lodge; and this Grand Chapter having no representative at or from any other Grand Chapter, is of opinion that it would be undesirable at present to depart from its usual practice."

A lengthy committee report is given "with reference to the *status* and position of the degree of Mark Master in England and Wales, especially in connection with its working under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Mark Masters of England, Wales, and the Colonies and possessions of the British Crown." This report arises from the application of the so-called Grand Lodge of Mark Masters for recognition by the Grand Chapter of Scotland as the head of the Order in England, though it is ignored by the Grand Chapter and Grand Lodge of that country. After narrating a variety of historical facts connected with the working of the Mark degree in symbolic Lodges, from time immemorial down to 1856, when the Grand Mark Lodge was formed, the report states that the Grand Chapter and Grand Lodge of Scotland appointed joint committees to place the degree on a proper footing, which they did in a series of resolutions still in force, as follows:

"1. That all Lodges under the Grand Lodge of Scotland shall be allowed to work the Mark degree, in virtue of the charters they already possess. 2. That, to prevent confusion with brethren belonging to Lodges out of this kingdom, or with sister Grand Lodges, this degree, although held to be a second part of the F. C. degree, shall only be conferred on Master Masons, and the secrets shall only be communicated in presence of those who have taken it either from a Lodge or Chapter entitled to grant it.

"3. That the Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter of Scotland shall adopt the same ritual in conferring the degree, being that now adjusted by their respective committees. 4. That any candidate applying for the R. A. degree, if he has recieved the Mark in a regular Lodge, shall not be required to take it a second time from the Chapter in which he seeks admission; but if he has not received it, he shall be obliged to take it from the Chapter. 5. That, in the R. A. degrees, the Mark shall be reckoned as the fourth degree in Masonry. 6. That nothing in these regulations shall interfere with the superintendence over Mark Masonry out of Scotland, claimed by the Grand Chapter, or with Lodges holding of it in England or abroad."

The report further states "that the Mark degree, whether viewed separately or as a part of the F. C. degree, is now recognized and worked in Ireland, Scotland, Canada, and all the Grand Lodges and Chapters of the United States, England being the only country in which the English language is spoken where the degree is not recognized, either by Grand Lodge or Chapter." The position assumed by England in relation to this degree is thus set forth:

"In England, the working of the Mark degree has been more or less in abeyance, its estimation varying according to circumstances. In the colonies, much difficulty has arisen from the establishment of Lodges under different jurisdictions, some recognizing the degree and others ignoring it. To remedy this state of things, and to restore the degree to its rightful position in the Masonic system, an attempt was made to obtain its recognition by the Grand Lodge of England, and a joint committee of members of that Grand Lodge and of the Grand Chapter was appointed to investigate and report upon the subject. The committee reported the Mark degree as, in their opinion, not positively essential, but a graceful appendage to the F. C. degree, which report was approved by the M. W. G. M., and unanimously adopted by Grand Lodge in March, 1856. At the ensuing quarterly meeting, on special motion, duly proposed and seconded, that portion of the previous minutes referring to the Mark degree was non-confirmed, and the *status in quo ante* was resumed."

In this position of affairs, the committee did not feel justified in recommending the recognition of the Grand Mark Lodge, or the recall of the Mark warrants issued by the Grand Chapter of Scotland. But they urged that steps be taken to secure the concurrence of the Grand Chapter and Lodge of England in placing the Mark degree upon the same footing as it is in Ireland, Scotland, Canada and America. Should the grand bodies of England agree to this, the committee express their willingness to cancel the Mark warrants issued by their Grand Chapter, which would, in effect, remove the cause for the existence of the so-called Grand Mark Lodge.

The report was adopted, and a memorial prepared, as suggested, to the Grand Chapter and Lodge of England, "hoping that some arrangement may be made which will have the effect of bringing about a similarity of working in the two countries, which, from their close proximity, is much to be desired; and that, in this way, the proper place may be assigned to the Mark degree in the degrees of Masonry."

ENGLAND.—Bristol. Jan. 29, the Earl of Limerick was installed Prov. Grand Master, as successor to the lamented late Prov. G.·. M.·. Bro. Major Shute, who held the office for twenty years.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—The foundation stone of the Town Hall, King William's Town, British Kaffraria, was laid with Masonic honors, Nov. 15, 1866.

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

TENNESSEE.—The Grand Master during the year decided that a worthy applicant must be rejected having his right hand disabled; also,

That brethren need not dimit from Lodges before associating together under a dispensation, and that membership belongs to chartered Lodges only; also,

That the Grand Master had not power to dispense with the lawful time of residence within the jurisdiction; also, that candidates without either a right or left arm cannot be received; also,

That Freemasonry is not purely speculative, and that innovations upon the usages of the craft cannot be allowed; also,

That in the absence of any Grand Lodge statute, two-thirds are necessary to expel; also,

That where two or more Lodges have the same jurisdiction, and the applicant is as well known in one as the other, as in this case, he has a right to apply to either, at his option, at the end of his probation.

ALABAMA.—The Grand Master made the following decisions during the last year of the Grand Lodge:

The Lodges must judge of the qualifications of candidates, and, under the power given them by the constitution, can enact a by-law to say how long they must wait, having been once rejected. If there is no by-law, they must wait a reasonable time, which must be determined by the Lodge. No one has a right to inquire how a brother voted.

Can a Mason who has obtained an order for a dimit, who had been guilty of unmasonic conduct, either before or after the granting of the order for the dimit, be tried? Certainly he can. If it is made the duty of the Lodge to take cognizance of a resident or sojourning brother (Con., Art. 6., Sec. 19), certainly it will take cognizance of one who is just emerging from their Lodge. When a dimit is ordered by the Lodge to be granted a brother, and, before it is issued, the dimitted member should commit an offense against Masonry, or if the offense should have been committed before the order for the dimit was granted, but the knowledge of which did not come to light until afterwards, it is certainly the duty of the Lodge granting the dimit to withhold the same and have charges preferred against him, try him, and if found guilty, punish him accordingly; if, however, he should be found not guilty, the Lodge should issue to him his dimit, under the former and only order of the Lodge. And further, if a member of a Lodge is summoned to appear at the communications of a Lodge, and he willfully refuses to obey it, charges should be preferred against him, and he tried as other offenders.

Does the settlement of a difficulty existing between two brethren, whether on trial or not, when settled by them, settle the whole matter? It does not. The two brethren may be satisfied with the settlement of the difficulty existing between them, and it may make them good friends; but the question arises, Has the institution suffered from their course of ill conduct? and, Has not the law of Masonry been violated? Indeed, it is often the case that, when brethren have difficulties with each other, in order to keep from being suspended or expelled from the privileges of Masonry, they settle their difficulties and screen the law, which should be as amply satisfied as the parties.

Can a member of a Lodge, upon trial for an offense committed, the conviction for which would suspend or expel him, be found guilty upon the testimony of one witness alone? I answered in the affirmative. To find him guilty of the charges, the Lodge must be satisfied that the charges are proven. This can be done by one witness or any number of witnesses, or even by circumstantial evidence; and after he is found guilty, it is the duty of the Lodge to assess the punishment. In the trial of every case against a member, there are two questions to determine—1st, Is the accused guilty or not guilty? and, 2d, If guilty, what punishment is due the offense?

Can an Entered Apprentice Mason be tried for unmasonic conduct, and be suspended or expelled as Masons of the higher degrees? I answer that he can. If he is guilty of conduct unbecoming a Mason, let charges be preferred, and let the trial proceed as directed in Art. VII. of the Constitution, except in this: The charges are preferred in a Master's Lodge, notice, etc., given; and when the trial comes up, first open the Master's Lodge, then dispense with the Lodge, and open the Entered Apprentice Lodge, so as to let the accused come before the Lodge for trial, confront the witnesses against him, and make his defense; then let him retire, and the Lodge resume the labors in the third degree, and vote on the guilt or innocence of the accused; and if found guilty, then for the Lodge to assess the punishment.

Can a member, after receiving his dimit from the Lodge, being guilty of unmasonic conduct at the time, but which is not known, be tried for the same by this Lodge, he having removed to another State? or can said dimit be revoked? I answered that they could not. In the first place, I know of no power that can revoke his dimit; secondly, when he has obtained his dimit, being guilty of unmasonic conduct at the time, but has removed to another State, and within the jurisdiction of another Grand Lodge, I think the proper course to pursue would be for the Lodge from which he received his dimit to prefer charges against him, send them to the Lodge where he had affiliated, or in whose jurisdiction he resided, then furnish that Lodge with the testimony, and let them try him, and inflict the punishment. It appears, from the Constitution (Art. 6, Sec. 10), that, as soon as a Mason moves within the jurisdiction of a Lodge, that Lodge takes cognizance of his acts. Such being our Constitution, we should give to Lodges in another jurisdiction the same privileges, unless otherwise directed by them, that we claim for ourselves.

The committee on Masonic jurisprudence submitted the following, which was concurred in by the Grand Lodge:

At the last Communication of the Grand Lodge, your committee, in a report then made, used the following language: "A person may be convicted by the court of a criminal offense, very unjustly. The finding of a jury, and the sentence of a court, are by no means conclusive upon the Lodge that the person charged is guilty. To determine his guilt, as a Mason, the Lodge is the sole tribunal, and his guilt can be ascertained only by a legal Masonic trial." In the opinion of your committee, legal trials and Masonic trials should be kept, as they certainly are, separate and distinct—the one in no wise dependent upon the other. To postpone a Masonic trial when the accused is under arrest for a criminal offense, and because he is then under arrest, and to make this a part of the organic law of the Grand Lodge, would be, in effect, to connect intimately the two trials, and to declare, impliedly, that the Masonic trial should abide the result of the legal trial. Hence your committee cannot recommend the adoption of the proposed amendment to the Constitution.

A resolution of inquiry has been referred to the committee, as follows: Can a brother who has been convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of years be tried by the Lodge, whilst under that sentence, without giving him notice? In no case can a Mason be tried without notice, except when the residence of the accued is unknown to all the members of the Lodge. (See Rule 4, Art. VII. of the Constitution.) In the case supposed in the resolution, notice must be given, under Rule 3 or Rule 4 of the same article; and then the Lodge may proceed to try the accused in his absence.

Every Lodge has the right to adopt such by-laws as it may deem necessary for the good government of the Lodge, provided they do not conflict with the Constitution of the Grand Lodge, or the ancient regulations. To suspend a brother for the non-payment of dues conflicts with neither. The 24th Sec. of Art. VI. of the Constitution makes it the duty of the Worshipful Master to order suspended all members whose dues have remained unpaid for two years, at the regular meeting preceding the festival in June. This suspension is by virtue of the Constitution. But this provision of the Constitution does not negative or conflict with the right of the Lodge to suspend at any other time, or for the non-payment of dues for a shorter period than two years.

When charges have been preferred against a member of the Lodge, and a day appointed for his trial, and the members notified thereof, it is the duty of every member who is without a valid excuse to attend such special meeting. It is the right of the brother to have a speedy trial, so that, if innocent, he may be acquitted and relieved of the charges. It is due to Masonry that, if guilty, he should be convicted and punished without unnecessary delay, so that the character and purity of the institution may be vindicated. Every member who willfully absents himself, after notice, violates his Masonic duty, and is guilty of a serious offense. Under the facts stated by Bro. Thomas J. Portis, Worshipful Master of Halo Lodge, No. 5, he should have charges preferred against the offenders, and have them brought to trial, that they may be properly dealt with.

No person can be admitted into a Masonic procession, except he be a Mason. Whenever a Mason dies, who is a member of any other order or society, which desires to bury him with its peculiar ceremonies, the manner in which the ceremonies of each order shall be performed, and what pall-bearers shall have charge of the body, is a matter of amicable and courteous arrangement. But the Masonic funeral ceremonies must be separately and distinctly performed, and none must be admitted into the Masonic procession, except Masons. Hence, in answer to the query of Bro. Z. J. Daniel, the committee report that it is a violation of Masonic law to admit into funeral processions pall-bearers of any other society, who attend as members of that society.

OHIO.—*Cryptic Rite.*—The following decisions of the Puissant Grand Master at its late meeting were sustained:

1st. The officers of a council must continue in office and be regarded as such until their successors are elected and installed.

2d. A council must be considered and regarded as a legal council until its Charter is surrendered, or until it is declared forfeited, or its surrender demanded by the Grand Council or its presiding officer.

3d. A Companion Royal and Select Master who was a member of a council which has surrendered or forfeited its Charter, cannot become a member of another council without producing evidence that he was in good standing at the time said Charter was surrendered or forfeited.

4th. A companion who has received the degrees of Royal and Select Master in jurisdictions where said degrees are conferred in a Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, may be regularly healed by being re-obligated *only*, or by receiving the degrees in full in their regular order, as worked within the jurisdiction of this Grand Council.

KANSAS.—The following are the decisions of the late Grand Lodge:

1. Candidates should be initiated singly; and it is incorrect work, if not positively improper, to confer any portion of either degree upon more than one candidate at a time.

2. No Lodge has a right to draw material from the quarries of another without having first obtained permission.

3. On the same evening, for good reasons, and with all the brethren present who voted, reconsideration would not be a violation of any Masonic law or landmark; but the practice is dangerous, and should be discouraged or forbidden.

4. Masonry required physical perfection in the candidate,

"Having no maim or defect in the body,
Hale and sound, not deformed or dismembered,
Upright in body, of hale and entire limbs,
In no manner maimed, lame, or defective."

But there has grown up a disposition in this country to relax the strictures of the rule, or at least interpret it with great latitude. In my opinion, the innovation is wrong, and the rule should be preserved and insisted upon in all its original strictness.

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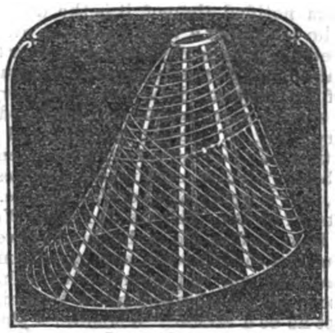

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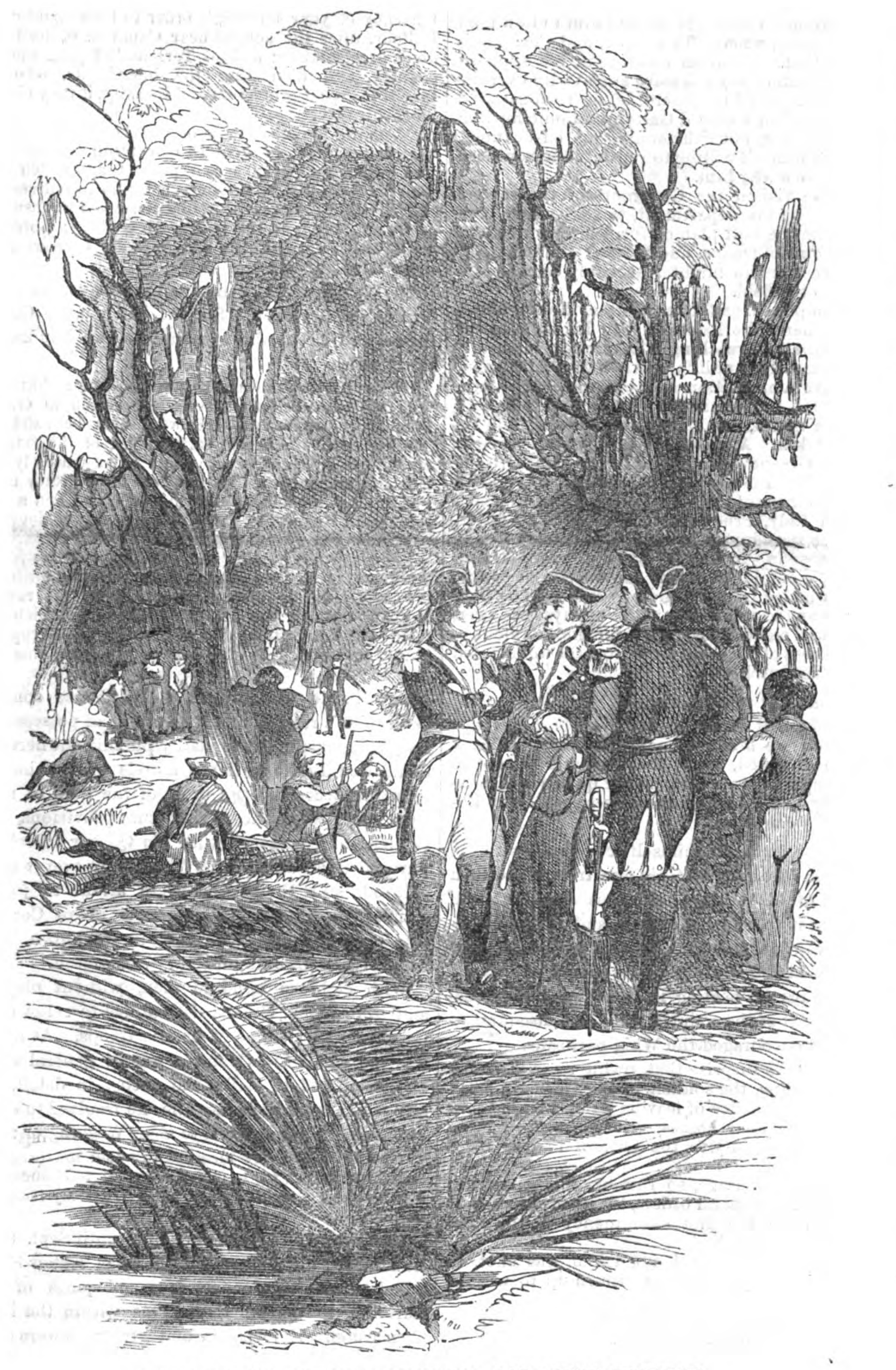

MARION'S ENCAMPMENT ON THE PEDEE.

NATHANIEL GREENE—The Rhode Island Blacksmith and Mill-Boy—Major-General and Commander of the Southern Army of the Revolution—The Designated Successor of General Washington—The first Quarter-Master General of the United States—The General who never lost a Battle—The Rhode Island Freemason.—

No. 3. (Concluded.)

Greene is now transferred to the command of the army of the South; and, left to follow the bent of his genius, his great character is more perfectly developed. Hitherto, with a few brilliant exceptions, the war in the South had been a series of disasters; Charleston and Savannah had fallen, two whole armies had been captured or destroyed, South Carolina and Georgia had submitted to the enemy, and the spirit of the people was shattered. Tarleton had introduced upon the part of the British a war of assassination. Whigs and Tories carried on a partisan warfare; yet there was individual and partisan valor and enterprise upon the part of the patriots.

The interview between Marion and a young British officer, as seen in the plate above, illustrated the condition of the country and army, when Greene took command of the Southern army. The officer, who came to treat respecting prisoners, was led blindfolded to the camp of Marion. There he saw the diminutive form of the great partisan leader, and around him, in groups, were his followers, lounging beneath magnificent trees draped with moss. When their business was completed, Marion invited the young Briton to dine with him. He remained, and, to his utter astonishment, he saw some roasted potatoes brought forward on a piece of bark, of which the General partook freely and invited his guest to do the same. "Surely, General," said the officer, "this cannot be your ordinary fare. "Indeed it is," replied Marion, "and we are fortunate on this occasion, entertaining company, to have more than our usual allowance."

To portray the meteor-like course of hardihood and exploit traced by General Marion and his heroic followers, might be considered, perhaps, an unwarrantable departure from the path which the nature of these memoirs requires us to pursue. Yet were it possible to do justice to the undertaking, it would constitute a digression, rich in matter of admiration and delight, to the lovers of bravery and romantic adventure.

Never was a partisan officer better suited to the times in which he lived and the situation in which it was his fortune to act.

For stratagems, unlooked for enterprises against the enemy, and devices for concealing his own positions and movements, he had no rival.

The tract of country, over which he reigned, the trust and safeguard of his friends, the terror of his foes, and the astonishment of every one, abounded in thickets, morasses and swamps of uncommon extent

To those deep and dreary solitudes he was often obliged to retreat for safety, when severely pressed by an overwhelming force. On these occasions, to pursue him into his fastnesses was as useless as it was dangerous. Never, in a single instance, was he overtaken in his course or discovered in his hiding place, unless he voluntarily faced his pursuers, in which case, such was his selection of time and position as to make victory certain. Even some of his own party, anxious for his safety, and well acquainted with many of the places of his retreat, have sought for him whole days in his immediate neighborhood without finding him. Suddenly and unexpectedly, in some distant point he would again appear, pouncing on his enemy like the falcon on his quarry.

Possessed of great sagacity and coolness, he was cautious of enterprise when success appeared doubtful. For no one more conscientiously avoided a wanton exposure of the lives of his troops, or could better appreciate the effect of a failure, if not on the spirits of his intrepid associates, at least on those of many of his friends. But, when a fair opening for action presented itself, there was a rapidity in his movement which enabled him often to assault a distant enemy by surprise; a suddenness in his stroke which astonished and confounded, and a desperation in his valor which was seldom resisted. These high and rare qualities conducted him repeatedly into the arms of victory, when the force he encountered was tenfold the number of that he commanded.

The territory over which this eagle warrior swept his banner was of considerable extent. During the period of his predominancy he converted it into a partial solitude; not by cruelty, for of that he was incapable, but by that vigilance, ubiquity and military address which rendered an abandonment of the place by his enemies the only practicable means of their safety. In battle he was the chafed tiger, but to the prisoner who submitted, and in private life, humane and tender.

General Marion was a native of South Carolina, and the immediate theatre of his exploits was a large section of the maritime district of that state, around Georgetown. The peculiar hardihood of his constitution and its being accommodated to a warm climate and a low, marshy country, qualified him to endure hardships and submit to exposures, which, in that sickly region, few other men would have been competent to sustain. With the small force he was enabled to embody, and, situated in all respects as he was, it is exceedingly doubtful if any other individual on earth could have rendered to his country the same amount of services or done the enemy as much mischief. In warfare of a different character he had no marked superiority over many others. So important in all things is a perfect adaptation of the means to the end, and that each individual should move, as far as practicable, in the sphere that suits him.

Gen. Marion, whose stature was diminutive and his person uncommonly light, rode, when in service, one of the fleetest and most powerful chargers the South could produce. When in fair pursuit nothing could escape, and when retreating nothing could overtake him.

Being once nearly surrounded by a party of British dragoons, he was compelled for safety to pass into a cornfield by leaping the fence.

This field, marked with a considerable descent of surface, had been in part a marsh. Marion entered it at the upper side. The dragoons in chase leapt the fence also, and were but a short distance behind him. So completely was he now within their power that his only mode of escape was to pass over the fence at the lower side.

But here lay a difficulty which, to all but himself, appeared insurmountable.

To drain the ground of its superfluous waters, a trench had been cut around this part of the field four feet wide and of the same depth. Of the mud and clay removed in cutting it a bank had been formed on its inner side, and on top of this was erected the fence.

The elevation of the whole amounted to more than seven feet, perpendicular height, a ditch four feet in width running parallel with it on the outside, and a foot or more of space intervening between the fence and the ditch.

The dragoons, acquainted with the nature and extent of this obstacle, and considering it impossible for their enemy to pass it, pressed towards him with loud shouts of exultation and insult, and summoned him to surrender or perish by the sword.

Regardless of their rudeness and empty clamor, and inflexibly determined not to become their prisoner, Marion spurred his horse to the charge.

The noble animal, as if conscious that his master's life was in danger, and that on his exertion depended its safety, approached the barrier in his finest style, and, with a bound that was almost supernatural, cleared completely the fence and ditch, and recovered himself without injury on the opposite side.

Marion, now facing his pursuers, who had halted at the fence, unable to pass it, discharged his pistols at them without effect, and then wheeling his horse and bidding them good morning, with an air of triumph dashed into an adjoining thicket and disappeared in an instant.

Astonished at what they had witnessed, and scarcely believing their foe to be mortal, the dragoons immediately abandoned the pursuit.

Our plate strikingly portrays the character of Gen. Marion, and illustrates the difficult field of Gen. Greene.

Gen. Gates, a hero in the North, had fled before the enemy, and consternation had spread over the country. A court of inquiry was ordered and Gen. Greene was appointed to succeed him.

In this appointment Washington had the good fortune to meet not only his own views and gratify his own wishes, but those also of the South Carolina delegation in Congress. Writing to Mr. Matthews, a member from Charleston, he says, "You have your wish in the officer appointed to the southern command. I think I am giving you a general, but what can a general do *without men, without arms, without clothing, without stores, without provisions?*"

The delicacy of General Greene on this occasion was highly honorable to him. It showed him to be a man of correct feelings, an amiable temper, and a magnanimous disposition. Far from exulting in his appointment or manifesting any offensive superiority over the officer he was destined to supersede, he remonstrated against the recall of General Gates, pronouncing him an able commander, notwithstanding his misfortunes, and declaring himself willing to repair to the Southern army and serve under him.

Gen. Greene visited the Governors of the several States composing his department, to advise and concert with them the best plan of furnishing provisions and their quotas of troops, and to ascertain generally, what effective force he might reasonably calculate on bringing into the field.

Having completed, as far as possible, these preliminary arrangements, he hastened with his suite to his place of destination, reaching it December, 1780.

His army, mostly of militia, was less than 2,000 men, with defective ammunition and but three days' provision. Everything demanded a genius of the highest order for the South, combined with indefatigable industry and skill. A great military writer remarks that General Greene's campaigns in the Southern department required more of military talent to conduct them than did those of the Emperor Napoleon, in which he humbled Italy, Prussia and Austria. The latter, whose means were in his sword, overwhelmed by the direct operation of superior force; but the former, destitute of force, employed chiefly the weapon of policy, dextrously wielded by the hand of genius. The conquests of the one were more the result of physical power, heightened and emboldened by a confidence of victory; while the success of the other arose from the unbounded resources of his intellect.

Another military writer adds:

The truth is, that Frederick and Napoleon, perhaps excepted, and we are not confident that even they ought to be excepted, we believe General Greene to have been superior, in all the higher qualities of command, to any general officer that has appeared in Europe for many centuries.

Gen. Greene first made himself acquainted with the character and capabilities of his own troops, and then with those of his enemy. He thus found himself unable to meet them in the field, and therefore resolved on cautious movements and protracted war. Yet he watched and confronted the enemy, and scouts and foraging parties beating in detail, and thus sustained the spirit of the country. He also discouraged the Tory and encouraged the Whig partisans.

He found to his surprise that, owing to an alarming laxity of discipline, the soldiers of the American army had been in the practice of leaving camp without permission, visiting their homes, and often protracting their absence from duty to the term of two or three weeks.

To suppress this usage, so ruinous to the service, he proclaimed, in general orders, his determination to punish, by death, the first delinquency of the kind that should be detected.

Accordingly, a deserter, being taken, was shot, in presence of the army, which was drawn up to witness the spectacle.

This single example proved sufficient. Without further trouble the evil terminated.

Early in December General Greene received from Lord Cornwallis the following note:

"I think proper to represent to you, that the officers and soldiers taken at Kings Mountain, were treated with an inhumanity scarcely credible. I find myself under the disagreeable necessity of making some retaliation for those unhappy men, who were so cruelly and unjustly put to death, at Gilbert-town."

To this, the American commander returned the following answer:

"I am too much a stranger to the transactions at Gilbert-town to reply fully on that subject. They must have been committed before my arrival in the department, and by persons under the character of volunteers who were independent of the army. However, if there was anything done in that affair, contrary to the principles of humanity and the law of nations, and for which they had not the conduct of your army as a precedent, I shall be ever ready to testify my disapprobation of it.

"The first example was furnished on your part, as appears by the list of unhappy sufferers inclosed, and it might have been expected that the friends of the unfortunate would follow it. Punishing capitally for a breach of military parole is a severity which the principles of modern war will not authorize, unless the inhabitants are to be treated as a conquered people, and subject to all the rigor of military government. The feelings of mankind will for ever decide when the rights of humanity are invaded. I leave them to judge of the tendency of your lordship's order to Lieutenant-colonel Balfour, after the action near Camden; of lord Rawdon's proclamation; and of Tarleton's laying waste the country, and distressing the inhabitants, who were taught to expect protection and security, if they observed but neutrality.

"Sending the inhabitants of Charleston to St. Augustine, contrary to the articles of capitulation, is a violation which I have also to represent, and which I hope your lordship will think yourself bound to redress."

This letter, replete with sound sense and unanswerable argument, brought the matter to a close; Lord Cornwallis neither retaliated for supposed offenses nor remonstrated further.

The victory of Cowpens was the first stroke of Gen. Greene's policy in the South. Then came Greene's retreat and Cornwallis's pursuit for two hundred and thirty miles.

On the part of the American commander that retreat with his advance, manœuvres and action at Guilford, which soon afterwards followed, may be safely pronounced, with the exception, perhaps, of the retreat of ten thousand Greeks, a succession of as masterly movements as are recorded in the page of military history. For any but a genius of the highest order, and a soul of the firmest texture, to have planned and achieved such a scheme of operations, would have been impossible.

Except in the number and equipment of the forces in motion, and the eclat arising from that circumstance, it is certainly in no respect surpassed by the retreat of Moreau, through the defiles of Germany, which called forth the admiration and applauses of Europe, and placed that officer at the head of the captains of the French empire.

The battle of Guilford Court House compelled Cornwallis's retreat, and if Greene had possessed military stores sufficient to justify pursuit, the hero of the South would have worn the laurels which, shortly afterwards, decorated the brow of the hero of the nation. As soon as he could secure provisions, he left the sick and wounded with his Quaker friends, and pursued Cornwallis. The Whigs were everywhere inspirited, and the Tories were afraid to join the standard of Cornwallis. He thus drove Cornwallis into toils, and closed on him at Yorktown, by the hand of his Masonic brother, Washington.

With eighteen hundred men, without magazines and stores, Gen. Greene determined to relieve South Carolina and Georgia of hostile troops. As his force was too small to attempt a war of general actions, he determined to strike the enemy in detail, Conscious of the perils before him, he resolved to encounter them. He thus wrote to Gen. Washington:

"I shall take every measure to avoid misfortune; but necessity obliges me to commit myself to chance, and if any accident should attend me, I trust my friends will do justice to my reputation."

Post after post fell before him, until Sept. 8, when he achieved the memorable victory of Eutaw Springs, which drove the enemy from all parts of South Carolina, to defend themselves within the lines of Charleston. His wisdom and greatness were seen in five months becoming master of every part of South Carolina, and that at a less cost to the nation than the single expedition which terminated in the disaster of Gates' defeat.

This brilliant train of successes, so far beyond what his force and equipment seemed to promise, procured for him, from the Chevalier Luzerne, knight of Malta, and minister plenipotentiary from Louis XVI., near the United States, a compliment as lofty as was ever paid to the commander of an army.

"Other generals," said the Chevalier to a gentleman of high standing, who now resides in the city of Philadelphia, "subdue their enemy by the means with which their country or their sovereign furnishes them. But General Greene appears to subdue his enemy by his own means. He commenced his campaign without either an army, provisions, or military stores. He has asked for nothing since, and yet scarcely a post arrives from the South, that does not bring intelligence of some new advantage he has gained over the foe. He conquers by magic. History furnishes no parallel to this."

The British commander at Charleston, to intimidate the friends of independence in and near Charleston, and prevent them assembling around the standard of their country, as Gen. Greene approached, inhumanly and contrary to direct compact and legitimate war, executed Col. Hayne, an American citizen of high respectability. Greene demanded an explanation, and threatened stern retaliation—not upon "deluded Americans, who had joined the royal army," but upon "*officers of the regular forces.*" This had the desired effect.

Greene advanced on the enemy at Eutaw Springs, a battle ensued, the British retreated and the Americans pursued; but, unable to compel the foe to another action, he fell back by easy marches to the high hills of Santee.

In the course of the battle at Eutaw Springs occurred an individual affair somewhat singular, and not without interest.

Two young officers bearing the same rank met in personal combat. The American perceiving that the Briton had a decided superiority in the use of the sabre, and being himself of great activity and personal strength, almost gigantic, closed with his adversary and made him his prisoner.

Gentlemanly, generous and high minded, this event and the discovery that both were Freemasons, produced between these two youthful warriors an intimacy which increased in a short time to a mutual attachment.

Not long after the action, the American officer, returning home on furlough, to settle some private business, obtained permission for his friend to accompany him.

Traveling without any attendants or guard, they were both armed and well mounted. Part of their route lay through a settlement highly disaffected to the American cause.

When in the midst of this, having in consequence of a shower of rain thrown around them their cloaks, which concealed their uniforms, they were suddenly encountered by a detachment of Tories.

The young American determined to die rather than become a prisoner, especially to men whom he held in abhorrence for disloyalty to their country, and the generous Briton resolved not to survive one by whom he had been distinguished and treated so kindly; they both together, with great spirit and self-possession, charged the royalists, having first made signals in their rear, as if directing others to follow them; and thus, without injury on either side, had the address and good fortune to put the party to flight.

Arriving in safety at their place of destination, what was their surprise and augmented satisfaction on finding, from some questions proposed by the American officer's father, that they were not only Masonic brothers but first cousins!

With increasing delight the young Briton passed several weeks in the family of his kinsman.

To heighten the occurrence, and render it more romantic, the American officer had a sister, beautiful and accomplished, whose heart soon felt for the gallant stranger more than the affection due to a cousin. The attachment was mutual.

But here the adventure assumes a tragical cast. The youthful foreigner, being exchanged, was summoned to return to his regiment. The message was fatal to his peace. But military honor demanded the sacrifice; and the lady, generous and high-minded as himself, would not be instrumental in dimming his laurels.

The parting scene was a high-wrought picture of tenderness and sorrow. On taking leave the parties mutually bound themselves, by a solemn promise, to remain single a certain number of years, in the hope that an arrangement contemplated might again bring them together. A few weeks afterwards the lady expired under an attack of small-pox.

Disappointed in the promised co-operation of the French sea and land forces, for the entire recovery of the southern department, General Greene determined again to attempt it single handed; he moved from the high hills and took post in the neighborhood of Charleston, confined the enemy to their lines and meditated daring enterprises against them, projected an attack on St. John's Island—one of the most arduous, bold and magnificent, that marked the course of the revolutionary war, which only failed in execution by the darkness of the night.

Trouble now arose in his own army. The army had done and suffered much, but their pay was sadly in arrears, their provisions miserable in quality, scanty and precarious, and winter at hand, without blankets and clothing.

Greene writes the Secretary of War:

"I would order the returns you require, but we really have not paper enough to make them out; not having had, for months past, even paper to make provision returns, or to record the necessary returns of the army."

Again—"Since we have been in the lower country, through the difficulty of transportation, we have been four weeks without ammunition. * * * You can have little idea of the confusion and disorder which prevail among the Southern States. Our difficulties are so numerous, and our wants so pressing, that I have not a moment's relief from the most painful anxieties. * * * We have three hundred men without arms, and more than a thousand so naked that they can be put on duty only in cases of a desperate nature. * * Let it suffice to say, that this part of the United States has had a narrow escape. *I have been seven months in the field, without taking my clothes off one night.*"

Murmurs were succeded by loud and general complaints, and the soldiery became tainted with treason. A conspiracy was formed to seize the person of Greene and deliver him to the enemy. A party of Tarleton's horse had even advanced, as they supposed, to receive their prisoner. The plot was discovered, and the ringleader shot. No American was concerned in it.

Charleston was evacuated Dec. 14, 1782. Private feeling of relief and joy soon yielded to hearts overflowing with gratitude and love, to do honor to the man to whom, under providence, all were indebted for the present intoxicating draught of felicity.

Suddenly, as if every other consideration had escaped from the memory, Greene became the object of undivided regard. When conducting into the capital the civil authority of the State, he advanced, at the head of a body of cavalry, no tongue ventured, at first, to interrupt the silence that everywhere prevailed. The eye seemed for a time to be the only organ capable of action. Nor was it until that was satisfied with gazing, that the lips ventured to give utterance to the overflowings of the heart.

Expressions of admiration and gratitude, faint at first, grew louder and louder, until the vast assemblage of spectators united in a mingled tribute of thanks, applauses, and benedictions to him whose wisdom and valor had stayed the desolating sword of war, rescued them from the sceptre of military despotism, and given them, in prospect, a certainty of freedom, independence and peace.

From every quarter congratulatory addresses were presented to Greene; banquets, balls, and other festive entertainments, public and private, were provided for his gratification; fireworks and illuminations were brilliantly exhibited, and all that a liberal and generous people, in the jubilee of their soul, could devise to amuse or delight him, were expensively prepared. To crown the whole, in places of public worship, thanks were solemnly offered to the God of battles for the various successes of the American arms, and the signal deliverance the city had experienced.

When the troops, impatient of their sufferings, and exasperated at the supposed ingratitude of the people they had defended, manifested a spirit of mutiny, and when Banks, the contractor of supplies for the army, with large contracts existing in Charleston, but for want of money or credit, could not get the articles purchased, Greene, urged by motives of patriotism, humanity, and military honor, offered himself security in the contracts of Banks. The pledge was accepted, the contractor became possessed of the public supplies, and their urgent wants being promptly removed, the troops returned contented to their duty.

In this transaction, so important to his country, the commander of the army exhibited much more of the virtue of the patriot and the Mason and the devotion of the officer, than of the policy of the man of the world or the prudence of the man of business. He was led to it by the same feeling that would have induced him, in battle, to sacrifice his life.

The sum for which he became security was large, amounting to treble the value of his estate. His country *might* assume the payment, and relieve him of the obligation, but it *might* also refuse, in which case his ruin was inevitable. As he had oftentimes before, therefore, hazarded his life for the public welfare, it cannot be denied that, for the same object, he now put at hazard his fortune and his hopes. An act so perfectly disinterested and noble must have arisen from feelings which none but the patriot and the high minded cherish.

Banks was a speculator, and his object was gain. Unsuccessful, he failed for a large amount. Greene was calumniated. Congress thoroughly investigated his affairs and vindicated his reputation.

Like a true Mason, when the war was over, desirous that even those who least deserved it might participate in the blessings for which he had fought, an earnest endeavor to remove the prejudices and assuage the animosities of the Whigs and Tories constituted one of his earliest acts of peace.

He drew a lively and forcible picture of the moral duties of clemency and mercy, representing, in strong and impressive terms, their universal obligation and extensive prevalence.

He declared, that under every form of government and every ruler, it had been found politic and wise that the close even of a rebellion should be followed by an act of general amnesty, from which none but the most flagrant offenders were excluded.

The claims of the Tories were still stronger. They were not rebels, but deluded citizens, in whose defection many palliating circumstances were to be found. In the part they had acted during the late contest, having violated no pre-existing law, they had forfeited no allegiance, and it was his firm belief that most of them had been misled by honest prejudices. Their conduct, therefore, although erroneous and reprehensible, could not, in the true acceptation of the term, be denominated treasonable. But *were* it so, such of them as had neither taken a lead in opposition, nor been guilty of any dark and heinous atrocities, those of them whose hands were unpolluted with blood, were surely entitled to pardon, on renouncing their errors and manifesting a disposition to return to their duty.

Needless severity he pronounced to be wanton cruelty. And where, he asked, in the present case, existed the necessity for rigid measures?

He declared that the blessings of peace and the prospects of happiness having now revisited us, to persist in a scheme of inexorable persecution against the royalists would manifest unbecoming passions, and be unworthy of the wisdom of the politician, the magnanimity of the soldier, and the humanity of the man.

South Carolina presented him with an estate on the river Edisto, valued at ten thousand pounds sterling: Georgia, with an estate, on the river Savannah, a few miles from the city of the same name, worth five thousand pounds; and North Carolina, with twenty-five thousand acres of land, on Duck river, now in the State of Tennessee. Of these estates, the two former have passed out of the family; but a portion of the latter is still retained by them, and is extremely valuable.

Having spent about two years in his native State in the adjustment of his private affairs, appropriating his leisure hours to liberal studies, especially those of history, metaphysics, and the principles of civil policy, he sailed for Georgia in October 1785, and settled, with his family, on his estate near Savannah.

Engaging here in agricultural pursuits, he employed himself closely in arrangements for planting, exhibiting the fairest promise to become as eminent in the practice of the peaceful virtues as he had already shown himself in the occupations of war. For so various were his excellencies and so lofty his endowments, that in no walk of life could he fail to be distinguished.

But it was the will of Heaven that in this new sphere of action his course should be limited. The short period of seven months was destined to witness its commencement and its close.

Walking over his grounds, as was his custom, without his hat, on the afternoon of the 15th of June 1786, the day being intensely hot, he was suddenly attacked with such a vertigo and prostration of strength as to be unable to return to his house, without assistance. The affection was what is denominated a "stroke of the sun."

It was succeeded by fever, accompanied with stupor, delirium, and a disordered stomach.

Being in high health at the time of his attack, his habit plethoric, and his temperament inflammatory, the disease was violent and its progress rapid. It was a southern complaint, fiercely invading a northern constitution. All efforts to subdue it proving fruitless, it terminated fatally on the 19th of the month.

The sudden death of a man so distinguished, beloved and venerated for the past, and whose future life promised, so lately, to be long and illustrious, was felt throughout the South as an afflicting calamity.

Intelligence of the event being conveyed to Savannah, but one feeling pervaded the place. Sorrow was universal, and the whole town assumed instinctively the aspect of mourning. All business was suspended, the dwelling houses, stores and shops were closed, and the shipping in the harbor half-masted their colors.

On the following day the body of the deceased, being conveyed to the town at the request of the inhabitants, was interred in a private cemetery with military honors, the magistrates and other public officers of the place, the society of the Cincinnati, and the citizens generally joining in the procession.

As soon as the funeral ceremonies were finished, the members of the Cincinnati assembled in their hall, and adopted unanimously the following resolution:

"That as a token of the high respect and veneration in which this society hold the memory of their late illustrious brother, *Major-General Greene*, deceased, *George Washington Greene*, his eldest son, be admitted a member of this society, to take his seat on arriving at the age of eighteen years."

To the sincere sorrow of all that knew him, and the disappointment of the fondest hopes of his country, this youth, whose early virtues and vigorous intellect promised a manhood of usefulness and renown, was drowned in the river Savannah before he had attained the age of maturity.

On the 12th of August of the year in which the General died, the Congress of the United States unanimously resolved:

"That a monument be erected to the memory of the Honorable Nathaniel Greene, at the seat of the Federal government, with the following inscription:

SACRED
to the memory of
the Honorable NATHANIEL GREENE,
who departed this life,
the nineteenth of June MDCCLXXXVI—1786,
late Major-General
in the service of the United States,
and commander of their army
in the southern department.
The United States, in Congress assembled,
in honor of his
patriotism, valor and ability,
have erected this
MONUMENT."

To the disgrace of the nation, no monument has been erected; nor, for want of a head-stone, or other memorial, can any one at present designate the spot where the relics of the *Hero of the South* lie interred!!

◆

THE IDIOT BOY.

[Composed by a brother of Southey and recited by Forrest.]

It had pleased God to form poor Ned
A thing of idiot mind,
Yet to the poor unreasoning boy
God had not been unkind.

Old Sarah loved her helpless child
Whom helplessness made dear,
And life was everything to him
Who knew no hope nor fear.

She knew his wants, she understood
Each half artic'late call;
For he was everything to her
And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they lived,
Nor knew a wish beside;
But age at length on Sarah came,
And she fell sick and died.

He tried in vain to 'waken her;
He called her o'er and o'er,
They told him she was dead; the words
To him no import bore.

They closed her eyes and shrouded her,
Whilst he stood wond'ring by;
And when they bore her to the grave
He followed silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,
And sung the funeral stave;
And when the mournful train dispersed,
He loitered by the grave.

The rabble boys that used to jeer
Whene'er they saw poor Ned,
Now stood and watched him at the grave,
And not a word was said.

They came and went and came again,
And night at last drew on;
Yet still he lingered at the place
Till every one was gone.

And when he found himself alone
He quick removed the clay,
And raised the coffin in his arms
And bore it swift away.

Straight went he to his mother's cot,
And laid it on the floor;
And with the eagerness of joy
He barred the cottage door.

At once he placed his mother's corpse
Upright within her chair;
And then he heaped the hearth and blew
The kindling fire with care.

She now was in her wonted chair,
It was her wonted place,
And bright the fire blazed and flashed,
Reflected from her face.

Then bending down he'd feel her hands,
Anon her face behold;
Why, mother, do you look so pale—
And why are you so cold?

And when the neighbors on next morn
Had forced the cottage door,
Old Sarah's corpse was in the chair,
And Ned's was on the floor;

It had pleased God from this poor boy
His only friend to call:
Yet God was not unkind to him,
For death restored him all!

◆

THE GRAVE IN THE WILDWOOD.

(That squatter was a Mason true.)

BY BRO. S. C. COFFINBURY, G.·. M.·. MICH.

'Twas in a green and lovely dell
A widow and an orphan came;
Where wild thyme and the heather-bell
O'er a green grave in clusters fell,
They breath'd a cherished name.

'Twas in a quiet, shaded place,
Beside a gurgling wildwood rill,
Where grief might come to hide her face,
And early mem'ries fondly trace,
It was so hush'd, and still.

And there, deep in that woodland lone,
The widow and the orphan wept
O'er him who lay beneath the stone;
To him they rais'd a piteous moan,
Forgetful that he slept.

And thus they cried: "We're strangers here;
There's none to hear the widow's prayer,
There's none to hear her sigh:
There's none to dry the orphan's tear,
There's none to hear her cry.
Oh, why, why, didst thou die,
And leave us in this country wild,
Thy fondly cherish'd wife and child,
'Mid want, and strangers, hunger, fear?
There is no kindly smile to cheer
Our direful, helpless, hopeless lot—
An empty board—a lonely cot.
Thy hung'ring orphan's wasting form,
Grows weaker, weaker, every hour,
Without one crust of bread to save
Her from a threat'ning grave;
She's sinking, like a withering flower,
To ashes and the worm."

A brawny woodman stood hard by,
By vines and flowers conceal'd;
With throbbing heart and tearful eye,
He heard the widow's piteous cry,
As she her lot revealed.

He saw the child's sweet up-turn'd face—
Her sunny tresses fell
From a pale brow of angel grace,
That cast a halo o'er each trace
Of tears, as fast they swell.

With feeble steps they now have gone,
The squatter seeks the place;
But when he gazes on the stone
He weeps afresh, there, all alone—
A man may weep with grace.

Upon the snow-white marble, there,
A Trowel deep was traced,
A Plumb, a Level, and a Square,
An Hour-Glass, and a Lamb-Skin fair,
O'er TWO RIGHT HANDS EMBRACED.

The widow dried her tears that night,
For she a friend had found;
The orphan smiled in fond delight;
In faith it was a goodly sight,
To see their joy abound.

That squatter was a Mason true
As ever *plumb'd* a stone;
From widowed grief the weeds he threw,
The orphan clad in robes anew—
Their sorrows were his own.

Hope cheers that widow's lonely hours,
And plenty crowns her lot;
Her pathway smiles with op'ning flowers,
For sunlight gilds the cloud that lowers,
And peace surrounds her cot.

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BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—WAITING FOR JERRY.

The clock had just struck nine on the evening of the day which had witnessed such strange events at Belair, and Gurney Brackenridge was sitting at home in slippered ease, concocting for himself a tumbler of his favorite beverage. He was alone in the house, for Hannah had got a few days' holiday to visit some friends, and the chemist's domestic comforts were looked after by Mrs. Jakeway in the interim.

The world had prospered somewhat with Gurney Brackenridge since we saw him last. Although he had never received the three hundred pounds which had been promised him in case he should succeed in a certain service, which, as events turned out, it had been found impossible to perform, he had yet been handsomely paid for his trouble in other ways, and especially for the neat, detective-like style in which he had tracked John English from Pevsey Bay to a berth on board the Ocean Child, fast clipper-ship, bound for New York. Then, again, it was satisfactory to know that the widow's long-standing promise to marry him was likely at last to have a speedy fulfillment. Mrs. Winch had been in strangely good spirits ever since the receipt of his telegram, containing the news of the loss of the Ocean Child, which had foundered a few days after leaving the Mersey, and while Brackenridge was still in Liverpool.

His reverie was suddenly put to flight by the familiar click of the garden gate, followed next minute by a loud double-knock at the front door. "That's Jerry's knock, I'll wager anything. What can the fool want with me to-night?"

He got up and opened the door with a cordial greeting, for he always made it a point of keeping in Jerry's good graces. "What has brought you here, my man, at this time of the night?" said Brackenridge, as Jerry sat down bashfully on the proffered chair, while his bright eyes roved purposelessly about the little room.

"Jerry has just come from Belair," said the lad. "He has got to post a letter for my lady; and he was to leave another here on the way. There were five black crows sitting all of a row as Jerry went through the park this afternoon. That means that something bad is going to happen to somebody."

The chemist held out his hand impatiently for the letter, and Jerry, after a little fumbling, produced it. Brackenridge at once recognized the widow's writing. He tore it open, and read as under:

"Dear Gurney: I have been up at Belair all day, and am just going home, very tired, and far from well. I send you this by Jerry, to save you the trouble of walking down to-night, as I shall at once go to bed on reaching home. Look in, however, in the morning, as you go to business. Sincerely yours,

"M. W."

"I might have known better," murmured the chemist bitterly to himself, as he refolded the note, "than to think that she would let out anything of importance to me."

He paused for a moment, with the letter still between his fingers. What was it that Jerry had said? That he was taking to the post a letter written by Lady Spencelaugh? Any letter written by Lady Spencelaugh might, perchance, contain some reference to that secret which, day and night, weighed so heavily on the chemist's mind. Such being the case, supposing that he (Brackenridge) could get at the contents of this letter, might he not, by such means, chance to light on the key of the secret, and so, despite the widow's efforts, constitute himself master of the situation? The thought was a grand one—one that made his blood flush hotly in his veins; but how to carry it out? Jerry's incorruptibility as a messenger was known to him of old. By artifice only could he hope to obtain possession of the letter. But how? He mixed himself another tumbler of his favorite stimulant, in the hope that it might tend to sharpen his dulled wits, chatting meanwhile with Jerry on any indifferent topic that came uppermost. Ah! an excellent thought! Suggested by the Fiend, doubtless; but none the worse for that.

Even before he had done speaking, he had placed himself behind Jerry's chair, and half encircling the lad with one arm, pressed the saturated handkerchief to his nostrils with the other. Jerry made one or two abortive efforts to get away, but the chemist's iron arm held him remorselessly; and in a few seconds the lad's eyes closed softly, his head drooped backwards against Brackenridge's chest.

"Now for the letter!" muttered Brackenridge. One by one Jerry's pockets were lightly examined, and then his hat; but the letter was nowhere to be found. "It must be here," murmured the chemist, as he proceeded to unbutton Jerry's waistcoat. And there it was.

Brackenridge took the letter without fear. He saw, with some surprise, that the address was unmistakably in a man's writing; but as the envelope was merely fastened in the ordinary way, and not sealed, there would not be any difficulty in mastering the contents. A little copper kettle was boiling cheerily by the fire, and all that it was requisite to do was to let the current of steam play on the gummed part of the envelope for a little while, and the thing was done. The chemist's fingers trembled a little as he took the folded paper out of the envelope, and turned to the lamp to read it.

Next moment, a wild, intense pang of baffled rage and despair shot through the chemist's heart. The letter was not from Lady Spencelaugh at all, but was merely a note from Sir Gaston to some friend in London, stating that, in consequence of certain unpleasant proceedings at home, he should not be able to keep an appointment as agreed upon. In the first access of his rage, the chemist crumpled the letter up in his fingers, and flung it into the fire, and was only aroused to a sense of what he had done by seeing it burst into a blaze. The sight sobered him in an instant. What excuse could he possibly make to Jerry, who was the most faithful of messengers, for destroying the letter? There was only one excuse possible for him, and that was to deny ever having seen the letter—he could lie as hard as anybody if needs were—and to persuade the simpleton that he had lost it on the road from Belair.

Going up to Jerry, he shook the unconscious lad roughly by the shoulder, and called him by name. But Jerry's sleep was far too sound to be broken by such simple means, or, indeed, by any earthly means whatever, as the chemist, with a horrible, sickening dread gnawing at his heart, was not long in discovering. Again and again he cried aloud, with a strange agony in his voice, "Jerry, Jerry! wake up, man—come, wake up!" But Jerry remained supremely indifferent to all such entreaties. Then the chemist tried to find his pulse, but there was no pulse to find. Jerry was growing cold already.

Convinced at last that all his efforts at resuscitation were utterly useless, the chemist sat down with a bitter groan opposite poor dead Jerry; and taking his head between his hands, as though it were a loose portion of himself which might chance to fall off and get damaged, he contemplated his handiwork in silence. But presently he grew frightened. That same sweetly solemn look rested on the face of the dead lad, and it troubled the chemist wofully; it spoke of something—of a heavenly peace and serenity—so entirely beyond his ordinary experiences, that he could not bear to contemplate it any longer. With that instinctive desire which we all have to cover up our lost ones, he fetched a clean cloth out of a clothes-press in the next room, and spread it gently over the face of the dead boy. It may be that, at that moment, some pang of regret, pure and simple, for the friend he had lost—a friend, even if a simpleton—made its way to the chemist's hardened heart. If such were the case, it was quenched next moment in burning anxiety for his own safety; for suddenly, and without any preliminary warning, such as the swinging of the garden gate, or the noise of footsteps on the gravel, there came a loud, single knock at the front door—a knock which echoed dully through the quiet house, but which fell like a sound of dire omen on the chemist's guilty heart. He staggered back as though smitten by an invisible hand. Who could possibly want him at so late an hour? Suppose he were to pretend not to be at home? But that would never do, because one of the windows of the room looked out at the front of the house, and the tell-tale lamp shining through the glass betrayed his presence to all who might pass that way. He was still considering within himself, when the summons came again, louder and more imperative than before. With a trembling hand he took up the lamp, and carried it into the next room; and turning the key on that terrible thing lying there so mute and motionless, he advanced on tip-toe to the front door, and putting his mouth to the key-hole, called out, in a strange, hoarse voice, "Who's there, and what do you want?"

"Open the door, Brack, my boy, and you'll soon find out," replied a voice from the outside, in accents rendered slippery by the imbibition of more strong drink than the speaker could conveniently carry.

Brackenridge at once recognized the voice as that of a lame cobbler, named Griggs, a man known to everybody as one of the most drunken reprobates in Normanford; and he at once opened the door, first taking the precaution to put up the chain. "Now, Griggs, what is it?" said the chemist, impatiently. "Why do you come bothering me at this time of the night?"

"Well, I'm jiggered if that ain't cool!" said the cobbler, with a hiccup, as he swayed slightly to and fro on the step. "Seeyhere, I don't want you, my buck, at any price; wouldn't have you a gift. Th' individle I want is m' friend, Jerry Winch. Here I have been waiting, waiting, waiting more'n half an hour, and no signs of Jerry yet. It's tarnation cold standing out here, I can tell ye; so I want to know how much longer you are going to keep the lad."

"Jerry Winch!" said the chemist, in a dismayed whisper. "You are mistaken; Jerry Winch is not here."

"Oh, fie now, Mishter B.! Very naughty to tell fibs," said the cobbler, with an emphatic smack of his drunken lips. "As if I didn't see him with my own blessed eyes come in at this very door!"

"Well, well," said the chemist, in a perfect agony of bewilderment, "I was perhaps wrong in saying that Jerry was not here."

"In course you was," interrupted the cobbler, gravely.

"I ought to have said that I have got some important business to transact, in which I require Jerry's assistance. We shall not be done till a very late hour; in fact, Jerry will probably stay here all night; so it will be no use whatever your waiting for him any longer."

"That's straightforward—that alters the case altogether," said the cobbler. "If Flybysky can't come, I must go without him."

Having refastened the door, Brackenridge went back into the little room where he had left the lamp, and sat down to think. He must get away at once, that was very evident. When Jerry came to be inquired for in the morning, Griggs would remember everything. But for the cursed accident of this man's presence, Brackenridge felt that he might have hidden away the body, where, even if found, no suspicion would have attached to him in the matter. But such a course was now utterly out of the question. He must get away at once and forever.

After a time, he looked at his watch, and then went up stairs, and hurriedly began to pack a small portmanteau. A few minutes were sufficient to accomplish this task. Leaving the lamp still burning, he stole out by way of the back door, which he pulled to gently after him; and so away, at a rapid pace, down the snowy road. Already there was on him the sickening dread which would never utterly leave him again, and which every man feels when he first becomes a criminal—the dread of being *taken*.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A SECRET EXPEDITION.

When the woman Marie, taking herself into her own confidence, after the fashion of most crazy people, told herself that Henri Duplessis was at White Grange, she stated nothing more than the truth. The Canadian was there in hiding; and there also, as a matter of course, was the faithful Antoine. Duplessis, in the first instance, on leaving Lilac Lodge, had really made his way to London, although the police were utterly baffled in their efforts to trace him, and had there lain up in lavender for a while, till the heat of the pursuit had in some measure died away. Marie had been shut up at White Grange all this time, to which place, as soon as his plans were ripe, Duplessis himself made his way, in the disguise of a Savoyard, with an organ at his back; and there he was shortly afterwards joined by Antoine. This dangerous move had not been made without a purpose—a purpose over which the Canadian's mind had been brooding ever since his flight from Lilac Lodge, and which he was now prepared to put into execution. The carrying out of this design had been delayed for several weeks in consequence of the unavoidable absence of Clotilde, Lady Spencelaugh's French maid, who, as a great favor, had been lent by her ladyship for a couple of months to a particular friend about to proceed to Paris for a short time, whose acquaintance with the French language was of a limited character. Clotilde's presence at Belair was necessary to the plans of Duplessis, and as Clotilde was now back again, further delay was unadvisable.

Hitherto, Duplessis had said nothing to Antoine as to the nature of the great scheme which had been ripening in his brain for so long a time; but now that the eve of the night itself which he had fixed upon for his secret expedition had arrived, there was no necessity for further reticence, more especially as he needed the assistance of that devoted servitor. The best room in White Grange, a room seldom used by the family and considered in the light of a state-parlor, had been given up to Duplessis. He had swung a sort of hammock in one corner of it; and in this room he slept, read, smoked and took his meals, and once and again played a greasy game of picquet with Antoine. Considered at its best, it was a mean and shabby little den, and the Canadian's refined tastes rose in revolt a hundred times a day against the dingy squalor by which his present life was environed. But all that would now be changed. So, as the afternoon waned, he summoned Antoine from the little loft close under the rafters, where that worthy was enjoying a comfortable after-diffner snooze, and bidding him close the door, and draw his chair up to the fire, he proceeded to unfold the details of his scheme.

"Come here, my chicken, I want to talk seriously to thee," said Duplessis, as Antoine closed the door. "Nearer still, for we must have no eavesdroppers. That will do. Thou seest these two bank notes? They are of the value of ten pounds respectively, and are absolutely the last fragment of a once comfortable little fortune. Our old curmudgeon of a host will claim them as his due to-morrow, and when once they pass out of my fingers, one shilling and fourpence-halfpenny will be all that Henri Duplessis can call his own in the world. A pleasant prospect, is it not, my infant!"

Antoine's chubby face lengthened visibly; and there gradually crept over it such an expression of blank, but still comical consternation, that Duplessis could not help bursting into a hearty laugh.

"Our lucky star is hidden for a time behind the clouds, my Antoine," resumed the Canadian. "I must turn ambulatory musician for a livelihood, and watch the world and its doings over the green baize of a barrel-organ, in company with a small monkey of many accomplishments."

"And what is to become of me, Monsieur Henri?" demanded Antoine, in a pitiful voice.

"Ices in summer, and coffee in winter. Let them be good and cheap, and in a dozen years thy fortune will be made."

"Ah! Monsieur Henri, I don't want fortune; I don't want anything but to stay always with my dear master; to share his lot, whatever it may be; to work for him now that he is poor as"——

"Enough, my dear boy—enough!" said Duplessis, with a sigh. "Thy words stir strange feelings in my breast, such as had better remain unwakened. Thou hast the finest heart in the world; and so long as thou art left to me, I cannot believe that my good star has deserted me entirely. My fortunes, truly, are at a desperate ebb; but, listen, my cabbage, listen with all thine ears: I have a scheme, a splendid scheme, which, if it only succeed, will make us both rich men for life!"

"Ah! Monsieur Henri, I knew your genius too well to fear that you would ever have need to walk along in the gutter."

"It was to carry out this scheme that I came back from London into the very jaws of the lion, as one may say," resumed Duplessis; "and it would have been carried out weeks ago had not Clotilde been away. At last I have succeeded in arranging everything for to-night."

"Oh, Antoine, if only we are successful! Think what openings there are in the New World, in Mexico, in California, for men of enterprise, with capital at their back."

"But Monsieur has not yet favored me with any particulars of this great scheme," said Antoine, quietly.

"A merited reproof. *Ecoutez donc.* In the first place, we leave here to-night as the clock strikes twelve, and then"—— The Canadian's voice sunk to a whisper and the two heads came together over the little table. Listening, Antoine took in all the details of the plot eagerly.

"It is a scheme worthy of the genius of Monsieur, and it cannot be otherwise than successful," said th glowing Antoine, as Duplessis sank back in his chair and prepared to light a cheroot.

The comforting words whispered by Mrs. Winch in the ear of Lady Spencelaugh, as that person came back to consciousness in the little vestry, and reiterated again and again, as the two women sat together in the privacy of her ladyship's dressing-room, were not without their effect on the mind of her on whose behoof they were spoken. Surely what the widow said must be true. John English had sailed in the Ocean Child; the Ocean Child had been lost with all on board. Granting, then, John English to have been the real heir, of which there could no longer be much doubt, the title and estates, now that he was gone, would come in proper legal sequence, to Gaston, and this horrible confession which she had been driven by the force of circumstances to make, would, for the sake of the family, be hushed up by the few people to whom it was known.

Lady Spencelaugh, deriving what scraps of comfort were possible to her from these considerations, and from the cheering words of her humble friend, Martha Winch, allowed herself, after a time, to be put to bed. She lay quietly enough, so long as the landlady was with her, but no sooner had that indefatigable person taken her leave for the night than her ladyship arose. Her restless fancy peopled the dusky chamber with all sorts of unwelcome visitors, till, unable any longer to bear their company, she crept, shawled and slippered, to the cosy companionship of the dressing-room fire, and there, crouched on the rug, between sleeping and waking, she allowed her mind to play at hide and seek with the distorted and ever changing crowd of doubts and hopes and fears, which now claimed her as their own; and enacted over and over again, in fancy, the whole painful drama of the day just closed.

Midnight came and went, but Lady Spencelaugh never stirred. The silvery voice of the Sèvres clock on the mantel-piece had just told the hour of two, when she was roused from her state of semi-stupor by the noise of the opening door. She turned her head uneasily on its pillow and said: "Is that you, Clotilde? You may go to bed. I shall not want"—— The rest of the sentence died away in her throat at sight of two strange men, their faces covered with black crape, coming rapidly towards her. They were on her before she could scream or give any alarm.

"Speak, and you are a dead woman!" exclaimed one of the men, seizing her roughly by the shoulder and presenting a pistol at her head.

"Oh, spare my life!" she contrived to gasp out.

"Obey my orders implicitly, and no accident shall happen to you," said the man. "But dare to give the least alarm, and that moment you die."

He then bade her rise and seat herself in an easy chair, and with that the second man whipped a coil of thin rope out of his pocket, and proceeded, dextrously and neatly, to tie her ladyship in the chair, so that she could move neither hand nor foot; after which he proceeded to gag her with her own pocket-handkerchief and a small strip of wood, which he had evidently brought for the purpose. When he had done, had her life depended on it, Lady Spencelaugh could not have uttered anything beyond a faint moan.

"Await my return here," said the first man, as the other one stepped back a pace or two, to admire the neatness of his handiwork. "But first bolt the doors, so that there may be no fear of intruders."

There was something in the tone of this man's voice which, even through the midst of her terror, seemed to strike familiarly on Lady Spencelaugh's ear.

The second man now seated himself on a chair close to Lady Spencelaugh, and proceeded to light a cigarette. Him her ladyship regarded with indifference, now that she found her life was not in danger, but her gaze rested uneasily on the first man. Why had he come hither, and what was he about to do? He approached the chimney-piece, and she held her breath. His fingers seemed to be wandering, as if in quest of something, among the intricate scroll-work, and quaint old-world conceits, which the hand of some dead-and-gone sculptor, making the hard marble plastic to his fancy, had carved with loving care and minuteness all over the snowy surface, and her eyes dilated as she watched him. Could it be possible that to this vailed midnight plunderer was known the precious secret guarded by her with such jealous watchfulness—the secret which, she had fondly hoped, was known to no one amongst the living except herself and Martha Winch? Had the dead found a tongue to whisper it, or by what other occult means had her strange visiters become possessed of the knowledge? Her breath came in thick stifling gasps as she watched him; but when she saw his fingers press gently the fifth marble button from the top on the left-hand mantel-shelf, and at the same moment turn thrice to the left the small brass knob hidden behind the central scroll-work, when she saw one side of the chimney-piece roll back on hidden wheels, disclosing, as it did so, a narrow opening in the wall, evidently leading to some mysterious chamber beyond—when Lady Spencelaugh saw all this, knowing that the hoarded treasures of her life, all the gems and precious stones, the gatherings of many years, and which, next to her son, Gaston, she loved better than aught else on earth, were about to be snatched from her forever, her heart gave way within her, and with a faint groan that was stifled in her throat, her head sunk forward on her breast, and for a time she remembered nothing more. When Lady Spencelaugh recovered her consciousness, the two men were still there, one of them holding a small spirit-flask in his hand, which he had evidently been applying to her ladyship's lips, in the hope of bringing her round more quickly.

"She will do now," said he who seemed the leader. "Put on the gag, we have no time to lose," and with that he turned to a small table near at hand, on which were spread a lot of gems and precious stones of various kinds, some of them still uncut, while others were cut and set as necklaces, bracelets, rings, or other articles of personal adornment—a glittering throng truly. The gag was in her mouth, and Lady Spencelaugh looked on in dumb despair while the vailed man swept all her cherished treasures into a wash-leather bag, and then disposed of the same in some safe place about his person. They were lost to her without hope of recovery; all her precious hoard was gone, the slow, patient accumulation of twenty years. This hoarding of precious stones had been a monomania with her, secretly pursued, for not even Sir Philip himself, although aware of her weakness in this respect, had had any idea of the extent to which she had carried it. By means of what devilish arts had this white-handed thief learned the secret of its hiding-place? As her darlings slipped from her eyes forever, she felt at that moment as though it would be a pleasant thing to die, and so end all this weary coil of calamities which was encompassing her around without any hope of escape. This brief, vivid drama, in which she had been an involuntary actress, had had for her such an intensity of meaning as to cause her to forget for a little while that other dark drama of the day just done, in which she had played one of the leading parts; but now that this second act was consummated, the full weight of her misery flowed over in a double wave, under whose accumulated force her very soul seemed to die within her, leaving her for a time powerless to suffer further. She had some dim sense of being left alone and of hearing the key turned in the lock as the two men beat a hasty retreat; yes, left alone; bound hand and foot, powerless to stir or speak, and without hope of release till morning should reveal her condition to some one, if, indeed, she could live thus till morning. To die would perhaps be best.

(To be continued.)

The Stranger's Grave, at La Grange, Ky.

Editor National Freemason:

In our beautiful cemetery here—one of the most beautiful in the State—I have long observed a gravestone with emblems, etc., well calculated to excite a Mason's inquiry. It is inscribed "Samuel Osborne," who, it is said, died at Louisville, Ky.; but I have found no one to tell me anything of the person who lay beneath. Since my residence here, now prolonged to more than the emblematical seven years, I have laid many a weary brother to sleep on the right and left of this unknown "Osborne." Many a song have we sung in mystic square, and many a symbolical expression of a Mason's faith deposited while the stranger hard by "slept the sleep that knows no waking."

Recently, while a guest in the home of an intelligent and hospitable brother, James H. Stewart, at Delphi, Indiana, this long pending mystery was solved, and I found out the denizen of that grave. The story has interest in it.

Many years ago, when the citizens and the Masonic fraternity were laying out the beautiful "God's Half-acre," now styled "La Grange Cemetery," this man, Samuel Osborne, was stopping temporarily at La Grange, and became deeply interested in the proceeding. The lovely place so impressed itself upon his memory that, when he came to die, he requested that "his remains should be laid within its precincts."

The request was granted. Bro. Stewart informs me that he went in person to La Grange with the body, and superintended the interment. The day was fearfully wet and cold. Mr. Osborne was a total stranger at La Grange. Nevertheless, the brethren, both of town and country, assembled in creditable numbers, and walked through the driving storm in solemn procession.

Amongst them, Bro. Stewart remembers the tall and venerable form of "Parson Crouch." This was one of the oldest and best known Masons in Kentucky. He died about eight years ago, and lies near by the "stranger's grave." Bro. Brent Hopkins was also present there, and for many years Master of Fortitude Lodge, No. 49, at La Grange. He is now a resident of Louisville, Ky., a brother long and favorably known in Grand Lodge and elsewhere. Another of our well known Masons who walked in the procession that day was John Keynon. Him I buried last year, an old and respected citizen. Another was John W. Clayton, still alive, and now the Master of the Lodge—a Mason of more than forty years' standing. Also Major Moxley, still alive, but non-affiliated, even an older Mason than Clayton. Also Wm. Mahon, who is still with us.

Around the grave of Samuel Osborne, the "Grange Cemetery" now presents its ranks of the "silent sleepers," the fragrant cedar is green above them, and suggests sublimest thoughts. As I walk of a Sunday afternoon with my oldest and best friend leaning on my arm (long may my arm be her support!) my feet insensibly tend to that green and lonely place to which, in God's good time, I shall be borne by others for a sleep as quiet and durable as that of Samuel Osborne.

Lo! the sands swiftly run! Behold our lives
  Dropping like foliage to a solemn close,
To-day the bud bright expectation gives,
  To-morrow blossoms to a transient rose;
Another morn, and its whole beauty goes;
  Its leaves are scattered wastefully around,
No heart remembering; another glows
  Upon the stem—another hope is crowned,
And this is human life, as all the dead have found.

Yours, in fraternal friendship,
ROBERT MORRIS.

Universality.

Bro. Reynolds thus discourses on the question under discussion in our columns:

Of late, there seems to be a methodical effort to remove or change some portions of our ritual and work, so as to bring about a more thorough so-called universality, or, in other words, to obliterate all reference to Christian worship, and eradicate all allusion to the Christian religion in all our work, services, and prayers.

To a superficial observer this may seem eminently just and necessary, but to one who studies the matter and investigates the principles laid down in the "Old Charges," it will be found that this movement is intended to destroy equality and individual freedom among Freemasons, to inure to the advantage of some religious system, and destroy the force of individual rights, as protected and guarded by the Old Constitutions and Charges.

The first of the Old Charges is as follows:

A Mason is obliged by his tenure to obey the moral law; and if he rightly understands the art he will never be a stupid atheist, nor an irreligious libertine. But, though in ancient times Masons were charged in every country to be of the religion of that country and nation, whatever it was, yet it is now thought more expedient only to oblige them to that religion in which all men agree, leaving their particular opinions to themselves; that is, to be *good men and true*, or men of honor and honesty, by whatever denominations or persuasions they may be distinguished, whereby Masonry becomes the *centre of union*, and the means of conciliating true friendship among persons that must otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance.

In France, this article came very near being stricken out in the Grand Orient; this effort was made in aid of infidelity—an infidelity that neither Christian, Hebrew, or Mohammedan would tolerate—an infidelity unknown to Masonry outside of France and countries infected with French atheism. Any prayer, service, or ritual which would recognize any Deity or Supreme Being would be distasteful to these infidels, who never should have been made Masons, and who have no sentiment but honor to bind them to an observance of their obligations. Their plea is *universality;* in other words, that Masonry shall recognize no God. When the French Orient gets to that point, French Masons will be no longer recognized among the believers in God, no matter what their differences may be.

We have no desire to bring Freemasonry to the Christian, Hebrew, Mohammedan, or any other system of religious worship. On the contrary, we are ready to meet any good man on the level who believes in God as the Creator and Governor of all things, and who holds himself accountable to Him.

But the charge above quoted does not contemplate that any Mason shall ignore his religious belief or form of worship; he is to keep his particular opinions to himself; that is, a Christian is not to intrude his opinions offensively upon a Hebrew, and so *vice versa*. In the sixth charge the Craft are especially enjoined to have no quarrels about religion or nations or State policy brought into the Lodge.

When Masonry dropped the operative and became organized in a speculative form, the tendency was to adopt and be of some religious faith; in England, Episcopalian; in Scotland, Presbyterian; in Ireland, Catholic; in Turkey, Mohammedan; in France, skepticism, and so on.

The Old Charges, in a perfect spirit of toleration, provided that Masonry should take none of the prevailing religions, forms, or beliefs, but that every Mason should retain his own belief and worship in his own way; not that clergymen, rabbis, or ministers of any religious system, or any other persons, should be bound by prescribed forms of prayer or utterance, but that every one should worship sincerely in his own way; for any other way is hypocrisy and mockery in the worshiper. It is by this toleration that "Masonry becomes *the center of union* among good men and true, by whatever denomination or persuasion they may be distinguished, and is the means of conciliating true friendship among those who might otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance."

There is fitness and appropriateness for every place and thing. All that portion of the American continent which has been redeemed from savage dominion is, in some form, under Christian governments; their institutions of every character are mainly under Christian control, and the general sentiment of the country is in favor of the Christian religion. Nineteen-twentieths of the Masons in the United States are believers in, or are attached to the Christian religion and its institutions.

Every synagogue, every mosque, every pagoda, every atheistical or heathen temple erected on the American continent, is in the face of governments, general belief, and common religious worship. Wherever any of these exist, they are monuments of universal religious toleration, first proclaimed and enforced by Masons; monuments which have made this nation the wonder of modern times, and which so confound the tyrants of the old world in the fact, that a general Christian worship can tolerate any other in its midst. Yet, so it is; the Christian beholds all this, dissents from it, but says at last, "it is not for me to judge. Let the Hebrew, Mohammedan, heathen, or infidel settle the matter with the Great Judge of all." This is also the Masonic idea.

In all matters of charity, recognition, relief, and fidelity, there is, and ever will be, universality in Masonry. But in forms of ritual, work, prayers, management of Masonic matters, and questions of internal policy, there never has been universality, and never will be so long as men differ in opinion or language. If we were to attend a Lodge in a Mohammedan country, we should expect to see its religious exercises conducted agreeably to Mohammedan usages; we should not object to or criticise them, because we would be a visiter, and our opinions and criticisms upon their customs would be a breach of hospitality, and an unpardonable rudeness. We might not join in their forms or assent to their worship. More we could not decently do.

If we attended a Hebrew Lodge, we should expect to hear Hebrew prayers, and politeness and respect for our hosts would lead us to express no dissent.

In this country there are many Hebrews who are Masons. In the large cities they usually have Lodges of their own, and are undisturbed in their worship and work.

We come now to the main point. There is no manual now in use that contains what may be termed a Christian prayer. Whenever they are uttered in the presence of Christians, they mentally say, *for the sake of Christ*, or *in the name of Christ*. If we were in the chair of a Lodge, and a Rabbi were to visit us, we should certainly ask him to conduct the religious exercises; we should expect him to conduct them agreeably to his way; and if a Christian minister, either as Chaplain or by invitation, is called upon *anywhere* to perform religious services, he is expected to conduct them agreeably to his views and conscience. No one is obliged to assent to any sentiment he may utter contrary to his views, nor to any form he may use. A form of prayer is mockery to a Christian which is not made in the name of Christ. The first charge does not intend that religious men shall lay aside their views or forms; they are to have no quarrels about them, no disputes; we are not to call this one in question for his form of prayer; neither is any one to call in question ours. Any other course would drive all our honest Christian clergymen out of our Lodges. We are aware that some desire to do this, and that many hard things are said about them; but a fair examination will show that clergymen have done more and suffered more for Masonry than any other class of men, in proportion to their numbers.

Inasmuch as this is a Christian country, we protest against the constant tinkering with and changing of rituals and forms to suit or please any particular views. If such a thing be commenced, we may soon have applications to amend our Charges, and to ignore God and religion entirely. Let every man in this country worship God in his own way; let every Mason use his own form of prayer, and let every Lodge regulate the form of its own religious exercises, and to God let them all answer.

Family Circle.

RED RIDING HOOD.

Long years ago, when but a child,
  By mother's side I've stood,
And listened, weeping, while she told
  Of dear Red Riding Hood.

And even now, when growing old,
  The story I recall,
Of that most kind and loving girl,
  Who was beloved by all.

No wonder, when she always was
  So diligent and good,
And helped her parents and her friends
  In every way she could.

She gladly read unto the blind,
  Took food unto the poor,
And by kind actions helped the sick
  Their sufferings to endure.

So mother told me years ago
  While sitting by her knee;
I wish my little readers all
  Like that good girl would be.

The winter time has now begun,
  The cold winds keenly blow,
And drifted on the streets and lanes
  We see the sleet and snow.

Alas! how many poor ones now
  Crouch round a cheerless hearth;
How many, poorer, shivering go,
  Without a home on earth!

Help them in every way you can:
  Remember them in prayer;
And from your plentiful supply
  A little portion spare.

Give *something*, though the gift should be
  Small as the widow's mite,
'Twill help to fill some aching heart
  With comfort and delight.

The youngest of you has the power
  And means of doing good;
You all can do what once was done
  By dear Red Riding Hood.

Woman's Part in the World's Welfare.—It is the keeping alive for men certain ideas, and ideals, too, which would soon pass out of the world, in the rush and hurry of material existence, if they were not fed and replenished by those who are able to stand aloof from the worry and vexations of active life. When society ceases to have the means of creating its own ideas, it must decay. Civilization is nourished by imaginative wealth that the world possesses, and renews for itself from time to time; and those treasures of the imagination, which we call ideas, are mainly dependent on the social position occupied by women. Ideas of surety, unselfishness and devotion, in the words of the poet, are the hinges of the gate of life; and, if women were to become as men, the sacred fire would soon become extinct. The heathens of old fitly expressed this truth by the image of the eternal flame of Vesta, which it was the duty of her priestesses to maintain unimpaired, and on the preservation of which the welfare of Rome herself depended.

The Best of all Schools.—The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory, but the simple lessons of home, enameled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years and outlive the more mature but less vivid picture of after years.

So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age, holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have, perchance, seen an old obliterated portrait, and, in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored, you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon canvas, is no faint illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is the fireside—the great institution of Providence for the education of man.

Mrs. Washington.—The following, as to the style and habits of a lady of the olden time, is from the notes of a celebrated English writer and visiter, Mrs. Thorpe:

"As Mrs. Washington was said to be so grand a lady, we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands; so we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and don't you think we found her knitting, and with her check apron on! She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were without a stitch of work, and sitting in state; but Gen. Washington's lady, with her own hands, was knitting stockings for her husband."

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold when they come home at night. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not have it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home ever delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

The Bride.—I know of no sight more charming and touching than that of a young and tender bride in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar. When I thus behold a lovely girl in that tenderness of her years forsake the house of her father and the home of her childhood, and with the implicit confidence and the self-abandonment which belong to women, giving up all the world for the man of her choice—when I hear her, in the good old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him "for better or worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love honor and obey, till death do us part," it brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth, "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge—thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—*Irving.*

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A writer in the able journal, the *Indian Freemason's Friend*, objects to Newton's Principia because of its secresy, and everything secret is improper. To make oneself acquainted with its contents, a man must go to a bookseller's shop, buy the book, open it, and read its pages carefully; and he must also have the mental capacity and training to comprehend what it teaches. This is not right. Its contents should be known to all men, whether they buy, read, understand the book, or whether they do not buy, do not read, and do not understand it. If it is a proper book, why should any conditions be laid down for the gaining its mysteries? It is a sealed book to those who do not fulfill the conditions; and as such I strongly condemn it. Have you ever been in the society of three or four men who were acquainted with its hocus-pocus, and were exchanging opinions on the subject? Their talk is a jargon to the rest of the company, and, for aught you know, it may be a tissue of diabolical blasphemies.

The editor responds: Freemasonry is open to every man who has the necessary qualifications of reverence for God, a moral character, and freedom of action. A candidate must also be proposed and balloted for; and if accepted, he must pay a fee. Our correspondent might even condemn Christianity, because, to apprehend the scheme prepared for his salvation, a man is required to weaken the natural bias to sin and infidelity by correcting his evil habits, and to come to God for enlightenment in an humble and teachable spirit, believing that, at the outset of his career, the primary and simple truths of the Gospel will be imparted to him, the higher mysteries being reserved for the time when he has advanced in godliness; for, as St. Paul says, babes must be fed with milk, and strong men with meat. But while the Bible says, "Believe with thy *heart*," "Son, give me thy *heart*," etc., and men try, in the first instance, to believe with the *head*, they will never know the mysteries of God; for the corrupt affections, dishonest or stupid attorneys-at-law, prepare the case unfairly or stupidly for Counselor Head. We say, then, fulfill the necessary conditions, and Newton's Principia, Freemasonry, and the Bible will have no secrets for you.

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Jewelry.—The New Jersey *Courier*, in an article on "Masonic Jewelry," beautifully suggests: "If you are anxious that the world should know you to be a Mason, let them find it out by your upright and regular deportment, and the practice of Masonic virtues and brotherly love."

The National Freemason.

NEW YORK, MARCH 9, 1867.

R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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The New York Mutual Relief Association

is meeting with as much favor as is desirable at first. We dread spasmodic action, where steady, quiet, progressive life is essential.

We urge none to unite with the association, as it will grow sufficiently fast without any appeal.

We write a few plain words, as we have no time nor disposition to commingle with craftsmen who are given to indolence and gossip, while the great harvest demands laborers.

We do not edit the National Freemason for a livelihood, or for office, or for honor. We have but one desire, and that to be useful. In this same spirit we have consented, at a sacrifice of time and without compensation, to act as the President of the New York Mutual Relief Association. We believe it to be a great good, and a hundred years in advance of the present notions of life insurance. We shall be very much pleased if the insured in this company will elect some one in our place. We thus also express the sentiment of every director, no one wishing to hold his position only for a community and not a personal benefit.

There is no room for speculation, in any event, in this company, as in others. The one dollar is only paid upon the death of a brother, and then goes at once to the family of the parties insured. If the brethren insured wish another board of directors, it is in their own power to elect such persons as they prefer.

We have heard but one objection to the association, that some of the names of the directors are found connected with everything Masonic in New York. This simply shows they are zealously affected in the good cause. May all be equally well affected. The Board of directors was chosen from those who attended the meetings and manifested an interest. All were equally and publicly invited. None were especially notified. If there are cliques and parties in New York Freemasonry, we know nothing of them, *don't belong to them, don't intend to belong to them*, but are the property of the whole craft, happy to co-operate with any Freemasons, in any work of charity in New York or out of it, without any office or reward. Our conception of Freemasonry is so grand that nothing adventitious can augment our interest or our labors. We earnestly work for the fraternity, because our love for its principles and its truths constrains us.

For shame, brethren of the mystic tie! Let these petty jealousies and love of office, and power, and notice, have no more place among you.

Devote yourselves to the zealous spread and propagation of Masonic truth. Co-operate with any brother, whether you fancy him or not, who is laboring for the good of our race, and above all things, have "*fervent charity among yourselves*," or that love which worketh no ill to a brother. Lay aside selfishness and deceit, which, spider-like, creeps its way to so many souls.

Are you not bound *not to wrong your brother to the value of anything?* reaching to the relations of life, the minutest details of business, to the acts of the hands, the words of the mouth, and the plans of the heart? Love your neighbor, do good unto all men, and abide by that great and world-binding law, "*Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets.*"

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The Old Pear-Tree.

Freemasons stand almost alone in endeavoring to preserve the landmarks and the relics of old times. Modern America and modern Europe have very little regard for the past. Commerce and trade and progress (as it is termed) have swept away from our nation the memories of the olden period. They have made havoc in New York with the original fort upon the battery; the first Stadt house at the head of Coenties slip; the Cingle, or wall, that shut out the Indians, and gave the name to Wall street; the modest wooden church on the site of the stately Trinity; the Hugenot Conventicle in Frankfort street; the quaint old shops in Broad street, with their step-ladder gables and their five-by-six panes of glass, with the house and tree at the corner of the Bowery and Pell street, in which Charlotte Temple passed her childhood, and with the palatial mansion in Varick street, once the residence of Aaron Burr, are among the things that were, with the statue of King George, which was melted into bullets, and that of William Pitt, mutilated, and its remains hidden away.

The house about Thirtieth street and Second avenue, where our Masonic brothers, Washington and Greene, rested on their retreat from Long Island, went down under the fiat of the city surveyor. The old Sugar House of Liberty street, the scene of suffering of so many Masonic patriots, is gone. The old Dutch church, opposite our sanctum, now the city post office, full of the scrawls of British officers, is doomed. St. Paul's still remains, thanks to Trinity parish, and the old sugar house, corner of Duane and Rose street, with the date of 1761.

The "Stuyvesant Pear-Tree," corner of Third avenue and Thirteenth street, has at last fallen. This stood at the gate of the wooden-legged Governor's farm, to which he retired when not the British, but a treaty, secured his resignation of his sword. This tree, of an age exceeding two hundred years, associated with the history of New York, is gone.

The Working Women's Protective Union.

The president and committee have our thanks for the compliment (for such we esteem it) to a platform seat at the Cooper Institute, on the occasion of the fourth anniversary of the "*Working Women's Protective Union.*"

We need not repeat that this and similar associations have our earnest co-operative sympathy.

This Union seeks (1) to secure for working women legal protection from frauds and impositions, free of expense; (2) to secure wages proportioned to the cost of living; (3) to seek new and appropriate spheres of labor; (4) to assist those out of work to find employment; (5) to create sympathy and provide the support due to the defenseless condition of working women.

The large number of women and girls who, by the loss of husbands and brothers in the late war, are thrown upon their exertions, seek not charity. They ask for work.

This Union has in the last ten months secured employment for 6,422 applicants; 590 of them being orphan girls, many of them scarcely fifteen years of age. There are 685 half-orphans registered on the books. These not only support themselves, but also an aged father or mother, or younger brothers and sisters. 681 widows have applied for relief. They work, many of them, on army clothing, making soldiers' shirts at 75 cents per dozen, and drawers and overalls at from 50 to 75 cents per dozen.

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St. John the Baptist.

[Our article, in reply to a Templar of Indiana, on the appearance of our Lord, has given rise to other inquiries, one of which we answer below.]

In all early devotional effigies, the personal appearance of St. John is that of a tall, meagre figure, sunburnt and haggard, as one wasted with vigils and fasting, and with the desert life; his hair and beard disheveled. In the Greek pictures, with black elf locks, that literally stand on end, covered only with a garment of camel's hair, bound with a leathern girdle, the limbs and chest exposed, the hand uplifted to warn or testify. Such is the most ancient, and by far the most characteristic representation; but in the modern schools of art the sense of beauty was too strong to be sacrificed to the fitness and the truth of things. St. John is often a beautiful youth, with the form of a young Apollo, or a man in the prime of life, dignified and benign, and often he wears over his scanty camel's hair shirt a mantle of red or green, flowing to the ground in rich and ample folds.

St. John as Messenger and Precursor, is generally standing, wearing the camel's hair garment, with the baptismal cup or the red cross ("a reed shaken by the wind"), the mouth half open, the eyes dilated and inspired. He has a scroll on which is written, "*vox clamantis in deserto*," which is the proper inscription, but more generally it is "*Ecce Agnus Dei*" ("Behold the Lamb of God").

There is a beautiful figure of St. John standing, with open mouth, as crying aloud in the wilderness, and in his right hand the cup, by Campagnolo. Another, by Parmigranino, as a youth, holding the reed cross, and lifting his hand to warn or denounce. By Raphael, the well known seated figure, but instead of the camel's hair the leopard's skin, and but for the cross to which he points, recalling in the pose, and in the full youthful form, the idea of a young Bacchus. Another, by Guido, also seated, more manly, with the lips unclosed and the hand raised: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

St. John as a Witness. Murillo. St. John, as a child, embraces the lamb, and at the same time points to heaven.

Leonardo de Vinci. The half length figure, in the Louvre, holding the reed cross and pointing upwards. The beauty of the face, the smiling lips, and the curled hair give the figure the look of a young Apollo.

St. John as a Patron Saint and Baptist figures in many works of art as the patron saint of Florence. There are two statues of St. John at the end of the north corridor in the gallery at Florence, which are examples of two different styles of treatment. The first, by Donatello, represents the young patron saint as the dweller in the desert, meagre and wasted, too picturesque for sculpture; the second, by Benedetto de Majano, as a beautiful youth, too graceful for religious and historical truth.

In the old German and Flemish pictures, St. John appears with a characteristic sterness, and yet often with a simple dignity.

St. John beheaded in prison, called properly the "Decollation." The death of St. John took place in the fortress-palace of Macheronta, where Herod was celebrating his birth-day. Here John had been confined for several months, for Herod feared to put him to death.

In general there are only three figures. The dead body of John lies prostrate, and the executioner, generally a soldier, one of Herod's guard, presents the head to Salome; or, by a stroke of delicacy in some painters, not Salome herself, but an attendant, receives the head, and bears the dish before her mistress.

In general, however, she carries the dish herself, and the executioner holds up the head by the hair. She turns away, sometimes, with an expression of pity, sometimes merely as a fine lady would turn her eyes from an unseemly or disagreeable object.

Giotto. Painted in carmine at Florence, on the wall of the Chapel of the Baptist. These valuable frescoes were destroyed when the church was nearly consumed by fire in 1771; but an English painter, Thomas Patch, had previously made sketches from them, which were engraved. Some fragments remain, cut out of the ruined walls: two heads of saints, once Mr. Rodgers', which used to hang in his breakfast-room.

We again repeat that the NATIONAL FREEMASON has no exclusive general agent.

Bro. Latour has authority to act as agent as others have. We trust our brethren will aid Bro. Latour, wherever he goes, in securing subscribers. The friends of the great National Masonic Weekly will aid, of course, all agencies to give efficiency to their efforts. We write this to correct misapprehension. If any brother has a receipt from any agent and has not been furnished with the paper, let it be reported at once: or if any brother will present evidence of having paid an agent he shall receive the paper. Report all errors and failures.

The Late Masonic King of Hanover and the Jews.

The Jews lived under the rule of our blind brother in contentment and happiness, fully enjoying the royal protection, and in possession of all the rights exercised by their fellow-citizens of other denominations. The life of the dethroned king and brother is full of sweet illustration of Masonic teaching, Masonic toleration and Masonic charity.

We trust that our royal brother of Prussia will put into practice his Masonic principles, and will treat Masonically and governmentally the Jews as he does the Lutherans throughout all his great empire.

BRO. E. M. HASTINGS, Grand Treasurer of Alabama, will accept our thanks for printed copy of the transactions of his Grand Lodge at the late annual communication.

Our thanks are likewise due to R. W. Bro. E. T. Carr, Grand Secretary, for printed proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Kansas.

STONINGTON, CONN.—By invitation, we delivered an address before the Lodge and community of Stonington, Conn., the third of a course of lectures got up by the Freemasons. We return our compliments for the kindness and attention exhibited, and the reception of our lecture.

The Lodge has a vigorous and exemplary Master and earnest coadjutors.

THE IDEA of a party Master or Grand Master is abhorrent to all sound Masonic principle. If the Master or Grand Master acts arbitrarily and unjustly, brethren should magnanimously continue to do their full duty, kindly and cordially. We cannot always have things pleasant in the Lodge, any more than in the State, the family, or the Church. A meddlesome, partisan, intriguing master—if such be possible—must be endured in the same spirit of patience that is necessary in the case of tyrannical civil rulers, or a shiftless husband or a termagant wife.

Bro. Crutchfield

is a young Mason and gentleman of noble properties and attainments. He has our fullest confidence for accuracy and integrity. Will our friends of the South and Southwest give Bro. C. a cordial reception?

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS, P. G. M.

Death of Bro. Williamson.

While we can add nothing to the force of the many and kindly notices that have already appeared in connection with the death of Bro. Amor J. Williamson, we desire to add our humble tribute of respect to his memory. Our relations with him as proprietor of the New York *Dispatch*, in which, for two years, we conducted the Masonic department, were of so pleasant a nature that we shall ever cherish them among the bright memories of life; and such as was his treatment of us, we know was his general demeanor to all with whom he came in contact. Prominently known as a politician, he had, of course, many opponents; but even they will agree that his opposition was frank and manly, and in honorable contrast with the petty manœuvrings too often connected with the name of politician. He was a member of Normal Lodge, No. 523, and though, from the engrossing nature of his avocations, not a constant attendant, still he displayed in his life the fact that he had knelt at the mystic altar and imbibed the sacred influence of our teachings. In common with those who frequently saw him, we have long known that the hand of the destroyer was upon him, and we have marked the gradual approach of the time when the last farewell must be said. In common with them, too, we could have wished that his last hours might have been spent in the bosom of his family, and in the presence of his friends, than whom no man ever had warmer or more devoted; but it was otherwise decreed, and there only remains for us the sad duty of consigning his remains to mother earth to await the final reunion.

We most sincerely condole with his family and friends in the loss of husband, father, brother, friend. To have been numbered on his list of friends was an honor; to mourn his loss, the strongest impulse of nature; and to hope for a happier meeting hereafter, the truest consolation.

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Masonic Reform.

The word "reform" has, of late years, been in such common use that it would seem as if it must be utterly threadbare; and the apparent hopelessness of producing a real reform in the general relations of life ought to lead to some other effort or means of advancement than those hitherto so unsuccessfully adopted by so-called reformers. It is true that the men who usually take upon themselves the title and labors of reformers are generally of what Mrs. Partington would call *Hyperborean* tendencies—entertaining and striving to impress on their neighbors the most ultra ideas, and refusing to see any good short of the establishment of an Utopia conceived in their brains, and having no more solid lodgment. These blatant heroes of progress would readily undertake to reconstruct the universe, and seldom hesitate in usurping to themselves a wisdom superior to that of the Infinite.

We have never been able to account for this propensity, save on the ground that there is some phase of human weakness in the constitution of these reformers which takes delight in thus exposing itself to the pangs of a cheap martyrdom, or the hope that, if, by any accident, their theories should prove true, they will, in reward of their efforts, be entitled to a chief place in the New Jerusalem which glitters in their visions, but fades from their grasp with provoking obstinacy. But even if we admit that, in matters of State and religion, men may lawfully exert themselves to bring about changes for what they deem the best, it is difficult for us to understand how their vagaries are to be made applicable to the Masonic institution, founded on truths which have stood the test of centuries, which are no more and no less true to-day than they were in the beginning. Some men, however, will be satisfied with nothing stable, they have no reverence for the past, no hope in anything but a change or series of changes, and their perturbed spirits would, if they had the power, vault over the battlements of heaven and reconstruct the universe and the "rest of mankind." Among us there is one class who, under the battle-cry of "Reform!" seek to annihilate the so-called superior degrees. With a zeal that brooks of no delay, they declare that Masonry begins and ends with the symbolic degrees, and they are determined that the temple shall be purged of the money-changers. Among the Masons of Continental Europe these men form no inconsiderable class; and it is more than probable that, if they do not succeed in breaking up the *haut grades* altogether, they will accomplish a very material reduction in their number. Whether they will remain satisfied when this is accomplished remains to be seen. There is another class more thoroughgoing still, who, jumping to the conclusion that the high degrees are already *in articulo mortis*, propose to reform symbolic Masonry itself by divesting it of all its distinctive features, and making it a mere humdrum gathering of persons seeking the passing enjoyment of an hour, without reference to the past and without hope for the future. There is a club of these progressive philosophers somewhere in the neighborhood of the Brooklyn City Hall, who propose to carry out this reform at the earliest possible moment. Their programme involves the disbandment of all Grand Lodges, peaceably, if possible, forcibly, if necessary, the abolition of the second and third degrees, and the admission of the profane to the first degree, without other restriction than the consent of those already initiated. The unsophisticated reader will doubtless say, "Why, this is destruction, not reform;" and we must confess that we see it in that light; but we can assure him, nevertheless, that the attempt is being seriously made, that its ramifications are being extended to other cities throughout the country, and that in due time it will be heard from, like the late conservators' association, in the troubles and discords it will breed among Lodges and Masons. We assume the members of this club to be enemies of the institution, and mean ones at that, because many of them retain their membership in regular Lodges, and yet affiliate in their club with non-Masons in an insane attempt to break down the institution they have covenanted to maintain; and so far as our influence goes, we shall use it to have them disciplined, and thus put on a par with their reforming companions. We are satisfied with Masonry just as it is, and know of no power in any man or body of men to make reforms; and we think, moreover, that a Mason who does not thus regard the institution should have the grace to quit it outright, and not pretend to serve it with one hand while he stabs it with the other.

:o:

Answers to Correspondents.

ALMA.—"A brother and Past Master of the Lodge to which I belong has had a running account for some years, on one side of which were charged his dues, and on the other credited the amount of sundry bills presented by him for work done for the Lodge. For some time past the debit side of the account has increased the fastest, for the reason that the Lodge had no work in his line. To remedy this defect, the brother recently sent in a bill including various items long since credited to account, which items were doubled in amount, in addition to which he charged (double price) for an article which he had never delivered, and in this way succeeded in squaring his account. The bill was referred to the Finance Committee for examination. They discovered the facts, and reported them to the Lodge in the presence of the brother, together with a resolution requesting him to pay the balance against him, amounting to considerably more than a year's dues. The resolution was adopted. At the next communication the Worshipful brother offered the Secretary a small payment, on account, which, under the circumstances, the Lodge refused to accept, and proceeded to strike his name off the roll. Please say whether:

"1. The Lodge had a right to refuse partial payment; and,

"2. Was the Lodge justified in striking the brother's name from the roll?"

ANSWER.—We think the Lodge was not only justified in refusing to receive partial payment and in striking the name of the brother from the roll, but that they should have gone a step farther, and have disciplined him for attempting so mean and transparent a fraud. If the brother was too poor to pay, he should have stated that fact to the Lodge, and asked for the remission of the balance standing against him; but, having chosen to try and sneak out of the just claim of the Lodge against him, he may, we think, render thanks to his lucky star that he was allowed to get off so easy.

G. T. T.—"Please give me your opinion on the following state of facts: A candidate having petitioned the Lodge for initiation, the petition was received, and took the usual course. The ballot having been spread, the Master said there appeared to be some mistake, and ordered it to be sent around again; the result being still unfavorable, the Master so declared it, and that the petition was rejected. A brother then arose in his place, and stated voluntarily that he had deposited the contrary ballot, and asked for a reconsideration, which, being granted, the next ballot was favorable, and the candidate declared elected. Had the Master a right to pass the ballot a third time?'

ANSWER.—None whatever. When he declared the petition rejected, the six months rule at once applied, and nothing further could be lawfully done in the matter until the expiration of that time. Before the state of the ballot is declared, the Master may order it to pass three and even four times, but when he has made the official declaration, it immediately becomes of record, and he has no further power ever it than the youngest entered apprentice. No rule of Masonic law is better settled than that an unfavorable ballot cannot be reconsidered, and a ballot is unfavorable from the moment the presiding officer so declares it.

VIVEUR.—It is a very common practice for committees of investigation to report verbally, but we regard it as a decidedly loose way of doing business. It would be difficult to name any item of Lodge business of more transcendent importance than the investigation of the character of those who send in their petitions for initiation, and the transaction, from its inception to completion, should be invested with all possible form and solemnity. We, therefore, think that the reports of these committees should not only be in writing, but should state with distinctness what the committee find in regard to the candidate. A written report, signed by the committee and placed in the hands of the Secretary, has been decided to be in possession of the Lodge, and the Lodge, on its presentation by the Secretary, may proceed to act upon it.

ANXIOUS.—We do not know that the Commissioners of Excise would be likely to inquire whether members going to Lodge had "pocket pistols," but we should certainly favor giving them the power to prevent the practice, if it exists, which, as Mrs. Miggs would say, we think it does not.

:o:

NEW YORK, March 1, 1867.

John W. Simons, Esq., Ed. of NATIONAL FREEMASON.

M. W. SIR AND BRO.:—Allow us to trespass on your good nature by informing you of a little affair that took place last night at Greenwood Lodge, No. 593, F. and A. M. Last night (Thursday) being the meeting night of Greenwood Lodge, W. Bro. P. L. Pearce, P. M., was the recipient of a most beautiful P. M. Jewel, presented to him by his Lodge. W. Bro. Pearce is one of the original charter members of Greenwood Lodge, and its first Master, and it is owing to his exertions, his amiable and virtuous conduct, as well as to his skill and learning, that the Lodge has so well prospered, and stands this day second to none. The presentation was made by Bro. B. R. Corwin, in a neat and eloquent style, to which W. Bro. Pearce replied in a very appropriate manner. The brethren turned out in full force, filling up the room to its utmost capacity. The Lodge being closed, we repaired to Bro. Shears, corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-second street, where we partook of a bountiful collation. We noticed among the invited guests R. W. Bro. Wm. R. Merriam, D. D. G. M., 3d Masonic District; W. Bro. Boyle, Master Star of Bethlehem Lodge; W. Bro. Fuller, P. M. Commonwealth Lodge, and W. Bro. Bonell, Master of Charter Oak Lodge. After having refreshed the inner man, pertinent speeches were made by W. Bro. Scrymegour, Master of Greenwood Lodge, W. Bro. Pearce, R. W. Bro. Merriam, W. Bros. Bonell and Boyle, and after some very fine singing by Bro. Taylor, W. Bro. Boyle and others, the Lodge of Mastication was duly closed, and we retired to our several places of abode well satisfied with the pleasant and agreeable time that we enjoyed. Long life and prosperity to Greenwood Lodge! "May brotherly love prevail" in future, as in the past and present, "and every moral and social virtue cement" them.

Yours F.,
INVITED GUESTS.

:o:

THE TROWEL comes to us in a bran-new dress and is certainly very much improved in appearance. We congratulate Bro. Reynolds on this evidence of success, and trust it is but the beginning of a greater to come. The craft are gradually awakening to the importance of the Masonic press, and the hearty and generous support that is being extended to the NATIONAL FREEMASON and other live journals is to us evidence of a spirit that will do more than anything else to lift the institution from the ruts of routine to a level where intellect shall have sway and reward.

Will Bro. R. send us a copy of the January number?

:o:

INDEPENDENT ROYAL ARCH LODGE, No. 2, celebrated their annual festival by a dinner on the 22d February. The feast of reason was more than ordinarly fine, R. W. Bro. Anthon excelling himself. We owe an apology to the brethren, and we make it in all sincerity, for our failure to respond to their very courteous and fraternal invitation, the more valued, because we know that their guests are few. Business of an imperative nature kept us engaged until it was too late to reach the festive scene. We regret the circumstance most keenly, and trust the brethren will not deem it an act of our own volition.

Brooklyn Asylum.

We print the following circular issued by the D. D. G. M. of the 4th Masonic District, as one of the current items of news, and feel curious to know how the proposition will be received among the brethren.

OFFICE OF D. D. G. M. OF MASONS, STATE OF N. Y.
FOURTH MASONIC DISTRICT,
294 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, Feb. 22d, 1867.

To W. Master, Wardens and Brethren of

The ravages of war, pestilence and disease have taken from our midst many worthy brethren, leaving widows disconsolate, orphans unprotected, dependent upon the cold charities of the world, who at this inclement season of the year suffer with hunger and cold, having no shelter, receiving neither aid nor sympathy. How often, of late, have we been reminded of such cases; how often have our sympathies been appealed to by those who have a claim upon us, as the widow and orphan of those who have traveled the same road, and received the same light in Masonry as ourselves, who from absolute necessity, have been compelled to present themselves to our Board of Relief or to the several Lodges for aid; all of which have suggested the propriety of taking such steps as might be proper to raise the necessary funds, purchase lands, erect a building or buildings, and institute a Home or Asylum in this County for the benefit of all such as are in want and entitled to our aid or sympathy; and in order that such a desirable object may be inaugurated at as early a day as possible, you are earnestly and cordially requested to send two delegates from your Lodge to meet in Convention at the Rooms of the Masonic Board of Relief, Mechanics' Bank Building, Corner of Court and Montague Streets, Brooklyn, Friday the 8th day of March prox., at 7½ o'clock, P. M., at which time and place the above object will be presented for consideration, as well as the propriety of holding a Fair in aid of such a laudable undertaking, under the auspices of the Craft in this County, at some favorable time and place, and to consider such other matters as may be of general interest to the Craft.

Fraternally,
JOHN K. OAKLEY, D. D. G. M.

:o:

PENN YAN is principally known in this State as the residence of Judge Lewis, P. G. M., but there are some live and devoted Masons there, not so well known as him, but gradually working their way to the surface. W. Bro. Eastmann, of Milo Lodge, No. 108, is one of them, and Bro. Bridgman and others are keeping him company. They got up a festival the other night in Bush's large hall, and had a right good time, and, what is better, the proceeds are to go to the Hall and Asylum Fund. Good for Penn Yan. Keep the ball in motion, brethren, and you will soon be gladdened with the privilege of seating the copestone of a monument to Masonry that shall make glad the hearts of widows and orphans in ages to come.

CANANDAIGUA is also on foot. The brethren of that ilk had a turn out on the same evening for a like purpose, which was also a pleasant success. Those who are laboring for the Fund in other parts of the State will be gladdened to know that the fever is spreading, and that fresh hands are coming up to the work. The days of uncertainty will soon be over, and the quarter-stretch home safe and easy.

We thank the brethren for many courtesies shown to Bro. Latour, our agent. This journal is published for the benefit of Masonry, and not for indidual aggrandizement, and hence the more subscribers we have the greater the audience to which we can preach the word in its purity. We are but the stewards of a trust, and can only labor as the brethren will. We are grateful for the many favors already bestowed, but we seek to extend our influence, because we know that it is only exerted for the best interests of universal Masonry.

:o:

RITE OF MEMPHIS.—Bro. Harry J. Seymour informs us that he has just returned from Peoria, Ill., where he has established several bodies of his rite under the most flattering auspices, and others are waiting for him in various sections of the country. The reduction of the number of degrees to thirty-three seems to have produced a beneficial effect, and greatly added to the impetus of the organization.

:o:

MANY THANKS to the gentlemen of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, for tickets to their commencement. Previous engagements laid a heavy hand upon us and detained us elsewhere.

:o:

ADYTUM LODGE, U. D., meets at 7½ o'clock, every Friday evening, at Halsey's Building, 355 Fulton street, Brooklyn. Members are requested to attend the next meeting, at 7 P. M. precisely.

VISITERS.—We have had the pleasure of taking by the hand in our sanctum R. W. Martin Collins, of Missouri, and R. W. Albert G. Mackey, of Charleston. Their numerous friends will be glad to know that both are looking remarkably well.

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[Correspondents will look here for notices of their communications.—R. MCMURDY.]

Replies to Letters and Inquiries of Correspondents.

JILES JACOB published his Dictionary under the title of A New Law Dictionary. It was issued 1739. It says: "By-Laws (*Bilægines*, from the Goth. *By*, *pagus* and *Lagen Lex*) are laws made *obiter*, or by the *By*, such as orders and constitutions of corporations, for the governing of their members."

ST. JOHN'S LODGE, No. 3, Glasgow, Scotland, has its charter from Malcolm Canmore, dated 1057. It has been sustained as genuine by distinguished antiquarians, and the Court of Sessions has received and acknowledged it as genuine, in deciding great questions, chiefly depending on its genuineness. What can the most sneering apostle of anti-Masonry allege now in opposition to the antiquity of Freemasonry thus legally decided?

PROVIDENCE.—There was a body bearing the title of Washington Chapter. in this city, and in 1793 the officers were as you state. The Chapter either fell into disuse or united with another Chapter under the name of Ancient Chapter No. 1, or formed a combination which ultimately led to the formation of Ancient Chapter. The exact date the several phases of its existence occurred, is now not easy to determine. Washington Chapter, previous to the formation of Grand Chapters, exercised the prerogative of granting charters for subordinate chapters; one at New Haven, Connecticut, and one at Providence, Rhode Island, were certainly first chartered by the said Washington Chapter of the Province of New York, and in doing so, expressly prohibited the exercise of such powers by her subordinates. Elias Hicks was Secretary when the two Chapters alluded to were chartered.

GIPSIES.—Mr. Simson, in his history of the Gipsies, says:

"I was told of a Gipsy who died lately, the Master of a Masons' Lodge. A friend, a Mason, told me the other day, of his having entered a house in Yetholm where were five Gipsies, all of whom responded to his Masonic signs. Masons should therefore interest themselves in and befriend the Gipsies."

Mr. Simson establishes the fact that John Bunyan the author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was of Gipsey origin. We have no historical evidence of his Masonry.

SIR FREDERICK GORE OUSELEY is a clergyman and devoted brother, who several times has preached to the craft at the Worcestershire Cathedral.

MICHIGAN.—Your four questions bring up the whole subject of *non-affiliates*.

So long as the present system of dues exists, which is modern, we must have the present system of affiliation, and dimits. Rhode Island has never employed the *dues system* and thus escapes the troop of evils following in its train.

A non-affiliated Mason is not a contributor to the Lodge, and of course he can claim as a right none of the privileges of the Lodge, which is sustained by the contributions of others. In the churches, they who rent the pews control their legislation and enjoy their privileges. Although an individual who is an Episcopalian or Presbyterian may be entitled to a certain consideration and to certain rights therefrom, he must be a member of a particular parish or church to secure the *local* privileges. So a non-affiliate has a claim for certain *general* Masonic rights, but has no claim for any *local* Masonic privilege. A non-affiliate (and his family) has no claim on the charity fund of the Lodge. He has *no right* to visit the Lodge. He has *no right* to join in a Masonic procession. He has no claim for Masonic burial. He has no claim on any of the benefits or privileges of the *local* organization called the Lodge. He is, however, entitled to all the rights and privileges and subject to all the claims and duties belonging to him as an individual member of the fraternity at large—of the whole body of Freemasonry—a very different position from that of the profane. By courtesy a non-affiliate may visit the Lodge, and receive all the privileges thereof, except legislative, but he may not claim them.

THE GRAND EAST of New York adopted the one ballot system for the three degrees, ranging itself with the friends and advocates of this theory. Out of regard to a public sentiment not universally in its favor, it retained the power to the Lodge in case of any objection being made to secure a ballot for advancement. It did not suppose that any Lodge would, by resolution or By-Law, set aside the Grand Lodge theory, and make that which was purely exceptional, obligatory in every advancement. No resolution or working law may contravene any Grand Lodge action. It must conform thereto and develop it. The Master of a Lodge should not permit any resolution to be entertained, which would unmistakably render null and void the action of the Grand Lodge. Yet a brother in New York has the right to demand a ballot for the second and third degrees, without showing cause therefor or being questioned, and a brother may demand this in the case of every brother seeking advancement.

Extracts—Letters.

SUFFOLK, L. I.

My wife does not want any other reading. The NATIONAL FREEMASON is so good. Those who borrow and read my paper agree with her.

BUCKINGHAM, VA.

Your paper should be in the hands of every family, profanes not excepted—a fit companion for young and old, the Mason and the Christian.

BROUSAI, MICH.

It is no use talking. The NATIONAL FREEMASON is a tip-top paper.

The *Monmouth Democrat*, N. J., says:

The NATIONAL FREEMASON is filled with interesting articles relating to Masonry and appropriate for the family circe. * * It is one of the most interesting publications on our exchange list.

Weekly Dispatch, Pennsylvania, says:

We are continually indebted to the NATIONAL FREEMASON, published in New York, for matter for this department. The FREEMASON is unquestionably the soundest Masonic journal published in this country, and is conducted by the best informed brethren in the Order. It is filled to the brim with articles of the highest interest to the craft. Every brother who knows its character and does not subscribe for it neglects a duty.

Dr. Mackey.

A gentleman and a Mason of position writes from South Carolina:

The few old Past Masters in Charleston have never forgiven the doctor for bursting up the previous system; but their OPPOSITION AMOUNTED TO NOTHING. And had they not taken advantage of the Doctor's political course, Bro. Mackey would have been Grand Secretary to-day.

Hall Chapman Lodge, No. 95, A. F. and A. M.,
Fort Union, N. W., Feb. 16th, A. L. 5867.

Capt. H. J. Farnsworth and Geo. W. Ashenfelter, Esq.,
New Orleans, La.

DEAR SIRS AND BROS: I have been directed to acknowledge the receipt of the Bible sent by you to Chapman Lodge, No. 95, and to express to you their hearty thanks for that magnificent present, which adds only to the many obligations the Lodge already owes you.

The brethren wish me to say that it is very gratifying to them that, although far away, you still think of them, and desire me to assure you that your names will, by them, be always remembered with respect and gratitude, as well for your costly gift, which is the most beautiful ornament in their humble hall, as for the many acts of kindness shown them and the Lodge while living among them.

They pray that you may both find all the happiness which you desire, and that Heaven prosper you in all your undertakings.

Fraternally yours,
(Sgd.) GEORGE W. STEBBINS, *Secretary.*

From an oration by Bro. Spencer, before Americus Lodge, Georgia, we quote the following as a specimen:

The yet unyielding brass and stone of Nineveh and of Babylon, the deeply graven hieroglyphics of olden Egypt, the light and graceful symmetry of Grecian art, the sculptured relics of monastic life, bear to us at this day the symbols of the pride, the learning, the arms and the faith of the races that they represent: and the curious traveler even now deciphers, amid the confused but silent halls and corridors of the buried cities, *a sacred emblem of our mystic craft*, reverenced by us as by our ancient brethren, symbolical alike of peace on earth and brotherhood among men.

The Working Men and the Churches.

At the important conferences at the London Coffee House, Dean Stanley (a Freemason, as we are informed) said he would gladly receive any practical suggestions, with a view to render the Sunday evening services at Westminster Abbey more attractive to the working classes.

In the conference, amongst the reasons given by working men for their want of hearty support of religious institutions, were the following:—

Mr. John Bates, an engineer, said one of the reasons why working men did not attend places of worship on the Sunday was, that their hours of labor during the week were so long, that on the Sabbath they stood more in need of fresh air and exercise than they did of that which they knew they would get if they went to church or chapel.

Mr. Wynn, a plasterer, said ministers, instead of making religion a *pleasure to working men, made it just the reverse. Look at the existing distinction of classes in the religious world.*

Mr. Thomas, a carpenter, complained that *clergymen held themselves so much aloof from the working men, and did not co-operate with them. The clergy thought themselves superior to the working man, and if the latter did not bow down to them he was a marked man.* He knew this to be a fact, though the evil did not exist so much now as it did a few years ago.

Mr. Thomas Paterson, a cabinet-maker, complained that ministers of religion declined to interest themselves in those great social questions of the day which so much affected the position of the working men. (Working men thus felt that clergymen had separated themselves from the rest of the world, and that religion was no longer a thing which they could identify with their daily life).

Mr. Glasier complained, as several previous speakers had done, that there was a want of *sympathy on the part of the clergy with the working men*, and this was the cause of the present difference between the two.

Let our clerical and Masonic religious brethren ponder these things. The hold of Freemasonry upon the laboring classes is its regard for and sympathy with working men.

Music in Lodges.

The introduction of music in our Lodge ceremonies has, at various periods, agitated the fraternity, and I find your own pen editorial has recently been engaged in the discussion of the subject, and it is to be hoped the attention of the Lodges remote from the large cities may be attracted to the subject.

It is important, however, in the discussion of so important a subject, that *things* should be called by their proper names. The calling *reed* instruments organs is a misnomer.

You have recently referred to gentlemen producing instruments in large quantities and having facilities in their establishment for producing good work. But let it be distinctly understood that all are not organs, in the legitimate sense of the term, but reed instruments possessing very good qualities, and in some the variety of tones produced is very marked and agreeable, although the reedy tone is never entirely overcome. Their use in the Lodge-room is desirable as an auxilliary to the vocal exercises for many reasons.

1st. The comparatively small cost, compared with pipe organs of equal power. 2d. The compactness of the instruments; and, 3d. The portable nature, which will permit them to be moved from one part of the room to another, without putting them out of tune or requiring much force, which can never be done with an organ filled with pipes.

To Bro. J. Carhart, a Mason, of the firm of Carhart & Needham, whose factory is in Twenty-third street, is due the honor of patenting the principle, which all instruments embody that approximate to the tone of the organ.

The introduction of music into Lodges has worked very favorable results where it has been tried, and cannot, without creating discontent, be again dispensed with. The use of instrumental music during many parts of our ceremonials has a very happy effect upon the minds of all who are moved by the "concord of sweet sounds," by destroying the monotony of the speaking voice; and in the singing, the sentiments sought to be inculcated are not interrupted, the ear is relieved and the mind enlivened by a judicious introduction of pleasing melody and profound harmony.

MUSICUS.

Our brother the Consul-General of India has our thanks for many favors.

February Twenty-second.

Five stanzas were composed by Rev. Bro. Smith, of Passaic Lodge, for February twenty-second, and fraternally inscribed to "Our Oldest Sister," St. Johns' Lodge, No. 1. The following is the first stanza:

Kindly words can never perish,
  Loving deeds can never die—
Time may blot an earth-born record,
  These are written in the sky.
Friendly grasp, and thrill electric,
  Secret word, and mystic sign—
These are graved on memory's tablet
  In characters divine.
Mystic ties that bind together—
  In one—our ancient band,
Are golden chains, whose links were welded
  By virtue's cunning hand.

Visit to my old Lodge—Too few attend—Why?

BY BRO. S. W. T.

Not long since I had an opportunity to visit my mother Lodge, for the first time since I had dimitted from it, three years before, when I removed from the city.

It was with no slight anticipations of enjoyment that I ascended these familiar stairs, which anticipations I already began to realize when I recognized the well known face of the Tyler bustling about the ante-room, and when I received his hearty greeting:

"Well, I declare! Brother T——, how *do* you do? So you haven't forgotten the old Lodge yet. Walk in; the boys will be glad to see you; they are just about to open."

I entered the room and was warmly welcomed by the W. M. (whom I had left Senior Deacon), and we were immediately joined by four or five of my former comrades. Their greetings over, I looked around to see who else of my old friends were there, when, to my surprise, out of forty persons then in the room, there was *not one other present whom I had ever seen before*, although when I left the Lodge, after an active membership of five years, there were not a dozen members out of a roll of about a hundred and twenty-five whom I did not know by sight and could call by name.

Somewhat surprised I asked the question:

"—— Lodge meets here to-night, does it not?"

"Oh, yes. We have the same night still."

"But what has become of all the old members—have they all left?"

"No, they all belong here yet, but they do not visit us very often."

I found there had been no trouble or misunderstanding, everything in the Lodge was progressing harmoniously, but the old members "*just didn't come*," and the Lodge was "*run*" almost entirely by the younger members.

On reflection I perceived the same state of affairs in the Lodge to which I am at present attached—that, of those who were regular attendants when I joined it, three years since, not a tithe are to be seen at its meetings now. On collating the experience of a number of active members of the Order, it seems to be the case almost universally, that the *regular*, *habitual* attendants at Lodge meetings, are chiefly Masons of one, two, or at most, three years' standing, with the addition of some few older members, whose *talents*, *educatoin*, *zeal*, or *qualifications*, are such that they would always be chosen as leaders and rulers in any association.

It may be that all will not agree with me as to the *absolute* length of time that elapses before Lodge meetings become "*stale*," and it may be "*flat and unprofitable*," to the new member; but I think none will deny that, except in very rare cases, *after a certain time*, be it longer or shorter, the Mason finds but little to attract him to the *ordinary* regular communications of his Lodge.

At first, while everything is *new* to him, when he can *learn* something, either of the ritual, laws, or customs, at each meeting, he will be found regular in his attendance; after a time his visits become less frequent, and, finally, you will scarcely see him at the Lodge except on special occasions, when he may expect to see or hear *something out of the usual routine.*

The reason for this laxity is obvious; he can sit comfortably at home and map out the proceedings of his Lodge nearly as accurately as can the Secretary at his desk, with the exception, perhaps, of a few proper names and some minor points, which he thinks it hardly worth the trouble of a journey to the Lodge to obtain. But notify the members that at the next communication there will be something out of *usual* course, that some official will visit the Lodge, that there will be a *presentation*, *essay*, *lecture*, in fact, that there will be *anything new* to be seen or heard, and you will find the seats well filled.

Now, I cannot conceive that this was ever intended or ought to be so, that Masonry can be "done" in one. five, or ten years, any more than Niagara can be "done" in an hour at night with the aid of a lantern. Lodge meetings *should* prove *interesting* and *instructive* to *all*, to the venerable "Father in Israel" as well as to the newly raised Mason; that they are *not* so would seem to betoken a radical defect in their management at the present day.

If this conclusion be correct, the question naturally suggests itself, how can this defect be remedied—what can be done within the limits of propriety to secure the attendance of those to whom the ceremonics and ritual have become a "thrice told tale?" This question I do not profess to be able to answer fully, though I venture to make a few suggestions on the subject.

At each communication, unless there should be an unusual press of business, let the Lodge resolve itself into a "Society for the diffusion of useful Masonic knowledge," the session to continue for, say, half an hour, during which time *all present*, both members and visiters, should be invited to communicate anything they might *know* or *think* that would be interesting or instructive to the craft.

It may appear at first glance that there would be comparatively few who would be able to interest an audience, that the number of writers and orators in any ordinary Lodge would be so limited that all the labor would fall upon a few. This would undoubtedly be the case if the meetings were made the occasion for a display of *oratory* and *learning*, if every speaker were expected to "make an effort;" but I would not have it thus, it should be merely an opportunity for a *plain, free-and-easy talk*.

For example, the Mason who has visited in another jurisdiction must have seen more or less that was *novel* to him—minor differences in work, manners and customs, furniture and management of Lodge-room, and such matters; on his return to his own Lodge he would certainly have *something* to say that would be interesting to listen to, although he might not be able to "make a speech," or to write a book of travels. The Mason who had traveled in foreign countries would necessarily have much to communicate. Who would not be pleased to hear a narrative of "What a Mason saw in a Lodge in China," or "How they work in Calcutta," or "Masonic experience among the Arabs," or "Masonry among the Hottentots?"

The "Transactions" of our own and other Grand Lodges, which are read by comparatively few of the "floor members," afford many passages the reading of which would fill up half an hour, or an hour, both pleasantly and profitably, which are faithfully and accurately, without exception, to be found in the columns of the National Freemason, either under the head of Foreign or Home Masonic Intelligence or that of Jurisprudence. Nothing is wanting here.

The personal reminiscences of the Mason who was raised twenty or thirty years ago, could not but prove interesting, though told in the most homely manner.

These are a few of the topics that might be considered at these sessions, each of which would naturally suggest others; besides which there are scores of other points, to which, perhaps, it would not be proper even to allude in this public manner, the discussion, consideration, or explanation of which could not but be of interest and benefit to the craft, by the dissemination of Masonic information that can only be communicated orally.

It is very possible that in many Lodges the carrying out of this plan would be *up-hill* work at first, but I cannot doubt that in a short time many of those taciturn members, whose voice is now scarcely ever heard in the Lodge-room, would take courage from the example of their associates, and would be led to "speak out in meeting."

By the exercise of a little tact and management on the part of the officers and *thinking* members, it would seem that Lodge-meetings might become what they should be, not mere assemblies for the purpose of *making* Masons, but *family gatherings* around the Masonic fireside, where *every* brother, whether a visiter or the oldest member, or the last one on the roll, would feel that he had a *personal* interest, where the *brightest* as well as the least instructed might add to his stock of knowledge, and where the gray-haired veteran might feel that he had not outlived his usefulness

The Persian Poet Hafiz.

[Our readers will welcome Bro. Brown's (of Constantinople, Turkey,) productions to our columns, hoping that he will write more frequently.]

Among the poets of Persia, none are so widely known and so celebrated as Hafiz. He is, nevertheless, known more by reputation than by actual knowledge of his poetry. But few of his verses have been translated into other languages, especially those of Europe. Sir Wm. Jones translated a few of his Odes, and it (the translation) has become *classical;* beyond this, little is really known of the peculiarity of his ideas and less of his verses. Some call him the "Mystical Poet of Persia," others say that his odes are simply "Love Songs;" others, of a questionable character; but this is simply based upon the world-wide reputation which he possesses.

Hafiz was imbued with the religious spirit of his times, known in the East as *Suffaism*, a "spiritual religion." Ordinary Islamism conflicts with this, and by them it (*Suffaist*) is considered as an external form of worship, of dry dogmas, and Mohammed is at best held to be but the founder, or establisher, of a new order of tenets and forms, which are excrescences on the outside of real and true spiritualism. These confound and confuse the simple worshiper of the *one* omnipotent and omniscient deity, creator of all things, called *Allah*, or "The Lah," a name supposed by some to signify and express a sentiment of awe and surprise. Casting aside all the obstacles to a just and simple appreciation of this deity, the *Suffaist* confines his meditations to the idea of one God over all mankind and all things, and gives but small regard to prophets and saints, whom he considers in the light only of human beings like himself. Impossible and impracticable as he holds any comprehension of Allah to be, and with a perfect appreciation of his own utter insignificancy, destined to die and perish like all created things, he considers life, existence, wordly comforts and joys as nothing, in comparison to the life to come. He smiles with derision and contempt upon mortal ambition, and the strifes of men for advances in this perishable world. Wealth, office, honor, family distinctions, the favor of sovereigns, even the smiles of the mistress of one's affections, are all thrown aside as mere nothingness in the presence of the heart's adoration of *Allah*. This contempt for all that is worldly leads its votary to withdraw from the busier scenes of life to seek enjoyment only in retreat and meditation; and poverty, with all its inconveniences, is held as far preferable to active occupation—to labor, to useful and beneficial employment—and he depends entirely upon the bounties of providence for even the meal of bread with whch to sustain nature.

The preceeding is seen in the verses of Hafiz, and this has given him the character of *mystical*. Animated by feelings only of general benevolence towards his fellow-creatures, though helpless in effecting any act of generosity of a mutual character, and without the smallest hostility for any one, Hafiz's odes turn upon love as a never ending theme. This, however, is not the love which the casual reader would suppose, for some particular human being, male or female, but for *Allah*, and for Him alone. Though his mind is fully imbued with this idea, this "ruling passion" of his soul, often ecstatic to an extreme degree, Hafiz admits of still greater excitement, stronger incentives, in the form of wine. He regards it as a natural production of nature, destined to sustain and strengthen the *morale*, the intelligence, the mind, the soul of man, just as food invigorates and sustains the body. It is supposed to drive away all the vulgar thoughts of the truly pious devotee, and aid him in turning his contemplations, with widened fervor, upon the one beloved object, *Allah*, whose gift it is.

If we search for a parallel to Hafiz in our own literature, we find it in the translations of the odes of the Jewish poet Solomon, whose songs are quite as original and striking as those of the mystical poet of Persia. Anacreon is the next poet whose celebrated love songs, in the Greek language, resemble, in many respects, those of Hafiz. In our own times Moore, that sweet muse of Ireland, follows next, though there are great differences between each of these poets.

Hafiz may almost be called a *Dervish*. Indeed, the disciples of these Suffaite orders claim him as one of themselves, and admire and quote his verses accordingly. His themes are the Dervish sentiments, put in rhyme and verse. Just as the Dervishes now, Hafiz labored against the animosity of the more strict and absolute believers in the entire dogmas and tenets of Islamism. These held him to be a wild visionary, an atheist, a materialist, a believer in all things, in anything, in nothing; and yet they widely misunderstood him; for Hafiz, in his own peculiar manner, was a sincere adorer of his *Allah*.

The peculiar difficulties which are met with in making a translation of the odes of Hafiz, are the double meaning conveyed by his verses. Now he seems to speak of a "fair youth," or boy, now of the wine cup, now of a beloved mistress, and then he suddenly flies away from such a theme, and, with much feeling, bursts out in expressions of fervent adoration and love for the beloved *Allah*. It is therefore natural to regard all of his odes as mere "love songs," or equally so to give them what Orientalists call the *hidden* meaning, otherwise, the "mystical."

Some time ago I made an attempt to translate the same odes which Sir Wm. Jones versified in French, commencing,

"Pate en coupes à la ronde,
Garçon, verse, verse du vin," &c.

If he took some liberties with the meaning of the original lines, so as to render his own more palatable to the western reader, I might claim the same privilege. I have avoided this as much as possible, and if my humble stanzas are defective, please attribute this to my desire to retain Hafiz's own strain, as a curiosity.

Pass round the cup, fair boy!
The cup of luscious wine;
We'll drink, and taste the joy,
Gift of the generous vine.

'Tis it alone can free
The ladened heart from pain,
For love, though fraught with glee,
From trouble strives in vain.

Even the fair one's curls
And ringlets, which the breeze
In playful mood unfurls,
Destroys the lover's ease.

'Tis thus his feeble heart
On musky odors feeds,
What wounds her locks impart—
See how his bosom bleeds!

List not to wisdom's strain—
Can mortal man be wise?
Seek not, nor hope to gain
A knowledge of the skies.

Obey the words divine,
My spirit-pride may say;
Strew e'en with sinful wine
The carpet where you pray.

How can I joyful be,
Though by my fair one's side?
Not love nor wine can free
The heart which ills betide.

Hear'st thou yon passing bells
Of caravans on their way?
Their mournful accent tells
I may no longer stay.

Oh! ye who on the gentle shores
Of life's fair stream repose,
How can ye feel for one who soars
Above all joys and woes?

At the dread hour of night, my mind,
Tost on life's troubled sea,
Views the wild waves before, behind,
Break on Eternity!

Be happy! ah! the fleeting thought!
Less tangent than a dream,
'Tis filled with seeing joy, yet fraught
With visions; without one gleam

Of lasting peace to him whose heart
Is ill at ease—what pain
He suffers from the constant part
To hide his fears—in vain!

Oh, Hafiz! if you truly love—are loved,
And in your fair one's presence find relief,
Cling to it with a fervor e'er unmoved;
For other joys are few and life is brief.

Give up the world—'tis but a passing scene,
Without one lasting joy, and filled with pain;
Whilst the enjoyment of such love, I ween,
A foretaste is of what in Heaven you gain.

John W. Brown.

Constantinople, Dec. 20, 1866.

Style and Title.

An esteemed Louisville brother asks what is the right title for a Grand Lodge. We have no National Grand Lodge to force uniformity of title upon Grand Lodges, and hence each jurisdiction determines its own style and title. The following are the styles and titles:

Maine.—The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Maine.

New Hampshire.—The Grand Lodge of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New Hampshire.

Vermont.—The Grand Lodge of the most Ancient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons for the State of Vermont.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

RHODE ISLAND.—The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

CONECTICUT.—The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of the State of Connecticut.

NEW YORK.—The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York.

NEW JERSEY.—The Grand Lodge of the Most Ancient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons for the State of New Jersey.

PENNSLVANIA.—The Grand Lodge of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of Pennsylvania and Masonic jurisdiction thereunto belonging.

DELAWARE.—The Grand Lodge of Delaware.

MARYLAND.—The Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Maryland.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—The Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the District of Columbia.

VIRGINIA.—The Grand Lodge of Virginia.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The Grand Lodge of Ancient York Masons of North Carolina.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Ancient Freemasons of South Carolina.

GEORGIA.—The Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Georgia.

FLORIDA.—The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Florida.

ALABAMA.—The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Alabama and its Masonic jurisdiction.

MISSISSIPPI.—The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of the State of Mississippi.

LOUISIANA.—The Grand Lodge of the State of Louisiana.

TEXAS.—The Grand Lodge of Texas.

ARKANSAS.—The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Arkansas.

TENNESSEE.—The Grand Lodge of the State of Tennessee.

KENTUCKY.—The Grand Lodge of Kentucky.

OHIO.—The Grand Lodge of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Ohio.

MICHIGAN.—The Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Michigan.

INDIANA.—The Grand Lodge of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Indiana.

ILLINOIS.—The Grand Lodge of Illinois of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons.

MISSOURI.—The Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Ancient Masons of the State of Missouri.

IOWA.—The Grand Lodge of Iowa of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons.

WISCONSIN.—The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Wisconsin.

MINNESOTA.—The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Minnesota.

KANSAS.—The Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Kansas.

NEBRASKA.—The Grand Lodge of Nebraska.

CALIFORNIA.—The Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of California.

OREGON.—The Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of the Territory of Oregon.

CANADA.—The Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Canada.

ENGLAND.—The United Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of England.

IRELAND—The Grand Masonic Lodge of Ireland.

SCOTLAND.—The Grand Lodge of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of Scotland.

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“The Proclamation of Mordecai Emanuel Noah, by the Grace of God Governor and Judge of Israel.

There were few New Yorkers in 1825 who did not know or who had not seen Bro. Noah. He proposed to found a City of Refuge in this State for his Israelite brethren, to be called Ararat, and to reorganize the the Jewish Government.

The Buffalo Historical Society has preserved a copy of the Buffalo Patriot *Extra*, devoted to this subject, and republished by that able journal, the *Israelite*.

It will be seen that our Masonic and Templar brethren participated in the dedicatory services. The article runs thus:

REVIVAL OF THE JEWISH GOVERNMENT—APPOINTMENT OF A JUDGE OF ISRAEL—FOUNDATION OF A CITY OF REFUGE.

It was known at the sale of that beautiful and valuable tract called Grand Island, a few miles below this port, in the Niagara river, that it was purchased in part by the friends of Major Noah, of New York, avowedly to offer it as an asylum for his brethren of the Jewish persuasion; and it was likewise known that it was intended to erect upon the island a city called Ararat.

We are glad to perceive by the documents in this day's *Extra*, that, coupled with this colonization, is a declaration of independence and the revival of the Jewish Government under the protection of the United States, after the dispersion of that ancient and wealthy people for nearly two thousand years, and the appointment of Mr. Noah as first judge. It was intended, pursuant to public notice, to celebrate the event on the island, and a flag-staff was erected for the Grand Standard of Israel, and other arrangements made; but it was discovered that a sufficient number of boats could not be procured in time to convey all those to the island who were desirous of witnessing the ceremony, and the celebration took place this day in the village, which was both interesting and impressive. At dawn of day a salute was fired in front of the court-house and from the terrace facing the lake. At ten o'clock the Masonic and military companies assembled in front of the Lodge, and at eleven the line of procession was formed as follows:

ORDER OF PROCESSION.
Grand Marshal, Col. Potter, on horseback.
Music.
Military.
Citizens.
Civil Officers.
State Officers in uniform.
U. S. Officers.
President and Trustees of the Corporation.
Tyler.
Stewards.
Entered Apprentices.
Fellowcrafts.
Master Masons.
Senior and Junior Deacons.
Secretary and Treasurer.
Senior and Junior Wardens.
Masters of Lodges.
Past Masters.
Revs. Clergy.
Stewards, with corn, wine and oil.
Globe. { Principal Architect, with square, level and plumb. } Globe.
Bible.
Square and compasses, borne by a Master Mason.
The Judge of Israel,
In black, wearing the judicial robes of crimson silk, trimmed with ermine and a richly embossed golden medal suspended from the neck.
A Master Mason.
Royal Arch Masons.
Knights Templar.

On arriving at the church door, the troops opened to the right and left, and the procession entered the aisles, the band playing the Grand March from Judas Maccabees. The full-toned organ commenced its swelling notes, performing the *Jubilate*. On the Communion table lay the corner-stone, with the following inscription:

Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God; the Lord is one. (In Hebrew.)

ARARAT.
The Hebrews' Refuge, founded by
MORDECAI EMANUEL NOAH,
In the month of Tisri, 5586, corresponding with September, 1825, and in the 50th year of
American Independence.

On the stone lay the silver cups, with corn, wine and oil.

The ceremonies commenced by the Morning Service, read emphatically by the Rev. Mr. Searl, of the Episcopal Church. “Before Jehovah's awful throne,” was sung by the choir to the tune of Old Hundred. Morning Prayer. First Lesson from Jeremiah 31st; Second Lesson from Zeph. iii. 8th v. Psalms for the occasion, 97, 98, 99. 100, 127, in verse. Ante-Communion Service. Psalm in Hebrew. Benediction.

Mr. Noah rose and pronounced a discourse, or rather delivered a speech, announcing the reorganization of the Jewish Government, and going through a detail of many points of intense interest, to which a crowded auditory listened with profound attention.

On the conclusion of the ceremonies, the procession returned to the Lodge, and the Masonic brethren and the military repaired to the Eagle Tavern and partook of refreshments. The church was well filled with ladies, and the whole ceremony was impressive and unique. A grand salute of twenty-four guns was fired by the artillery. and the band played a number of patriotic airs.

We learn that a vast concourse assembled at Tonawanda expecting the ceremonies would be at the island. Many of them came up in carriages in time to hear the inaugural speech.

The following is the proclamation, which will be read with great attention and interest:

PROCLAMATION TO THE JEWS.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to manifest to His chosen people the approach of that period when, in fulfillment of the promises made to the race of Jacob, and as a reward for their pious constancy and triumphant fidelity, they are to be gathered from the four quarters of the globe, and to resume their rank and character among the governments of the earth—

Therefore, I, Mordecai Emanuel Noah, citizen of the United States of America, late Consul of said States to the City and Kingdom of Tunis, High Sheriff of New New York, Counselor-at-Law, and, by the grace of God, Governor and Judge of Israel, have issued this my proclamation, announcing to the Jews throughout the world that an asylum is prepared and hereby offered to them—an asylum in a free and powerful country, where ample protection is secured to their persons, their property and religious rights—a land of “milk and honey,” where Israel may repose in peace “under his vine and fig tree.”

The asylum referred to is in the State of New York, the greatest State in the American Confederacy. New York contains 43,214 square miles, divided into fifty-five counties, and having 687 post towns and cities, containing one million five hundred thousand inhabitants, together with six million acres of cultivated land, improvements in agriculture and manufactures, in trade and commerce, which include a valuation of three hundred millions of dollars of taxable property, one hundred and fifty thousand militia, armed and equipped, a constitution founded on an equality of rights; having no test-oaths, and recognizing no religious distinctions, and seven thousand free schools and colleges affording the blessings of education to four hundred thousand children. Such is the great and increasing State to which the emigration of the Jews is directed.

The desired spot in the State of New York, to which I hereby invite my beloved people throughout the world, in common with those of every religious denomination, is called Grand Island, and on which I shall lay the foundation of a city of Refuge, to be called Ararat.

Grand Island, in the Niagara river, is bounded by Ontario on the North and Erie on the South, and within a few miles of each of these great commercial lakes. The island is nearly twelve miles in length, and varying from three to seven miles in breadth, and contains upwards of seventeen thousand acres of remarkably rich and fertile land.

Lake Erie, about two hundred and seventy miles in length, unites itself by means of navigable rivers with the Lakes St. Clair, Huron, Michigan and Superior, embracing a lake shore of about three thousand miles; and by short canals these vast sheets of water will be connected with the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, thereby establishing a great and valuable internal trade to New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico. Lake Ontario, on the north, is one hundred and ninety miles in length, and empties into the St. Lawrence, which, passing through the province of Lower Canada, carries the commerce of Quebec and Montreal to the Atlantic ocean.

Thus fortified to the right and left by the extensive commercial resources of the great lakes and their tributary streams—within four miles of the sublime Falls of Niagara, affording the greatest water power in the world for manufacturing purposes—directly opposite the Grand Canal of three hundred and sixty miles of inland navigation to the Hudson River and city of New York, having the fur trade of Upper Canada to the West, and also the great territories towards the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific ocean, etc., etc.

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Our thanks for the invitation to be present at the installation of the officers of Progressive Chapter, No. 198, Brooklyn, E. D. A previous engagement prevented our attendance. This Chapter is in a prosperous condition. See its advertisement.

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Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK:

Progressive Chapter, Brooklyn, E. D., has installed the following officers for the current year:

S. S. Crane, H. P.; H. Ewen, K.; John H. Mott, S.; C. Haslem, C. H.; W. L. Foster, P. S.; A. C. Smith, R. A. C.; I. B. Morgan, M. 3d V.; G. H. Pallister, M. 2d V.; Samuel Guthrie, M. 1st V.; James Tompkins, Treasurer; George T. Crane, Secretary; Owen Thomas, Sentinel.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

An Orphan's Home is being provided where morality, common English branches, and practical agriculture will be taught. This is designed chiefly for the orphans of deceased soldiers. Colored as well as white orphans are received.

Bro. Orr, the Grand Master and Governor of the State, is President of the Board of Trustees.

CONNECTICUT.

Hartford—Dedication of the New Masonic Hall, Feb. 22.—Waterbury, Springfield, and Hartford Commanderies received at the old Masonic Hall. Sisson's Block, the officers of the Grand Lodge, the Hartford and St. John's Lodges, and Pythagoras Chapter, escorting them (600 Masons in the procession) to the new hall. The Hartford police, who were Freemasons, headed the procession. Bro. Hinckley was Grand Marshal and Bros. Valentine and Whitaker, Deputies. The *March Triumphale*, by Dudley Buck. Jr., was performed as the Grand Officers entered the hall. The usual exercises took place, after which Rev. Bro. Ewer delivered the address. The organ of the new hall is the finest in the city, of twenty stops, with a solid black walnut case reaching from floor to ceiling. The banquet of the evening at the Allyn House was bountiful. A portrait of Washington was at the head of the hall. Bro. Wheeler acted as toast-master. Among the toasts were the following:

The Reverend Clergy—As necessary to Masonry as Masonry is necessary to us. If they know anything about it, let them speak out.

The Masonic Institution—The sublime means of restoring what the devastation of time and war have laid waste; the Royal Arch that spans the departing storm, and renews on Earth the hopes that reach from Earth to Heaven.

The Press—A powerful auxiliary in promoting the usefulness of the craft.

The music was Chorus of Priests, from the Magic Flute, by the Masonic choir. Old Hundred, and the Flag of our Union forever. (Solos by Bros. Huntington and Hunt.)

Speeches by Bros. Storer, Dep. G.·. M.·., Hatch, Grand Lecturer, Rev. Fisher, Griswold, Hill, Rev. Peters, and Rev. Scudder.

VIRGINIA.

Richmond.—The portraits of the three great Masons, Washington, Lafayette, and Marshall, which hung in the Council Chamber and in the Hastings Court Room, have been cleaned, repaired and newly gilded.

Alexandria.—Rev. Bro. Randolph, of Christ Church, made an address, Feb. 27, for the Orphan Asylum.

Richmond.—Richmond Commandery, No. 2, K. T., mourns the death of Sir Knt. Jno. W. McKoll.

MICHIGAN.

The model address of the Grand Master is received. It has been published almost entire in our columns. See Jurisprudence, Michigan.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

FREEMASONRY IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

To the Editor of the National Freemason:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—I propose supplying the readers of your popular journal with some jottings about Freemasonry in New Brunswick.

Just now the fraternity enjoys a large measure of popularity. Considerable numbers are seeking admission. The "black ball" is occasionelly employed to stay the progress of unworthy applicants, but I am sorry to say it is not in general judiciously used. What has given rise to the popularity which the Order now enjoys I cannot say. Let us hope, however, that it is from higher motives than mere inquisitiveness or mercenary feelings.

The Lodges in this Province hold under three jurisdictions, the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland, and Scotland. There are some twenty-six Subordinate Lodges. England has twenty, and they are governed here by a District Grand Lodge subject to the Parent Grand Body. Scotland has three and Ireland three Subordinate Lodges; the former are in some degree subject to the District Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, S. R., which works under the Parent Body, though they not unfrequently hold communication direct; the latter hold communication with and acknowledge allegiance to the Supreme Grand Lodge. There is a strong feeling here just now in favor of an independent Grand Lodge, and ultimately of a Grand Lodge of British North America, and there is little doubt that in time the measure will succeed. Canada, as your readers are no doubt aware, has a Sovereign Grand Lodge of her own. Nova Scotia has made a stride in the same direction, having established a Sovereign Grand Lodge, which is presided over by Bro. W. H. Davies Bro. Keith still keeps up the District Grand Lodges, holding from England and Scotland, but he is fast losing ground, especially in his management of the latter, from which the great majority of the impediments come. The Sovereign Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia is now recognized by no less than 34 Sovereign Grand Lodges. It has fourteen Subordinate Lodges on its roll, and is daily expecting two or three more; in fact, I may say, in the language of a prominent brother in the Grand Lodge, "a heünio is not, I think, far off."

A few nights ago New Bruswick Lodge No. 1084, E. R., held a Masonic ball. It was numerously and fashionably attended. Various grades of the Order, Knights Templar, Royal Arch, and Master Mason, were represented. The sight, when the floating feet were in motion, was a very imposing one.

A short time ago, the Masons in these parts had a visit from the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maine. He was well received by all the brethren, and sumptuously entertained by Hibernia Lodge. Many of the brethren profited largely Masonically by their intercourse with him.

The District Grand Master, E. R., at present is R. T. Clinch, Esq., Superintendent Telegraph Company. A splendid whole-souled brother he is too. In the event of the organization of a Sovereign Grand Lodge, the office of Grand Master will very likely be tendered to him. Should he refuse to accept, some zealous brother will be selected. HIRAM.

PRUSSIA.—Progress is being made—there are six Jews in the Prussian Parliament.

THE NETHERLANDS—BI-CENTENARY JUBILEE—FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ASSUMPTION OF GRAND MASTERSHIP OF NETHERLANDS BY BRO. PRINCE FREDERICK.—Prince William Frederick Charles was born 28th of February, 1797; he is a son of King William I. and Princess Frederica, of Prussia, and uncle to the present King of the Netherlands.

This great celebration took place Nov. 27, at the Palace of Industry. Amsterdam.

The nave of this magnificent building was divided in two parts; two-fifths were allotted to the celebration of the festival; the remaining three-fifths to serve as a banquet room, and both parts were splendidly decorated with Masonic emblems, arms, banners, and tapestry, and such flowers and arbusts as could be provided.

Eleven o'clock in the morning was the hour appointed for the beginning of the feast. Long before that time, the rooms adjoining the hall were crowded by brethren from all parts of the country, the delegates from Lodges and Chapters being accommodated with rooms separated from those of the other visiters. At half-past nine the Prince arrived at Amsterdam by a special train, and was met at the station by the Grand Directors of Ceremonies of the Grand Orient, of the Grand Chapter Rose Croix, and of the higher Master degrees, who conducted his Royal Highness to the Palace of Industry, where he was received by the Grand Officers, the representatives of foreign Grand Lodges, and some more deputations from the same, and led to a private room elegantly furnished for his accommodation. At eleven precisely the deputations of Lodges and Chapters were conducted into the nave, and took the seats appointed for them on both sides, the deputations on the first row, the Masters, Fellow Crafts, and Apprentices behind them. When all were seated, the Grand Officers and representatives entered in procession from the opposite side, and took their places under the dais.

In the Netherlands not more than three kinds of Masonry are recognized, viz.: 1st, the St. John's Masonry, including the degrees of Master, Fellow Craft, and Apprentice; 2d, the Rose Croix degree; 3d, the degree of Master elect. The Prince is Grand Master of all three classes. Now, it had been agreed that the feast should be celebrated by the three degrees combined, the Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Orient in the chair, and the Grand Wardens of the Rose Croix, and of the degree of Master elect acting as Senior and Junior Wardens. Everybody being seated, a deputation was formed and sent forth to marshal in the hero of the day. After a short lapse of time he made his appearance, which was greeted by flourishes and music, and he was welcomed on the throne by his deputy. After a brilliant musical overture, composed and conducted by Bro. Dankler, the able band-master of the regiment of chasseurs, the first part of a *cantate* was sung, the words being written by Bro. Ter Gould, the music by Bro. Nicolai, the principal of the Royal Academy of Music of the Hague. In the meantime, Bro. Jacob Van Lennep, Grand Orator, had proceeded to a kind of pulpit erected for the occasion in the centre of the nave, and after the termination of the musical performance, he delivered an address, of which we here give the main passages. After some introductory words, Bro. Van Lennep went on as follows:

"On the 20th of June, 1816, at six o'clock in the evening, three knocks at the door of the Grand National Mother Lodge *Zu den drey Weltkugeln* at Berlin, meeting in the first degree, Bro. de Guionneau, National Grand Master, in the chair, announced that a profane was standing outside, who wished to be received in the Order of Freesonry. The usual question being put to him, he answered that he was called William Frederick Charles, Prince of the Netherlands, aged nineteen, of the Christian reformed religion, born at Berlin, Lieutenant-General by calling, having his ordinary residence at Berlin, and being then a temporary resident of Berlin. The Orator then inquired what could have induced this youth to present himself as a candidate for initiation into Masonry; and having mentioned the various reasons given under ordinary circumstances, he showed how, in addition to these, there was a special ground for his application, viz., that it was the wish of his royal father, and that eighteen days previous to that of his application, the Grand Lodge of the Netherlands had elected him their Grand Master."

Having given an account of the state of Masonry in the Netherlands at that time, how the glorious revolution of 1813, while breaking the yoke of France and placing the dynasty of Orange on the throne of the Netherlands, did at the same time deliver the Dutch Lodges of the danger of being compelled to recognize the Grand Orient of France as their head, the Orator stated that, after the union of Belgium and Holland into one kingdom, it had been thought desirable to elect as the head of the Freemasons of both countries one who, from his exalted position, would be acceptable to both, and, therefore, could only be found in the royal family, it being considered that that family could never give the preference to one section of the country above the other. This, the speaker said, was the means chosen and carried into effect by some of the most eminent Masons of the day, especially Bros. Falck (then Secretary of State, afterwards Minister at the British Court) and Byleveld, Past Grand Master.

"The Prince having been passed on the 2d of July, and raised on the 25th of the same month, sent, on the 28th, a favorable answer to the Grand Lodge, and his installation as Grand Master took place on the 13th of October, 1816. On this occasion he solemnly promised that he would strive, to the best of his ability, to advance the prosperity and glory of the Order, and to foster and maintain concord, peace, and harmony amongst the brethren. At that time there was, perhaps, amidst those who heard him pronounce this solemn vow, more than one who asked himself how that youth of nineteen should ever be able, even if animated with the best of intentions, to fulfill the hopes entertained by the brethren, and respond to the task laid that day upon his shoulders. That question has now been answered. It has been answered by fifty years during which no single day has been allowed by the Prince to elapse without his giving proofs of his attachment to the brotherhood. It has been answered by the test of all that has been accomplished by the Prince in his capacity of National Grand Master; but the most eloquent reply is given by the hearts of most of those present."

The speaker next gave a succinct account of the principal reforms which had been effected in the working of the Order during the Prince's tenure of office. He then mentioned two instances out of many of the material services rendered by him to the craft in the Netherlands, viz.:

1st. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Grand Mastership, he presented the Order with a large gift, to remain intact for a certain number of years, and afterwards to be appropriated by the Grand Orient towards the realization of some object of charity (to be used to found a school for children of deceased Masons). 2d. In 1856, upon the celebration of the centenary festival in commemoration of the institution of Masonry in the Netherlands, he made to the Grand Orient a free donation of the mansion at the Hague, in which they are accustomed to meet.

Here the speaker paused, and the second part of the *cantate* was sung. He then resumed his discourse, when he did full justice to Prince Frederick's merits as Prince, as husband and father, as subject and citizen, by the combination of which virtues he proved himself to be an excellent Mason. He closed his speech by an exhortation to the brethren to follow the good example of the revered Grand Master, and with a prayer for his welfare. After this the third part of the *cantate* was given.

The Deputy Grand Master, Bro. Van Rappard, then addressing the Prince, presented him with a memorial signed by the Grand Officers and all the brethren present, and expressing the feelings of the Dutch Masons on this occasion. This document, a masterpiece of calligraphy, was enclosed in a magnificent octagonal case of silver inlaid with gold, the front bearing the Prince's sign-manual in diamonds, surmounted with a crown ornamented with pearls, esmeralds, and rubies; the back bearing the seals of the three Grand Masonic bodies, the two other opposite sides the dates 1816 and 1866, and the four smaller sides different Masonic emblems, while on the edges eight cariatides supported the lid of the box, on the top of which stands the Angel of Light holding in the left arm the palm of victory, and trampling upon a dragon. This present was much admired, and does great honor to the maker, Bro. Brauer, of Utrecht.

After this Count de Saltza addressed the Prince in the name of the King and craft of Sweden. Bro. Leykam, Grand Master of the Concordia Grand Lodge of Darmstadt ,presented H. R .H. with a patent of honorary member of the said Lodge, and the representatives of the different Grand Lodges, each in turn, with letters of congratulation from these bodies. The members of the Lodge *L'Union Royale* at the Hague, of which the Prince is honorary member, next presented him with a fine casing, surmounted by a beautiful statue representing Masonry, and holding an album, at the same time Bro. Mensing, W. M. of that Lodge, delivered an appropriate address to the Prince. The delegates from the Lodges of Java and Sumatra likewise presented a suitable offering. The Prince was visibly affected by all these tokens of affection, and repeatedly his eye was seen dimmed with a tear. The last gift, which was presented by Bro. Van Reppard, was a small box, containing three specimens in gold, silver, and brass, of a medal struck for this occasion, having on its front the Prince's portrait, with the legend GUL (ielmus) FREDERICUS CAR (olas) L ANN (os) M (agnus) AP (ud) CAEM (entarios) BAT (avos) MAG (ister), and various Masonic emblems on its back. The maker's name is Bro. Elion, of Amsterdam.

A brilliant finale by Bro. Dunkler having been performed, four verses of which were sung in chorus in the tune of Psalm lxvi., the brethren marched in two files before the throne, each in turn saluting the Grand Master in passing. When all had again resumed their seats, the Prince said he felt the necessity of once more thanking them for their affection for him, especially those who had by their compositions (either poetical or musical) contributed to the solemnity. Then turning to the Grand Orator, he expressed the pleasure he had felt in hearing his Masonic career recorded by him, and said that if he could find any fault in Bro. Van Lennep's speeches, it was that he had given him more praise than he deserved; that, nevertheless, he knew that his words were the true expression of the feelings of his heart, and hoped the Grand Orator would continue the friendship and affection he had always met on his part. He then left the throne with the Grand Officers, was marshaled out by the Director of Ceremonies, and betook himself to a waiting-room, where he remained with the Grand Officers and deputies till dinner was announced.

The ceremony had lasted till half-past four, and the banquet was opened at six, the Prince and the high authorities being seated on a platform under the cupola, and the other brethren at some twenty tables. The hall being now lighted up with gas, the whole presented a magnificent sight. The following toasts were proposed and heartily responded to: "The King," by Bro. Van Rappard; "Bro. Prince Frederick," by Bro. Van Doorn, D.G.M. of the Rose Croix; "The Prince's Consort and Children," by Bro. Van Rockveld; "The Delegates of Sweden and Darmstadt," by Bro. Van Lennep; "The Representatives of Foreign Grand Lodges," by Bro. Wierdsoma, J.G. Warden. Thanks were returned by the parties concerned.

At eleven o'clock the last toast for the welfare of the Order was given by Bro. Willekes Macdonald, 1st G. Deacon, and soon after the proceedings were brought to a close. Special trains were dispatched to take the Prince and other brethren residing in the country to their respective homes.

Thus ended a festival which will be long remembered by all those who joined in it, on account not only of the prominence of the hero and the importance of the event, but also the remarkable exhibition of true Masonic feelings and cosmopolitan spirit, of which it offered the most unquestionable testimony.

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

Michigan.—Bro. Coffinbury, the Grand Master, made the following decisions, which were sanctioned by the Grand Lodge:

1st. Has the Senior Warden a right to call a special communication of the Lodge, open the same and proceed to work, when the Worshipful Master is at home in the same village?

Answer.—No.

2d. When a summons has been served upon a brother, with a copy of charges for unmasonic conduct, and a copy of both left with the accused, is the seal of the Lodge necessary to be impressed on the copy of the summons in order to make the service a good and valid service?

Answer.—The Lodge seal is not necessary to a copy of the summons. The copy is supposed to be made by the officer who serves the process, one who, not having the custody of the seal, could not attach it. It is well, always, to furnish the accused with a copy of the complaint and charges, and, if requested, with a copy of the citation or summons; but a copy of the latter is not necessary to a good service, for he must obey all summons if within his power, whether he be furnished with a copy or not.

3d. Can a man be made a Mason who had a hare-lip, which, by a surgical process has been closed, but who cannot articulate so as to be understood except by those well acquainted with him?

Answer—No.

4th. What is the duty of the Master of a Lodge, when he learns, to his certain knowledge, that a candidate, after he has been elected, and before his initiation, is unworthy, and ought not to be admitted as a Mason?

Answer.—His first duty is to refuse to initiate the candidate. His second, to inform the candidate in a courteous manner that he cannot be admitted. His third, to see that the fee accompanying his petition is returned to him in due season. As a general rule, the fee becomes the property of the Lodge upon the election of the candidate; but, as the candidate advances the fee with the expectation of receiving value therefor from the Lodge in return, and as the Lodge refuses to return such value as he expected, it is unjust to retain the fee, and justice is one of the cardinal virtues of Masonry. While justice nicely poises her balance and requires us to render unto every man his just due, charity requires us to receive no man's money for naught. His fourth, to see, in the future, that strict inquiry and due investigation into the character of candidates shall prevent a like necessity, and save the Worshipful Master the discharge of a like unpleasant duty.

5th. Can a member of a Lodge be put upon trial before his Lodge, upon charges of unlawful carnal intercourse with a female who is in nowise related to a Master Mason?

Answer.—Yes. He who is guilty of a violation of the moral law or the statute law, is guilty of unmasonic conduct, and ought to be disciplined therefor by his Lodge, although he may not be guilty of the violation of his most solemn engagements as a Master Mason. The engagements of a Master Mason in relation to a particular class of individuals, is by no means a license to commit adultery or fornication with those not of that particular class. Every Mason who is guilty of any immorality is guilty of unmasonic conduct.

6th. Is an attorney-at-law liable to Masonic punishment for giving legal advice against a brother Master Mason, when he knows such brother is guilty of crime and entirely unworthy to be called a brother?

Answer.—No. An attorney's duty to his client is paramount. He must give him correct legal advice. I know of no rule of Masonic usage which prohibits a Mason, being an attorney-at-law, from taking a fee and conducting a suit against a brother Master Mason. A Master Mason is not bound, in any instance, to protect or shield a brother in wrong, or dishonesty, more especially in crime.

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THE COMPANIONS OF CORINTHIAN CHAPTER, No. 159, R.·. A.·. M.·., are hereby summoned to attend the next regular Convocation of the Chapter, on Thursday evening, March 14th, at 7½ o'clock, to receive the report of the Committee appointed to revise the By-Laws and take action on the same.

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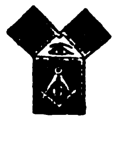
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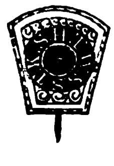
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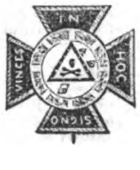

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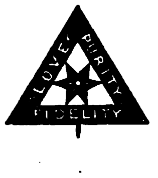

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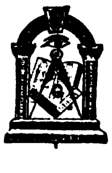
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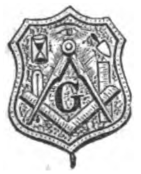

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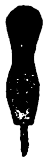
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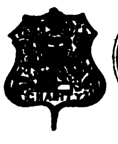

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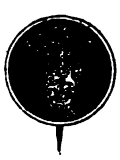
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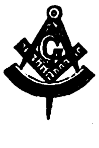

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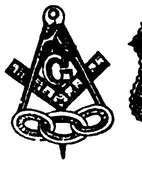

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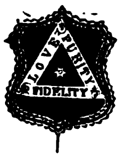

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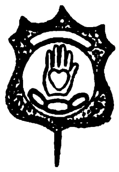
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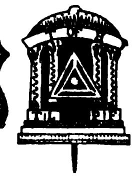
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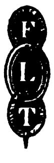

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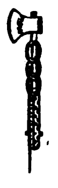
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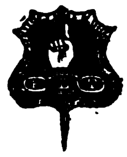
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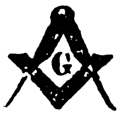

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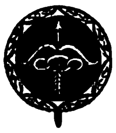
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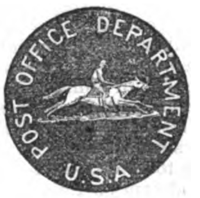

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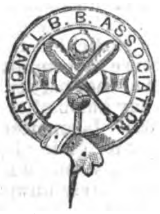

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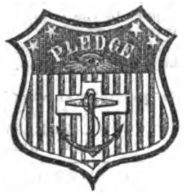

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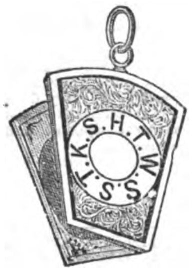

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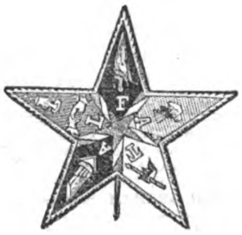
Eastern Star.
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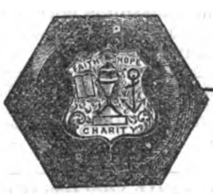

Ladies' Good Templar.
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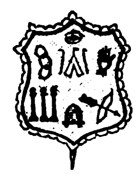
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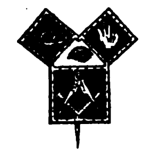
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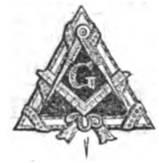

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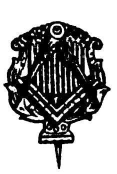
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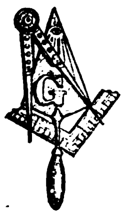

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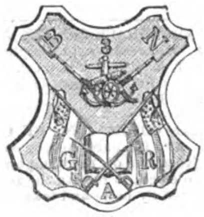

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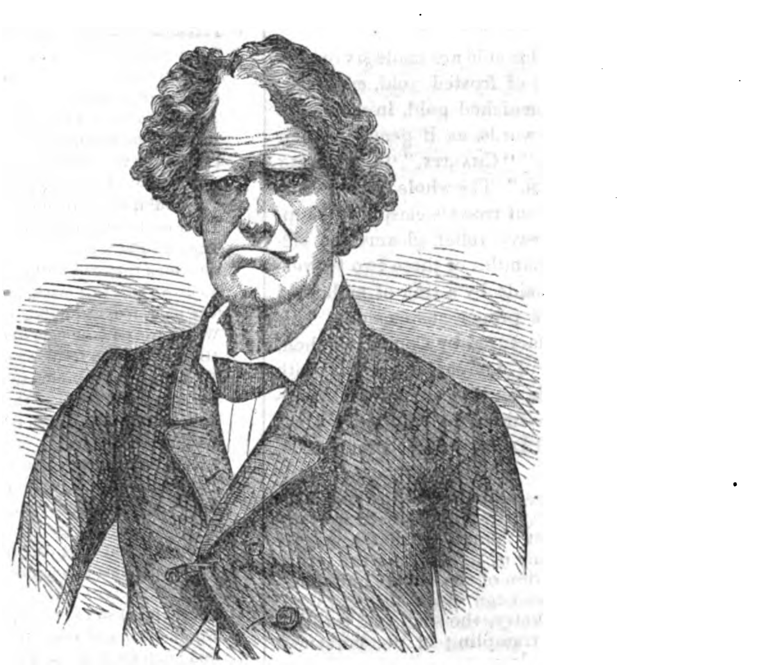
NATIONAL FREEMASON.

VOL. VIII., NO. 11. NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 16, 1867. 10 CTS. A COPY—$4 PER ANN.



William Thomas Bain, the late Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina.

The subject of this sketch was born the 11th of November, 1793, six years before the immortal Father of American liberty and eminent patron of Masonry, George Washington, died. In 1820, he was a resident of Wadesboro, Anson Co., North Carolina. In December of that year he petitioned Kilwinning Lodge, No. 64, for the mysteries of Masonry, and his petition was received, and on the following regular meeting he took that first step in Masonry which led to the envied grave of '67. He afterwards affiliated with Hyram Lodge, No. 40, Raleigh, North Carolina; served as Secretary in the same for eight years, and held his membership there at the time of his death. In December, 1836, under the Grand Mastership of L. H. Marsteller, Bro. Bain was called by a unanimous vote to the Grand Secretaryship, and served in that position for four years, or until 1840, when, declining a re-election, Bro. W. A. Harrison was selected to fill the vacancy. In 1844, another unanimous vote of the Grand Lodge again called him from the private walks of life, and for twenty-two years in succession he filled the office to which his brethren annually elected him.

In December, 1863, the "Committee on the Grand Secretary's books" introduced a resolution voting him a gold medal, which was unanimously adopted, and, 1864, Bro. A. G. Mackey (now P. G. S. of South Carolina), on behalf of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, presented the same. Although the addresses of both have been read by many Masons in America, yet we believe they deserve a place here, and we therefore give them complete.

Address of Bro. Mackey, Grand Secretary of South Carolina:

My Dear Brother: In a Masonic experience not, it is true, as long as yours, and yet sufficiently long to have afforded me many pleasing reminiscences, I know of none which will, in future years, be more grateful to my memory than the transaction in which, by the kind partiality of your Grand Lodge, I have this evening been made an actor. Holding in my own jurisdiction an official position similar to that which for many years you have so faithfully exercised in yours, I almost feel that I am, in some sort, the participator in the honor which is now bestowed upon you. It seems appropriate that the Grand Secretary of one State should be selected as the agent to express the sentiments of respect entertained by his brethren for the Grand Secretary of another and a sister jurisdiction. I, at least, am able to appreciate the nature of the labors which, in your official character, devolve upon you, the industry and energy which are required for the faithful discharge of those labors, and the conduct which you must have pursued to have gained that respect and esteem, the evidence of which is this evening demonstrated.

Yours, my brother, must have been a happy life. For nearly a quarter of a century the Masons of North Carolina have come up together at stated periods to renew their vows around our sacred altar, to legislate for the government of the Order in their native jurisdiction, and to adopt those measures which should be conducive to the prosperity and healthy extension of our beloved institution. And at each anniversary they have brought with them the renewal of their respect and esteem for you as their Grand Secretary, and by repeated unanimous re-elections have testified their personal affection for you as a man, and their grateful sense of your fidelity as an officer. This long continued demonstration of their confidence is something of which you may well be proud.

When the illustrious architect of the metropolitan cathedral of England had been gathered to his last resting-place, no splendid obelisk or stately urn was erected to point out the situation of his grave; but, buried in the very centre of St. Paul's, that gorgeous pile which his skill and genius had erected, a plain marble slab alone indicated his tomb, but on its surface was inscribed these memorable words: "If you would behold his monument, look around you."

So you, too, need no written certificate of your character or of your service. Should any stranger, unacquainted with the industry, energy and fidelity with which, for so long a period, you have discharged the duties of your responsible and laborious office, ask for some evidence of your worth, you too might refer to the respect and esteem which your purity of life has won, and, pointing to these brethren who now, with warm hearts and kindly glances, are gazing on your venerable form, might proudly say: "If you want the testimony of my integrity and my usefulness, look around you."

The medal which the Grand Lodge of North Carolina has ordered to be presented to you contains this significant legend: "We love those who love us: we honor those who have honored us." Yes, venerable brother, for more than a quarter of a century, you have demonstrated by your words and actions a warm attachment to our sacred institution and untiring devotion to its welfare. And now the sons of those whom you first met in our hallowed courts come up here this evening to return, with grateful feelings, a portion of that love which you lavished on their sires. And the Grand Lodge whom you have honored by the long and faithful discharge of one of the most important offices in its gift, now proclaims, by this act in which we are engaged, how highly it honors and esteems the honest man, the upright Mason, and the faithful officer. The bread cast upon the waters after many days has returned.

In the name and in behalf of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, and the Craft which it represents, I present to you this medal as an offering of affection. May you long wear it, with health and intellect and usefulness unimpaired; and when, in the expressive symbolism of our Order, you shall in the pilgrimage of life have passed the *Southern and Western gates*, unconquered by the temptations which are there, you shall at length have reached the *Eastern gate*, and there been compelled to yield to the inexorable foe of our race, may death find you like "*the widow's son*," not unprepared for the great change which will await you. But may your disembodied spirit, called by the *Omnific Word* of the Grand Master of the universe from the grave to which weeping brethren shall have consigned you, be permitted to unite with the true and faithful who have gone before you in the eternal refreshments of the Celestial Lodge.

To which Bro. Wm. T. Bain, Grand Secretary, replied as follows:

My Dear Brother Mackey: I should certainly be guilty of an act of unpardonable ingratitude if I were to refrain from expressing the feelings of my heart in accepting this beautiful and valuable token of the friendship and fraternal regard which my brethren of the Grand Lodge of my beloved State have shown towards me.

To say that I am thankful only, would be but a poor return for this unmistakable evidence of their kind and generous feelings. Yes, my brother, I can truly say that the gratitude I feel will be cherished in my bosom to the latest period of my life, to remind me of the many and multiplied favors and acts of kindness received at their hands. If I were to say that I have committed no errors in discharging the duties of my office, I might justly be accused of vanity and presumption; but I flatter myself with the pleasing reflection that my brethren will ascribe those errors to the imperfections of my nature, and not to any disposition on my part to shrink from the performance of those duties connected with the office of Grand Secretary.

For more than forty years I have had the honor of a connection with the Masonic fraternity, and during that long period of time I have endeavored to promote its interest and to act the part of a useful and acceptable member, and here, I hope, I may be indulged in submitting a few brief remarks on some of the excellent tenets of our Order.

Masonry may, with much propriety, be regarded as a moral institution, having, among other objects, a calm and dispassionate inquiry into the origin of man, his destiny on earth, and his future state, that it may be ascertained, as far as practicable, what he owes to his Creator, to society and himself.

Man was not placed on earth to live for himself alone.

The Author of existence has imposed imperative duties upon us, and we are not obeying the moral law if we fail to discharge those duties faithfully under all circumstances of life.

The cold-headed misanthrope may presumptuously inquire what essential duties are made obligatory on us to discharge?

Christianity will readily answer the question by loudly calling upon us to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and to infuse comfort and consolation into the hearts of the afflicted and distressed; and Masonry at all times prompts us to act the Samaritan's part when objects of our pity and commisseration present themselves, claiming our benevolence and charity.

When he is inducted into the mysteries of Masonry, the candidate will readily discover, without much effort of the mind, that its principles are closely connected with Christianity. He at once perceives that the degrees he has taken are founded upon that Book which the good and true Mason values above all others, and if he conforms to the requirements it imposes, he cannot fail to act the good Mason's part and receive the plaudits of Heaven.

Masonry may be said to be a language which is understood and spoken by the Craft wherever dispersed, and it forms a common medium of communication among our brethren of all nations and tongues. In a strange land the good and true Mason finds, without much difficulty, a home in the hearts and houses of his brethren; and if he is in want, his wants are cheerfully supplied and his heart is made to rejoice that, although a stranger and far from home and friends, he is among those who claim him as a brother of the mystic tie.

It cannot be denied that in many ages of the world's existence, kings and princes, with others high in rank and power, have arrayed themselves against our beloved Order, but their wicked and malicious efforts to injure and destroy our usefulness have fallen harmless at our feet, and we appear on the world's wide stage, clothed in all the majesty of our strength, power and influence. It may be also declared that the shafts of malice and vituperation have been hurled at our very vitals, to impair our energies and defeat our plans, to disperse Christian and Masonic principles among the nations of the earth; but with much pleasure and gratification we can say, that a period in our history has arrived when the tongue of slander and malice has been silenced, and we now stand on firmer and more substantial ground than we have occupied for many centuries past.

In closing these imperfect remarks, I beg to be permitted to return my sincere thanks and grateful acknowledgments to *you*, my much esteemed brother, for the very kind and flattering manner in which you have been pleased to present this memorial of the undiminished friendship of those much honored and beloved *ones* with whom I have spent many happy and pleasant hours in by-gone days. May prosperity and happiness accompany you and them through life; and when you shall be summoned to exchange time and all earthly things for a long and never-ending eternity, may you all be received into the GRAND LODGE above, where the Supreme Architect of the Universe presides in all His glory and splendor, there to enjoy uninterrupted happiness and peace in the haven of eternal repose.

The medal thus presented has been pronounced by all who have seen it as a gem of its kind, and through the kindness of Bro. Donald W. Bain, to whom it was willed by our late Grand Secretary, we have it in our possession. In the centre of a circle 3⅜ inches in diameter is a large five-pointed star, supporting a solid Bible with cross-pens on its surface. The spaces formed by the points of the raised star and double inner circle are adorned with eighteen Masonic emblems in bas-relief on a ground of frosted gold. In the double circle formed around the edges are the words: "WE LOVE THOSE WHO LOVE US, AND WE DELIGHT TO HONOR THOSE WHO HAVE HONORED US," indicative of the affection of our late Father in Israel for the North Carolina craftsmen. This sentence is also on a ground of frosted gold. On the reverse, corresponding to the space occupied by the star on the obverse, is the inscription, on a ground of burnished gold:

"Presented
To
BRO. WILLIAM T. BAINE,
BY THE GRAND LODGE OF NORTH CAROLINA:
A TOKEN
For Twenty-five Years of Faithful Service
AS GRAND SECRETARY.
RALEIGH, DEC. 6, 5864."

In the double circle on this side are made six ouches (if we may so term them) of frosted gold, each surrounded by a border of burnished gold, in which are neatly set the following words, as if gems in their casings: "FAITH," "HOPE," "CHARITY," "BROTHERLY LOVE," "RELIEF," "TRUTH." The whole circle is suspended from two magnificent trowels clasping its top, on the face of each, in heavy relief, gleams the significant letter "G." The handles of these two trowels are connected on their inside by a ring of embossed gold which serves for its proper suspension. This beautiful token was manufactured by Com. H. Mahen, of Raleigh, N. C., and will compare favorably with anything of the kind made on this side of the Atlantic. It cost the nice little sum of *eight hundred dollars*. In his report to the Grand Lodge of December, 1865, he said:

> Not doubting but we are all believers in the truths of an unerring Christianity, we should with grateful hearts return our warmest thanks to that Almighty Being who rules the destiny of nations, for the return of peace, and the termination of the bloody and disastrous war in which we have been so recently engaged. The rattling of the musketry, the sound of the bellowing cannon, and the trampling of the horseman have ceased to excite and alarm us.
>
> The shock of arms and the shout of battle are no longer heard in our land, "swords have been beaten into ploughshares, spears into pruning hooks," and peace, good order and tranquillity have been substituted for bloody strifes and conflicts, and we are again permitted to dwell in our homes, undisturbed and free from all harm and danger.

Anticipating his departure hence, he concluded, prophetically, thus:

> When we reflect upon the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, we may with much propriety conclude that *we* who are now assembled in this our *earthly house shall not all meet again*, and under this impression let us so *live* that we may be prepared for our departure from *this* to a happier state of existence; where we shall *live for all time* in the enjoyment of unsullied happiness and bliss.

December, 1866, in his last report to the Grand Lodge, he says:

> I feel it my duty to inform your most Worshipful Body of the great loss which our sister Grand Lodges of Arkansas, Pennsylvania and Missouri have sustained in the death of their Grand Secretaries. The first, in that of Bro. T. D. Merrick; the second, in Bro. W. H. Adams; and the third, in Bro. A. O'Sullivan, who, after many years of faithful devotion to the labors of their respective offices, have at length passed to their final rest.

He thus concludes his report:

> I have thus, my brethren, presented you with this, my annual report, in which I have embraced all such matters as I believe to be my duty to submit for your consideration, and in conclusion suffer me to express a hope that our time-honored institution may continue to be blessed with peace, harmony and prosperity.
>
> May brotherly love continue to grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength. May every moral and social virtue cement and bind us more closely together during our earthly existence, and when the clock of time shall be wound up for the last time, and the last pulsation of expiring nature shall cease to beat, may we all be received into the Grand Lodge above, that glorious and magnificent temple, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Our worthy brother was spared to us but a short time after this. On February 1, 1867, he received the summons of that God he had so faithfully served here, to depart and to be with Him in heaven—in that celestial Lodge where the faithful craftsman enjoys an eternal rest from his labors here.

He died a Christian.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken in the character of an Irish Freemason.

WRITTEN BY LAU. DERMOTT, D. G. M., 1775.

I, Darby Mulrooney, from Moat of Gregone,
Beg 'lave to be speaking, by way of proloag;
And first, to begin, sirs, this night is the day
Fixed for Brother L'Estrange's benefit play;
I heard him, just now, about telling an actor,
He'd soon be as rich as a Jew or contractor;
His Lodge congregated, and ready for certain,
To open in form, just behind this big curtain.
But he admits women, because they are skill'd in
(As well as Freemasons) the new art of building;
O the sweetest of cretures! they're cunning projectors,
They build without rule, square, compass, or sectors;
Their ashlars are curls, their bricks are all wool,
Their mortar's pomatum, foundation a skull;
On which they can build (and I'm sure 'tis no lie)
As broad as a turf stack, but three times as high.*
The men, too, can build, as their fancy best suits,
With curls on each side like a pair of volutes;
High toupées in front, something like a key-stone,
To wedge up the brains in those skulls that have none.
For fringe and festoons they all use Brussels laces,
And, like the fine ladies, can whitewash their faces,
With long tails behind, and with nothing before,
Except down their waistcoat a little tom bore.†
Thus some have depicted our actors at large;
You, visiters, are not comprised in this charge.
(Bowing to the audience.)
In our ancient craft true friendships abound;
I wish amongst all men the like could be found.
Were all Yankees Freemasons, and Englishmen, too,
They'd hearken to reason, old friendship renew;
Would drink and shake hands and become mighty civil,
And pitch all their guns and their swords to the divil.
But I'll say no more (pause) for the time's very quare,
And poor Darby shall never be caught in a snare;
My business to-night is to welcome you here.
Welcome, brethren, of the square and compass;
Welcome, bucks, who love to make a rumpuss;
Welcome, cits, who love to sit in quiet;
Welcome, above, who never love to riot;
Welcome, critics, dread of every poit,
You spare the craft because you do not know it.
Ten thousand welcomes Darby does decree
To all the ladies; welcome gra ma chree.‡

* The fassious of 1775. † Meaning tambour. ‡ My heart's love.

THE LESSONS OF THE BURIAL—THE THIRD DEGREE.

"Due East and West at even time was laid."

BY REV. BRO. MIDDLETON, OF CONNECTICUT.

[We commend to the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON the following real poetry from a young clerical brother, whose heart is full of Masonry and song:]

Every springing hillock, covered with the soft and rounded sod,
Tells of future life, immortal as the being of our God;
Life, begun in tribulation, ended with a feeble breath!
Yet, in ending, reaching onward past the limit we call death!
But these lessons, wisdom freighted, reach the buried nevermore:
They have passed beyond all teaching—passed beyond the closèd door,
That, beneath the frowning archway 'twixt the known and the unseen
Opens ever to the Future—vails all those who pass within!
Only we, who wait the noiseless turning of the sombre door,
Can the weighty truths discover, and be wise forevermore!

But if we could find a brother, who had thus been laid to rest,
Human cares and trials over—with the damp earth on his breast—
And when hope of life was ended, by some strong outreaching hand
Lifted from his dismal prison, "Raised" among his kin to stand—

We should then indeed be able—though we might not know them all,
To obtain some newer lessons from the shroud, the grave, and pall.

Now such an one I knew—he in a grave
Due East and West at eventide was laid;
The acacia sprig was planted at his head,
And lamentation o'er his tomb was made.
I feel, said he, like one in dreams who sees
Some awful horror gathering swiftly round;
Yet with no power to stir a step in flight,
Nor with my palsied tongue to make a sound.
While others stood, in silence, by my side,
Or shed their heartfelt tears around my bier;
I would have *shrieked* for aid, but could not speak;
Or would have wept, but could not shed a tear!

One thing I so well remember! when the long, long line appeared
Of my brethren, well belovèd, by a thousand acts endeared,
Then my soul surged o'er with sorrow, from these loved ones thus to part;
Waking to no glad to-morrow—this, indeed, nigh broke my heart.
Then the solemn dirge was lifted, echoing on the tranquil air—
Hands were stretched in mute appealing—then I sank into despair.
Yet I felt they could not leave me—*me*, though seeming to be dead!
Leave me in my living prison! So I was half comforted.

Still the burial rites proceeded; o'er me pressed the heavy sod!
Faint, and weary with my terror, I resigned myself to God.
"'LET US PRAY,'' I heard rejoicing, for I knew the power of prayer,
And I knew some arm would reach me, though I had been buried there!
So my trust in God grew stronger! Judah's Lion seemed so near!
Sure His roar was sweeter music than had ever met my ear.
And His footsteps by my pillow were a harbinger of life;
So my tried heart ceased its anguish, and my mind its fearful strife.

One strong grasp—and I was lifted; "face to face" I gazed and heard
In my ear his lips repeating, with low breath, the potent word
That set pulse anew to beating, warmed the cheek, and lit the eye,
And I knew on what arm only it availed me to rely.

Death, I knew, was sure and certain; yet they *lived* whom we *call* dead,
As the evergreen acacia told, when planted at my head.
Not forever earth nor ocean—neither death nor grave shall be
Endless victor o'er the buried—A DELIVERER they shall see!
He who, in the distant Orient, raised the widow's only son,
To the waiting souls in prison shall declare the victory won:
By the might of Juda's Lion, though the flesh from bone have cleaved,
Graves shall open at his coming—earth restore what it received,
And the rolling ocean, yielding all who slumber 'neath its might;
We, with all the buried, rising—"In His light shall we see light."

So spake my brother; and when once again
Beside the newly opened grave I trod,
I looked beyond it to life's rising morn
And feared no more, but put my trust in God.

◆

LIGHT.

BY A MICHIGAN BROTHER.

"And darkness reigned supreme."

Chaotic night, with not a single ray
To herald forth the dawn of coming day,
Or tell the hour when primal darkness would
Cease to hold sway o'er this chaotic flood,
Or when its angel, wearied in its might,
Should fold its wings, tipped with the rays of light
From off the throne, and watch the spreading ray
To culminate in one eternal day,
To see Confusion hear his words of might,
Those words all powerful, "Let there be light."
Swift as winged thought the fiat there was made,
Swifter than thought the fiat was obeyed,
And from the realms infinite gildèd rays
Poured in a flood, but dazzled none who gazed.
Component parts are they of God and light,
Component synonyms with love and might.
Confusion's prayer of night, its last complene
Was hardly said, as light flashed o'er the scene.
There Pantheism stood, bathed in the light
Of Heaven's own glory, banishing the night.
With cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Flushed in his pride, enthusiastic glow,
But standing there, in that effulgent flood,
He humbly bows, acknowledging a God.

"Let there be light," let true Masonic rays
Of light and wisdom set the world ablaze,
And deeds of kindness luminate our dust,
To honor HIM in whom we put our trust.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XI.—THE EAST WING.

It was quite dark by the time Jane Garrod got home from Belair, which place she had left immediately after it had been decided to visit the family vault, with the result of which visit she would of course remain unacquainted till the following morning. The snow was coming down fast as Jane plodded homeward along the solitary by-paths which she knew so well; and when she turned a corner of the road and while some distance off, saw the ruddy glow of firelight that streamed across the white road from the window of her own little home, her heart felt glad within her to think that her lot in life was cast in humble places, such as the sweet flower of Content loves best to haunt.

Jane scraped her feet and shook some of the snow off her gown and shawl, and wondering whether Abel would have had sufficient forethought to have the kettle boiling against her return, she quietly opened the door and went in—went in to find a bearded, stalwart individual sitting by the chimney-corner, who no sooner caught sight of her than he started up, and, crossing the floor in a couple of strides, seized her by both hands, and shook them heartily, and then stooped and kissed her just as heartily on the cheek.

"Thank heaven, you are come back safe and sound!" were Jane's first words when she had recovered in some measure from her surprise, and had further refreshed herself with a quiet fit of crying. "But, oh, what a deal of pain and anxiety you would have spared both Miss Frederica and me if you had only written to tell us you were about to leave Pevsey Bay!"

"I did write to you," said John, "only an hour before the train started, telling you that I was going to America to try and hunt up some proofs of my identity."

"Certainly your letter never came to hand," said Jane. "As I have many a time told Miss Frederica, there was some treachery at work in the case, of which we knew nothing. But we need not mind that now. May I ask, sir, whether you have succeeded in finding what you went so far to look for?"

"I have, beyond my utmost expectations," answered John. "But not another word shall you drag out of me till you have told me all the news about a certain young lady."

"A certain lady is quite well, and that is all I can tell you about her at present," said Jane, with a smile. "I have been with her all day, and when I left her this afternoon, here last words were: "Oh, if *he* would but come!" Whom she meant by '*he*,' I could not, of course, imagine."

John thanked his stars that just then the fire gave too dim a light to allow of the hot flush that rose to his forehead being seen even by Jane's friendly eyes.

"And Sir Philip?" said John, interrogatively, after a little pause. "I ought to have asked after him first; but even now I almost dread to put the question."

"Sir Philip is dead, and you are now Sir Arthur Spencelaugh," said Jane, solemnly; and with that she got up from her chair, and swept John a stately old-fashioned courtesy, full of obeisance and respectful homage, and stood to hear his commands.

John turned away his head with a groan, and Jane knew that his tears were falling fast.

"If I had only come in time!" he murmured, at last, in time to see him and tell him who I am, and ask his blessing! I loved him, Jane Garrod, loved him and reverenced him from the first moment I saw him, as I never loved and reverenced any other man. And now I shall never see him more on earth!"

Jane, leaving him alone in the twilight with his grief, went softly out into another room. In about half an hour she came back, carrying a lighted lamp.

"It is needful, Sir Arthur, that you should go up to Belair at an early hour to-morrow," she said; "there is much to do, and——"

"Hush!" said the young man, gently laying his hand on her arm. "You must not call me by that name, at least not till the world shall have acknowledged my right to bear it; and even then, to you, to whom I owe more than I can possibly repay, let me never be other than plain John English!"

"Miss Frederica, sir, has fought your battle bravely while you have been away," said Jane, as she went deftly about her preparations for tea.

"God bless her for it!" said John, heartily.

"But to-day was the hardest time of all for her, almost more than she could bear."

"How so? I do not understand you," said John, with reawakened interest.

Jane was burning to tell her guest all that had happened affecting his interests since his departure from Pevsey Bay; and now that his curiosity was excited by her last words, she took care that it should not flag again till she had said all she wanted to say; and John himself, when once Jane had begun her narrative, was as eager to hear as she was to tell.

Tea was an hour later than usual that evening at the little station-house, a want of punctuality on the part of his wife which surprised Abel Garrod even more than the return of John English had done, or the narrative of the strange events which had happened that day at Belair. When tea was over, John produced his meerschaum and Abel his yard of clay, and then, in order to satisfy Jane's evident curiosity in the matter, John entered into some details of what had befallen him after leaving Pevsey Bay; mentioning, among other things, how he had secured a berth on board the Ocean Child, and had even gone on board her preparatory to sailing, when, hearing accidentally at the last moment, that a brother of the Mr. Felix who had so nobly befriended him some years before had just arrived in Liverpool from Australia, he had at once gone on shore again, preferring the risk of losing his passage to missing the opportunity of seeing the brother of his dead friend, for whose ear he had certain private messages, which Mr. Felix had charged him to deliver in person, should a possibility of doing so ever arise.

As it happened, fortunately for himself, John English did miss his passage on board the Ocean Child, which vessel was lost, a few days after sailing, with all on board. John had been tracked by Brackenridge on board the ill-fated ship, and when news came of the wreck the chemist at once concluded that Mrs. Jakeway's lodger was one of those who had perished.

John English lay on the night of his return in the same cosy little room in which he had passed so many weary days and nights during the time that Jane Garrod was nursing him of his wound; but his brain was far too busy to allow of sleep coming near him. He drew up the blind before getting into bed, and then lay staring out at the dark cloud-squadrons hurrying brokenly across the sky, no unmeet emblem, it seemed to him, of the hurrying throng of broken thoughts coursing so restlessly, just then, across his brain, all darkened and solemnized by the knowledge that nevermore on earth would he see that face which he had learned to love and reverence before even his wildest dreams had pictured it as the face of his father. Two or three hours passed away, and John's eyes were as wide open as ever, when suddenly he leaped out of bed, attracted to the window by a glare of reddish light in the western horizon, which he had been vaguely watching for some time, but which was now rapidly growing so bright and lurid as to claim his serious attention. Suddenly there came a tap at his door, and then Abel Garrod spoke: "For heaven's sake, get up, sir, as quickly as you can! *Belair is on fire!*"

Leaving Lady Spencelaugh bound and gagged, so that it was impossible for her either to stir or speak, the two men locked the door of the room behind them and then stole noiselessly along the corridor leading from her ladyship's apartments, and so down the broad shallow stairs, at the foot of which they were met by Clotilde, thanks to whose good offices they had obtained such easy and unopposed access to the interior of the Hall. The French girl carried a small lamp in her hand, and, after laying a warning finger on her lips, she beckoned the two men to follow her, and so led the way across the entrance-hall, and then through one or two winding passages, till she brought them to a little door at the back of the house, which opened into the kitchen-garden.

"All safe, so far," said Clotilde, in a whisper: "you must go back by the same way that you came. The garden-walk has been trodden by half-a-dozen people since the snow ceased falling, so that there is no danger of your footsteps being tracked."

"Thou hast been a good child and thou shalt not be forgotten," said one of the men as he chucked the waiting-girl under the chin. "But the most difficult portion of thy task is yet before thee. When the discovery comes, be careful not to over-act thy part. Don't be too much surprised, too much horrified. Call up thy tears once or twice, tears look so genuine, in commiseration of my Lady's sufferings; but avoid being noisy. And now, *au revoir*; thou shalt hear from me shortly by a sure hand."

"Such a girl as that is!" said the second man, in an oily whisper, as he came up behind the other a minute or two later. "She would have kept me there till——"

"Silence, babbler!" said the other one, with a snarl. "Reserve thy *contes d'amour* for another season. Half an hour ago, Henri Duplessis was a gentleman, now he is a common thief."

Clotilde, left alone, felt far too happy to go to bed just then, for Antoine had spoken loving words, and she wanted to muse over all that he had said. She drew her thick woolen shawl over her head, and gliding back noiselessly through the hushed house, softly unfastened a door on the opposite side of the hall, which admitted her to the terrace, one portion of which was sheltered by a verandah, and here she paced backwards and forwards for nearly an hour, lost in a vague, rosy love-dream, till the piercing cold of the frosty night began to make itself felt. Breaking out of her reverie she went indoors and after refastening the door she proceeded to the little anteroom where she had left her lamp before going out. Opening the door, she started back in terror at finding the room full of smoke —nay, there was more than smoke, there was actual live flame; red quivering tongues licking the woodwork greedily; great lurid blotches, like some terrible eruption, momently spreading and merging one into another, and gathering strength and fierceness as they spread, and already far beyond any curative means at command of the French girl. She understood it at once; the lamp had flared up for want of snuffing and the flame had caught the tapestry with which the walls in part were lined, and so spread to the paneling behind, which age had rendered almost as dry and inflammable as tinder. This anteroom was situated on the east wing, and the east wing was by far the oldest part of Belair. True, it had been renovated and repaired at different periods, but always in keeping with the original idea, which apparently had been to make as much use of timber and plaster and as little of stone and brick as possible. Lady Spencelaugh's apartments were situated in the east wing, her sitting-room and boudoir on the ground-floor, and her bed and dressing rooms immediately over them. Of the remaining rooms in the wing, one was the anteroom, where the fire originated; another a great desolate billiard-room; while the rest were seldom used, except on those rare occasions when Belair was full of guests. In the whole of the east wing only two people ordinarily slept, namely, Lady Spencelaugh and her maid.

Stupefied with fear at sight of this new and terrible enemy, and utterly deserted by her usual *sang froid* and presence of mind, Clotilde rushed back through the passage, and so into the entrance-hall, screaming, "Fire! fire!" and then unbolting one of the doors, she rushed out into the park and hurried off in the direction of White Grange, in the vague hope of overtaking Antoine.

Clotilde's screams had been heard by no one except by the miserable woman who had been left bound and gagged by the two men, and on her ears the warning words fell with a terrible significance. In all that great house, she was the only person not asleep, and she could neither stir nor speak. The fire was spreading rapidly. It was no longer confined to the anteroom, but had fiercely laid hold of the great oaken staircase that led from the entrance hall to the upper floors of the east wing, and was having a merry game to itself in the billiard-room, and would soon force its way into the empty chambers overhead. The pungent odor of the burning wood came in hot, heavy puffs under the door of the room in which Lady Spencelaugh sat helpless, and gave a dread confirmation to the words of Clotilde. She listened, as she never seemed to have listened before, for some voice or other token of the vicinage of human beings, but she heard nothing save the crackling of the flames as they seized on the wood-work at the end of the corridor, and seemed to be testing its quality with their teeth. She had undergone so much mental and bodily torture during the last few hours, that the keen edge of anguish was in some measure blunted; and now that the end of all her sufferings seemed so imminent, she sank into a sort of dull stupor of despair, which lent a strange air of unreality both to herself and her surroundings, making her feel as though she were merely acting a part in some wierd, fantastic dream, from which she should presently awake; dulling for a time, as though by the influence of some powerful narcotic, both overwrought body and overwrought brain.

Nor was this spell, if such it may be called, broken till she heard a sudden rush of voices, and knew that the other inmates had taken the alarm. A little later, and there was a louder clamor of voices than before, and she could hear her own name called aloud, and then she knew that they had missed her, and that some effort would be made for her rescue. Therewith the desire to live came back upon her in all its intensity, and what a wild, agonized prayer was that which, from the lowest depth of her heart, went up to Heaven's gate, that she might not die just yet—that she, no martyr to any religion save that of Self, might not be called upon to undergo this fiery trial—that she might live, were it only for a little while, live to redress some of the wrong she had done, live that she might have leisure to repent.

Presently she heard Gaston's voice giving some orders to the men outside, and the sound thrilled her mother's heart. Whatever might happen to herself, her darling was safe, and from that moment one-half of her calamity seemed lifted off her. The room by this time was full of stifling smoke, and the menacing crackling of the flames sounded louder every passing minute. There seemed quite a crowd of people collected in the shrubbery outside; she could hear the deep murmur of many voices, now loud, now low, without being able to distinguish anything that was said, and ever and anon the sharp, imperative tones of Gaston sounding clearly above the rest, with what seemed to her like a ring of suppressed agony in their very clearness. After what appeared a terribly long delay, a ladder was found that would reach to the windows of her room, and scarcely had its top touched the wall when a man was climbing it with the agility of a sailor, under whose fierce blows, next instant, the panes of the window fell in fragments to the ground.

"Mother! mother! where are you?" called Gaston, for it was he who had climbed the ladder.

The windows of Lady Spencelaugh's apartments were of the old fashioned diamond-paned sort, with iron cross-bars worked into their frames, and opening only by means of small casements, so that it was impossible for any one to get either in or out that way, and her Ladyship had often felicitated herself on the additional security which her rooms derived from the peculiar formation of the windows.

As it was impossible for Gaston to obtain ingress through the window; all that he could do was to call again, still more loudly than before, "Mother! mother! where are you? For Heaven's sake, speak to me." But the room was filled with dense smoke, which only seemed to throw back the ruddy glare which shone in through the windows, without being penetrated by it, and Gaston's eyes, as he clung desperately to the bars outside, were quite unable to pierce the obscurity within; besides which, he had every reason to believe that his mother was in the inner room, and his efforts were directed to the rousing of her from her supposed sleep. Again and again he called her, and she in turn put forth her little strength in a desperate struggle to free herself from some of her bonds, or at least to get rid of the gag; but all her efforts proved utterly futile, and only seemed to have the effect of rendering her a faster prisoner than before.

"My God! she must have been stifled in bed by the smoke!" she heard Gaston say, at last, and then she heard him go down, and with that her last chance of escape seemed to die utterly away. She knew that they would not have tried to reach her through the window, had not all ordinary means of access to her rooms been blocked by the fire. Through the broken window she heard some man who had a louder voice than his neighbors, say that the rooms below were all on fire now, and that the thick beams in the ceiling would soon be burned through, and then—— The man's voice was lost again in the murmur of the crowd, and Lady Spencelaugh's soul shuddered within her. There was no hope left her, then—none! Then came another thought: So much for her yet to do, and so little time to do it in!

A sudden cheer from the crowd. What could it mean? And next moment the sound of hurried footsteps advancing along the corridor that led to her rooms; and then the crash of a heavy body against the door; another, and the door broke away from its hinges, and through the smoke there advanced upon her a tall, dark figure, which, in that first moment of surprise, she could not look upon as other than an apparation from the dead. The current of air from the broken window had thinned the smoke in some measure, and the room was filled with the ruddy glare of the burning house, and in the midst of that glare stood he whom but a few short hours ago she had fondly hoped lay buried fathoms deep beneath the waves—he whose young life she had blighted, whose death she had compassed—he whom she had hated above all others—the eldest born of her dead husband, and now Sir Arthur Spencelaugh. Oh, the bitterness of owing her life to the courage of this man? Was this the method of his forgiveness?

"You, and in this position, Lady Spencelaugh!" said Sir Arthur, as his quick eye took in the details of the case. "What scoundrel has been at work here? but you must tell me afterwards, for we have not a minute to spare if we would get back in safety."

He had his pocket knife out even while he was speaking, and was rapidly cutting the cords that fastened her. But even when released from her bonds, she was utterly unable to move either hand or foot, and Sir Arthur seeing this, hastened into an adjoining room and brought thence a large counterpane, in which he proceeded fo wrap the helpless woman, and when this was done, he took her up lightly in his arms, and carried her out by the way he had come. At the end of the corridor he paused; before him lay the gulf of raging fire, several feet in width, which he had so boldly overleaped when on his way to search for Lady Spencelaugh, before which all the other volunteers had paused aghast, and even Gaston, brave enough on all ordinary occasions, had trembled and fallen back, as doubtful of his ability to reach the opposite side. This fiery gulf occupied the spot where the old staircase had been, which was one of the first objects that fell a prey to the flames. From the opposite side of the staircase ran what was known as the Stone Gallery, and the space between the end of this gallery and the corridor where Sir Arthur was now standing, was filled by a staircase no longer, but by a seething bed of fire. The leap across from the gallery to the corridor was a desperate one under any circumstances, since to miss your footing on the opposite side meant nothing less than destruction, and burdened as Sir Arthur now was, to get back the same way was a sheer impossibility. The men awaiting his return in the gallery had given him a hearty cheer when they saw him emerge through the smoke holding in his arms the object of his search, but the cheer had ended in something very like a groan, when they saw and recognized the difficulty which he was now called upon to face. There was a minute's intense silence, which Sir Arthur was the first to break. "Fetch up the long ladder out of the shrubbery," he called out to the men in the gallery. They understood in an instant why he wanted it, and two minutes later, there it was. With hearty good will they proceeded to push it out from the gallery, and over the burning wreck of the staircase, till its other end rested on the corrider at the feet of Sir Arthur, who then, taking up his burden again, stepped lightly from rung to rung across the fiery gulf, till he reached the opposite side, and then gave up his charge into the hands of the pale-faced Gaston, who as yet knew not the name of the fearless stranger.

CHAPTER XLI.—A MADWOMAN'S REVENGE.

Night after night, with quiet, stealthy patience, the woman Marie labored at the task she had set herself to do. Had not the bars been rusted and corroded with age, they would probably have baffled all the feeble means at her command; but such as they were, she had overcome every difficulty, and now her reward seemed almost within her grasp.

She had been working for freedom. To get away, anywhere, out of that horrible prison, in which she had been shut up for so many weary, weary weeks, was the one absorbing idea that filled her secret thoughts by day and night. It was always the same, too, when she sat down on the floor, and stuffing her fingers into her ears, tried to think out some scheme of vengeance upon the arch-enemy of her *life*. She knew that Duplessis was beneath the same roof with her; she had heard his voice on two or three occasions, although she had never seen him since the first night of her incarceration, and the sound had filled her with such a secret but intense fury that, had she been able to reach him, she would have flown at his throat like some savage creature of the woods. "You and I, *cher Henri*, have a heavy account to settle," she would often murmur to herself. "It is a debt of long standing, and must be paid to the uttermost farthing."

The night fixed upon by Duplessis as the one for the secret expedition of himself and Antoine to Belair, was also the one on which Marie had decided, provided the weather was favorable, to carry out her long cherished plan of escape. As night set in, a keen northerly breeze sprang up, which crisped the fallen flakes, and whispered shrilly round the old Grange, grumbling hoarsely in the chimneys, and trying the fastenings of door and window, and making the madwoman's heart beat high with hope. If only it would last till an hour after midnight! She went to bed as usual about ten o'clock, she could trust to her instinct to awake at the stroke of twelve. When Peg Orchard left her that night, Marie called the girl back after she had gone outside the door, to give her another kiss. Then she got into bed, and in five minutes was soundly asleep; but before the clock on the staircase had done striking twelve, she was as wide awake as ever she had been in her life. She sat up in bed and listened intently. The wind seemed, if anything, more blustering than ever. She would have liked to scream in chorus with its wild free music, so light hearted did she feel; but she bit one of her fingers instead till the purple teeth marks made a deep indented ring round it. Then she slipped noiselessly out of bed, and crept to the door, and put her ear to the keyhole. *Diable!* they were not all in bed yet, those beasts there! She could distinguish a faint murmur of voices below stairs, and presently a door opened, and the voices grew louder, and then she recognized them for the voices of Duplessis and Antoine; and she snarled in the dark, as she listened to them, like some ferocious animal. She could not distinguish a word that was said, and in a minute or so the men seemed to go out of the front door, and then everything but the wind was still. For a full hour longer she crouched against the door, except for her breathing, as rigid and motionless as a mummy, listening, with all her senses on the alert; but the dead silence inside the house was unbroken by any sound that owed its origin to human agency. When the clock struck one, she rose up, as silent as a shadow, and stretched out her cramped hands, and pushed the tangled ends of hair out of her eyes, and began to set about her great achievement. An hour's quiet, steady labor with her jagged blade, and at the end of that time the first great obstacle was overcome; the two bars, sawn completely through, came away from their places, and were carefully deposited by her on the floor. The window was a considerable height from the ground, but that was a difficulty readily overcome. Taking the sheets and coverlids off the bed, she dexterously twisted and knotted them into a stout, servicable rope, one end of which she proceeded to fasten round the stump of one of the bars, while the other end hung down on the outside nearly to the ground. Having inducted herself into a little more clothing than she had been in the habit of wearing for some time past, but still with her favorite red flannel dressing robe outside, and with a white handkerchief thrown over her head and tied under her chin, she felt herself thoroughly equipped for her undertaking. In one corner of the room was a rude box, in which she had been in the habit of keeping her dolls and the little scraps of finery out of which their dresses were manufactured. One by one she took up the puppets and kissed them tenderly. "I am going to leave you, my pretty ones," she murmured. "You will look for me to-morrow, but I shall not be here. "I am going a long, long journey; whither, as yet, I hardly know; but out into the snow and cold wind, where your tender little buds of life would quickly perish. I leave you to the care of that good child, Peg. She will attend to you when I shall be far away. And now, adieu! I love not to part from you, but freedom is before me, and I cannot stay. Adieu! my little ones, adieu!"

She shut down the lid of the box with a weary sigh, and then stood thinking, or trying to think, for the effort was almost a futile one, with her hands pressed tightly across her temples; but whatever the idea might be that she was striving to grasp, it was gone before she could seize it, so, with an impatient little "Pouf!" she dismissed the subject from her mind. One more pull, to test the strength of the knots she had made in her rope; she took up her knife, kissed it, and stuck it in her girdle; and then she crept through the open window, and, taking the rope in both hands, slid nimbly to the ground, and felt that she was free.

The window through which she had escaped was at the back of the house, and Marie now found herself in the rick yard, as it was called, from which a gate opened at once to the moors. One source of disquietude was removed from her mind—she knew that Duke, the great house dog, had gone with one of the young men to a distant fair; Peg had told her so; so there was no fear of an encounter with him. Just outside the rick yard gate, Marie's eyes was caught by something, and she stopped for a moment to think. What she saw was a small grindstone, placed there for the use of the household. Next minute, the stone was going slowly round, with the blade of Marie's knife pressed against its surface.

She went on her way after a time, walking across the moors in a direct line from the back of the Grange.

She had left the Grange a mile or more behind her, and now the road, or rude footpath, for it was nothing more, to which she had kept, dipping from the higher levels of the moor, began to tend gently downward; as it did so, the sound of falling water took her ear, and in a little while she came to a deep cleft, or ravine in the hillside, at the bottom of which a little stream, whose voice the frost had not yet succeeded in silencing, was brawling noisily. This gash in the hillside evidently resulted from some throe of nature countless ages ago. The path traversed by Marie led direct to this ravine, across which a rude foot bridge had been thrown, to accommodate the inmates of the Grange, for this was the nearest way down to the high-road in the valley, leading to certain out-lying villages, where the family at the Grange had sometimes business to transact, and effected, as regards those places, a saving of nearly three miles over the orthodox road.

Marie stepped fearlessly on the bridge, and pausing when she reached the middle of it, took hold of the hand-rope, and leaning over, gazed down into the dim cauldron at her feet. She strove, however, to break through the spell that was being woven over her, dragging herself slowly and with difficulty, as though she were being plucked at behind by invisible hands, from the spot where she had been standing to the edge of the ravine, and stumbling forward on her knees the moment she felt herself on firm ground.

"Sorceress, I have escaped thee!" she cried aloud. "I will not obey thy summons. Thy silvery voice would lure me to destruction. But hark! I hear another voice. One whom I know well is coming this way, and he must not see me. Hush!"

Still kneeling, and with upraised finger in the act of listening, all the pulses of her being seemed to stand still for a moment, while she waited to hear again the voice which had startled her. It came again, and this time nearer than before. There could be no mistaking whose voice it was; she forgot all about the water-sprite's invitation—forgot everything except the one fact that the man whom she hated with all a lunatic's intensity of hate was close beside her, and that there were now no stone walls, no iron bars between them two. As she realized fully that this was indeed so, a great wave of fire seemed to sweep across her brain, and all at once the moon seemed to look blood-red, and the stars took the same color, and all her muscles seemed to harden, and her fingers began to grope instinctively for the haft of her knife. There was a thick clump of underwood growing close to the spot where she was kneeling, and partly overhanging the brink of the ravine. She was only just in time to reach the shelter of these shrubs, when the head and shoulders of a man came into view above the opposite slope of the hill, and the same instant the handsome, crafty face of Duplessis was evanescently brightened up by the blaze of a fusee, as the Canadian paused for a moment in the act of lighting another cigar. As he did so, he spoke again, addressing himself to Antoine, who was toiling up some distance behind his master: "Another little pull, my cabbage, and we shall be on level ground, and then half an hour's brisk walking will take us to the Grange. An hour of this exercise every morning before breakfast, would soon bring down that over-fed carcass of thine to something like reasonable proportions."

"Oh, Monsieur Henri," panted Antoine, "but it is cruel, my faith, to drag persons of delicate stomach up these precipices! Why wasn't the world made without hills? It would have been a much pleasanter place to live in than it is now." The glowing tip of the cigar was coming nearer and nearer to the madwoman hidden in the thicket. "But with regard to La Chatte Rouge," continued Antoine, "has Monsieur given my proposition due consideration? It is simple, it is safe, it is effectual. Let Monsieur go to Paris and enjoy himself, and leave Antoine to clip the claws of La Chatte."

"*Scélérat!*" hissed the madwoman from her hiding place. "La Chatte would like to drink thy heart's blood!"

The glowing tip was very close now. Duplessis, with one foot on the bridge, and one still on firm ground, paused for an instant to answer Antoine.

"Take care, my infant," he said, laughingly, "that she doesn't claw thine eyes out in the process." With that he took hold of the hand rope, and came forward step by step, slowly and cautiously. The frail structure bent and swayed under his weight in a way that might well have alarmed a man of weaker nerve. He had reached the middle of the bridge, when he looked up suddenly, for the dry branches of brushwood were cracking, as if some one were hidden among them, and then he saw that he stood face to face with the woman of whom he had just been speaking. She rose up before him like an avenging spirit, her eyes blazing with madness, and her white face distorted with an intensity of hate such as no words could have expressed.

"I am here, Henri Duplessis," she said; "here—*comprends tu?* and thy prisoner no longer. The hour of our reckoning has come at last!"

Her fingers were still nervously seeking something in the folds of the shawl that confined her waist; and as she spoke, she moved a step or two forward. So unlooked for, so utterly unexpected was the apparition of this woman, that for once Duplessis lost his presence of mind. As Marie made a step forward, he took one backward; and as he did so, his foot slipped off the narrow plank on which he was standing, thickly crusted as it was with frozen snow. He slipped and fell, with a wild, inarticulate cry of horror; but as his feet slid from under him, he clutched convulsively at the hand rope, which yielded fearfully to the sudden strain, but did not break; and so he hung for a few seconds over the ravine, making desperate efforts to recover his footing on the slippery planks. With a cry that seemed like an echo of his master's, Antoine rushed forward to the assistance of Duplessis, but Marie was at the bridge before him. For one brief instant the blade of her knife gleamed whitely in the moonlight, and then it came swiftly down on the rope by which Duplessis was hanging, severing the strands one by one with its keen edge, and while Marie's wild maniacal laugh, that was as much a shriek as a laugh, rang shrilly over the moorland, the last strands gave way, and Duplessis, still clinging to the rope, was dashed with frightful violence against the opposite side of the ravine, and falling thence, came down with a dull thud, which chilled the blood of Antoine to hear, on to the sharp pointed rocks below, round which the angry stream was ever brawling.

Again the maniac's shrill laughter awoke the faint moorland echoes. "Gone! gone! and Marie is revenged at last," she shrieked. "How his eyes glared at me in the moonlight, as he hung by the rope! I never felt so merry before—never—never." And with that she broke into one of her *chansons*, and wandered away towards the head of the ravine, as forgetful, apparently, of the recent tragedy, as though no such person as Henri Duplessis had ever existed; while heart-broken Antoine, calling his master's name aloud, went searching, like one half-crazed, for some path by which he could obtain access to the bottom of the ravine.

[To be continued.]

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The Previous Question—Its Biography.

Of all the machines calculated most offensively to perpetuate and increase the oligarchical tendencies of modern Grand Lodges, there is nothing like "the Previous Question." In those Grand Lodges where it is used—there are but few yet have admitted it—any question can be carried through, right or wrong, if a few Past Grand officers desire it. We should run into personalities were we to specify; but many of our readers, puzzled with the question, "How did that thing get through the Grand Lodge?" will find their answer in the words "Previous Question." In a future issue we may take up the matter more in detail, but at present will only quote the following from the *New York Citizen*, furnished by William Allen Butler, first declaring our opinion that all questions fairly presented in a Grand Lodge should be subjected to a "fair and square" honest vote, without "tabling" or "moving the Previous Question." He says:

The Previous Question, like the Hessian of the Revolutionary period, is an imported ruffian, vastly more savage in an exotic than in a native condition. As in the case of many other celebrated cut-throats, its paternity is involved in obscurity. Sir Henry Vane is said to have introduced it in the English House of Commons in the seventeenth century, and is supposed to have been the first legislator who ever proposed putting a question "whether the question should be now put." If this turbulent Republican was indeed the author of so shrewd a device to put a stop to deliberation in a deliberative body, by voting to put the measure under discussion to an immediate vote, the victims of his invention may find a malicious consolation in the fact that at his execution on Tower Hill, the moment he began to speak to the people, the trumpeters under the scaffold sounded their trumpets, and in spite of all his efforts drowned his voice, thus applying a practical previous question, under the operation of which his head was cut off as well as his speech!

But Sir Henry Vane's Previous Question was comparatively harmless and accommodating. Its main office was to prevent debate on subjects which there was manifestly no propriety in debating.

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A Lodge ought to assemble for work at least once in every calendar month, and must consist of one Master, two Wardens, senior and junior, one Secretary, one Treasurer, two Deacons, one or more Stewards, a Tyler, and as many members as the Master and the majority of the Lodge shall think proper; although more than forty or fifty, when they can attend regularly, as the wholesome rules of the craft require, are generally found inconvenient for working to advantage; and therefore, when a Lodge comes to be thus numerous, some of the ablest Master workmen, and others under their direction, will obtain leave to separate and apply to the Grand Lodge for a warrant to work by themselves, in order to the advancement of the craft.—*Ancient Constitutions.*

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THE ANCIENT BRITONS IN PRE-ROMAN TIMES.—The lineaments of their faces were harsh and severe, and the prominent features were very strongly developed. There was a want of softness of outline so necessary to beauty of countenance, the mouth being slightly projecting, the eyebrows overhanging and the nose prominent. Agreeable and pleasant looking faces could not be attributed to them, as from the features they presented they would have a fierce and savage aspect.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet—a dog he had brought from Wartburg, and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood at the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck round with caricatures of the Pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate, took his guitar with him into the porch, and there executed some musical phantasy (for he was a skillful musician), when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after a summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say that, after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of prophets; it is the only other art, which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. The great gnarled man had a heart as tender as a woman's.

General Jackson.—In 1842, when business men began once more to hope for prosperous seasons, and the country awoke from its long lethargy, General Jackson became an anxious and embarrassed man through the misfortunes of his son. Money was not to be borrowed in the western country, even then, except at an exorbitant interest. He applied, in these circumstances, to his fast friend, Mr. Blair, of the *Globe*, who was then a man of fortune. Ten thousand dollars was the sum which the general deemed sufficient for his relief. Mr. Blair not only resolved on the instant to lend the money, but to lend it on the general's personal security, and to make the loan as closely resemble a gift as the general's delicacy would permit it to be; Mr. Rives desired to share the pleasure of accommodating General Jackson, and the loan was therefore made in the name of Blair and Rives. Upon reading Mr. Blair's reply to his application, the old man burst into tears. He handed the letter to his daughter, and she, too, was melted by the delicate generosity which it revealed. General Jackson, however, would accept the money only on conditions which secured his friends against the possibility of loss.

A Saucy Wife.—A good wife was accompanying an Episcopal brother, a Freemason, on one of the tours in the Northwest. The bishop, in prospecting for a place to "plant the seed of the church," spending a Sabbath in a village where the Episcopal service had never been recited before. To aid the bishop in "the service," and to impress the wondering villagers with the beauties thereof, the wife, seated in the midst of the congregation, responded in a clear, strong voice, just when and where a devout church woman and bishop's wife should, to the amazement of many, and the indignation of at least one of the village matrons, who said to her neighbors as they left the church: "Did you ever see such a *saucy* woman as that preacher's wife? She sat there in the church and *sauced* her husband all the time he was reading."

John Jacob Astor—Don't be Above Your Business.—"Do you ever credit, Mr. Astor?" inquired Mr. K.

"I do not credit strangers, sir" was the reply, "unless they furnish satisfactory city references."

"Then," quoth Mr. K., "the skins I have selected must suffice this time," and paying for the same he departed.

In the afternoon of the same day, just before the sailing of the New Bedford packet, the young trader returned for his lot of furs. Throwing the pack upon his back, he left the store, but had not proceeded a dozen yards from the store, when Mr. A. called his name, bidding him come back.

"Sir," said Mr. A. "You can have credit for any amount of goods you require, provided they are to be found in my store."

"But—" stammered Mr. K., "But—my dear sir, I can give you no city references—I'm a stranger here."

"I ask no other recommendation," responded the rich merchant, "than that already furnished by yourself. The man that is not above his business need never hesitate to apply to John Jacob Astor."

Thus commenced a trade between two merchants, which was continued to the satisfaction and advantage of both of the most eminent capitalists of New Bedford, Mass., and New York.

The Fate of a Mason who neglected Masonic Teachings—Talleyrand and Arnold.—There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the blood-hounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going a beggar and a wanderer, to a strange land, to earn his bread by daily labor.

"Is there an American staying at your house," he asked of the landlord of the hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World,"

The landlord hesitated a moment, and then said: "There is a gentleman up-stairs, either from America or Britain; whether an American or Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in his life was bishop, prince, and prime minister—ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of a dingy lighted room, sat a gentleman of some fifty years, with his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes, looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazed in Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form vigorous, even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in dark, but in rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced; stated that as he was an American, he solicited his kind and feeling offices.

He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English. "I am a wanderer—an exile, I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or home. You are an American. Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner; the scenes of Paris have filled me with such horror, that a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends. A gentleman like you has, doubtless, many friends."

"I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say—I have not a friend—not one in all America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of that look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated towards the next room. "Your name?"

"My name?" with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its conclusive expression—"my name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank in a chair, gasping the words—"Arnold, the traitor."

Even in this secluded room at the inn of Havre, his crime found him out, and forced him to tell his name—that synonym of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud, from whose darkness but few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.

The manner of his death is not exactly known; but we doubt not that he died perfectly friendless—that his brow was not moistened by one friendly tear—that remorse pursued him to the grave, whispering "John Andre" in his ears; and the memory of his course of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring forever, "True to your country, what might you have been, O Arnold, the Traitor!"

Humorous.

THE MILE-STONE.

Along a road two Irish lads
One summer's day were walking,
And all the while with laugh and shout,
In lively strain were talking—

About the fair—about the girls,
And who were best at dancing;
While at each pretty face they met
Their eyes were brightly glancing.

And as they strode for many a mile
And grew in time quite frisky,
As now and then, from lip to lip,
They passed the darling whiskey—

At length, before them in the hedge,
The roadside view commanding,
They saw, its white sides lettered o'er,
A mile-stone lonely standing.

They read, and quickly doffed their hats,
With sorrow in their faces;
Then turned with reverential awe
And stepped back several paces.

"Speak low, we're near the dead," said one,
"His grave we'll not be troublin';
An old man, sure, 100! and
His name is Miles from Dublin."

A Sheriff's Attachment.—Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon a sheriff at term time, he was led to the door of a beautiful widow on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way, had often bestowed melting glances on the aforesaid sheriff. He was admitted, and the widow appeared. The confusion and fright which the arrival of her visiter occasioned, set off to greater advantage the captivating charms of the widow M. Her cheeks bore the beautiful blended tints of the apple blossom; her lips resembled the rosebuds upon which the morning dew yet lingered, and her eyes were like quivers of Cupid; and glances of love and tenderness with which they were filled, resembled arrows which only invited a "beau" (pardon the pun) to do full execution. After a few common-place remarks—

"Madam," said the matter-of-fact Sheriff, "I have an attachment for you."

A deeper blush than usual mantled the cheeks of the fair widow, while the glance of her downcast eyes were centered upon her beautiful foot, which, half concealed by flowing drapery, patted the floor. She with equal candor replied:

"Sir, the attachment is reciprocal."

For some time the sheriff maintained an astonished silence, and at length, he said:

"Madam, will you proceed to court?"

"Proceed to court," replied the lady, with a merry laugh; then shaking her head she said: "No, sir, though this is leap year I will not take advantage of the license therein granted to my sex, and therefore I greatly prefer that you should proceed to court."

"But madam, the justice is waiting."

"Let him wait; I am not disposed to hurry matters in so unbecoming a manner, and besides, sir, when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand that I greatly prefer a minister to a justice of the peace."

A light dawned upon the sheriff's brain.

"Madam," said he, rising from his chair with solemn dignity, "there is a great mistake here; my language has been misunderstood; the attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Squire C——, and commands me to bring you instantly before him to answer a contempt of court, disobeying a subpœna in the case of Smith *vs.* Jones."

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

The Little Stranger.—Though a man of very strict principles, no man ever enjoyed a joke more than Dr. Byron; he had a vast fund of humor, and very ready wit, and with little children, particularly, he loved to chat familiarly, and draw them out. As he was one day passing into the house, he was accosted by a very little boy, who asked him if he wanted any sauce, meaning vegetables. The doctor inquired if such a tiny thing was a market man. "No, sir, my father is," was the prompt answer.

The Doctor said, "Bring me in some squashes," and passed into the house, sending out the change. In a few moments the child returned, bringing back part of the change. The doctor told him he was welcome to it; but the child would not take it back, saying his father would blame him. Such strange manners in a child attracted his attention, and he began to examine the boy attentively; he was evidently poor, his jacket was pieced and patched with every kind of cloth, and his trowsers darned with so many colors that it was difficult to tell the original fabric, but scrupulously clean and neat withal. The boy very quietly endured the scrutiny of the doctor, while holding him at arm's length and examining his face. At last he said:

"You seem a nice little boy; won't you come and live with me and be a doctor?"

"Yes, sir," said the child.

"Spoke like a man," said the doctor, patting his head as he dismissed him.

A few weeks passed on, when one day Jim came to say there was a little boy with a bundle down stairs waiting to see the doctor, and would not tell his business to any one else.

"Send him up," was the answer, and in a few moments he recognized the boy of the squashes, but no squash himself, as we shall see. He was dressed in a new, though coarse suit of clothes, and his hair very nicely combed, his shoes brushed up, and a little bundle, tied in a home-spun checkered handkerchief, on his arm. Deliberately taking off his hat, and laying it down with his bundle, he walked up to the doctor, saying:

"I have come, sir."

"Come for what, my child?"

"To live with you and be a doctor," said the child, with the utmost naivete.

The first impulse of the doctor was to laugh immoderately; but the imperturbable gravity of the little thing rather sobered him, as he recalled, too, his former conversation, and he vowed he never felt so perplexed in his life. At the time he felt he needed no addition to his family.

"Did your father consent to your coming?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"I told him that you wanted me to come and live with you and be a doctor; and he said you were a very good man, and I might come as soon as my clothes were ready."

"And your mother, what did she say?"

"She said Dr. Byron would do just what he said he would, and God had provided for me." "And," said he, "I have on a new suit of clothes," surveying himself, "and here is another in the bundle," undoing the handkerchief and displaying them, with two shirts, white as snow, and a couple of neat checked aprons, so carefully folded it was plain none but a mother could have done it. The sensibilities of the doctor were awaked to see the fearless, undoubting trust with which the poor couple had bestowed their child upon him, and such a child. His cogitations were not long; he thought of Moses in the bulrushes, abandoned to Providence; and above all, he thought of the child that was carried into Egypt, and that the Divine Saviour had said "Blessed be little children," and he called for the wife of his bosom, saying, "Susan, dear, I think we pray in church that God will have mercy upon all young children."

"To be sure we do," said his wondering wife, "and what then?"

"And the Saviour said, 'whoever receiveth one such little child in my name, receiveth me;' take this child in his name, and take care of him," and from that hour this good couple received him to their hearts and home. It did not then occur to them that one of the most eminent physicians and best men of the age stood before them in the person of that child. It did not occur to them that this little creature thus thrown upon their charity was destined to be their staff and stay in declining age; a protector and more than son to themselves. All this was then unrevealed, but they cheerfully received the child they believed Providence had committed to their care, and if ever beneficence was rewarded, it was in this instance.

Family Circle.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

[How pleasantly and lightly our children are taught in the following poetry that every one had better be content in his own place.]

The Mountain and the Squirrel
  Had a quarrel;
And the mountain called the Squirrel a little prig.
  "Bun" replied,
 You are doubtless very big:
But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken together
  To make up a year,
   And a sphere.

And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
  And not half so spry.

I'll not deny you really make
 A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut.
  Let both be content
  With what is sent.

A Norse Story—Attend to your own Business, or the Husband who was to Mind the House.—He was a surly, cross fellow, who thought his wife never did anything right in the house. So, one day, they agreed to change places. His goody took a a scythe and went out with the mowers, while he was to mind the house and do the home work. First of all he wanted to churn the butter, but when he had churned a little he got thirsty, and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of ale; just as he knocked in the bung and was putting in the tap, he heard overhead the pig come into the kitchen. So off he rushed, tap in hand, to look after the pig, who, when he got up-stairs, had upset the churn, and was grunting among the cream which was running all over the floor. He ran at piggy in a great fury, and gave her such a kick that she lay for dead. Then all at once remembering the tap in his hand, he ran down to the cellar, and found every drop of beer had run out of the cask; so back he went to his churning. All at once he remembered that the cow, shut up in the byre, hadn't had a morsel of food, and as the house lay close up against a steep down, and a fine crop of grass was growing on the thatch of sods, he thought he would take her up to the house-top. But he could not leave the churn with baby who was crawling about on the floor, for she was sure to upset it, so he put the churn on his back and went out. But, thinking that the cow wanted water before her dinner, he took a bucket to draw water; and as he stooped, all the cream ran over his shoulders down into the well. And now it was dinner time, so he filled the porridge-pot with water, and hung it over the fire. Then, thinking that the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs, he tied one end of the rope round her neck, and slipping the other down the chimney, made it fast to his own thigh, and began to grind away at the oat-meal. All at once down fell the cow off the house-top, and as she fell, she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck, while poor Colly hung swinging half way down the wall.

And now the Goody had waited seven lengths for her husband to call them to dinner: but never a call they had. At last, home she went; and when she saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe. Down went her husband in the chimney with a great crash, and when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge-pot.

I Must do More for my Mother.—"Is there any vacant place in this bank I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy, as, with a glowing cheek, he stood before the manager.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir," very calmly answered the boy, "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said:

"You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you told them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said, though half musingly:

"My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" but then recollecting himself, apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking him why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the reply. "I study at home and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have had a place already?" said his interrogator; "why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy, very quietly.

"'But then you wish to leave; what is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated, then he replied, with half-reluctant frankness: "I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere—everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with a quivering voice:

"My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs at the bank. If, in the meantime, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? Have you no father?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied, "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong and I want to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you."

So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into that busy world he had so tremblingly entered.

Turkish Proverbs.—A small stone often makes a great noise. A foolish friend is, at times, a greater annoyance than a wise enemy. You'll not sweeten your mouth by saying "honey." If a man would live in peace he should be blind, deaf and dumb. Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fish know it not the Lord will. Who fears God need not fear man. If thy foe be as small as a gnat, fancy him as large as an elephant. A man who weeps for every one will soon have lost his eyesight. More is learned from conversation than from books. A friend is of more worth than a kinsman. He rides seldom who never rides any but a borrowed horse. Trust to the whiteness of his turban who bought the soap on credit. Death is a black camel, that kneels before every man's door.

Popular Science.—The mould which grows in your bread, or walls, in inkstands, over preserves, etc., is is as wonderful a creation as your flower-garden, your parks or your finest forests. Examine it through a microscope, and you will see wonders. It is a whole forest of trees, with fruit and seed, inhabited by numerous animals, multipedes or winged. The mould which sits between the sofa and an unobserved spot on the wall, or on a piece of bread, is, seen through a microscope, as wonderful a scene as any one on the Alps of Switzerland or on the American Andes.

Rich Thoughts from Bro. Harris's Address.

The pure white stone upon which the Mason is in duty bound to place the mark of his life and the mark of the fraternity, is "Home." * * * * * *

If we would obtain for Masonry the position and influence to which it is justly entitled, we must make it popular at our homes by showing forth its virtues in the beauty of our own lives. * * * * * *

It has been well said that "men are willing to fight and die for their religion, but are not willing to live for it;" and this truth applies, with some force, to Masonry.

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The square and compases are reflections from the "Great Light," nothing more. * * * *

If our charity is that which "suffereth long and is kind," we will be slow to take offense, and quick to forgive an injury. We will watch more closely for opportunities of doing good, and especially for those little acts, called the "courtesies of life," which, though small in themselves, go far in making up the bundle of human happiness, and which, not unfrequently, are capable of sending a ray of sunshine where a larger beam could not penetrate. * * * * * *

Freemasonry has been beautifully named "the elder sister of Christianity," and not the substitute for Christianity. * * * * * *

From the entrance of the porch to the shining portal of the east gate, our ceremonies have written, in characters of living light, "Holiness to the Lord." * *

It does not pretend to interpret the revelations of Himself which God makes to every individual man, nor to say that he shall pray once, twice, or thrice each day, though it tells him that he ought always to invoke the aid of Deity. * * * * * *

Men have no more right to live as religious paupers upon the morality of Masonry than they have to make its charity their only means of support. They who claim it as their religion debase Masonry, and place it in a false position before the world. * * *

I have heard men say, "Well, Masonry is my religion!" * * * * * *

Instead of saying, "Masonry is my religion," how much better to say, "I worship God—that is my religion; and I love Masonry, because, being founded upon the immutable laws of God, it is in harmony with my religion and gives a practical character to my morality and charity." * * * * * *

In the true friendship of a common cause I will grasp the hand of my Hebrew brother whose God is Jehovah, but whose eyes, were it not for the faith that is in them, long since would have grown dim looking for the *promised* Messiah.

Any man, I care not what his political or religious creed may be, if he acknowledges the ever-living and true God, and keeps His commandments, is my brother; and I will gladly join hands with him in the suppression of vice and iniquity, and the elevation of mankind to a higher standard of virtue. * * * *

The proper test for a candidate for admission into the Lodge is, "*Would I admit that man to the society of my family?*" * * * * * *

We should finish work as early as possible, and return to our homes.

Among the benefits resulting from the course indicated may be mentioned that of securing a good attendance at our communications, and fewer empty seats during the closing act of conferring the degrees, and a spirit of harmony would exist. * * * *

If a man can go through the ritual with the ease and precision of an automaton, and if from his tongue the words glance as lightly as moonbeams from an icicle, he is called a "bright Mason," a "splendid workman," even though his heart may be as cold as ice itself, and as hard as adamant, and though he may himself make no attempt to practice the duties he enjoins upon others; but is such a one a Mason in the true acceptation of the term? Has he ever received the preparation prerequisite to being made such? * * * If a man professes to disbelieve the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, is it becoming that he should speak of the sprig of acacia? If he indulges in profanity, is it becoming that he should charge the neophyte to reverence God? If he neglects to obey the calls of justice, of truth, of humanity, which are constantly demanding of him the improvement of the fleeting moments of life, is it becoming that he should point to the hour-glass, and inculcate its lessons? * * * * * *

To *live* Masonry, to make practical application of its theories to the employments of life, requires not only a knowledge of its ritual, but that its lessons should be given a prominent position in the mind, producing the fruits of brotherly love, purity of life, and obedience to God.

The National Freemason.

NEW YORK, MARCH 16, 1867.

R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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Charity—A Reply.

Masonry teaches the most comprehensive love and charity. It extends to all men in all parts of the world. Eminent Masons have been proverbial for their tender care of even the brute creation. The true Mason, according to his ability, is beneficent to all sufferers; not only to the good, but to the bad also. The sinner, the convict even, is an object of his benevolence. While he cannot bestow upon him the love of his approbation, he does grant him that love which blesses, relieves and saves. While the Mason's love is as extensive as the Universe, by reason of his limited means, it is necessary to make a choice upon whom to bestow his gifts. As a Mason, a Mason and his family have superior claims, and those Masons and their families in his immediate neighborhood or Lodge come first.

If a needy widow, whose late husband was a member of his Lodge, be intemperate, she still has claims, but it would be unkind and uncharitable to give her money which would be consumed in procuring her own disgrace and that of her children. Try and save her. Let the upright Masonic sisters so notice her and the Church so nurture her that she may be encouraged to decency. If she still persist in utterly destroying herself, induce her to part with her children, and let them be placed in godly households. If she continue to use your charity for debasement, bestow it upon some other needy one, but watch in her and encourage the first effort at reformation. Remember she is a woman and the widow of a brother.

But verily guilty before God are we, as Masons and Christians, regarding our fallen brothers and sisters. A non-resident Masonic sister told me yesterday that she went with her prayer-book to worship at a city church, where the sexton, a portion of the vestry, and a large portion of the congregation are Freemasons. She and twenty other ladies were allowed to stand, by the sexton and congregation, until the reading of the second lesson, and were plainly told by the Masonic sexton that they ought not to attend church unless they had pews. They must wait until the service was half over, to see if indolent fashionable worshipers would be there. No provision for strangers or the poor. The Masonic sexton, the Masonic vestry and the Masonic members are responsible for this state of things in this church. They need re-making.

Such Masonry and such religion as regards not the stranger, the poor and the fatherless, are mockery. They will neither bless man, nor save the world, nor be acceptable to God. As in the Lodge all "*meet upon he level*," so ought they in God's house.

There has been received at this office for the brother eferred to by Bro. Simons, $3.75. Independent R. A. nd a few friends through Bro. Walker have contributed 30 more.

Subjective and Objective Freemasons.

We cannot prevent, if we would, in Masonic as other discussions, the introduction of terms which have fought their way into reputable use.

We define the Mason, in his *subjective* qualities, as intellectual, the originator of thought, and the worker-out of his mental conceptions, so as to influence and control external objects. The *subjective* Mason, by the operation of his intellectual and moral powers, subjects men and nature to his will within the limits to his capacity marked out by God. The Mason, in his *objective* nature, is acted on and moved by external things; he is passive and open to receive impressions, and may be led almost unconsciously into a course of action induced by exciting causes. A Mason as objective, under certain circumstances, receives involuntarily very deep impressions.

We purpose not now to notice the pure source of delight secured to a Mason, both as subjective and objective, nor to inquire into the nature of the mental qualities necessary for Masonic government. In Masonic government, that is, the Lodge system, there are two parties or classes of Masons employed or affected: first, the governors, the planners, schemers and managers; second, the great masses employed as agents or instruments. The first act *subjectively*, and the second almost entirely passively or *objectively*.

They who carry on the business of Freemasonry in its executive and legislative branches, must labor intellectually, and must supply knowledge to the proper management of affairs.

Each *objective* Mason should so apply himself to Masonic study and Masonic beneficence that he may enter well qualified among the *subjective*, diffusing light, and blessing, and life among all within the temple. We shall recur to the subject again, having explained these terms being employed among Masonic writers.

Letters Answered.

With our disposition to allow great latitude of discussion in our columns, there are communications sent us, with and without names, too illogical for even serious notice.

To attempt on principle to sustain drawings at Masonic and religious fairs and condemn presentations won't do, unless the *end sanctifies the means*. To say that one-tenth of a lottery is to be given to charity or Freemasonry, and call it charitable or Masonic, won't do. It is personal and for personal ends.

We have given our views in detail about drawings. If brethren will still be humbugged, it is because they wish it.

Thomas Starr King.

The Third Anniversary of the death of this esteemed California brother, this self-sacrificing, zealous, generous, pure, gifted Mason, has just been kept by many loving hearts, full of sorrow for his loss and praise for his grand words and deeds. The portrait bust of Bro. King has been placed at the Hollis street church, Boston.

How preferable such a love and regard from our brethren and fellows to the mere securing of votes for any office.

Bro. Foster is the author of the sketch of our late brother Bain, the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, universally lamented and respected in his own jurisdiction and without, so far as he was known. He honored Masonry by his example, his urbanity, his zeal and faithfulness, and Masonry honored him.

Our next biographical sketch will be that of *Rufus Choate*, the great Masonic lawyer, followed by that of George P. Morris, the "Songwriter of America" and affiliate of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, N. Y. city.

The Keystone.

Bro. Smith has our most sincere condolence in the failure of the *Keystone*, one of the very best of the monthlies.

Two mistakes are made respecting Masonic papers. The first is in the vanity of the originators of them, supposing that they can be carried on without capital by the force of some genius, or as the advocate of some party, or by the sustenance of some wealthy patron. The party becomes lukewarm or declines, or the patron becomes offended, bankrupt, or dies, and the paper terminates its existence. The *Keystone* failed from the pressure of the times in the South, which could not be provided against.

The second and great fault is with the Masonic people. We have too many among us who desire not light but office, and notice, and mere social enjoyment, who wish to use Masonry to prop up a doubtful reputation or an indifferent business. Hence the number of *readers* is small.

A good man, but an indifferent Mason, although Master of a Lodge, said to a friend: "My wife is an Episcopalian, and she must, of course, have her church paper, and I must have my business and political papers, and how can I find time to read on Masonry, with my official Masonic duties?" Yet this good brother would have found in the number of the National Freemason, in its columns of jurisprudence, such suggestions and principles as would have saved him from Masonic official disgrace, and his Lodge from mortification and division, to say nothing of the economy of time.

One Lodge, within my knowledge, has been suffering, and still is, from the ignorance of its Master fifteen years ago.

Some unlearned brothers are our best Masters, but they are brothers seeking light.

While to my mind there is nothing new either in religion or Masonry, in its principles or essential organism, there are modifications and illustrations occurring daily, which both the preacher and the Master must know.

God save the church from an ignorant, conceited, non-reading clergy, and Freemasonry from ignorant, conceited, and non-reading officers.

The Masonic press is as essential to Freemasonry as the religious and general press to the outer world.

The Prize for the Best Masonic Story will be adjudged soon, and in this way:

One lady of high character has read all the stories. A second and a third lady, unacquainted with the writers and with each other, are also reading, and separately, the stories. If the three separately decide alike, there is at least an approximation to a correct result.

The present serial will close in two weeks.

Will Maurice, Alethea, Nannie, and Maria communicate their real names and address to the editor, that he may communicate with them.

We have welcomed to our office, within a few days, the Grand Master of the District of Columbia, the Grand Master and Grand Orator of Nebraska, General Sutton, and Bro. Norton. Our rooms and time are at the disposal of our friends.

Bro. Widdow's Complimentary Concert.—On account of the storm upon the evening of Bro. Widdow's concert his friends desire him to repeat it, about Easter, when the tickets sold and not used will be available.

Thanks to Corinthian Royal Arch Chapter for our election to honorary membership.

Aaron Burr's house was at the corner of (now) Varick and Charlton streets.

The Revengeful Freemason.

Not only is it true in the world, Christian and civil, but also in the world Masonic, that the principle of forgiveness lies at the foundation of every good character. It is essential to the highest manhood, and to a Masonic life. A little, low, snarling and vindictive mind should never be received into our Masonic communities.

Forgiveness has been compared to the odor of the trampled flower, blessing the foot which crushes it. How fully this disposition was manifested in Washington and Greene, as exemplified in their intercourse, and noticed in our sketches! This spirit won the admiration of the officers and the army.

Sweet George Herbert said: "He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself, for every man has need to be forgiven!"

Masonry teaches that magnanimity will most effectually crush an enemy, and give the mastery. Will our brethren cultivate this spirit, and thus dissipate many threatening clouds from the world's horizon, thus light up dark and sullen faces with sunny smiles, renew the happiness of home, and bless our Lodges with sweet peace?

Let the Persian poet Sadi thus beautifully teach a lesson:

> The sandal tree perfumes, when riven,
> The axe that laid it low;
> Let man who hopes to be forgiven
> Forgive and bless his foe.

* * *

Worthy of his Masonic Paternal Ancestor, Dr. Franklin, is it in Alexander Dallas Bache, his direct lineal male representative, to bequeath his property to trustees to apply the income to researches in physical and natural science, by assisting experimentalists and observers.

Professor Bache was born in Philadelphia, July 19, 1816. While at West Point as a cadet he never received a mark of demerit. 1827 he was Professor of Mathematics in University of Pennsylvania; President of Girard College, 1839 He traced his descent from Dr. Franklin, through Sarah Bache, the latter's only daughter, married to Richard Bache, a merchant of Philadelphia, in 1767, and whose son, Benjamin Franklin Bache, was the father of Professor Bache, and the publisher of the Aurora, the most considerable opposition journal in the States during the administration of Washington and the elder Adams.

* * *

The G.·. S.·. W.·. G.·. L.·. of P.·. of Mississippi writes, not complainingly but thankfully, that he got a copy of the National Freemason even at 25 cents. The news companies ought to see that their agents do not charge more than ten cents. Brethren ordering through news agents should understand that every news dealer gets the papers from the news companies here, so as to be able to sell them at ten cents, and make as much profit as upon any New York publication.

* * *

The present age is not favorable for much regard for the past. This view is an incentive to Freemasonry to resist all modernization of her system, and communicate to her disciples a love of the great and good in the past resisting the tendencies of the age.

This thought was suggested by the sale of St. John's Park to the Hudson River Railroad Company. Thus, soon its stately trees will give place to bales and boxes, and another historical monument be destroyed.

* * *

St. Cecilia was a virgin and martyr. Her emblem is a small organ, which instrument she is stated to have invented. She is sometimes depicted with organ pipes only in her hands, and at others with a harp. She is generally acknowledged to be the patroness of ecclesiastical or Masonic music. St. Cecile Lodge, New York city, being composed of musicians, is well named.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS, P. G. M.

A Guerdon of Merit.

At Central Lodge, No. 361, Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening the 5th inst., Bro. Captain Thomas W. Freeman, of the ship "Resolute," was presented with a valuable gold medal, for his gallant conduct in rescuing from imminent peril in mid-ocean, from on board the "Bavaria," one hundred and seventy-two people. Central Lodge, of which Bro. Freeman is a member, on learning the circumstance, at once raised a committee to make it of record by the presentation of some enduring testimonial, and the gold medal was the result. The presentation was made by W. Bro. Cavan in these words:

Bro. Freeman: During my membership in Central Lodge, which goes back almost to charter date, I have frequently been called upon to perform duties of a pleasant nature, but memory fails to tell me of a task I ever undertook which I have approached so willingly as I do this.

At our last communication, the Lodge was no sooner informed that on your late trip from Liverpool you had, under Divine Providence, rescued from watery graves upwards of one hundred and seventy persons, than a committee was appointed to procure and present you with something tangible as an evidence of their appreciation of your noble and heroic action. It is no slight thing in mid-winter and in mid-ocean to remove from a sinking ship and the very jaws of death so many of our fellow-beings, nor is it a mere trifle to remove from one's own table the necessaries of life so that others may exist. All this you did; but it is a great and a glorious thing for you to know, that to-night, and at this very hour, many a rescued parent is teaching his little child to clasp its tiny hands in prayer and implore God henceforth to keep you as the "apple of his eye."

Life is everywhere and always uncertain, but especially among those who, like yourself, "go down to the sea in ships." May He, who has but to say to the winds, "Peace, be still!" who holds the channels of the deep in his hand, ever guard you from danger unto death, and then may he receive you into his own more immediate presence, where there is fullness of joy forevermore. Accept, if you please, this medal.

To which the gallant Captain replied:

Worshipful Master and Brethren: In accepting this mark of kindness and approbation from the members of Central Lodge, I feel that they are bestowing an honor on me which I do not deserve. Although I was the means, under Providence, of saving a number of persons from a perilous position, I did no more than was my bounden duty as a Mason or a man; only what any one else would have done under the same circumstances; yet to receive such a substantial mark of appreciation from this Lodge is especially gratifying and flattering to me, and I have wished this evening that I had the talent of expressing my feelings in suitable language. But as I am unable to do so, I will simply thank you heartily for this handsome testimonial, which I shallever cherish in remembrance of the honor conferred on me by Central Lodge.

It always affords us peculiar pleasure to note such acts of appreciation on the part of the fraternity, because they go to show that we are observant of each other and that when one of us illustrates by some striking act the great principles of humanity we teach, the rest note it with pleasure and cherish it with gratitude. We may not always be able to embody our sentiments in costly tokens, but we are always grateful, nevertheless, and we know that such examples are ever fruitful of good, because they engender a noble spirit of emulation, and thus humanity profits by the inculcations of Masonry.

We trust that our gallant brother may long live to enjoy the reward of his meritorious conduct, and that wherever there is suffering and danger it may be given to a brother to relieve it.

:o:

A Book of Jewels.—We note in the Cincinnati *Review* the announcement of a forthcoming work, in which will be correctly delineated the jewels for the several Orders and Degrees practiced in this country. The idea is a capital one, and we trust the publisher may meet with an abundant appreciation of his skill and enterprise, for we should be glad to see some standard set up sufficiently tasteful and artistic to meet with general approbation and command something like uniformity. There is certainly nothing of that kind now extant, and the longer we live the farther we get from a standard. It is just as well to have order in small matters as in large ones, and we, therefore, commend this effort. Bro. Moore may put us down for a copy, and send C. O. D.

Answers to Correspondents.

St. John.—"In looking over your Masonic Jurisprudence I notice that you acknowledge the right and power of the Grand Master to enter any Lodge under his jurisdiction and preside at pleasure. Has he that right? Can a Grand Master who has no power except what the Grand Lodge (a representative body) over which he presides gives him (while not in session), abrogate and render null and void the election of a Master under the warrant of the Grand Lodge and in accordance with the rules and regulations of the same, unless for some unmasonic or official misconduct? If so, of what avail is the warrant of the Grand Lodge empowering him to hold a Lodge and make Masons—why not take a dispensation from the Grand Master? Has not the Master of a Lodge, when duly installed, the right to preside in his own Lodge, unless guilty of official misconduct? I know very well what the general opinion is upon this matter, but the general opinion is not always the correct one. Will you give us your opinion through your paper and reasons therefor?"

Answer.—Our correspondent seems to overlook the fact that the office and dignity of Grand Master is of older date than the existence of Grand Lodges, and that many of his powers and prerogatives, having existed from time immemorial, are not subjects of legislation, and cannot be interfered with by any enactment of a Grand Lodge or General Assembly of Masons, or, in other words, the powers would remain with the Grand Master although the Grand Lodge should unanimously resolve that they did not. One of these prerogatives of the Grand Master, which was a prerogative before the existence of any Grand Lodge, is the right to preside in any particular Lodge in his jurisdiction at his pleasure, to examine their records and work, and to give them such instruction as he may deem best suited to the circumstances; and this he does not only of his own right as Grand Master, but as the representative of the Grand Lodge with whose executive powers he is fully clothed during recess. A Lodge only exists, and can only exist by virtue of a warrant granted by some regular Grand Lodge. Under this warrant it holds its communications, accepts candidates, confers the degrees of Symbolic Masonry upon them, elects and installs officers, and, in fact, does all that a Lodge lawfully may do. In granting this warrant the Grand Lodge always reserves the right to recall it, if at any time the Lodge fail to obey the rules and regulations of the Grand Lodge, and to observe the ancient landmarks of the craft. It reserves, too, the right of surveillance over all the works of its Lodges, and surrenders all its executive powers in this respect to the Grand Master, for it would be impossible for the Grand Lodge, as a body, to execute its own laws. Again, the Grand Master is the first Mason in his jurisdiction, and outranks every other, and he is by virtue of his office Master of all Lodges owing fealty to his Grand Lodge. When he enters a subordinate the powers of the Master cease for the time being and vest in the Grand Master, who can exercise them either by taking the gavel in person or by allowing the Master to act in his presence; either way the Grand Master presides. If our correspondent will now look at the installation service he will find that every Master of a particular Lodge is required, previous to his installation, to promise that he will pay homage and obedience to the Grand Master and his officers when duly installed. It would be difficult to understand how a Master should be obliged to pay homage to a superior, when holding the gavel in presence of that superior, and in spite of his authority he might refuse him the right of speech or reduce him to silence when addressing the brethren. The boot in this instance is on the other leg, for not only may the Grand Master lawfully enter at will and preside in any Lodge under his jurisdiction, but he may, if the Master should prove contumacious, suspend him from the functions of his office and place a Warden in charge of the warrant and the Lodge.

Our correspondent sets out with a grave mistake in asserting that the Grand Master has no power except what the Grand Lodge gives him, because, as we have already shown, there are some powers inherent in the office which the Grand Lodge can neither give nor take away. The Grand Lodge has the right by election to say what particular individual among its members shall exercise the powers of Grand Master, but, having made a selection, it has no way of preventing him from exercising his prerogatives. It is true that in modern times we have, to some extent, circumvented the Grand Master by making him swear to support the constitution of the Grand Lodge; but even in that case an enactment tending to deprive him of his just powers would universally be held to be "subversive of the groundwork and plan of Masonry," and, therefore, void. The power of the Grand Master to preside may be exercised by deputy, but beyond this no one has a right to interfere with the Master of a Lodge to preside, unless he be found guilty of Masonic or official misconduct.

Dispensation.—This correspondent says that he is a *constant* reader of our paper, and then asks us a question in regard to Lodges U. D., which was answered in our last issue, and to which he is respectfully referred.

A. S. R.—A brother, whose name has been stricken from the roll of his Lodge, is to all intents and purposes a non-affiliated Mason. He has one slight advantage over a regularly dimitted member, which is, that he can be restored to membership within one year by a two-thirds vote, after he has paid up his dues; but to counterbalance this, he has several disadvantages not *enjoyed* by regularly non-affiliated Masons. One is, that he cannot affiliate anywhere until he is first made whole by his disciplining Lodge; another, that in case of need he will find less sympathy than the Mason who, although not a member of any Lodge, has at least honorably terminated his membership. In common with all other non-affiliates he is liable to be tried for a Masonic offense by any Lodge within whose jurisdiction he may happen to be. We think the old plan of suspension decidedly preferable to the modern one of striking from the roll; and trust that in due time we shall swing round the circle to the original point.

Triple Tau.—There are some points of Chapter discipline provided for in the Royal Arch Constitution, and in such cases that instrument will govern. In many others the practice of the Grand Lodge governs. We cannot lay down a rule by which the distinction can be made, because the decision in each case will be governed by the facts presented. State your case plainly, and we will give you the law and the reason therefor.

Servitor.—If it be true, as you say, that you met us in Irving Hall, then the old notion of a double existence must be true, from the fact that we have not been there this winter. You must have met our shadow or some other good-looking chap. This being true, we could not, of course, be of any use to you; though, if in our power, we would gladly help you.

R. V.—As an act of humanity a Lodge might give a portion of its funds to the grown-up son or daughter of a deceased Mason, but legally the Masonic claim ceases when the orphan attains lawful age. In like manner, the widow loses her claim when she marries again.

Adytum.—Overhaul your Webster Unabridged, and when found make a note of.

The Rite of Illumination.

The Rite of Illumination is a very ancient ceremony, and constituted an important feature in all the mysteries of the early ages. In the Egyptian, Cabirian, Sidonian, Eleusinian, Scandinavian, and Druidical Rituals, it held a prominent place, and in them all represented the same ideas. It marked the termination of the mystic pilgrimage through gloom and night, and was emblematical of that moral and intellectual light which pours its divine radiance on the mind after it has conquered prejudice, and passion, and ignorance, with which it has so long been struggling.

The pervading notion of all those Rites was, that man, society, humanity, could arrive at the perfect only by the ministry of gloom and suffering; that the soul's exaltation and highest enlightenment could be approached only by the dark way of tears and sacrifice. The Rite of Illumination indicates the triumphant conclusion of man's conflicts, sacrifices, and trials; announces that he has found that Light for which he has so persistently sought—that Truth which alone can give dignity to his life, freedom to his spirit, and repose to his soul, and which is the grand recompense for all his journeyings, labors and combats.

The particular act which now distinguishes this illumination is comparatively modern, but is, nevertheless, deeply significant and instructive. It refers to that point of time when "God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light." The loftiest imagination is utterly powerless to paint a picture of the unspeakable glory of the scene, when the sun, for the first time, poured down his light in a golden deluge on the earth, hitherto a chaotic mass, plunged in eternal night! when ocean, lake and river, hill and valley, smiled and sparkled in the new-born splendor! Yet this Rite does not commemorate that event simply as an historical, material fact, but rather because it symbolizes the release of the soul from darkness, and ignorance, and sin—from the chaos and confusion of a sensual and selfish life—and its establishment in the light and glory of virtue and knowledge.

The emblems peculiar to this Rite are the Bible, Square and Compasses, the Burning Triangle, or the three lighted Tapers illuminating the altar. These all have exclusive reference to the leading idea of the ceremony, viz., *the release from moral, spiritual and intellectual darkness.*

The Masonic Tie Indissoluble.

No change of climate, citizenship or fortune, no elevation to wealth or power, no precipitation into poverty or obscurity, could sever the cord that binds us, destroy the ligaments of our union, or weaken the mutual responsibility which we have severally and voluntarily assumed. Like the great law of gravitation, which extends through all space, preserves the endless harmony of the spheres, and maintains the equilibrium of the universe, it is an invisible, imperishable principle which neither time nor space, the force of circumstances, the shock of armies, nor the revolutions of empires, neither principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, can weaken or destroy. It is invisible, intangible, without length, breadth, height or depth, and yet it extends to earth's remotest bound, spans the circle of the seas, reaches to the loftiest summit of human goodness and greatness, wealth and fame, explores the nethermost depth of human sorrow and affliction, and restores man to a common level from which all came, and to which all are rapidly tending. It is a glorious principle, a *tri-linked* chain, composed of three grand elements, Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth, which, as you see here practically illustrated, unites man in sacred bonds of life-enduring friendship, irrespective of caste, condition, or local habitation. As you see us here to-day, you would see us were our numbers composed of representatives from all the different nations, empires, races, and tribes of earth, a *sacred band of brothers*, among whom exists no contention, save that noble contention, or rather emulation, of "who can best work and best agree."

:o:

R. W. Wm. Sinclair, Past Master of Perfect Ashlar Lodge, No. 604, was, on the 5th instant, presented by the brethren of that Lodge with a valuable jewel in recognition of his valuable and efficient services in the organization of that body, and in promoting its present prosperity. His speech in accepting the gift was decidedly neat. 'Tis well. We homologate.

◆

[Correspondents will look here for notices of their communications.—R. McMurdy.]

Replies to Letters and Inquiries of Correspondents.

GRAND MASTER.—An official document from the Grand Master should be treated with courtesy, and so far as it commands Masonic action should be obeyed. If a violation or infringement of a landmark should be demanded, it should not be done; but the penalty should be quietly endured until the Grand Lodge can rectify. Yet brethren are sometimes prone to call that a landmark which is a mere opinion, and from mere willfulness to factiously oppose. I never knew a Grand Master to *enjoin* what is an essential violation of fundamental principle. If a Grand Master should send a circular to the Lodges of a personal and business and advertising character, it should be received with sorrow and regret, and allowed to remain on the table without any action. As Grand Master on Masonic business he should be treated with due courtesy, but out of his official position he should receive just what respect he is entitled to as a worthy and good citizen.

A good citizen will treat the President of the U. S. as President, without reference to his politics, as the head of the nation, with all respect; out of his position, as a citizen he will bestow just such attention upon his recommendations as he would upon any other citizen.

SOLOMON—means *peaceful.*

HERMAN.—You can.

WASHINGTON.—Letter mislaid. One in your city all right. Others referred to are "bogus."

A SUBSCRIBER, Brooklyn.—Technically you are right in your views; but, if even a minority desire to continue, ought not the majority to assist them in formally doing so, retiring themselves? Let charity prevail.

BENEDICT ARNOLD AND MASONRY IN GEORGIA.—Bro. S. L. W. writes from Macon, Ga., that Benedict Arnold was not made a Mason in Hiram Lodge, No. 1, New Haven, Conn., but affiliated with that Lodge. I do not know where he was made [who can tell? Ed.] but I do know he *was not* made in Hiram, No. 1. And here allow me to say, that at the time of his entering the army of the Revolution, Benedict Arnold was, or had been, a resident merchant of New Haven, Ct., and in as good repute as any brother of the "mystic tie;" and, up to the time when the chicanery of his foes and the ingratitude (or injustice) of his government drove him to the act which consigned his name to infamy, he was regarded as a good man and Mason among those who knew him well and who could vouch for him. Benedict Arnold occupies his niche, but for the sake of truth "fiat justitia, ruat cœlum."

Masonry in this part of the desolated vineyard is partaking somewhat of the condition of things in general, and yet there is a strong desire and effort on the part of the brethren to remove the rubbish and aid in the restoration of the glorious old Temple, and of holding fast to the principles which have carried the ark in safety through so many perils. God grant that moderation and wise councils may prevail in Masonry, and that the time may soon arrive when we can *all* "meet upon the level and part upon the square," when the "almighty force of truth" shall prevail, and Charity shall cover us as with a garment.

Extracts—Letters.

Fulton, Col.

The first paper in the country. No equal as a family paper.

Colorado.

Everybody here is delighted with the National Freemason.

New Britain, Conn.

Our Lodge has just subscribed. The best paper I ever read.

The *Union* (Mo.) says: The National Freemason is a first-class journal.

The *Sentinel* (N.C.) says: The National Freemason is a large paper and filled with valuable information from all parts of the world.

Nationality is not a mere name inscribed on certain countries in the geography of the globe, but it is a reality and a living principle, in perfect harmony with the nature of man as a Masonic or social being; but it has been abused and trampled on like many other beneficial principles and turned by the hand of military force to the oppression and destruction of millions of the human race. The nationality of one people has thus been wielded in opposition to Masonic principles as an instrument to destroy the nationality of another people.

The Masonic nationality, receiving a response from the depths of the sympathies of men's hearts, would so preserve itself as not to destroy another nationality, but maintain peace and true progress and true patriotism everywhere.

Mahometanism found favor among the masses from its sympathy with the masses, proclaiming the "*Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man,*" "*the unity of God and the equality of men.*" On this Masonic principle the universality of its adoption by the independent Asiatic tribes rested, and from this rose its power to repel aggression.

On the other hand there is India, so populous and so rich in natural resources, which has been, in all generations, a prey to the foreigner. Why has a European people conquered this vast country, and subjected a population of 100,000,000 by 20,000 European soldiers? Because the Indian population is divided into priests, warriors, proprietors, servants and slaves. There is *no people.* The foreigner buys or subdues the warrior caste, and thus gains complete dominion over the rest. Thus will India drag out a slavish existence until some native priest or warrior, of strong original genius and of determined character, shall rise up and proclaim liberty to man.

The Sikhs,

a singular sect of Hindostan, who are valiant, expert and charitable. They were founded by Nanak Shah, a native of Lahore, born about the middle of the fifteenth century, shortly after the Turks took Constantinople. He had imbibed Masonic notions. He proclaimed the unity of God, the great importance of charity, and the equality of man. He said, "*the Almighty will not ask to what tribe or persuasion a man belongs, but only what he has done.*" This sect has abolished the system of castes, and is very charitable and religiously tolerant.

Introductory Address

by Bro. Harris, Master of Hyatt Lodge, No. 205, published by order of Lodge, for benefit of Masonic Board of Relief, Brooklyn, E. D., pp. 53.

This is indeed a book of rare merit. The views of the author are stated freshly, directly, and must do good. Such a Master is a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. Would that all our Lodges were similarly blessed.

This inaugural (if I may so term it) address opens with a statement of the plans for maintaining the Lodge in its career of usefulness. Allusion is made to the blessed men of the Lodge, who made homes happy by their visitations, who fed the hungry and clothed the naked and bound up the wounded and bereaved hearts.

There is a beautiful allusion to the genius of charity—"chief among the blessed *Three.*"

We venture upon one criticism upon the assertion that God made religion *sectarian* in its character. If our brother means that God made religion one, but its manifestations, while in essentials uniform, are diverse in modifications, we agree with him. We regard sectarianism as the rampant evil of the day, producing dissension, discord, and vice. It is not the work of God. The labor of Freemasonry is to prepare the mind for the reception of truth and to unite those who would otherwise be apart, and prepare the way for the reign of peace and harmony upon the earth. Our brother evidently means the *diversity* with unity which was the original theory of the church. This unity is the only possible unity. It is so with Freemasonry. Unity on essentials, on the landmarks, but variety in expression. *Sectarianism* would destroy a healthful Freemasonry. So has it, in my opinion, destroyed a healthful Christianity, and, alas! for its purity.

The pages on secrecy are exquisite.

Secrecy is a ghost whose shapes are legion. It comes in the twilight of life, as old age sits watching the lengthening shadows as they recede into night; but, taught by experience to trust his God, sweet Faith holds up before him the sealed book of eternity, and those hidden *secrets* take the forms of "angels of light" waiting to welcome him.

The mariner far out at sea, clinging to the broken fragments of the wreck, looks down and sees "grim Death" in the horrible *secrets* of the deep.

On the evening before the battle, as the tired soldier throws his weary limbs upon the damp ground to rest, "Mother" comes to give her benediction and her good-night kiss, ere the terrible *secrets* of the coming day shall be read.

The victim of jealousy, wrought to frenzy by the demon of Distrust, invests his loved one with all the shapes of the lower world, when, could a key be found to unlock to him the *secrets* of her life, he would behold her robed in the spotless vestments of purity and truth. And so, through all the changing scenes of life, save where faith follows the path made radiant by our "Great Light"—the Book of Revelation—our fears of the unknown take shape, and haunt us with spectres which a view of the reality alone can dispel.

So long as Masonry has secrets, it must have enemies; but were its secrets published to the world to-day, its worst enemies would still remain.

Our brother says that noble men and women out of our Order have a right to know (this is true) that *temperance* is a cardinal doctrine of Masonry; and that, although refreshments and relaxation from labor are "in order," yet, no Mason has a right to forget his manhood; that when at "low-twelve"—which should be seldom—the spirit of King Solomon walks among the faithful, his breath does not, as a general thing, smell of whiskey; and that he who, habitually, in the small hours of the morning, returns to the bosom of his family, charging his long-coming upon the society of "bricks and mortar," is a liar, and Masonry is not in him, even though he may have carried home a "brick in his hat" to prove his assertion. They have a right to know that Masonry teaches religion and morality; *that* religion which recognizes the ever-living and true God, to whom each owes his heart-worship; *that* morality which God gave from the Mount, and which teaches us to love our neighbor as ourselves: that the Book of the Law—His revealed will—is *our* "Great Light," the instruction book from which each craftsman takes his designs, and, assisted by the lamp of faith, elaborates upon his trestle-board.

They have a right to know that the name of God is sacred; that Masons are taught "never to mention it but with that reverential awe which is due from a creature to his Creator;" and that he who will mingle the Sacred Name with ribald jest or idle conversation, is esteemed by all true craftsmen as not only a disgrace to Masonry, but as a shame and a reproach to decent society; and not only this, but that profanity is an offense against the *law* as well as the *spirit* of Masonry, and as such the law of Masonry provides for its punishment.

In another column will be found more extracts.

Miscellaneous Symbols.

Anchor is the emblem of hope.

An Open Book is the symbol of perfect and a *closed roll* of imperfect knowledge.

The Circle or Ring is the emblem of eternity.

Escalop Shell is the emblem of pilgrims.

The Lamp burning is the symbol of wisdom.

The Olive of peace.

The Palm of martyrdom.

The Pomegranate, with seeds exposed, of hope in immortality.

The Square in opposition to the circle of the earth.

The Swan of solitude and retirement.

The Nimbus and the *Aureole* are not properly symbols, for they express nothing when used alone. They are attributes.

The elevation or Divine degree of the personage in ancient art is determined by the shape and ornamentation of the nimbus. The nimbus, unlike the crown, which is placed horizontally, lies like a disk or plate behind the head. This applies to the 15th century. In the 16th and 17th centuries there is a simple ring.

The nimbus had its origin in the sun, which is, of all natural objects, that which uneducated humanity has in every age looked upon with greatest reverence. Rays of fire or of light thus naturally became emblems of Divine power.

The Famous Banner.

When the Temple and its holy places were desecrated by Antiochus Epiphanes, and the subsequent idolatrous edicts of that despicable king, the patriotic spirit of Mattatheas and his five sons was roused to unfurl and uprear *the famous banner,* inscribed with four Hebrew letters, Latinized into MACCABEI, the rallying point of the Jews for the deliverance of their country from foreign and idolatrous tyrants.

The four Roman letters on their standards were S. P. Q. R.—Senatus Populusque Romanus—*the Senate and the Roman people.*

The four Hebrew letters were M. C. B. Y.—Mi Camosa Beelohim Yehovah, that is, "*Who is like unto Thee,* O Lord, among the Gods?"—Exod. xv. 11.

PROGRESS IN RUSSIA.—The Russian Government has thrown open the two important towns of Sebastopol and Nikolaieff to Jewish merchants of the second and third guild to trade there and acquire property, and has proffered the Jews of Bokhasa and other central Asiatic countries to take them under its protection.

The Russian Emperor has become a Scottish Rite Freemason. Is all this the fruit of the Masonic lessons of toleration?

A. J. H. DUGANNE.—This distinguished poet and brother, whose lines upon Solomon's Temple have been extensively copied, is Chief of the Bureau of Military Statistics of the State of New York, office at Albany. Can he not collect and preserve all authentic material relating to the history of the late war, so far as New York Freemasonry, at least, is concerned, and show the evidences of Masonic charity and relief?

The monument to be erected to our late Bro. Carpenter, and over his grave, is to be a column of white marble, 63 ft. high, with a statue of our brother, *in relievo,* on its base, above a *Masonic badge* and a shield bearing the State arms, a massive vase surmounting the whole. The fund to erect the monument has been created by the police.

Music in Lodges—No. 2.

In this number I wish to make some allusion to what may be termed *appropriate music for Lodge purposes.*

There are many good as well as appropriate odes, for the varied requirements of the craft, to chose from, and the appropriate music is also available, so far as the air or melody is concerned, but the appropriate harmony is not so easy of attainment, nor, I regret to say, is it duly appreciated.

It is a principle in harmony, that where a series of combined sounds succeed each other the highest sound in each combination or chord forms the melody, air or tune. It is also a fundamental principle in harmony that the subordinate parts must not cross each other or rise above the air or melody, as in so doing they would, so long as they continued to do so, necessarily become the air. It then becomes evident that an air or melody, harmonized for equal voices, must be so arranged that the melody or air must be sustained by the highest voices, that is, the voices of highest pitch; the lowest part or bass by the voices of lowest grade as to pitch; and the intermediate part or parts must not cross each other, rise above the air or sink below the bass. In an arrangement for three *equal voices,* the highest part being the melody must not be overridden by the second or middle part; nor must the lower part or bass rise above the second, but each part must remain in its proper sphere. This may not be obvious to all your readers, but it is, nevertheless, true, not only theoretically but practically, and is an impropriety so frequently indulged in that I desire to awaken inquiry on the subject in order that the *evil* may be abated.

It should be constantly remembered, that the voices of females are an octave higher than those of males, and, as the Lodge excludes the female from her ceremonies, the singing must, of necessity, be performed by what I previously designated equal voices, and, as a consequence, the air or melody will be inverted or transposed an octave lower. With this principle clearly comprehended I would say to extempore tenors that the part they learned in the church choir, where the air or melody is not transposed, is villainously out of place in the Lodge room, where the melody must, of necessity, be so transposed or inverted.

For Lodge purposes, therefore, the melodies used require to be harmonized for equal voices, and, when so harmonized, they should be sung as arranged, lest the discords thereby created and effect produced create disgust rather than pleasure. It is for these reasons not advisable to use popular church tunes in the Lodge.

Let any amateur who desires to fully understand this subject take a church tune book and select a tune, say Old Hundred, and transpose the air or melody an octave lower; they will then see, with their eye what is equally obvious to the practiced ear, and, having discovered the bad effect produced, they will be wise and govern themselves accordingly.

MUSICUS.

Architecture—A Masonic Study.

Every Mason should study architecture, not only because it is the foundation of our Royal Art, but because every one has, at some time of his life, personal interest in it. He has influence on the design of some public building, or he has to buy, build, or alter his house. Architecture contributes to man's mental health, power or pleasure. Architecture has been arranged under the following classes:

Devotional; including all buildings raised for God's service or honor.

Memorial; including both monuments and tombs.

Civil; including every edifice raised by nations or societies, for purposes of common business or pleasure.

Military; including all private and public architecture of defense.

Domestic; including every rank and kind of dwelling-place.

Masonic architecture is devotional, memorial and civil; but another idea still is to be conveyed in Masonic structures, that of universality.

The article, copied into so many papers, and appearing as original in two, styled *Masonic Emblems,* commencing with, "The following catalogue," etc., is original to the NATIONAL FREEMASON.

A Masonic Mutual Relief Association has been formed in Brooklyn, under favorable auspices. Success attend it, and all similar institutions.

Will some brother give us precise address of Bro. May, of Williamsburg, E. D.?

Independent Royal Arch Lodge, No. 2, F. & A. M.

[One of the old Lodges of New York. We regretted our absence. having a previous engagement at St. John's, Newark, N. J.]

ANNUAL ELECTION AND DINNER.

This Lodge, chartered in 1760, now 107 years old, had its annual election a few weeks since, at its Lodge-rooms, 946 Broadway, when the following brethren were elected for the ensuing year:

Charles A. Budd, M.D., Master; Henry D. Walker, Senior Warden; Charles A. Cook, Junior Warden; F. Eugene Finck, Treasurer; William D. Everit, Secretary; Jay C. Young, Senior Deacon; J. Theodore Baldwin, Junior Deacon; Edward Coward, Henry N. Morgan, John S. Washburn, Trustees; Sewall Fisk, Tyler; R.·. W.·. Rev. F. C. Ewer, R.·. W.·. Rev. George Nixon, Chaplains; Claudius F. Beatty, Marshal; Edward Miller, Organist; Fred. M. Tryon, John C. Bushnell, Stewards; R.·. W.·. John H. Anthon, R.·. W.·. Enoch P. Breed, Masters of Ceremonies; Charles A. Budd, M.D., R.·. W.·. John H. Anthon, R.·. W.·. Enoch P. Breed, Committee on Foreign Correspondence; Edward Miller, Joseph Colt, George H. Gardner, William De Lacy, Jay C. Young, Committee on Music; William Smith, Assistant Tyler.

R.·. W.·. John H. Anthon, after having by unanimous desire presided over the Lodge for six successive years, declined a re-election.

Bro. Charles A. Budd, M.D., received the unanimous vote of the brethren to act as Master of the Lodge of which he had been for so many years an untiring and zealous member, and a worthy representative of one of the oldest and best known of our Masonic bodies.

Immediately after the ceremonies of election and installation, W.·. Bro. Budd, in the name of the members of the Lodge, presented R.·. W.·. Bro. Anthon with a very valuable gold watch and appendages, with a series of resolutions, passed in compliment to the retiring Master, elegantly engrossed on vellum, and beautifully bound.

At a subsequent communication R.·. W.·. Bro. Anthon and R.·. W.·. Bro. E. P. Breed were each the recipients of a very handsome Past Master's jewel.

The annual dinner of this venerable Lodge was given on the evening of the 22d ult., at the Spingler House, under the supervision of its proprietor, Bro. E. E. Balcom, at which about one hundred members of the Lodge, with several Grand Lodge officers and other invited guests, were present, and was in every respect excellent.

The following were the regular toasts:

1st. The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York.

Responded to by the esteemed and popular Grand Secretary, R.·. W.·. James M. Austin, M.D.

2d. Our Country and its Rulers.

Responded to by Col. Henry S. Olcott, late of the War and Navy Department.

3d. Our Sister Lodges. When other support fail, may we still have a *Kane* to lean upon.

Responded to by W.·. B.·. Thomas S. Sommers, of Kane Lodge.

4th. The 22d February. Masonry, Patriotism and Virtue join in the celebration.

Responded to by W.·. Bro. Jerome Buck, of St. Nicholas Lodge.

5th. The Future. Though floods of calamity sweep over us, may worth and talent be unchangeable *dykes* to save our *Holland*.

Responded to by R.·. W.·. Jn. Ballestier, of Holland Lodge.

6th. The Present. Masons' wives and sweethearts are lights that brighten its passage.

Responded to by Rev. Bro. George Nixon.

7th. The Past. Joy mellowed and grief softened by time.

Responded to by R.·. W.·. John H. Anthon, in a speech of remarkable beauty of thought and elegance of language, which was listened to in perfect silence and with the most intense satisfaction by all.

8th. Masonic Crockery. Heavenly treasures in earthen vessels.

Responded to by W.·. Bro. Boone, founder of the first American Lodge in China.

9th. Past Masters of Independent Royal Arch, No. 2, F.·. A.·. M.·.

Very eloquently responded to by R.·. W.·. E. P. Breed.

The closing speech of the evening was made by W.·. Bro. Charles A. Budd, M.D., in a brief but very telling and eloquent address, which was loudly applauded.

The entertainments of the evening were enlivened and varied by instrumental and vocal music, under the supervision of Bro. Edward Miller, Organist of the Lodge, assisted by Dodworth's Band and Bros. Moulton, Concklin, Ripley, Gardner, De Lacy and J. C. Young.

Letters were read by Bro. H. D. Walker, from Bros. Daniel Morrison and R. R. Sinclair, Hon. Joseph Hoxie, R. G. H. Huntington, John V. Henry, E. B. Young and R.·. W.·. Rev. F. C. Ewer.

The entire affair was creditable to the Lodge, and an occasion of great pleasure to its members and their guests.

Messrs. Steinway & Co. kindly furnished the grand piano used on this occasion.

Baltic Lodge, No. 284, F. & A. M.,

held a communication on Monday evening, March 4, 1867, at their rooms, 145 Grand street, Williamsburgh, which was very largely attended by the brethren. Delegations from Brooklyn, Fortitude, Arcturus, Atlas, Americus, U. D., Strict Observance, Marsh, Hyatt, Manual, U. D., Yew Tree, Zerubbabel, Mystic Brotherhood, Ottmans, Geo. Washington, Gramercy, Oscar Coles, Lebanon, Corner Stone, Bedford and Charter Oak Lodges were present. Bro. Geo. Hayes, of Brooklyn, is rendering very efficient service. Right Worshipful Bro. W. T. Woodruff, G. S. D., held the gavel, by request of the Master of the Lodge and the brethren. Rt. W. Bro. John K. Oakley, D. D. G. M. for the Fourth Dist. N. Y., Rt. W. Bro. Freeman, D. D. G. L., W. Bro. Eccleston, of Corner Stone Lodge, W. Bro. Ruger, of Ottmans Lodge, W. Bro. Brinsley, of Yew Tree Lodge, W. Bro. McKay, of Hyatt Lodge, W. Bro. Lepine, of Marsh Lodge, W. Bro. Woods, of Marsh Lodge, W. Bro. Smith, of Marsh Lodge, W. Bro. Davis, of Cassia, W. Bro. Devins, of Oscar Cole's Lodge, W. Bro. Bunnell, of Charter Oak Lodge, W. Bro. Ewen, of Progressive Lodge. The Third Degree was exemplified by Rt. W. Bro. Woodruff in a masterly manner, assisted by Bro. Satterly, Manhattan Lodge, as S. W., Bro. Reade, of Manhattan Lodge, as S. D. After the working of the degree, the Secretary of the Lodge, Bro. Weston, by request of the brethren, read a poem on Charity, Friendship and Brotherly Love, which was well received, and dedicated to the Lodge by the unanimous vote of the brethren. After which the Master of the Lodge, W. Bro. John Holt, was presented with a set of resolutions of congratulation by the brethren for his zeal for the welfare of the Lodge during the past Masonic year. They were handsomely engrossed and framed, making a splendid picture. They were presented to the distinguished brother by the Secretary of the Lodge, Bro. James A. Weston, in a very affecting manner; and, at the close of his address, when he placed the picture in the hands of his Master and worthy recipient, very affectingly delivered the following charge in rhyme:

What noble principles these resolutions combine,
Conveyed to you, sir, in prose and rhyme;
They are from the heart, and if you by them live,
Craftsmen will rally around you and a friendly greeting give.
And in this Lodge true friends you'll always find,
If honor keep possession of your true and lofty mind.
As Master of our Lodge. praises will be sung the while,
The chorus will be repeated around our little isle;
Your distinguished friends in the East will grasp you by the hand,
If by the Level and the Square you always firmly stand;
Never let vain conceit ever steal your heart away.
And from the duties of a Mason never, never go astray.
But if, in an evil hour, temptation should cause your mind to roam,
Remember these resolutions admonish you to think of the Square, the Level, and the Plumb.

Bro. Holt was deeply affected, and with a tear glistening in his eye, responded in a dignified and eloquent manner, which elicited the applause of his brethren. The Lodge was then closed; the brethren had prepared a supper, and in a few moments the room was changed into a dining-room. On the tables were placed all the delicacies of the season, and were plentifully supplied. The whole evening's communion was a feast of reason and a flow of soul. We would say: "Success to Baltic Lodge under its present charge."

TO CHARITY, FRIENDSHIP AND BROTHERLY LOVE.

DEDICATED TO
BALTIC LODGE, 284, F. & A. M.
BY JAMES A. WESTON, SEC.

[Published by request of Lodge.]

One evening, in my slumbers (you smile, but so it was),
Of many heavy dreams beset my couch as night-hours pass,
I saw a vision—beautiful, undimmed by shade or stain,
That seemed my very heart to lull like the drip of summer rain.

It came from heaven, amid a brilliant light,
That burst in all its splendors upon my wond'ring sight.
This fair young angel my spirit feign would greet,
As she advanced in aerial chariot, and drawn by coursers fleet.

Around her forehead smoothly a garland wreath was twined,
Her modest features plainly disclosed to me her mind.
Upon that garland, in characters of light,
Was Charity emblazoned, and she the goddess bright.

At last I broke the silence, and my spirit thus began:
How can so fair an angel visit thus poor and sinful man?
The answer quickly came, with accents full of love:
I come by order of your Master, the Grand Architect above.

And in her slender fingers she held a little seed,
And smiling caressingly, she then did thus proceed:
I'll plant this acorn, and from it a mighty tree shall grow,
And spread majestic branches, and its fruit you must bestow
On every needy, worthy Mason, their widow or orphans that may apply
To smell its fragrance, taste its sweetness, ere they close their eyes and die.
I'm commissioned to procure a gard'ner, to nourish and protect
And cut down every wild weed that its growth may check.

Then pointing my vision upwards, and spoke in accent loud,
I beheld another vision: Reclining on a cloud,
And with a wand she gave a signal (held in her angelic hand)—
In a moment, the second fair angel by her side did stand.

Wonder filled my soul. She was pinioned like a dove.
I longed to know her errand. She answered: My name is Love.
I am that faithful gard'ner my sister told you she'd procure,
To protect the little acorn and make her message sure.

Thus spoke this gentle vision, this love-inspiring maid,
With virtue in her soul, and beautifully arrayed.
Her matchless form bewildered me, displayed in open light;
Stooping to caress me, she charmed my ravished sight.

Flowing gracefully down her neck, her charming locks descend,
And black as jet her waving ringlets end.
How sweet her kiss! Than honey far more sweet,
And, like her lips, her heart pure from all deceit.

The two discoursed sweet music. Echo rent the air.
To the melody that pealed forth nothing could compare.
My heart leaped forth in ectasy. I then began to view
Another radiant, sparkling star in yonder azure blue—

In an instant became an angel; descending from the sky,
To speak kindness to me, a pilgrim, she left her home on high;
Like her two preceding sisters, and her errand much the same.
She shook my hand fraternally. Spoke: Friendship is my name.

We are a happy trio. We traverse hand in hand yon heavenly plain
Nothing mars our pleasure. Peace with us always reign!
She held to my view a chart, then vanished out of sight.
Charity and Love also quickly took their flight.

But ere they left my gaze, to enter their heavenly home,
I saw figures on that chart—the square, the level and the plumb.

Brethren, it was all fancy, although to your minds may seem
Reality. But, no! It was only an idle dream,
Related to you only that it may shed a radiant light,
And throw a shield around us to guard us here to-night.

Whate'er we say or do, whate'er may be our theme,
Never forget those visions I saw in a simple dream.

The Better Martyrdom.

[The following tablet we copied from the walls of the lecture-room of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, at a recent visit.]

Haec sunt mea ornamenta.
(These are my ornaments.)
Gorham Beales, Francis Bullock,
William W. Cahoen, Francis P. Cotton,
Henry W. Curtis, Enoch Green,
Horatio W. Gridley, Elihu T. Hedges,
Henry W. Porter, A. Judson Rand,
Lefroy Ravenhill, David Seligman,
John Snowden, Sidney B. Worth,
Students
of the
College of Physicians and Surgeons,
died of pestilential disease
while serving in the
public hospitals of New York.
THIS TABLET
is erected by the faculty,
that the memory of these
Martyrs of Humanity
may not die;
and that, taught by their example,
the graduates of the college
may never hesitate to hazard life
in the performance of
professional duty.

——:o:——

To the *Journal des Initiés* we say, in behalf *of the entire Freemasonry of the United States*, that a belief in the existence of a God is considered here so essential that no jurisdiction that would tolerate atheists in its bosom would be long held to be Masonic, and fraternal Masonic intercourse would be promptly interdicted therewith. The Grand Orient of France should cut off every unsound member, however many there may be.

——:o:——

The Spanish proverb says:

"Pray to God devoutly;
Hammer away stoutly."

That is, God helps those who strive to help themselves.

——:o:——

Our regrets that the special invitation of the Lodge of L'Union Française came too late for acceptance.

——:o:——

Will the brother who borrowed our Amsterdam (Holland) file please return it?

A Token.

Spenser, in his "Faerie Queen," Book 1, Canto 9, describes a brotherly token at the moment of parting:

> Then these two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
> And love establish, each to other trew,
> Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd
> And eke as pledges firme, right hands together ioyned.
>
> Prince Arthur gave a boxe of diamond sure,
> * * * * *
> Which to requite, the Red Cresse Knight him gave
> A booke, wherein his Saveour's Testament
> Was writt with golden letters rich and brave,
> A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to save.

A Story from the Jewish Rabbis—Masonic Toleration.

Abraham is sitting at his tent-door at eventide, when an aged traveler comes up, weary and worn out with his journey. He at once receives a hearty welcome. But at supper he ate and prayed not; he asked no blessing on his meat. Abraham inquires why, and the stranger answering that he worships fire only, is driven angrily out into the darkness and peril of the night. No sooner is he gone than God demands the reason. "I thrust him out," replies the patriarch, "because he worships not thee!" "Lo!" was the answer, "I have suffered him nigh these hundred years, and shalt thou not endure him for a night?"

Morgan.

The vessel in which Morgan sailed from this country to Smyrna was the brig *Minerva*, owned by Ezra Weston, of Duxbury, Mass. The Captain's name was Martin Waterman. Several of our brethren, when in Smyrna, received from the American residents there, such accounts as fully satisfied them that it was William Morgan.

The Bro. Goodall referred to in our anti-Masonic sketches is a member of the American Bank Note Company.

Our brother of the *Mirror* gave the testimony of Bro. Bloom thus:

The truth is, William Morgan was never abducted, much less assassinated. Now, dear reader, do not start at the *Mirror* making such an unqualified and positive assertion, denying the statement that was reiterated and sworn to in the most solemn manner, and by those who were considered of unimpeachable integrity. But we do make the assertion without any qualification, having proof, living proof, of the most undoubted character before us. A gentleman of high scientific attainments, who has traveled much, resided in the East for many years, was made a Mason on the same evening and at the same time with Alexander of Russia and Prince Joseph Ponietowsky (who was killed in the battle of Leipsic) in the city of Paris, during the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte, in Amitie Lodge, on the 7th of September, 1805. Our informant is named Joseph Alexander Bloom. He is now in the seventieth year of his age, in the full vigor of his intellect, and a gentlemen of more than ordinary information. This brother informs us that he resided for some time in the city of Smyrna; that in 1831 he became acquainted with an American gentleman who professed the Mohammedan faith, who went by the name of *Mustapha*, and was engaged at that time in teaching the English and French languages, the latter of which he understood but imperfectly.

That this man was no other than William Morgan, who with his own lips communicated the fact to Bro. Bloom, with many circumstances which our informant has, since his arrival in this country found to be true. If any other evidence was needed, it is confirmed in Bro. B.'s mind in the most conclusive manner by seeing the portrait of the supposed abducted William Morgan, published with his exposition (so called) of the secrets of Freemasonry. This picture is a striking likeness of his acquaintaince of Smyrna. Bro. Bloom states he could not help retaining in his recollection the features of Morgan, as they dined at the same house, and he had frequent conversations with him. This house was a public place of entertainment, and was kept by one *Salvo*. It is situated on the bay, and it was near this place where Mr. *Costa* was taken.

Bro. Goodall's Statement.—Bro. Goodall, while in Constantinople, had several interviews with two persons, now living in that city, who informed him that they were *personally acquainted* with Morgan, one of whom was ☞ *a pupil of Morgan* ☜ *who taught him English and French.* The confession Morgan made to this person, leaves no doubt of his being the veritable Morgan, the supposed abducted; who, while the hue and cry of his having been killed and cast into the Niagara was in full blast, he, Morgan, was quietly luxuriating in a quiet, dreamy life among the Turks. He confessed that he had sailed *direct* from the United States to Smyrna, where he adopted the Turkish dress and the name of *Mustapha*, and applied himself to acquiring a knowledge of the Turkish and French languages. He is well known in Smyrna by the name of Mustapha, and as a teacher of the English and French languages. He was very reserved in his manner and conversation, and no clue could be obtained to his history, except that he was obliged to leave the United States, but for what purpose none ever knew, only those to whom he made the statement that he was the *Morgan* who occasioned so much excitement throughout the United States among the members of the Masonic Order. The last seen or known of him was five or six years ago, when he was still in Smyrna, had quit teaching, and was living in habits, manners, and costume as a Turk.

Read This.

Grand Lodge of Indiana, Secretary's Office,
Indianapolis, March 4, 1867.

Bro. McMurdy:—There was placed in my hands, some three years since, what is evidently a Mark Master's Mark, made of a silver half dollar, on one side of which is stamped the following: "B. Preston, Glasgow Chap., No 45, 1855." The history of the jewel, as it has come to me, is this: When the prisoners captured at the taking of Fort Donaldson were being taken to Camp Douglas, near Chicago, they stopped at a station for dinner. After the train had left, a little boy in passing along the road where the prisoners had got off and on the train, picked up an old wallet, in which this mark was found. Shortly after which a brother from Terre Haute, being over in Illinois, saw it, and after hearing how the boy came by it, purchased it, and has sent it to me with a view of having it restored to the owner, if alive, and if dead, then to any of his relatives that will claim and identify it. I have written a number of letters to various jurisdictions in the United States, but have been, so far, unsuccessful in finding any one that can give me any information on the subject. As your excellent journal has a wide circulation, if you could feel free to give a little notice of these facts, it might reach the eye of some kind brother who could give me some information in regard to the owner of the lost jewel. I assure you nothing would afford me more pleasure than to be the instrument of restoring it to the rightful owner or to his immediate relatives. Your brother,

William Hucker,
Grand Sec. Grand Lodge, Indiana.

Order of Malta—Chapters—Error Corrected—New Brunswick.

St. John, N. B, Feb. 28, 1867.

Dear Sir and brother: In a late number of your excellent paper it was stated that the Order of Malta does not at present exist in Scotland. A similar statement was made by the Grand Chancellor of the Grand Conclave of England, who had recently paid a visit to Scotland, upon the business of the Order. I do not know, of course, what actually exists in Scotland, but I can assure you that I read the statement with great astonishment. Our Encampment in this city holds its warrant from the Grand Priory of Scotland—granted about nine years ago, and in that warrant we are authorized expressly to work the Order of Malta; and we do work it. We conferred it only a few weeks ago. We are in constant communication with the Grand Registrar, and no intimation has ever been given to us that we are doing wrong. Further than this, Section 11 of Chapter 2 of the Statutes of the Grand Priory is as follows:

"Encampments may form themselves into Masonic Encampments, or Chapters of Knights of the Red Cross of Constantine, Knights of Malta, with the preceding degree called the Knights of St. Paul or Mediterranean Pass, and confer these degrees, as also that of the Priestly Order of the Temple, but none other whatever; and no one shall be admitted to these additional ones until he has been recorded as a Templar on the Roll of the Grand Priory."

I think that authorizes the Malta Order more than this. The Ritual sent us by the Grand Priory contains the ritual of all the above, with the Order of Knight Templar. The "Red Cross of Constantine" is not the Order known in the United States as the "Red Cross"—the proper designation of which is "Knight of the Babylonish Pass," but an entirely different thing. A degree, or a series of degrees, equivalent to your Red Cross, is given under our Chapter Warrant, and being a Jewish Order is in its proper place. The Encampment degrees are *all* Christian with us. The Irish practice is the same as yours. The Babylonish Pass degree is in the Irish Encampment, but it is not obligatory to take it. In England your "Red Cross" is unknown, and the Malta Order has just recently been taken up there. In conferring it, the preceding step of the Mediterranean Pass ought always to be given.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the American Masonic papers, cut from *All the Year Round*, which contains a funny blunder. I saw it in the *Dispatch*. It is to the effect that there are on the roll of the Grand Chapter of England nearly one thousand Chapters. I don't think there are more than two hundred chapters on the English registry. It is difficult to arrive at a correct number. Under the English constitution a Chapter must always be attached to a Lodge, and it takes the number of the Lodge to which it is attached. If, for instance, a warrant is petitioned for a Chapter to be held at Halifax, attached to Lodge 777, the Chapter s numbered 777. If the next chapter is attached to Lodge 436 at Calcutta, *its* number will be 436. I think there is about one Chapter to every five Lodges in England. In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, P. E. Island and Newfoundland, there are over fifty Lodges, and but *one* Chapter—that is on English registry. English Royal Arch Masonry does not flourish in these colonies, because it will not permit the mark, past and excellent degrees to be worked. In New Brunswick there are *four* Scotch and one Irish Chapters.

There is an energetic movement on foot here for the formation of a Grand Lodge like that in Nova Scotia. The Provincial Grand Lodge will meet on the 6th March, and the matter will probably come up there.

Yours, E. V. J.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Grand Lodge.—The published proceedings have just reached us. We cull from them the following, omitting what has before been in our columns.

The Committee on the Annual Address of the late Grand Master Parkman commends his official career; recommends that no brother refer any applicant for charity to any quarter for relief without due personal consideration; and justly censures the extravagance of expenditures in administering the affairs of the Grand Lodge, in dinners and installations, and notices the Grand Marshal's bill, amounting to $169.

Massachusetts is not the only jurisdiction needing a check. Extravagance is pervading the Lodges, Constituent and Grand; presents to officers, expensive funerals, banquets, balls and concerts are exhausting the funds of our brethren, which ought to be expended in sacred charities.

On motion of Bro. Winslow Lewis, congratulatory resolutions were adopted upon the advent of the fiftieth anniversary of the Grand Mastership of Prince Frederick of the Netherlands.

Bro. Coolidge's suitable resolutions upon the death of the veteran Mason, Bro. Gay, were adopted.

Bro. Gardner, as Chairman of Committee on Charters, on the By-Law of a Lodge that "only fifteen applicants shall be accepted during one year," remarks:

The beauty of our ritual and the good fellowship among the members of a Lodge cannot be conceived when the chief aim is to make Masons and money. The inevitable result of overburdened work is to impair the effectiveness of our ceremonies; to weary the brethren by constant repetitions, and thereby render the attendance small; to destroy the unity and intimacy of the brethren, and to sap the very foundation of our institution.

Your committee hail with pleasure this determination of the petitioners to return to the palmy days of our fathers, when intimate, friendly, social intercourse was one of the chief objects of Masonry.

Bro. Gardner presented an elaborate report upon the proper places of Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge, which was adopted. The Grand Master is in the East; the Deputy, in the East and next to and left of the G.·. M.·.; Senior Grand Warden, in the West; Junior Grand Warden, in the South; Past Grand Masters in the East, and at right of G.·. M.·.; the Junior Past Grand Master, next to the G.·. M.·.; Past Deputies in East, and at right of Past Grand Masters; Past Grand Wardens, in East, and right of Past Deputy Grand Masters; Grand Treasurer, on right and in front of G.·. M.·.; Recording Grand Secretary, on left and in front of G.·. M.·.; Corresponding Grand Secretary, on left, next to Recording Grand Secretary; District Deputy Grand Masters, in East, and on left of Deputy G.·. M.·.; the Grand Chaplains, in East, the Senior upon a raised dais in front of the G.·. M.·., and between him and the Past Junior Grand Master, and the Junior upon a raised dais upon left of G.·. M.·., and between him and the Deputy G.·. M.·.; Grand Marshal upon left of G.·. M.·., and in front of Grand

Sec.; Senior Grand Deacon, upon right of G.·. M.·., and in front of Grand Treasurer; Junior Grand Deacon, in West, and at right of Senior Grand Warden; Grand Stewards, in the South, two upon right and two upon left of Junior Grand Warden, upon each side, one Steward in front of the other; the Grand Sword Bearer, at left of Grand Marshal; Grand Standard Bearer, at left of Grand Sword Bearer; Grand Pursuivants, near doors of entrance to Grand Lodge "to receive all reports from Grand Tyler, to announce name and Masonic rank of all desiring admission, and to see that none enter without appropriate decorations;" Grand Lecturers, first and second at right of Senior Grand Deacon, and third in West, and at left of Senior Grand Warden; Grand Organist, at organ, and Grand Tyler outside at entrance of Grand Lodge; Masters and Proxies of Lodges, in the North of Grand Lodge, nearest to East, and Wardens in South, nearest to the East.

A petition for charity, in behalf of a descendant of Henry Price, first Grand Master of America, was referred to the Committee on Charity.

The address of the Grand Master in presenting a Past Master's Jewel to Bro. Hill, the first Master and founder of Ancient Landmark Lodge, Shanghae, China, is so admrabie we reproduce it entire.

W. Bro. Charles E. Hill, it gives me great satisfaction to inform you that I have been deputed, as Grand Master of this Grand Lodge, to present to you certain tokens of the esteem in which you are held by the brethren of Ancient Landmark Lodge. of Shanghae, China—a Lodge chartered under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge.

In the performance of our duty to aid in extending the blessings and benefits of Freemasonry among the worthy of all nations, and to secure them to those of the craft who have pitched their tents in distant lands, where the rite we profess has not yet received the local organization requisite for self-government, this Grand Lodge, on due petition, granted, during the official career of my predecessor, first, a dispensation, and then a charter, to certain American brethren of the craft, resident at Shanghae, in the empire of China, authorizing them to form the Ancient Landmark Lodge, with full powers to practice the usages and institutions of Ancient York Masonry, under the protection and according to the Constitutions of this Grand Lodge.

You, Worshipful brother, had the honor to be their first Master; and, nursed by your care, fortified by your bright example in Masonic virtues, trained by your consummate knowledge of the mysteries of the craft, and guided by your prudence and wisdom, the ~~Ancient Landmark Lodge has attained high excel-~~ lence in Freemasonry, and enjoyed a prosperity which has given fame to them and to yourself.

This Grand Lodge looks with no small degree of pride to the success of the first American Lodge in the great region of Asia, lying east of the Cape of Good Hope. Coming from the West, you have planted the banners of light and truth in that Oriental and flowery ~~empire, where under God's grace, they shall~~ be a landmark in all future time.

The brethren of Ancient Landmark Lodge feel more indebted to you, my brother, than they can well express in language. Under their directions, this jewel and this regalia have been prepared by cunning artists, and graven with inscriptions of their gratitude. This Past Master's jewel, made of Oriental gold, in the similitude of those worn by our Past Masters, and blazing with diamonds which might adorn the tiara of a king, they present to you, as the insignium of your rank. This collar and this apron, regalia of your degree, furnished in the best style of decorative art known to the workers in embroidery of modern days, they also present, and entreat you to wear on all fitting occasions for their sakes, that you may feel that they are with you in spirit, and tied to you in the bonds of Masonic friendship and gratitude.

Receive my congratulations, my brother, on the splendor of this present. Let your future aspirations for a perfect knowledge of all the great truths of Masonry pervade your soul, as the rays of light pervade this diamond; and so continue in your Masonic career, that your actions shall always, like this pure gold, embellish your Masonic life, and testify in the end, before the Supreme Architect of the universe, for your exceeding great reward.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Bro. Hon. George K. Latham has been confirmed as Consul at Melbourne.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore.—Several Lodges have prepared a present of jewels and collars, Holy Bible, Square and Compass, to be presented to Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 4, Va. This is the Lodge in which Geo. Washington was initiated.

Colorado. — (Special Correspondence). — *Chivington Lodge* has 150 members and Central City Chapter 75. They are in fine working order. Jealousies are unknown. Bro. Glendenin, W. M., and Bro. Lorah, Sec. of Lodge, and Comp. North, H. P.; Wisehart, K; James, S.; Glendenin, O. H.; Orahord, R. A. C., and Comp. Sayr, Sec. Dr. McMurdy specially invited to visit. NATIONAL FREEMASON read with immense pleasure. Fifth Annual Reception, Feb. 22; magnificent affair. Tickets, including supper, $15.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Our G.·. L.·. has been abused by sister G.·. L.·. on the subject of making Masons. This results from ignorance of our rules. If the Grand Masters would communicate with our Grand Master, as some of them were directed to do more than a year ago, this difficulty would not exist. About one year ago the G... M.·. of Maine was directed to communicate with our G.·. M.·. on the subject; this he has not done. From such negligence the difficulty arises. The amendment to our Constitution on this subject, offered at our last communication, will be adopted, and all will be satisfied. If the entrance to the Temple were everywhere guarded as ours is, there would be a different state of things.

INDIANA.

Richmond, Feb. 18.—Economy Lodge ordered to be draped in mourning for the loss of Bro. Richard Jobes.

TENNESSEE.

Memphis, Feb. 19.—A thief was caught in his flight and upon him was found a quantity of silver Masonic emblems, upon each of which were the words "Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 59." *Brought to light* will be better understood by him in a court of common law.

Bro. Pike is the editor of the *Appeal.*

Bro. J. P. McCown, of Sevierville, Tennessee, lost his library during the war, passing through St. Louis, Mo. The books are valuable.

MISSOURI.

St. Louis.—Bro. Lee, the winner of the Crosby Opera House, is a member of Polar Star Lodge.

VIRGINIA.

Richmond.—The statue of Chief Justice Marshall, the great jurist and Past Grand Master of Virginia, arrived a short time ago from Rotterdam, and has been placed on its pedestal on the Washington monument. It is a beautiful bronze, by Rogers, and represents him in a thoughtful attitude, clad in a flowing robe, having in his right hand a volume, with the word "Justice" inscribed on its lid, the left hand resting on the end of the volume.

TEXAS.

The noble and fraternal appeals in behalf of Southern Lodges and brethren made destitute by the war, in your issues of 2d and 9th inst., are fully appreciated by your brethren here. We feel that the kindly cord of Masonic love and sympathy touched in any part vibrates through all the length and breadth of the land.

We have in this city (Austin) a well attended Lodge. Sad inroads were made upon our numbers and resources by the war.

A little more than a year ago, in addition to our other misfortunes, our hall was destroyed by fire, together with all our jewels, clothing, books, archives. In fact everything was lost. Since then we have been getting along in a school-house until a few weeks since, when we succeeded in obtaining a suitable hall for our meetings, which we are now endeavoring to fit up as well as we can. We are in need of many things; but among the most necessary are a carpet for our floor, and a master's carpet or chart for the wall. We shall be able to get all these after a while, but at present our means are limited. A number of the officers of the 26th infantry and 6th cavalry stationed here are in the habit of visiting us, and we find them *brothers* indeed.

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Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Paris.—The Masonic journals complain of the tardy issues of the proceedings and official bulletins of the Grand Orient of France. This complaint need not be confined to the officials of France.

The subscription of the Grand Orient up to December 31, in favor of the sufferers by inundation, produced 16,000 francs.

A new Lodge of the A.·. A.·. A.·. S.·. R.·. has been formed in Paris. Bro. Schwalb, well known among the S.·. R.·. Masons, is the Master.

Bro. Poule has addressed some interesting questions to the Council of Order upon the Masonic judiciary system, such as, whether the appeal shall be central or regional (district), whether the Judges of Appeal shall be the Masters of a district, or whether a list of jurors shall be elected annually by each Lodge.

Bro. de Rolland, editor of *Phare de la Loire*, Nantes, has been made a Freemason.

Bro. Maurel, a member of the Lodge *la Persévérante* of the Orient of Paris, and Chairman of the Committee of the Admission for the Ethnographical Society, at the Universal Exposition of 1867, publishes a letter urging the Grand Orient (Lodge) of France to invite to a grand fraternal fête all the members of the Masonic family, during the Universal Exposition. The *Journal des Inities* advises that harmony be first established in France on the principles of initiation, which means that those of atheistic tendencies should return to Masonic orthodoxy, respecting the existence of a veritable personal God.

"Job" is a drama in five acts, with prologue and epilogue by the prophet Isaiah, re-established in its integrity and literally translated from the Hebrew text by Pierre Leroux, ancient member of the Constituent and Legislative Assembly. This work is patronized by the Lodge *la Nouvelle Amitie* of the Orient of Grasse, having obtained consent thereto from the Grand Orient. This work is dedicated to Freemasonry, and the auther hopes that it may be of service to Gallican Freemasonry in its present abnormal condition.

Marseilles.—The Lodge of *La Parfaite Sincérité*, celebrated, December 16, its centenary. Bro. Brémond pronounced the discourse. After referring to the moral power of Freemasonry, he continues:

Whatever pains Masons may have taken to conceal their secret ceremonies, something of them had transpired to the world without. Persecutions against the society received the highest sanction. Louis XV., who had interdicted his court to those who had been initiated, declared in 1737, that if the new Grand Master were a Frenchman, he would have him put in the Bastile. The following year, Pope Clement XII. hurled his bull of excommunication against the new institution suspected of heresy. There were, in effect, in the midst of society in decay and cursed with the most shameless materialism, men secretly united, not despairing of human nature, preparing means for the future. Strong in the right and in their conscience, our fathers did not falter in their course. The Duke of Antin was elected Grand Master, and was not put in the Bastile. The bull of the Pope was published in the churches and the number of Masons only increased. Perhaps the institution lacked, for a time, direction and unity. It is not for us to disquiet ourselves here with the dissensions which, for so long a time, paralyzed the efforts of the Grand Orient. We shall not occupy ourselves with the organization of the different Chapters of the higher degrees, which augmented the disorder. It is the moral progress of the society that we wish to study; it is its influence upon the destinies of France and of the world that we wish to make known to you. There is no doubt that from its origin to the great epoch of 1789, era of the modern regeneration, whatever may have been its organization, its struggles, its disorders, Masonry continually made progress. Recall to yourselves the names of the men that it has numbered in its members. Recall to yourselves the brilliant receptions, the remembrance of which has even come down to us. In *our Provence*, so remote from the centre of the G. O., Masonic reunions were multiplied to such a degree that we find traces of them even in the villages. The cities counted them by three or four at once, in the middle of the eighteenth century, under the reigns of Madame *de Pompadour* and *de la Dubarry.* How is it possible not to admire the perseverance of those who braved religious prejudices and prepared themselves in darkness and silence. They *conspired*, it has been said. It is possible; but entire France conspired with them. And when from the depth of the Lodges issued these three words, liberty, equality, fraternity, the revolution was accomplished, the principles of 1789 were proclaimed, humanity had reconquered its rights, morality was avenged.

The orator then adverted to the work of education, in which the Grand Orient was successfully engaging.

Six boys, orphans (Lowtons), were then crowned or adopted by the Lodge.

The Gallican Masonic journals, *Le Monde* especially, declaims against the great facility with which the profane are admitted into Lodges in England, America, and also France. It suggests that the two indispensable conditions be insisted upon, that of morality first, and that of instruction sadly neglected. The future prosperity of Masonry depends upon the careful study of our mysteries.

Alas! our Masters even will accept office and then excuse themselves from Masonic reading by the plea of a want of time.

Rouen.—Lodges of adoption have existed in Rouen for many years. The Lodge *la Constance Éprouvée* gave a brilliant reception to 120 ladies. The Master presided with dignity. His two children and nine others of members of the Lodge were presented for adoption. Bro. Richard, the orator and a Past Master. made an especial address to the sisters, and the wife of the Master handsomely replied.

Amiens.—This Orient gave a funeral fête in memory of those (one-tenth of the town) who were swept away by cholera. Among the departed noticed was the Rev. Bro. Vésignié, the founder of the Lodge at *d'Abbeville*. At the request of many brothers, the *lowton* (a lewis), Auguste Poulle, invested with the apron of labor, was placed at the East between his father and brother, Labitte. The labors of the first degree being suspended to pass those of adoption, the visiters of the civil order were introduced, and the Master made a sympathetic address.

ENGLAND.

Cornwall.—At St. Austell, Fin Hill Mine, has been found a stone coffin, or walled grave, in the form of a coffin, about 7 feet long, 20 inches deep, 15 inches wide at the end, and 2 feet 6 inches at the breast. In the coffin there are about four gallons of ashes and a few cinders, and in the ashes was found a seal of yellow metal, in good preservation, with the Masonic arms engraved on the stone.

Our venerable Bro. Dr. Oliver, in a farewell address, delivered some months ago to the Provincial Grand Lodge, Lincolnshire, states that he has been connected with this Masonic province more than a half century; that he established Apollo Lodge at Grimsby, in 1811; was appointed Prov. G.·. Steward in 1814; Prov. G.·. Chap. in 1816, and D.·. Prov. G.·. M.·. in 1833, and that, a clergyman of the establishment, well versed in antiquarian lore, after a critical investigation of the esoteric principles of the Order for more than a half century, had found no reason to change his opinion on *its unrivaled purity as a humble hand-maiden of religion.*

Our transatlantic contemporary, the *Freemason's Magazine and Masonic Mirror*, from which we gather the foregoing, would oblige tens of thousands of friends of Dr. Oliver if it would furnish for the NATIONAL FREEMASON a copy of Dr. Oliver's address in full.

Some of the brethren are complaining of slovenly work among them, of excessive banquetings, of the small sums expended for charities, of Masonic symbols exhibited in places of trade and places, ministering to sensual indulgences.

Bro. Stuart, Prov. Grand Master for Hertfordshire, has purchased the Masonic Union Hall from a company. $25,000 had been laid out upon it, and in addition to its adaptations, the Masons, it is said, "*can have their own cellar and provide their own wine, merely paying a small sum for corkage.*"

Some London Lodges are giving freely to alleviate the sufferings of the thousands unemployed at the east of London.

DENMARK.

The King, a royal Mason, and other brethren are becoming interested in the publication of old Icelandic MSS. and of other old Northern literary remains.

CANADA.

Comp. T. Douglas Harrington is Grand Principal Z. of Chapitral Freemasonry, and Comp. James Adams, G.·. Supt., Toronto District.

Toronto.—King Solomon's Royal Arch Chapter—Comp. Howel is Z., Curgenven is H., Comp. Lamb is I., and Comp. McLellan, Scribe E.

INDIA.

Bombay.—Brethren are particular, we observe, in sending excuses for absence in some of the Lodges. One brother's excuse was rendering aid to a vessel hoisting the Masonic sign of distress.

BRAZIL.

The differences in our fraternity in Brazil are healed, and the Grand Orient of Brazil has official recognition. Bro. Quintino de Souza, Grand Orator, made a noble address at the late meeting of the Grand Orient.

We regret to see that there is a disposition in this and other Grand Orients to make Freemasonry a power, or as an organized influence to bear especially upon some evil of society. For the one occasion great good may be done; but it is unsafe, exhaustive, and tends to close up the avenues for greater and continuous good.

AFRICA.

Algiers.—The Lodge Hippone, the oldest in Algiers, had a banquet, Jan. 15. While it has been liberal with its charity fund, it has still 3,000 francs for the unfortunate in its especial charity treasury. In the late oration before this Lodge Bro. Hacquard, the orator, said: "The field of Freemasonry is the *universe;* its basis, *truth;* its motto, *liberty* and *fraternity;* its enemies, *fanaticism, error* and *ignorance.* Freemasonry is the school of true civilization, and consequently ought to be the advance-guard of humanity."

Another Lodge of Algiers offers three prizes, to be disposed of by the Mayor of Phillippeville. to such pupils as shall prove most assiduous in their studies.

WEST INDIES.

Island of Martinique, City of Saint Pièrre.—The Lodge L'Union. No. 115, at its solstitial reunion, Dec. 30, after several addresses, Bro. Verdet, an old Past Master of the Lodge, and again re-elected with unanimity, sang his beautiful original Masonic song, entitled "The Freemasons."

ITALY.

The Lodge *Fulsinea*, of Bologne, has abandoned the Scotch Rite and embraced the Symbolic. It accuses the Scotch Rite of "being an imperfect work which conceals the architecture of the temple, having a modern and impure origin, hypocritical in form, theocratic in regulation, with a despotic constitution, and with not being in accord with the Masonic motto, liberty, equality and fraternity, and opposed to the diffusion of true light."

Italian Masonry is cursed with Masonic divisions, where especially there ought to be unity. We doubt very much whether the action of the Lodge Fulsinea will not retard unification and aggravate the disagreements. The Grand Orient of Florence has committed a grave error in forbidding the Lodges of its obedience from admitting Freemasons of the Symbolic Rite. While this is a cause of complaint on the part of Fulsinea, and should secure labor for its correction, it is not sufficient to justify the course of Fulsinea. The Lodge should have surrendered its charter to the G.·. O.·. of Florence in a Masonic way.

Island of Sardinia.—Two new Lodges have been chartered. One of the old Lodges has subscribed a thousand francs to aid in founding a House of Succor for the poor.

SWITZERLAND.

Bro. Dr. Zschokke, the learned scholar, professor at Aarau, the old Master of Lodge Zur Brudertrue, has died lately, aged 61 years. Bro. Zschokke is well known in Switzerland and Germany, and throughout the world, for his literary and Masonic sentiments and labors.

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MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

MASSACHUSETTS—*Grand Lodge.*—This body has decided that when Lodges cannot agree which is the *most convenient* to the residence of a petitioner, there being no Lodge in his own city or town, the Grand Master's decision is final, and not the opinion of the petitioner.

INDIA.—*Bombay.*—In India there are Lodges under English, Scottish and Irish Constitutions. The District Grand Secretary of Bombay asked the following question:

Are Wardens of Lodges working under the Scotch Constitution eligible, or not, to be elected to the W. M.'s chairs in English Lodges?

The Earl of Zetland decided thus:

The subject to which the Melbourne letter refers is a suggestion that reciprocal arrangements should be made by which brethren who have been installed as Masters of Lodges under one Constitution should be permitted on their joining Lodges under another Constitution to bring with them the rank they held, and certain other privileges they had attained under their Mother Grand Lodge. It is instanced as a grievance that a brother who has qualified himself by twelve months' service as a Warden under a foreign Grand Lodge, (I make use of this general expression as denoting any Constitution other than that of the Grand Lodge of England), cannot be elected as Master of a Lodge under the Grand Lodge of England until he has again served as Warden the full period required by our laws; and it is argued that this is an interference with the right of a Lodge to elect its own Master, by limiting the number from whom the selection is to be made.

The Grand Master has given the fullest and most attentive consideration to this subject, and is of opinion that although at first it may seem hard, that a Master belonging to the Irish, Scotch, or any other duly constituted Grand Lodge, who has been regularly installed as Master of a Lodge, and served the full time required by the laws of such Constitution to entitle him to the rank of a P. M., shall not import into an English Lodge the position he has attained under another Constitution, or that the one who has duly served as Warden for twelve months in a Lodge under his own Constitution shall be required, in the event of his joining an English Lodge, to qualify for election to the Master's chair by again serving the required period of twelve months as a Warden, yet that in reality there is no hardship.

A Mason belonging to any regular Constitution and recognized Grand Lodge is entitled to acknowledgment by, and free intercourse with, our Lodges, and this privilege is ever readily and willingly conceded to him. He is admitted without let or hindrance as a visiter, or if he desire it, as a joining member, and thus far the spirit and intention of the laws of Freemasonry are carried out. But when such foreign brother seeks advancement in our Lodges, when he seeks to rule over our members, it is but just and natural that he should be required to pass through the probationary term in precisely the same manner as the children of our own Lodges before he can attain the highest rank.

With respect to the alleged interference with the right of the Lodge to elect its own Master, to which allusion is made in the letter from Melbourne, I am to point out to you that this is more imaginary than real, for the Grand Lodge has enacted that no brother shall be eligible to be elected Master of a Lodge until he has served for twelve months as a Warden of a warranted Lodge, that is, a Lodge holding a warrant granted by the Grand Master of England, and the members have no power to elect a brother who is not duly qualified; consequently the only interference with the right of free choice, is the requiring that the law be observed and that none but properly qualified brethren be put in nomination.

I may add, that a P. M. of a Lodge under the Grand Lodge of Ireland, or any other recognized Grand Lodge, is always allowed to be present when a board of installed Masters is formed for the installation of the Master elect of a Lodge under the English Constitution, and the rank he has elsewhere attained is thus fully acknowledged, and all that is required is, that he pass a probationary period as one of the Wardens of the Lodge to which he has been affiliated, before attaining the highest rank.

October 3, 1864.

I have the honor to inform you that your communication of April 27, 1864, has been laid before the Grand Lodge of England.

In reply to that communication, I am directed to state for the information of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, that the P. M. of a Lodge under the Irish Constitution joining a Lodge under the English Constitution, is entitled to be present at all the ceremonies, including the ceremony of installation of the W. M. He is not entitled to attend the meetings of the Grand Lodge of England, and he is not eligible to be elected Master of one of our own Lodges until he shall have served as Warden of a Lodge under the English Constitution for one year.

I am further directed to state that the Grand Lodge of England does not in any way recognize the degree of P. M. other than that of an installed Master who has duly served the office of Master of his Lodge."

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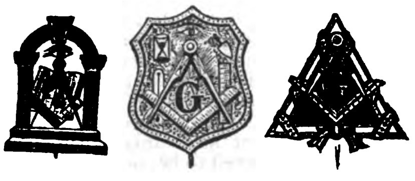

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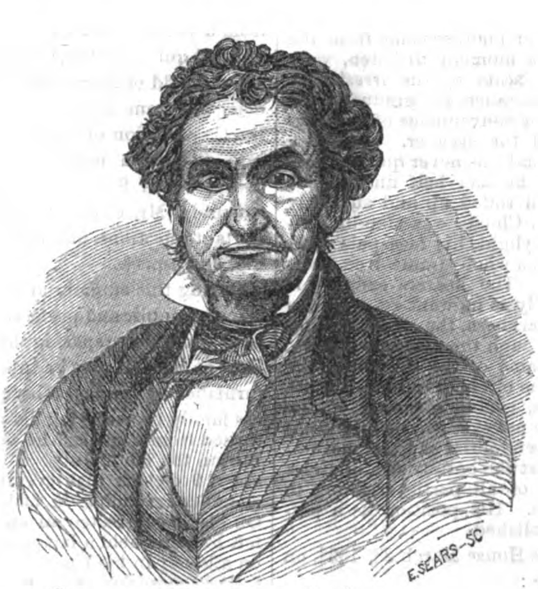

Rufus Choate

Rufus Choate—The Great American Advocate—The Ruler of the Twelve—The Wizard of the Court-Room—The Massachusetts Freemason.

Daniel Webster said, "Rufus Choate is a wonderful man, he is a marvel;" and Edward Everett affirmed that Choate's eulogy on Daniel Webster, at Dartmouth College, had never been equaled!

Rufus Choate was in America what Curran was in Ireland and Erskine was in Great Britain. If Masonry ever had an embodiment in a lawyer, it was in Rufus Choate, who preferred fame with the people to pelf, who dealt with man as man, not educated, ermined man, but the mere mortal man. With a powerful and yet delicate organization, a capacious understanding, full of law learning and lettered eloquence, and genius too; equal to Webster in severe reasoning and superior to him in every other quality of a great orator, Choate sought not the Senate, nor the court, but the people, the juries, for his sympathies were with the whole people. If ever a man was fitted by culture and by disposition to be the darling of the people, it was Rufus Choate. He loved to be alone in his library; but all his intellectual sympathies were with the great, passionate, eloquence loving people. Golden parlors and the glittering life of wealth he had no fancy for. He said that he thought what was called "society" in this country was frivolous and unprofitable, its thoughts feeble, its talk trivial, and its personages usually people of no real account. In his youth he had driven the cows to pasture; he had kept thanksgiving with the boys and girls of old Essex; and he had gone to "the muster," he had gone to the plain country church. The school, the home, and the table with the Bible on it, the meeting-house, the desk, the continental battle-field, and even the capricious weather of ice-bound Massachusetts, afforded him allusions and imagery.

They who have heard Brougham, Stanley, Gladstone and Peel, affirm that they were not equal to Choate. One great Grecian scholar went so far as to declare "*that if Demosthenes had had Choate in the place of Æschines for his competitor, in the great oration for the crown, he would have been beaten.*"

In court or out of court, in or out of the Lodge-room, a romantic interest seemed to invest him. His disheveled locks waving about his head, his gloomy countenance of contending grief and glory, the oriental complexion, speaking of the Asiatic type of man, his eyes darkly burning, his walk swaying along in a singular gait, his moody loneliness off duty, made him a stranger in New England society. Yet when he was a boy, and when he became a man, everybody loved him. He was the ornament and dear delight of his generation.

Rufus Choate was born in Ipswich, Mass., October 1, 1799. Before he was six years old he devoured the "Pilgrim's Progress" and rehearsed it to his companions from memory. He re-perused it just before his death. Before he was ten years old "Rollin," "Josephus," "Plutarch," "Telemachus," and such books as the village library contained had been exhausted. The Bible was a constant study, and at thirteen he thought he had made the great discovery of an undoubted prophecy of Napoleon Bonaparte in the Book of Daniel.

His mother and sisters easily persuaded him to a particular course of conduct. He recited to them a portion of the catechism every Sunday. In court once, commenting upon the testimony of a witness who professed a willingness to do upon Sunday what he would do on a secular day, Mr. Choate repeated word for word the answer of the catechism on the fourth commandment, and then turning to the court, said, "May it please your Honor, my mother taught me this in my earliest childhood, and I trust I shall not forget it in my age."

He grew up in Essex Co., with but ordinary opportunities of schooling. At ten he commenced his Latin with Dr. Thomas Sewall, the eminent physician of Washington, who married Mr. Choate's eldest sister. At sixteen years of age he entered Dartmouth College, a diffident, modest, beautiful boy, attractive in person and manner, and of a delicate frame. He indulged very moderately in sports or play. He preferred lonely walks and his beloved books. He graduated with the first honors, and his valedictory address was touching and eloquent. He taught school after graduating for a short time, and then vigorously prosecuted his law studies, and was a student at Washington of William Wirt, Attorney-General of the United States, for one year, and then of Judge Cummins, of Salem. He was admitted to the bar of the Common Pleas, September, 1823. He opened his office in the town of Danvers, and in two years removed to Salem; or rather he put up his first sign in Salem, and it remained over night, but his modesty drove him the next morning to the smaller place. In November, 1825, he was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Judicial Court. His success was almost instantaneous. The love of glory and the approbation of the people nerved him, not money. He never collected or knew what was due to him, except under the spasmodic impulse of necessity. The second case he had was thus described:

> The trial commenced and proceeded; witness after witness was called, and all subjected to the severest and most rigid cross-examination by the young counsel. Now and then a passage-at-arms with the counsel for the government (a gentleman of very considerable experience in criminal courts, and of some fifteen or twenty years' standing at the bar), would come up, to give variety to the scene; and now and then a gentle, most gracious and reverential renconter with the honorable court would intervene (Mr. Choate was always most respectful and deferential to the courts), and again a hard contest with some perverse and obstinate

witness would relieve the tedium of the protracted examination. Some of the immediate auditors would get over-heated, and then work themselves out into the fresh air, and report the proceedings, the sayings and doings of the young lawyer—what he said to his antagonist, Esquire T., or to the honorable court, or this or that fugitive comment on the witness, or case—as the trial proceeded (an inveterate habit of Mr. Choate, in all his early practice, and no court or counsel were or could be quick enough to prevent it—it would breathe out, this or that comment, or word, or suggestion).

In this way, and by such means, the fame of this case extended, while the trial was in progress, some two or three days. Men of the various classes would assemble around the court room, in the entry, on the stairs, outside, to hear the fresh reports; and so things continued till the argument came, and then there was a rush for every available point and spot, within or without the compass of the speaker's voice, and the people literally hung with delighted and absorbed attention on his lips. It was a new revelation again to this audience.

While Mr. Choate was in Essex Co. he had all the criminal defenses, and no jury ever brought in a verdict of guilty against any client defended by him.

There was one famous case in the Court of Common Pleas, of an indictment of one of his then townsmen for stealing a flock of turkeys! There was this case at every term of the court, for a year or more, and the inquiry used to be, "When are the turkeys coming on?" The proofs accumulated on the part of the government at each successive trial. The county attorney, a man of experience and ability, fortified himself on every point, and piled proof upon proof at each successive trial, but all without success. The voice of the charmer was too powerful for his proofs, and at each trial—four in all—there was *one* dissenting juror! The case at last became famous in the county, and in the vacations of the court the inquiry was often heard, "When is the turkey case coming on again?" and people would come from different parts of the county on purpose to hear that trial. Here the theatre was still larger. It was the county, the native county, of the already distinguished advocate. One of these trials was in old Ipswich—in December—a leisure season—within four miles of the spot where the orator was born. They came up from Essex—old Chebacco—the old and the young men of the town. Representatives, more or less, from the whole body of the county were present, and the court-house was crowded with delighted and astonished listeners. They all hung upon him spell-bound by his eloquence, and these by-standers would have acquitted by a majority vote; but the jury, bound by their oaths to return a true verdict according to the evidence, would not do so, but still there was one dissenting juror; and finally the prosecuting officer, in utter despair, after the third or fourth trial, entered a *nolle prosequi*, and thus the turkeys were turned or driven out of court.

This alleged turkey thief, years afterwards, called on Mr. Choate at his office in Boston. Mr. Choate did not recollect him, which greatly surprised the old client, and he said, "Why, Mr. Chaote, I am the man you plead so for in the turkey case, when they couldn't find anything agin me." There had been only forty-four good and true men *against* him, without including twenty-three more of the grand jury!

1825 he was elected a representative to the Legislature of Massachusetts, and in 1827 to the State Senate. 1832 he was elected to represent the Essex District in Congress, but declined a re-election.

Some anti-Masons had made an objection to his nomination because he was a Freemason. Such was his consistent Masonic life that this was waived, so far as the Quakers were concerned. One sentence in the following letter throws much light upon this whole subject:

Salem, 10th Mo., 18, 1830.

Rufus Choate, Esq.—The Convention have determined, after several ballotings, to support thee for representative to Congress for this district; the last ballot which produced this result stood 28 to 12. I called at thy office previous to the balloting to ascertain whether the nomination would be agreeable, and after the vote was determined I informed the Convention of thy absence, and a committee was appointed to inform thee of the result, and obtain an answer of acceptance or otherwise. I can now say that I believe no other name would run as well in Lynn, Chelsea, Sangus, and Lynnfield, and I have no doubt of an election at the first meeting, provided thy acceptance is seasonably announced. If consistent with thy interest and inclination it would be gratifying to me to hear of thy acceptance. *When we find the right man in all other respects we are willing to waive the Masonic objection*, believing the time is coming when all men of talents and respectability will leave that mere *shadow* for things more substantial.

Thy friend,

Stephen Oliver.

The severest thing said against him in the canvass was that he was a friend of the Grand Master of Tennessee, General Jackson. He found friends in Congress among his Masonic brothers—Dallas, Clay, Polk, and Corwin.

Mr. Choate made but two speeches during the session, one on Revolutionary Pensions, the other on the tariff, but these gave him a position at once among the most able and persuasive speakers of the House. One of these speeches was made under unusual circumstances. The subject of the tariff had been hanging for some time in the committee, when one afternoon Mr. Choate obtained the floor. There were but few members present when he rose, but as he continued to speak one after another came from the lobbies to the door, stood a moment to listen, were caught and drawn to their seats by the irresistible charm of his mellifluous utterance, till gradually the hall became full, and all, for convenience of hearing, gathered in a circle about the speaker. He had a nervous dread of thunder, and was never quite at ease in a severe storm. Before he had half finished his speech a dark thunder-cloud rolled up and suddenly burst over the capitol. Mr. Choate was standing directly under the central skylight, his face pale with a blackish paleness, and his whole frame tremulous with unusual excitement. The hearers caught his emotion and listened intently as he went on. At the same time the increasing darkness, the rushing wind and rain, the lurid light through the distant windows, the red and searching gleams of the lightning, the rattling peals of thunder, the circle of upturned white faces, lighted from above, gazing earnestly on the speaker, all made it a scene not easily to be forgotten. He spoke in the modest, deferential manner natural to him, and sat down amidst the enthusiasm of those who heard him, members of all parties rushing to offer their congratulations. His position as a parliamentary orator was established.

Mr. Choate addressed the House March 28, 1834, on the removal of the deposits:

It was with relation to this speech that the anecdote is told of Benjamin Hardin—"Old Ben. Hardin," as he was called—of Kentucky, who then heard Mr. Choate for the first time. "Mr. Hardin was an old stager in politics, a strong-minded, though somewhat rough individual, who was not disposed to much leniency in his criticisms of the efforts of the younger members. He was, like Mr. Choate, Whig in politics, and several days, or perhaps weeks, after the speech of Mr. Choate he made an elaborate argument on the same question and on the same side. At the outset of his remarks he stated that it was his uniform rule not to listen to speeches upon the same side of a question that he intended to discuss, as he wished to be conscious of feeling that no part of his argument had been anticipated by others; but, said he, 'I was compelled to depart from this rule once during this debate. The member from Massachusetts rose to speak, and, in accordance with my custom, I took my hat to leave, lingering a moment just to notice the tone of his voice and the manner of his speech. But that moment was fatal to my resolution. I became charmed by the music of his voice, and was captivated by the power of his eloquence, and found myself wholly unable to move until the last word of his beautiful speech had been uttered.'"

1841 he was chosen to the United States Senate, and there made speeches on the Oregon question, in reply to Mr. Buchanan, on the tariff, on the annexation of Texas, and for further remedial justice in the Court of the United States. Although his Masonic brother, Henry Clay, and he had a sharp contest in the Senate, Mr. Clay spoke of him with poetic enthusiasm, saying that "he carried him right along as if on a beautiful stream, with flowers and songs."

In the midst of his Senatorial duties he forgot not his home. Thus writes he:

"To Rufus Choate, Jr.

My Dear Rufus—Your mother and dear sisters have you so far away, that I want to put my own arm around your neck, and, having whispered a little in your ear, give you a kiss. I hope, first, that you are good, and next, that you are well and studious, and among the best scholars. If that is so, I am willing you should play every day, after or out of school, till the blood is ready to burst from your cheeks. Do not play with bad boys. Love good ones. Love your teacher, and and see if you cannot go to the head of your own age of boys. I expect to find all of you grown. If I find the beautiful feelings and bright minds grown too, I shall leap for joy. Give my love to all. Tell only truth, and be just, kind and courageous. Good-bye, my darling boy."

1845 he returned to his profession. 1847 he was a Regent of the Smithsonian Institute, and largely contributed to shape its success.

1848 he was elected a Professor in the Law School of Harvard, but declined. 1850 he made a visit to Europe, and attended several Lodges while abroad. 1852 he was appointed Attorney-General of Massachusetts. This he accepted, not for its emoluments, which were inconsiderable, while the labor was great, but partly because he considered it an honorable position, and in part because he was desirous of being freed from a certain class of distasteful cases which he did not feel quite at liberty to decline.

On the 3d of May, 1853, the third convention of the delegates from Massachusetts met in Boston to revise the Constitution of the State. The subjects brought into discussion were fundamental to the being and prosperity of States. In this dignified and weighty assembly, Mr. Choate spoke on some of the most important questions, and never without commanding the highest respect.

During this summer and in the midst of various distracting public and professional duties, he caught time as he could for preparing the eulogy upon Mr. Webster. How he wrote it may be inferred from a little anecdote furnished by one who subsequently became a member of his family by marrying his youngest daughter. "I returned from Europe," he says, "in 1853, and reached Boston the 7th of July. I went to Mr. Choate's house about 9 o'clock that evening, and found him in his chamber, reclining in bed in a half-sitting posture. On his knees rested an atlas, lying obliquely; in his left hand he held a lamp, while another was balanced on a book; in his right hand was his pen. He playfully excused himself for not shaking hands with me, saying that he feared the sharp reproaches of Mrs. C. if he should, by any mischance, spill the oil. On my asking him what, at that time of night, and in that singular position, he was doing, he said he was trying to get a few things together to say at Dartmouth College in relation to Mr. Webster. He had put it off so long, he said, was so hampered with work at his office, and had to give so much time to the Constitutional Convention, then in session, that he had almost made up his mind to write to the officers of the College, asking to be let off. 'If I deliver it,' he added, 'it will be wholly inadequate to the theme.' He did deliver it, however; but he said to me the day before he went to Dartmouth, that any friend of his would stay away, for although so much time was given to write it in, it was one of the most hurried things he had ever done."

1850, Prof. Greenleaf, author of "Evidence," remarked that "in a civil or criminal case, taking law and fact into view, as they were to be presented in presence of a jury, Choate was more terrible than Webster."

He declined several times the proffer of the bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and the Attorney-Generalship of the United States. Of the proffer to fill the place of Judge Curtis on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, he replied: "Washington is very attractive; but not Washington shut up in the lobby and on the bench of the Supreme Court."

Only a few years before his death he remarked to a friend, "I am reading over again Coke upon Littleton. He is an enthusiast in the old law, and I want him to inspire my enthusiasm."

In September, 1854, Mr. Choate delivered the address at the dedication of the Peabody Institute in South Danvers, an institution founded by the munificence of Geo. Peabody, Esq., of London, and from the first was regarded with great interest by Mr. Choate, who watched with sincere pleasure the prosperity of the town where he commenced his professional life, and which conferred upon him his first honors.

His most brilliant lecture was on "The Sea." His most brilliant political addresses were those of 1848 to 1852, urging the nomination of Webster and then the election of Harrison.

Who that heard him will forget his allusions to Diogenes with his lantern, and his description of the search of the Whigs for an honest man; and how on a distant battle-field, in a stranger land, they lifted the canvas of a tattered tent, through whose torn peak the stars were glimmering, and there in the old war-stained hero before them they found the object of their search and hopes. And how the old cradle of Faneuil Hall rocked and rang again and again as he described the modest conqueror of Buena Vista. And what a gleam of boyish delight rushed over his features as, remembering he was speaking in Boston, which calls itself "Athens," he shouted out, "Why, he's got a library, and reads it like Julius Cæsar in his tent, and he writes a better letter to-day than Arthur, Duke of Wellington."

It was either in this speech or the one of the next March, 1852, that he closed a highly-wrought peroration by a singularly homely and practical illustration which exemplified the startling anti-climax which was always one of his oratoric weapons. When, in summing the thoughts which for an hour he had hurled upon the crowded audience surging in the vast hall before him, he reached what appeared to be the acme of powerful eulogium upon Webster, he suddenly stopped, threw himself forward in the attitude in which a sailor would heave on rope on the ship's deck. "Now, boys!" he exclaimed, "don't you think he'd be a good pilot?" There was a loud response from the crowd. "Then all together now, and heave him on to the quarter-deck," and amid tumultuous cheering the orator sat down.

1855 he received an injury from a sprain and a fall, while arguing a case at Dedham. His leg became inflamed, an abscess formed, and a surgical operation was finally performed upon his limb. This was the first deadly blow to his great powers.

He was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and of the New England Historic and Genealogical Society. He was engaged in many schemes for popular enlightenment of a literary, scientific, or practical character.

The Masonic career of Mr. Choate will be more particularly noticed in the next number.

(To be continued.)

FOR WHOM SHALL MASONS PRAY?

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Pray thou for all who living tread
Upon this earth of graves;
For all whose weary pathways lead
Among the winds and waves;
For him who madly takes delight
In pomp of silken mantle bright,
Or swiftness of a horse;
For those who, laboring, suffer still,
Coming or going—doing ill—
Or on their heavenward course.

Pray thou for him who nightly sins
Until the day dawns bright—
Who at eve's hour of prayer begins
His dance and banquet light;
Whose impious orgies wildly ring,
Whilst pious hearts are offering
Their prayers at twilight dim;
And who, those vespers all forgot,
Pursues his sin, and thinketh not
God also heareth *him*.

Child! pray for all the poor beside:
The prisoner in his cell,
And those who in the city wide
With crimes and misery dwell;
For the wise sage who thinks and dreams;
For him who impiously blasphemes
Religion's holy law,
Pray thou—for prayer is infinite;
Thy faith may give the scorner light,
Thy prayer forgiveness draw.

FRAGMENT.

BY BRO. FOWLER, OF HILL GROVE LODGE, TEXAS.

I loved her for the lily white,
I loved her for the red,
I loved her for the mirthful light
That o'er her beauty spread.

The moon was never half so fair,
Nor silvery rays of sky,
Nor jetting drops, from melting air,
As tear-drops from her eye.

Fondly I clasped her to my heart,
She promised to be mine;
'Twas then we vowed us ne'er to part:
Our hearts beat happy chime.

The woodland song of zephyr air
Sang sweetly round our troth,
And spotless rays of moonlight fair
Shone brightly o'er us both.

Then sealed the stars our pledges true
As Mason's vow of love,
When scans his eye, o'er azure blue,
The DOTTED SPHERE ABOVE.

AN OLD MASONIC SONG.

Although composed in the last century, not unappropriate for the year 1867.

ON THE REVIVAL OF MASONRY.

When Masonry expiring lay
By knaves and fools rejected,
Without one hope, one cheering ray,
By worthless fools neglected,
Fair virtue fled,
Truth hung her head,
O'erwhelm'd in deep confusion;
Sweet friendship, too,
Her smiles withdrew!
From this best institution.

Columbia's sons determined then
Freemasonry to cherish;
They rous'd her into life again,
And bid fair science flourish.
Now Virtue bright,
Truth robed in white,
With Friendship hither hastens;
All go in hand
To bless the band
Of upright Cornish Masons.

Since Masonry's revived once more,
Pursue her wise directions;
Let circumspection go before,
And virtue square your actions;
Unite your hands
In Friendship's bands,
Supporting one another;
With honest heart
Fair Truth impart
To every faithful brother.

Let coxcombs grin and critics sneer
While we are blithe and jolly;
Let fops despise the badge we wear,
We laugh at all their folly.
Let empty fools
Despise our rules,
By Jove, we ne'er will heed them;
Say what they will,
We're Masons still,
And will support our freedom!

But may kind heaven's gracious hand
Still regulate each action:
May every Lodge securely stand
Against the storm of faction;
May Love and Peace
Each day increase,
Throughout this happy nation;
May they extend
Till all shall end
In one great conflagration!

THE WORKING MEN.

The noblest men I know on earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil,
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the wood and till the soil;
And win thereby a prouder name
Than follows kings' or warriors' fame.

The working men, whate'er the task,
Who carve the stone or bear the hod,
They bear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God;
And worthier are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the nobleworking men,
Who rear the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines, who build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main;
God bless them! for their toiling hands
Have wrought the glory of the lands.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XLII.—ANTOINE'S NARRATIVE.

Towards the close of a bright February afternoon, about a month after the events related in the foregoing chapter, a man, well wrapped up from the weather, might have been seen toiling slowly through the park on his way to Belair. To the footman who answered his imperative ring at the side-door he gave a parcel, done up in brown paper, and sealed with several great splashes of red wax, and charged him to deliver the same without delay into the hands of Lady Spencelaugh, and of no one but her; and then adding that no answer was required, he slunk away from the door, and was presently swallowed up in the dusky park, seeming to melt into and become a portion of the dim shadows that were mustering so thickly under the branches of the old trees.

The packet, on being opened, was found to contain Lady Spencelaugh's stolen jewels; not a single stone was missing. Beside the stolen property, there was a letter addressed to her Ladyship, written in French, by Antoine Gaudin, but too lengthy to be given here in its entirety. Of its chief points, however, as explanatory of certain events narrated in the earlier chapters of this history, the following may be taken as a free translation; although it was difficult, here and there, to make out the sense of the original, owing to Antoine's execrable writing, and his curious method of spelling, based, apparently, on some phonetic system of his own.

MY LADY—In the interests of human nature in general, and of the late lamented Monsieur Henri Duplessis in particular, it is requisite that the underwritten explanation of certain events as drawn up by me, Antoine Gaudin, be read with serious attention by your Ladyship. It is a justification to the world of the great heart that has gone from among us. For, alas, Madame, my dearly loved master is no more! My eyes are wet as I write these words. But for the moment, I put sentiment, the generous, the profound, on one side, and will try to set down what I have got to say after the fashion you English love so much—in a "business-like way." (Ah, the droll phrase!)

Monsieur Henri Duplessis was born in Canada, of a noble French family, that emigrated to that country about a century ago. My mother was his foster-mother, and I was his foster-brother, and so I learned to love him, and devoted myself to his fortunes through life. M. Henri's parents both died when he was quite young; and when he came of age, he found himself master of a handsome fortune, with all the inclination to enjoy it. At that time, he was young, ardent, generous, and impulsive, and as handsome as Apollo's self. We—that is, he and I—set out on our travels; and first we determined to see whatever the American States could show us that was worthy of our regards. To my dear master, after the studious and secluded life to which he had been condemned during his youth, New York seemed a very paradise of delights, and he tasted every pleasure that it had to offer him. Grown tired after a time of city-life, he determined to study nature in some of her wilder moods, and man in some of his more primitive aspects, and we set out for the Far West. It was while we were taking this journey, on our way to the prairies, at a little town in one of the Western States, that my dear master first encountered the evil genius of his life in the person of Marie Fevriez. Marie was an actress, born in America, of French parents; young and enchanting enough at that time, I must admit, with a certain devil's beauty about her, which had for M. Henri an irresistible but fatal attraction. It was on the stage that he first saw her. She was performing her great part in a piece adapted from the French, entitled *La Chatte Rouge*, in in which she appeared in a flame-colored robe, and in a certain dark scene with real phosphorescent flames playing about her head; and acted a sort of beneficent fiend, avenging her own wrongs, and those of the good people of the play at the same time. She was not an actress that would please a first-class audience; she lacked both education and refinement; but she was not without power of a certain kind, and was much run after in the rough country towns where she generally played.

Well, my master fell in love with *La Chatte* at first sight. It was not difficult for a man in his position to obtain an introduction to her, and he was not less fascinated when he saw her off the stage. Certainly she was a splendid animal at that time. My master made love ardently, proved to her the extent of his fortune, overwhelmed her with lavish presents, and ended by asking her to become his wife, and accompany him to Europe

In a brief three weeks from the night on which he first saw her they were husband and wife.

They went to Europe, but I was left behind. Madame did not like me, and I did not like Madame; and M. Henri was so infatuated just then that he was persuaded into giving me my *congé*. They spent five years on the continent, at the end of which time Monsieur returned to his country, beggared in purse, and separated from his wife; and little by little the wretched story came out. Gambling and extravagance of every kind, leading by easy steps to bankruptcy and general ruin, and combined therewith the bitter certainty that the woman he had loved with such foolish madness had only cared for him for his money—and to his proud spirit that was the bitterest stroke of all. My master was a man of strong passions—a hot lover and fierce hater—and he now hated the woman to whom he was chained for life with a depth of hatred equal to the love he had formerly borne her. Of all his fortune, nothing now remained to him but a little farm in a wild part of the country, and thither he and I now retired from the world, and spent three or four quiet years. Those years at Petit-Maison I believe to have been the happiest of my dear master's life. No longer able to move in that society which he loved so much, and of which he had ever been so bright an ornament, he fell into his new and narrow mode of life with the native cheerfulness of a true gentleman, whom nothing can really disturb so long as he retains his faith in himself. He looked after his farm, and read his books; and, by way of variety, he and I would often go on long fishing excursions to the lakes. But by-and-by an aunt of M. Henri died, and left him another fortune—a little one, this time, and by no means equal to the fortune he had spent; and with it came the desire to go out once more into the world and resume his position in society. Of Madame he had heard nothing positive for a long time. We only knew that she had taken to her old mode of life, and was wandering somewhere among the outlying States with an itinerant troop of players. Among his friends in Toronto and Montreal, it was, of course, known that M. Henri had been married; but as no one there had ever seen his wife, and as it was known that he had been living *en garçon* for the last three or four years, people concluded that Madame was dead, and, for reasons of his own, my dear master was desirous that such a belief should be universally adopted. What, then, was our surprise and disgust when, one morning, about a fortnight after our arrival at Montreal, Madame Marie turned up at our hotel, and demanded to see M. Henri. To deny her was out of the question. By some means, best known to herself, she had heard that my master was once more a rich man, and she had come with the intention of doing her best to ruin him for the second time. She demanded one of two things: either to be acknowledged as the wife of M. Duplessis, and received as such by his friends, or else to be subsidized by a sum equivalent to half his annual income, on condition that she kept the marriage secret and never entered Canada again.

To no other terms would the harpy listen; and my master was fain, at last, to accede to her second proposition, and so rid himself of her presence forever. Having settled everything so much to her advantage, she set out on her return to the States, but had only left Montreal for a few hours when she was seized with illness so severe as to be unable to continue her journey. An address found on her person caused my master to be sent for; and on reaching the hotel where she lay we found her far gone in a severe attack of brain fever. She ran a close race for her life. Ultimately she recovered; but the fever had left her with a twist of the brain which made it doubtful whether she would ever be fit to mingle with sane people again. It seems that there was a hereditary taint of insanity in her family, and now the blight had fallen upon her. My master had her placed in a private asylum, kept by a man of the name of Van Goost; and it was fully understood between them that Madame was to be considered as insane during the remainder of her life; Van Goost, in fact, constituted himself her jailer for life, for which service he was of course handsomely paid.

After this little episode M. Henri, accompanied by your humble servant, set out for Europe for the second time; and it was in the course of this tour that we first had the honor of meeting your ladyship and the late excellent Sir Philip. Your ladyship knows how the acquaintance began; how we all came to England together; how my master took up his residence at Lilac Lodge; and what a great favorite he was with Sir Philip. It was some time before this that the brilliant idea had first struck him which he now began to elaborate carefully. Marie was shut up for life; he himself was to all intents and purposes a free man; he would marry an heiress, and make his own fortune and mine at the same time. Ah, the beautiful scheme! it was worthy the genius of M. Henri. The charming Mademoiselle Frederica was the object of his adoration; and he would have married her, Madame, as surely as you read these lines (and what an excellent husband he would have made her! for he had the good, the noble heart), but for a most unhappy accident. That accident was the escape of *La Chatte Rouge* from the custody of the Herr Van Goost. She got into Van Goost's private room the night she went away, and ransacked his papers till she found a letter containing M. Henri's address in England; and in less than a month from that night she arrived at Kingsthorpe Station. She was disagreeable at first, and seemed inclined to spoil everything; but ultimately she fell into M. Henri's views, and agreed to pass as his sister, but insisted upon being introduced as such to his friends at Belair. With an understanding to this effect, my master left for Belair; but to introduce this uncultured creature, who required winding up with cognac every morning, and whose manners and conversation had a coarse, theatrical tinge, as his sister to the refined and courtly Sir Philip, and to the beautiful miss who was to be his wife, was more than he could bear to do. In this emergency Antoine proved himself a useful ally.

On the third day of Madame's stay at Kingsthorpe M. Henri went to fetch her away, on pretense of taking her to more comfortable apartments in a neighboring town. He drove her round by way of the old coast road, as being more lonely and suitable for the purpose he had in view. Half-way along this road, in a curve of the moors, there lay perdue a covered cart, in attendance on which were your humble servant and another individual whom it is unnecessary to name. Madame was evidently distrustful of M. Henri's intentions; and when, shortly after leaving Kingsthorpe, her nose began to bleed, her superstitious nature at once put down that little incident as a bad omen, and she implored him to take her back; but he only laughed at her ridiculous fancies, as he called them, and drove on faster. When opposite the spot where we lay hidden, M. Henri requested Madame to alight, on the plea that something was wrong with one of the wheels of the gig. She got down and seated herself on the grass, close by the spot known as Martell's Leap. The signal agreed upon as a summons to us who were in hiding was a shrill whistle. The signal was so long in coming that I grew curious at last, and popped my head over a hillock to see how affairs were progressing; when what should I see but Monsieur and Madame struggling together like two mad people, and apparently trying which could throw the other over the precipice. One of them was really mad, and that was Madame, as we were not long in discovering, when we succeeded in separating them, which we did only just in time—another minute would have seen one or both of them tumbled from the cliff. Madame's old malady had suddenly come back upon her as she sat there upon the grass; and when M. Henri approached her she sprang up and seized him by the throat, and swore that she would fling him over the precipice. "In the sudden surprise of such an attack I forgot everything except the very proper design to keep my neck unbroken," said M. Henri, afterwards. "I forgot entirely that a single cry for help would have brought you two worthy fellows to my assistance; and I believe I should have gone over the cliff in grim silence, had you not appeared just at that last opportune moment which is always provided in plays and romances for the rescue of virtue in distress."

It was a raving mad woman, tied tightly down among the straw at the bottom of the light cart, that we took that evening across the moors to a certain house, where her coming as a sane woman had been provided for. Shut up here from the world, she was at liberty to be mad or not, as pleased her best; what would be her ultimate fate was a question left open for future decision. She was removed from my master's path, and M. Henri was now at liberty to act as though no such creature were in existence.

Who was the writer of the mysterious letter received by my master one night about two months after Madame Marie had been so judiciously disposed of? That is a question which neither M. Henri nor I was ever able to answer. It was a letter written under a wrong impression—written under the impression that M. Henri had committed a murder; warning him that his crime was discovered, and that the police were on his track, and advising him to flee while he had yet an opportunity of doing so. He did flee—not that he was guilty of the crime imputed to him, but because his staying would have involved the discovery to the world of that dark secret which he had been at such pains to hide from it; and, as he afterwards confessed, he lacked the courage to go through such an ordeal. His hopes were crushed at one fell blow; the edifice which he had been patiently building for so long a time had crumbled into ruins at his feet; and there was nothing left for him but to get away as quickly as possible. He lay hid in London for several weeks, and then he ventured down to Monkshire in disguise, and took up his abode for a time in the very house where his mad wife was shut up, and there I joined him. By this time his second fortune was almost gone, for without being extravagant in any way his expenses had been heavy; and so long as the prospect of a wealthy marriage lured him on, he hardly cared how his money went. But it was now, when the dreadful eyes of poverty were staring him in the face, that the happy genius of M. Henri showed at its brightest. He conceived a brilliant scheme, which, if it proved successful, would rehabilitate his broken fortunes at a single *coup*. You, Madame, as the victim of that plot, are scarcely perhaps the proper person to appreciate its brilliancy; but I will venture to state that no disinterested person could become acquainted with its details, without passing a eulogy on the daring and ingenuity with which its every step was characterized.

How we sped that night at Belair your ladyship knows as well as he who writes these lines, for your two visiters were none other than M. Henri Duplessis and Antoine Gaudin; and the survivor of the two now craves your pardon for the violence which the necessities of the case compelled him to resort to. We had succeeded, M. Henri and I, almost beyond our expectations: the gems which my master had on his person when we left Belair that night, would, in that New World to which we were bound, have formed the nucleus of the large fortune which M. Henri had determined on devoting all his future energies to building up; and that he would have succeeded, who that knew him could gainsay? But for him no such bright future was ever to dawn. We were walking across the moors on our way home, when that wretch—the tigress—that fiend incarnate, who with devilish cunning had contrived to make her escape, suddenly confronted my master, who was walking a short distance in front of me; and before I had time to interfere in any way he was no longer among the living. The precise mode of his death it is needless to detail here. It is sufficient to say that that woman was his murderess; and had I been able to reach her at the time, she would not have escaped with life. My dear master lies buried under the wild moorland: these hands dug his grave, and these eyes were the last that looked on him before the turf was laid over his head that covered him up from human ken for ever. It was better so; all the "inquests" in the world could not have brought him back to life for a single moment; and he will sleep none the worse in that he does not rest under the shadow of one of your churches. I return you the gems and other articles borrowed by M. Duplessis from your ladyship. Now that his dear master is dead, Antoine cares not to retain them.

From this narrative your ladyship will perceive how largely M. Duplessis was the victim of unfortunate circumstances; and, remembering this, you will not fail to do him justice in your recollections. You, Madame, know what he was in society—how handsome, how witty, how accomplished; but the silver lining of his character—his goodness, his generosity, the thorough nobility of his disposition, can never, alas! be known fully to any one but to him who writes these lines—that is to say, Madame, to your ladyship's humble and devoted servant,

ANTOINE GAUDIN.

CHAPTER XLIII.—P. P. C.

Pour prendre congé. Yes, we have at length reached that point of our narrative at which nothing is left for the story-teller to do, save to tie up the knots of a few scattered threads, and bid his readers a kindly farewell.

Lady Spencelaugh never rallied from the effects of the ill treatment she received at the hands of Duplessis and his accomplice, and the subsequent hour of awful suspense, when death, in one of his most terrible aspects, stared her in the face. Her nervous system had been over-taxed, too, by the mental excitement of the few preceding weeks, culminating in her confession in the vault, and now that he whom she had too credulously believed to be dead had made his appearance once more on the scene, and had, indeed, saved her life at the risk of his own, it seemed to the lone miserable woman that there was nothing left worth living for, and that the sooner she was done with the world and its vanities the better for every one. The one great scheme of her life was irretrievably wrecked, and all her earthly hopes were drowned with it.

For the four days following the night of her rescue she lay in bed, and refused to see any one but the lady who took her her meals, interdicting both Gaston and Mrs. Winch from entering her room; but on the morning of the fifth day she sent for John and her son.

"I have sent for you, Sir Arthur Spencelaugh," she said, turning on the young man a worn, wan face, "to ask your forgiveness for the great wrong I have done you, and to claim your kind offices for Gaston when I shall be no more. You will believe me when I say that my son was utterly ignorant of his mother's crime. What I did was done to benefit him, but he knew nothing of the base means by which my ends were to be accomplished. For myself, I think that during the little remaining time that is left me here, it would be a comfort to me to know that you had forgiven me.

That you are brave, I have had ample proof, and brave natures are always generous."

John had flushed at hearing himself thus acknowledged as Sir Arthur Spencelaugh, but the feeling which had evoked the rush of color quickly died away, and both his eyes and voice were full of grave tenderness as he answered Lady Spencelaugh.

"For whatever wrong or injury your ladyship may at any time have done me," he said, "I pray you to accept my full and entire forgiveness. Let such wrong be as utterly forgotten between us as though it had never existed. You were my father's wife, Lady Spencelaugh, and that fact renders you sacred in my eyes, and in time to come, I trust that you will allow me to regard you with somewhat of the respect and devotion due from a son to a mother; from this day try to remember that you have two children. And as for Gaston here," he added, turning towards the sullen young man standing on the opposite side of the bed, "I admit that it must seem very hard for him to be dispossessed by a stranger of what he has been brought up to look upon as his own. But I hope that after a little time he will learn to look upon that stranger as a brother, and in any case he will find that I am not disposed to act ungenerously by him."

Gaston pretended not to see the proffered hand. "But the proofs," he said, in an aggrieved voice, addressing his mother. "Mr. Greenhough told me no longer ago than yesterday afternoon, that the proofs of the identity of this—this gentleman, with the person he states himself to be, were by no means clear at present. It seems to me that we are getting on a little too fast, just now."

"This gentleman is Arthur Spencelaugh, your father's eldest son," said her Ladyship, solemnly, to Gaston. "Whatever further proofs Mr. Greenhough may think proper to ask for, cannot alter that fact. I committed a great crime, Gaston, to benefit you, as I thought; but I now charge you earnestly not to perpetuate that crime by striving to ignore facts which must ultimately be acknowledged by the world. I tell you again, this is Sir Arthur Spencelaugh, and your brother."

"Your son is right, Lady Spencelaugh," said John. "In his position he has no right to accept anything on hearsay. I will meet him to-morrow, together with Mr. Greenhough, and will lay before them such proofs that I really am the person I claim myself to be, as cannot, I think, be met by any reasonable doubt."

Accordingly, the three met together next morning, when John entered into a detailed account of the result of his visit to America, which account, as far as it now concerns us, may be compressed into a few sentences. John's first efforts had been directed to finding Ike Yarnold, the old squatter, to whose charge he had been committed by Kreefe, and in this attempt he had happily succeeded. The old man recognized John before the latter spoke to him, and when he was made to understand the service that was required at his hands, and satisfied that no harm should happen to himself, he at once agreed to go before the mayor of the nearest town, and there have his deposition as to the identity of John taken in proper form. The only son of Yarnold now living at home, also deposed before the same functionary to the identity of John with the youth who had lived under his father's roof for so many years. Before leaving, the old squatter presented John with two or three faded notes written by Kreefe, and all referring more or less to "the boy," which notes had been treasured up by Ike, as the only post letters he had ever received in his life. Encouraged by this first success, John's next effort was directed to finding out the particular Mullinsville to which, if the information given him by an old inhabitant of Willsburg might be relied upon, the Kreefes had removed on their departure from the latter place. Mullinsville, in the State of Massachusetts, proved to be the town of which he was in quest. Here he had little difficulty in picking up ample particulars respecting the Kreefes. The little property possessed by Barbara at her death had been bequeathed by her to one of the charitable institutions of the town. Her furniture had been sold by auction, and the broker who had purchased the greater portion of it, hearing that an Englishman was making inquiries respecting Kreefe and his wife, brought John a lot of papers which he had found in the secret drawer of an old bureau bought by him at the sale, and which had doubtless escaped the notice of Barbara when she made a holocaust of her husband's letters. Some of the documents thus strangely recovered proved to be of no small value to John. Among them were several receipts given by Yarnold to Kreefe for sums paid to him for the maintenance of the boy entrusted to his care. Besides these, there were two or three letters from Martha Winch to her brother, in which the same subject was guardedly alluded to, in connection with several references to a certain "Lady S." The broker made no difficulty about parting with these documents for a small consideration, nor of further annexing to them a written statement, duly witnessed, stating by what means they had come into his possession. Armed thus with a double set of proofs, John at once made his way back to England.

"We have by no means a bad case, in a legal point of view," said Mr. Greenhough to Lady Spencelaugh, when he went to visit her at the close of his interview with John. "We have possession in our favor, and that goes a long way. The armor of this Mr. John English is by no means armor of proof; there are several flaws in it, and if your Ladyship——"

"No, no, Mr. Greenhough!" said Lady Spencelaugh, vehemently. "I tell you this gentleman is the man he professes to be, and you are as well aware of it as I am. Knowing what you do, would you drag this wretched business into a court of law, and call up me to give evidence on oath? How could Gaston ever hold up his head among honorable men again? You have been a faithful friend, Mr. Greenhough, and I thank you from my heart; but this must not be; no, never—never!"

And thus it fell out at last that Sir Arthur Spencelaugh stepped into his title and estates as quietly and easily as though no one had ever dreamed of disputing his claim to those possessions. The few people who knew the real truth of the matter found it to their interest to keep a close tongue thereon, and the world, ever ready to welcome a story with a spice of romance in it, was not difficult to satisfy. The eldest son of the late Sir Philip Spencelaugh had been abducted in childhood, and Sir Philip and his wife had been led to believe him dead; but the naughty people who had taken him away ever so many years ago, having confessed their crime, he had come back, to be welcomed with open arms by Lady Spencelaugh, and to be gracefully bowed into the seat of honor by the chivalrous Gaston, who had at once ceded his new-found honors to the long-lost heir. Thus the rumor ran, and to rumors three-fourths of mankind are ever ready to pin their faith, facts being such awkward things to get at. So the world of polite society, figuratively speaking, opened its arms to welcome the long-lost Sir Arthur, and would doubtless have welcomed him to its heart also, but that such an incumbrance forms no part of its anatomy.

Lady Spencelaugh lingered on for several weeks, growing weaker from day to day, fading out of life like a lamp that dies slowly, but surely, for lack of oil. Frederica was with her almost constantly, and the bond between these two women, so soon to be severed by the hand of death, had more strength and vitality in it during these few latter days than it had had during all the years that went before. Gaston, restless and moody, lounged in and out of his mother's room a dozen times a day. He was the last person in the house to apprehend the loss that was coming upon him; he never thought otherwise than that a few weeks would see his mother's health as completely re-established as he ever remembered it to have been, for his mother had been a semi-invalid as long as he could recollect, till Frederica broke the truth to him only two days before the end.

Sir Arthur, too, was a frequent and welcome visiter in that little room. All that had passed between Lady Spencelaugh and himself in past days seemed as completely forgotten as though it had never been, and the dying woman's eyes lighted up with true pleasure whenever he entered the room.

"What love and tender regard might have been mine through all these weary years!" she said, on almost the last morning of her life. "But I threw them willfully away to grasp at a bauble, which turned to ashes in my hand the moment I thought it was my own."

Gaston had no reason to complain of any want of generosity on the part of Sir Arthur. The weight of debt that had hung like a millstone around his neck, was at once cleared off, a liberal allowance was settled on him, and, at his own request, a commission was procured for him in a regiment which shortly afterwards was ordered abroad. With all his faults and follies, there was some sterling stuff in the young man. He has seen good service already, has lost an arm and won a captaincy. Last time he was down in Monkshire he was lionized to his heart's content; and had he been matrimonially inclined, he might have had the pick of half the girls in the county. He and Sir Arthur are on the best of terms, and it was only the other week, in the smoking-room of a certain house where both of us happened to be visiting, and towards the small hours of the morning, that Captain Spencelaugh, in a moment of confidence, spoke his mind to the present chronicler as follows: "Tell you what, my boy, it was a deuced good thing for this child that the title and estates went from him in the way they did. I should have made ducks and drakes of the property, as sure as eggs are eggs, and have done no credit to an old name. But look at me now. Having to fight my way up has done me all the good in the world. I've made myself known in a small way; I've as much tin as I want and more; I'm liked by a heap of fellows and I've got the best brother in the world. Yes, Arthur is a brother to be proud of, and I *am* proud of him."

Belair was not burned down. The fire did not extend beyond the wing where it originated, and which had been at once picturesque and uncomfortable. A new wing, more suited to the requirements of modern living, and more in accord, architecturally, with the rest of the mansion, rose before long on the spot made vacant by the fire.

A week or two after Lady Spencelaugh's death, Mrs. Winch, having disposed of her business by secret treaty, departed suddenly from Normanford, and was no more seen by the inhabitants of that little town. It was supposed that she had emigrated to New Zealand, where it was known she had relatives living; and in the lack of positive information we may accept this supposition as correct.

Of Jane Garrod, what can I say, except that the master of Belair never ceased to remember how much he owed to her indefatigable exertions in his behalf? In a worldly point of view, he could do nothing for either her or Abel, simply because they were in want of nothing. The situation held by Abel suited his tastes exactly, and was quite up to the height of his abilities, while his income, small though it was, was more than sufficient to meet the inexpensive tastes of Jane and himself. Of worldly store or increase, they stood in no need, but Sir Arthur and Frederica could give them what they valued still higher, true friendship, and that was given without grudging; none of the ordinary conventional barriers of society were allowed to touch, however remotely, the bond of genuine friendship existing between the inhabitants of Belair and the humble dwellers in the little station-house at Kingsthorpe.

Of Antoine the faithful, authentic tidings have come to hand quite recently; Sir Arthur, while in London a few months ago, recognized the ex-valet in the street, without being seen himself, and had the curiosity to follow him for half a mile, till he tracked him into a small café near Leicester square, of which place Antoine and his brother proved, on inquiry, to be the joint proprietors. Behind the counter, and flanked by two huge jars of chocolate and sweetmeats, and effulgent in the lustre of black satin and cheap jewelry, sat Clotilde the imperious, less blooming and more vicious-looking than of old. Believing, as he did, that Antoine had never been anything more than a willing instrument in the hands of his master, and glad to find that he had now taken to an honest mode of getting a living, Sir Arthur was well pleased to leave him in peace, and go unobserved on his way.

But one more duty remains to be done before the green curtain comes down, and that is to bring my hero and heroine together for the last time in front of the stage, that, hand in hand, they may make their bow to the audience. That they two—Arthur and Frederica—would inevitably come together, that nothing but death could them part, might be predicated without fear of contradiction from what had gone before. But it is too late in the day for me to report any of the little love passages between them, or set down any of their foolish-wise speeches or tender confessions one to the other; neither can I undertake to furnish any detailed account of the wedding which followed in due course; indeed, I am so wofully ignorant in these matters, that I could not even tell you what the bridesmaids wore on the happy occasion. We may, however, take one last peep at them on the threshold of their new life, before bidding them farewell.

It is a pleasant autumn evening, the evening of the day of their return from their wedding tour. Sir Arthur and Frederica have dined quietly together without company, and now, just as the sun is beginning to dip behind the great Belair woods, and all the western front of the old hall glows, and winks, and basks in the golden light, as though it were alive, they come stepping through the open windows of the dining-room on to the shaven lawn outside, and plucking here and there a flower as they go, they wind slowly down till they come to a moss-grown wicket, and so pass out into the park, the great reaches of which are checkered with light or shade, as the trees stand open or close. A few leaves scattered here and there on the yellow footway, that fades into a thread in the dim distance, speak of the year's fruition and the fulfillment of many hopes; and as the new lord of Belair and his wife pace slowly under the overarching trees, the ever-busy squirrel peers down at them with curious eyes from the upper boughs; from bracken and coppice the timid hare and the sly rabbit peep out at them wonderingly; all the happy songsters of the grove take note of them; the gaudy peacock on the terrace screams a shrill good night ere he shuts up his fan and goes within doors; while the inquisitive deer follow them watchfully from afar.

Frederica's arm is within that of her husband, and she looks up fondly into his face as she speaks. "I am glad we are home again, dear," she says. "With all its attractions, I was beginning to weary of the continent—beginning to long to be back in my own sweet English nest."

"In which I hope that you and I together will pass many, many happy years," answers Sir Arthur; and with that he stoops and kisses his bride, believing himself unseen. But a one-eyed blackbird of misanthropical habits, who happens to be taking the air on the branch of an oak close by, is a witness of the sweet transaction, and resolves to consult his brother rook in the morning concerning this curious custom of the unfeathered bipeds.

"You remember that day at Naples," says Frederica, "when we sat in the balcony outside our hotel, and discussed our plans for the future; what improvements of various kinds we were to try to effect; the good we were to strive to do in many ways, and the general rule that was to regulate our life and conduct, as far as such things can be regulated for a future of which we know so little; do you remember the evening I speak of?"

"Perfectly," answers Sir Arthur. "I seemed to know you better from that hour."

"And all these resolves, hopes, and wishes still hold good in both our minds," resumes Frederica; "but I sometimes fear that the corrosion which wealth and ease so often bring with them will not be without its effect upon us; that our good intentions will lose their edge, and slowly rust into inefficiency; that all our fine resolutions and philanthropical schemes, having no vital principle of necessity at the back of them, will never bear fruit, but wither one by one, and die of inanition; and that as you and I grow in years, we shall gradually fade into a couple of good-natured nonentities, living for ourselves alone; not actively selfish, so long as our own little comforts are not interfered with; charitable to a certain extent, but charitable without trouble; and coming at last to a state of mind that will look back upon all the schemes, hopes, and resolutions of which we are brimful just now, as upon the wild day-dreams of two children, who looked out at the world and all its belongings through the rose-colored spectacles of youth and love. Does the dread of such a future never haunt you?"

"Never," replied Sir Arthur, decisively. "I cannot conceive of myself as coming to such a pass; and with you by my side, I shall feel doubly armed against it. Genteel sloth has been the ruin of many a promising life. Let us try to make our lives healthfully active; let us never be without some object to strive for, something to look forward to; and if our ends have not been ignoble ones, so much the better for us when the evening shall come. But see, there is the spire of the little church showing above the trees."

Frederica pressed closer to her husband's arm, and they walked on in silence. They had dedicated this, the first evening of their return, to a visit to the little church where lay the remains of him they both had loved so well. The old sexton was there ready with the keys. In reverent silence they went in. Frederica's cheek was wet with tears when they came out ten minutes later. The autumn mists were rising, and the trees looked dim and ghost-like as they took their way back through the park, neither wholly sorrowful nor wholly glad. So let us leave them.

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Law Intelligence—(Concluded).

SUPREME COURT OF MASONIC PUBLIC OPINION.

Before Chief-Justice "COMMON SENSE."

JEWISH BRETHREN *versus* AMERICAN FREEMASONRY.

Ninth Session.

Charge of Chief-Justice Common Sense to the Jury.

"Before I proceed to sum up the evidence, *pro* and *con.*, which has occupied your attention for so many successive sessions, I deem it necessary to take a bird's-eye view of the history of the fraternity from the period when we can speak of it with certainty. After the subversion of the Roman empire, and the conversion of the barbarians to Christianity, began that epoch known in history as the 'dark ages.' It was a period of lawlessness, ignorance and superstition. The principal robbers of that time were the nobility, who, after becoming satiated with the grossest malpractices, often bethought themselves of repentance. To propitiate the Deity, they were taught that the cheapest way of buying forgiveness was to build and endow churches and monasteries, and make pilgrimages to the Holy Land. This gave rise to the mania of church building, which lasted from about the beginning of the tenth to the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

During that period the Masonic Order flourished all over Europe. It was patronized and protected by nobles, kings, bishops, and even by popes. Being mostly engaged in building churches, and under the strict tutelage of the priesthood, moreover, living in an age when toleration in religion was deemed a crime, it could not be expected that the fraternity of that period could have entertained the broadest principles of liberty of conscience. Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that they were considerably in advance in liberal ideas of the time in which they lived. As an instance, I may mention that, in the Charter of York, framed in the tenth century, no allusion is made to the Trinity. Their invocation began thus: 'All-powerful and eternal God, Father and Creator of heaven and earth,' etc. (Rebold, 'History of Freemasonry,' p. 348).

This clearly proves that the old tolerant maxims of the fraternity did not then become extinct. About this time, or nearly coeval with the beginning of the church building mania, arose the idea of saint patronage. Every individual church, guild and corporation, when the Catholic church held undisputed sway over Europe, including Great Britain, chose some saint as patron, and even bells of Catholic churches and cathedrals (then as now) were baptized with the name of some saint. Every nation had its patron saint; England, her St. George; Wales, St. David; Scotland, St. Andrew; France, St. Denis, etc. It was part of the system of the Roman Catholic church. The idea conveyed according to the Catholic notion of a patron saint was, as I understand it, a kind of a resident ambassador in heaven, whose function was to intercede with his prayers for the welfare of the town or country, and in case of a war it was expected that the saint would help them to vanquish their enemies. In some instances it is recorded that saints were seen mounted on white horses, mid-air, encouraging the armies, and dealing unseen blows to the enemy. It was therefore perfectly natural for the fraternity of Freemasons, according to the notion of the time, to have their saintly ambassador also. And Bro. Steinbrenner, in his excellent and sensible history of Masonry, from which you may derive a great deal of information, states that 'the primitive Lodges, which were under the guidance and supervision of the monks, were frequently termed *fraternities* of *this* or *that saint*. The society at Strasburg bore the appellation of Brothers of St. John.' Whether the St. John was the Baptist, the Evangelist, the Almoner, the fighting knight St. John, or Prestor John, we know not. It is probable that, when a number of builders were engaged for years in building a church that was to be dedicated to a certain saint, for the time being they were called the brethren of that saint. Such is said to have been the case with the builders of the church at Kelso, in Scotland; also with the Lodge of 'Antiquity,' London, at one time known as St. Paul's Lodge, because the brethren were employed by the then G. M. (Sir C. Wren) in erecting St. Paul's Church, and the Lodge was held in St. Paul's churchyard. It is also possible that they may have derived that name from having been extensively employed by the Knights of St. John, whose patron saint was the Baptist. Indeed, it is evident that, up to a recent period, the Baptist's day was the only saint's day they (Masons) celebrated. The connection of the Baptist with the Templars is rather curious. The following is extracted from the 'Penny Magazine,' which may show some cause of the confusion of the legends of the different candidates for the honor of the patronage of the Masons: 'St. John the Baptist was not the original patron of the Hospitallers; at least, the St. John of Jerusalem, adopted by the first devout Italians, who built and served in the hospitals, was neither the Baptist nor the Evangelist, but an inferior saint, a native of Cyprus, surnamed the 'Almoner,' or the 'Charitable,' who had been patriarch of Alexandria, and who, when Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Saracens (in the seventh century), sent money and provisions to the afflicted Christians, and liberally supplied such of them as fled into Egypt. This was a fit patron for an association professing to cure the sick, to lodge the houseless and aid the poor. In 1050, the Christians obtained permission to erect a church in Jerusalem, to which was added two hospitals, one called after St. John and the other after Mary Magdalen. When the Crusades began, the Hospitallers were organized by the Pope, and became a regular military order, to the honors of which none but the great and noble could aspire. It was thought suitable, according to the notions of those times, to choose a saint of higher rank, and, accordingly, John the Baptist was substituted for John the Almoner, and remained ever after the patron of the Knights.' But, notwithstanding that the Strasburg Masons were called the 'Brethren of St. John,' the saint was not alluded to in their constitution. It began thus: 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and of our gracious mother, Mary, and also of her blessed servants, the holy four crowned martyrs of everlasting memory.'

"The English Freemasons also held the four crowned martyrs in high estimation, as the following ancient poem will show:

> As dede these holy martyres fowre,
> That yn this craft were of gret honoure.
> They were as gode Masons as on erthe schul go;
> Gravers and ymage-makers they were also.

It appears, from the foregoing, that those four martyrs were believed to have been operative Masons. Such could not have been the case with the Saints John. It is rather strange that any reasoning man should contend for the truth of the two legends. I mean that of the 'deputation to the Evangelist,' and of the connection of the Essenes with Freemasonry, or the building art, as, up to the period to which I traced the history of the fraternity, the Order was exclusively for operative Masons. With exception of the ecclesiastical and secular patrons, the society was composed wholly of actual workmen. The Reformation put a stop to church building, and the society of builders began to wane. On the European Continent, it was eventually wiped out by the jealousy of Church and State. In England, however, it maintained its existence until the close of the seventeenth century; not, however, without occasionally initiating gentlemen of distinction as members.

"Towards the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, persons who were not operatives began to be admitted as actual members of the Freemasons' fraternity. The records of St. Mary's Lodge, at Edinburgh, inform us that Thomas Boswell, Esq., of Anchinleck, was chosen as Warden of the Lodge in the year 1600; and Elias Ashmole was made a Mason at Warrington, Lancashire, in 1646. After St. Paul's Church was finished, Sir Christopher Wren, who was G. M., neglected the fraternity, the Lodges decreased, and the annual festivals were entirely neglected. The Lodge of 'Antiquity,' then known as the Lodge of St. Paul, finding that the fraternity became useless for the original object as a society of operatives, concluded, as early as 1703, that the privileges of Masonry should no longer be restricted to operative Masons, but to extend it to all professions. It was not, however, until after the death of Sir C. Wren that the rest of the brotherhood in London agreed to that plan. In the year 1717, the members of the four Lodges in London met at the Goose and Gridiron alehouse, organized a Grand Lodge, and elected Mr. Anthony Sayer G. M. The following year Geo. Payne was elected; the third year the Rev. John Theopilus Desagulier. It was not until the fifth year that a nobleman condescended to accept the Grand Mastership. We have thus seen an entire revolution effected in the aim and object of the fraternity. Now, among the records of the fraternity were found charges breathing the most lofty sentiments and the purest morality, among which the sentiments of brotherly love commended itself most to every generous mind. In one of these charges, we find that 'Masonry unites men of every country, sect and opinion, be they what they may.' This charge is, by authority, now appended to the English constitution. Had our brethren then appointed a liberal-minded committee of laymen, to revise the ritual and ceremonies in accordance with those lofty sentiments, and adapt it to the growing philosophical spirit of the age, they doubtless would have expunged from it (if there was anything to expunge) all extraneous matter that would conflict with its profession of *universality*. 'There is an established and unalterable landmark in Masonry,' says Dr. Oliver—'the total absence or exclusion of religious and political controversy.' How can we expect to muzzle controversy or maintain harmony, if theological topics are allowed to be introduced into the work, in which all cannot agree?

"But, unfortunately, at that time the fraternity did not have among its members men of that class. They left the work to be done to two clergymen, and the reverend brethren, however good they doubtless have been, were not prepared to carry out that scheme to its legitimate result. Accordingly, we find in those lectures compiled by Bros. Anderson and Desagulier the three Grand Lights referred to the Trinity, and the 'Lodge of the holy St. John' was alluded to. The Bible, though it was doubtless used to obligate candidates on, did not, in those lectures, form part of the furniture of the Lodge. These lectures were favorably received, and adopted by the G. L. In a few years, however, they became tired of these lectures, and a revision was loudly called for. 'Intelligent brethren,' says Dr. Oliver, 'soon became aware that something more than the repetition of a few set phrases and routine explanations was required to cement the prosperity and perpetuate the existence of the society.' Accordingly, in 1732, Martin Clare was commissioned to draw up an improvement to the last compilation of Anderson and

Desagulier. 'These lectures (of Clare),' says Dr. Oliver, 'enlightened by the addition of a few extracts from the Old and New Testaments, also contained a *simple* allusion to the senses, *and the theological ladder*, with staves or rounds *innumerable*.' Bro. Steinbrenner remarks that, in the Clare lectures, 'The point within a circle *was, for the first time, mentioned.* Three, five and seven *were introduced, and referred to the Christian Trinity*, the human senses, the institution of the Sabbath. Subsequently, the references were changed to the three divisions of the Temple, the five most sacred treasures of the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, and seven years occupied in construction of the Temple. Anderson, in speaking of the winding staircase, referred only to the number seven, and derived the symbolism from the fact that 'Seven or more make a just and perfect Lodge.' As to the 'point within a circle,' he only alluded to it, *almost parenthetically*, when, in describing the *point, line, superficies and solid* as the 'four principles in Masonry,' he explains the *point* as being 'the centre round which a Master cannot err.'' It will be readily seen how, since his day, *this slight idea* has become amplified by modern lecture-makers, beginning with Martin Clare and ending with Thomas Smith Webb. A few years after, the Clare lectures were adopted by the G. L. with applause. The brethren became tired of them in turn, and Thomas Dunckerly was appointed to *revise and improve.* 'To him is ascribed,' says Bro. Steinbrenner, '*the adoption of the lines parallel as symbolic of the two Saints John.*' The theological ladder was *improved with three principal rounds.*' Dr. Oliver says of Dunckerly's lectures, '*In these lectures Dunckerly introduced many types of Christ,*' and endued the ladder with three principal steps as approach to the supernal regions, which he called Faith, Hope and Charity. *The original hint at a circle and parallel lines, as important symbols of the Order, has been ascribed to him.* The Dunckerly lectures continued until 1763, when Bro. William Hutchinson revised and *improved them.* This brother could see nothing but Christianity in the third degree. 'In fine,' says a writer in a contemporary, '*he appears to have exerted his utmost ingenuity to render the degrees emphatically Christian in their allusions and teachings.* The reason, however, he gave for observing the saint festival was similar to that of our esteemed Bro. Mackay. 'We hold,' says Hutchinson, 'our grand *festival* on the day of St. John, which is midsummer, in which we celebrate that season when the sun is in its greatest altitude, and in the midst of its prolific powers —the great type of the omnipotence of the Deity.' In 1772, William Preston produced his 'Illustrations of Masonry.' That work, in its turn, became a favorite. It was conceived in a truer Masonic spirit than any of its predecessors. It approached nearer what Dr. Oliver says 'the old charges distinctly provided—that, although, *in ancient times, the Christian Masons were charged to comply with Christian usages of each country where they traveled or worked*, yet Masonry, being found in all nations, of diverse religions, they are now only charged to adhere to that religion in which all men agree, leaving each brother to his own particular opinions, by whatever name, religion or persuasion they may be distinguished.' You will readily perceive, from the foregone brief history of the ritual, that, though Freemasonry is undoubtedly a very ancient institution, its forms, ceremonies and lectures are almost entirely of modern origin. I must here mention another cause that materially tended to further innovations. In 1739, one of the Lodges in London seceded from the G. L., and after their secession they pretended that they were in possession of some Masonic secrets either unknown or disregarded by the G. L. They set up an independent Grand Lodge, called themselves 'Ancients,' and stigmatized the others as 'Moderns.' New ceremonies and even new degrees were introduced, for which purpose the Hebrew 'Talmud,' 'Zohar' and 'Medrashim' were ransacked for legends, which were distorted to suit their notions. The 'Moderns,' every time they appointed any one to *improve* the lectures, it is well known that something was copied from the 'Ancients.' Such was the case with Dunekerly, and, I believe, with Hutchinson. From the foregone causes, you may readily believe that, previous to the union, scarcely two Lodges, even in London, worked alike. Immediately after the union, in 1813, of the two Grand Lodges, Dr. Hemming was appointed to try and restore some order. The result was the introduction of the Hemming Lectures. These were adopted, and the Grand Stewards' Lodge, twice a year, invite the brethren at large to listen and attend to the authorized mode of work. In those lectures all allusion to the Saints John was expunged, and their form of prayer is, as it ought to be, purely Masonic, and the Masonic festival was changed to the Wednesday immediately following St. George's Day.

"The above account of the numerous changes the ritual has undergone since the reorganization of our fraternity in 1717 will, I trust, convince you all that, if, as Dr. Oliver believes, 'Moses has circumscribed the Order by unalterable landmarks,' during the last century and a half almost every vestige must have been removed. I, however, conceive that the term *landmark*, when applied to the *patronage*, is a misnomer. The term *landmark* can only be properly applied to *principles*, and the most important principle of Masonry is its *universality*. For it must be distinctly understood that our Jewish brethren are not at all desirous of transforming the institution into a Jewish institution. What they want is that its ritual should be so formed as not to offend good men of all denominations. 'Bearing in mind,' as Bro. Dove said, 'that, of the 960,000,000 of human beings on this globe, only 250,000,000 are Christians, in the broadest acceptation of the term, and that high and ennobling behest of brotherly love, relief and truth are as necessary to the temporal and eternal happiness of the 710,000,000 as it is to the Christians; that they are the blessed fruits of faith, hope and charity, alike produced by and operating on the Chinese followers of Confucius or the idolatrous worshipers of Mahomet, as the more humble disciples of Christ.' I do not approve of calling the followers of Mahomet 'idolatrous,' but recommend the paragraph to your serious attention. We have thus seen that the Bible, the theological ladder, the theological circle, point, parallel lines, the Sabbath, and other theological matter, including the *Saints* John, have all been introduced since 1717. The question is, Are all these *ancient landmarks?* In relation to the nature of *landmark*, I shall cite the opinions of our late lamented and highly esteemed brother, W. P. Mellen, of Natchez, Mississippi, whose name has frequently been mentioned during this trial. He says, 'If landmark relate to usages and ceremonies, then we lay down, as the incontrovertible rule, that those only can be landmarks whose origin is coeval with the institution, or supposed to be, knowing nothing to the contrary. If a time can be shown when they had an origin by legislation of a Grand Lodge, a general assembly, or otherwise, then they are still subjects of legislation by general assemblies or Grand Lodges. Now, whether Lodges were originally dedicated to God, to Noah, or Solomon, *it is quite certain that they were not to both or to either of the Saints John.* There was a time when a change was made, and that time was, comparatively speaking, more or less modern. If our rule be true, then the dedication of Lodges is a matter of pure regulation. The length of time, according to some authorities, pleads strongly for the retention of the dedication to one or both the Saints John; but there is a strong argument in opposition, viz., the tendency which such a dedication has to introduce errors and innovations. This has already been done. The allusions to the theological character and services of the Saints John commenced in the last century.'

"Brethren of the Jury of 'Masonic Public Opinion:' In submitting the question to your decision, I charge you not to suffer yourselves to become entangled in the inextricable maze of *authority*. You have heard the testimony of three distinguished Masons, Bro. Moore, of Boston, Bro. Mackay, and Bro. Oliver, regarded by their few admirers as high Masonic authority, and with what result? All inconsistent. Bro. Moore showing great inconsistency between his preaching and his actions; Bro. Mackay equally at fault, though in a different sense; but the last the most inconsistent. He says, '*A Jew, a Mohammedan, or Pagan may attend our Lodges without fear of hearing his peculiar doctrines or mode of faith called into question by a comparision with others which are repugnant to his creed.*' He admits the patronage, etc., of the Saints John was not essential to Masonry; that their restoration or retention might compromise the universality of the institution; that there was not a particle of authentic evidence to prove the Saints John were either regarded as patrons or parallels before they were introduced subsequent to the revivals in 1717. And yet he undertook the Quixotic championship for Johannitic Masonry.* The G. L. of England paid, however, no attention to it. For the same reason, I request you to avoid written constitutions, precedents and usages. These are all human inventions. The only safe guides I recommend to your attention are the infallible lessons of those" (pointing to the banners) "emblems. Remember, that, 'as justice constitutes the truly good man, so it must be the invariable practice of every Mason never to deviate from the most minute part thereof.' Your judgment should not be perverted by principles of fear, policy, or expediency. TRUTH, HONOR and JUSTICE must be your only guides. To those brethren who profess to revere the teaching of Jesus, if you are sincere in your profession obey his behest, 'And as ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also to them likewise.' In short, let your decision be based on those high Masonic lessons, that we may, with truth, proclaim that 'Hypocrisy and deceit are unknown among us; sincerity and plain dealing are our distinguishing characteristics; and the heart and tongue unite in promoting each other's welfare.'"

The jury retired, according to custom. As soon as their decision is rendered, it will duly appear in the NATIONAL FREEMASON. REPORTER.

* The chief-justice probably had reference to the first letter of the "Mirror." The Doctor says, when he first began to write on Masonry. "They" (his friends) "told me that I had better furbish an old suit of armor, and with a rusty sword in one hand and a lance in the other, mount Rosinante and sally forth in quest of adventure; and after I had fairly embarked in the attempt, they asked me how my combat with the windmills was likely to terminate."

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The Family Circle.

WHO WAS IT?—HIS MOTHER AND HIS SISTER."

He was standing on the corner,
  In the place where loafers meet;
And he watched the dressy damsels
  As they waded o'er the street.
From his mouth came inuendoes,
  And his eyes were opened wide,
As on tiptoe they came dancing
  O'er the muddy, sloppy tide—
When a lady and her daughter,
  Stepping carefully along,
Closely vailed from street inspection,
  Heard his slimy 'venomed tongue—
Then the little vails were lifted,
  And with shame his head was hung,
For his mother and his sister
  Thus had struck the speaker dumb.

WHO ARE HAPPY.—Lord Byron said: "The mechanics and working men who can maintain their families are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness, but even poverty is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of high order." Another author says: "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bring them home his wages at night."

GOD IN HIS WORKS.—In whatever direction we survey the universe, we see that nothing is isolated, and no one thing exists without being adjusted to others. All is in perfect harmony. Nothing that could be added or withdrawn would make Creation more perfect. In tracing the tender care lavished on all living things, the conviction sinks deeply into our hearts that inexhaustible benevolence constitutes the design of God to all. It is written everywhere, and on everything. To him we look with trust, and the comfort of such thoughts is unspeakable.

THE LOST CAMEL.—Some boys, and men too, do not use their eyes. They see, and yet they do not see. Others are wise, and take note of what they see.

A man was going over a sandy desert. He met two traders and spoke to them.

"Have you lost a camel?" said this man to the traders.

"Yes, we have," they said.

"Was the camel blind in its right eye, and lame in one of its legs?"

Again the traders said "Yes."

"But," said the man, "had he lost a front tooth?"

"He had," was their reply.

"And was he not loaded with wheat on one side and honey on the other?"

"Yes, he was," they said. "As you have seen him so lately, can you tell us where he may be found?"

Then the man said, "My friends, I have neither seen the camel, nor have I heard of him, except from you."

Then the traders were angry, and took the man before a judge. The judge could not find any cause against the man why he should be charged with either lying or theft. Then the traders thought he dealt in magic; and as they did not like magic in that country, they now thought they could get the judge to put the man in prison.

The man then spoke out for himself, and this was what he said:

"I will tell you all I know, then you will see if I have said the truth. I have lived long in the desert, and even here I see much to think about. I saw the track of a camel, and I knew it had come away from its owner, because there were no men's feet after the feet of the camel. I thought that the camel was blind in one eye, because he had cropped off the grass on one side of the path. I knew it was lame from the faint marks one of its feet made on the sand. I thought it had lost a tooth, since the grass was left unbitten in the middle, where it had been touched. And as to what the camel carried, I had only to look at the ants carrying away the wheat on one side, and the swarm of flies carrying away the honey on the other."

So the judge smiled, and the traders and the man were let go.

The National Freemason.

NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1867.

R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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Dr. McMurdy is always ready to welcome his friends at his office, during business hours. It is second floor, room 10, 39 Nassau street, opposite Post Office.

Ambition of Lodges and Rites.

One of the most influential and prevalent causes of schism is Lodge ambition, and that of Grand Jurisdictions and Rites, the aspiring tendency of these Masonic aspirations aiming to attain pre-eminence or ascendancy. Instead of dwelling together on terms of equality, as sisters in mutual confidence and friendly intercourse, they sometimes resemble a number of principalities, between which all communication, except that of an unfriendly nature, is cut off, maintaining alternate aggression and reprisals; their interests all separate, their motive selfish, and their plans peculiar.

They look on their own things with flattering and magnifying partiality, on the things of others with an eye suspicious, depreciating, and sometimes even malign. Each one calls itself the best Lodge or rite, *"the people of God."* It never thinks itself safe while a neighboring body is prosperous.

Our principles are such, and our right of visiting Lodges is such, that it is difficult for this spirit to make the same progress with us as with profane organizations. But it does exist. We have added so many from the outer world, and so rapidly, that they do not get clear of the outer leaven before they are put into positions of influence, and thus the leaven works within. It is so easy for a calculating brother in some Lodges, also, to become Master of a Lodge, while a mere novice in our mysteries. There is much of this *old, outer* leaven to be purged out of our fraternity. Our genuine, warm-hearted Freemasons must spread their diffusive, Masonic, non-partisan charity until it melts away the manacles with which the right hand of our fellowship has sometimes been bound. * * *

In this strife for a respectable and commanding position in the Grand Lodge, and on the part of rites for the control of the Masonic world, there is generated an anxiety about the wealth, *numbers*, influence, and power with which, we fear, the general interests of the whole body of Masonry are esteemed matters of secondary moment. Hence they are but faintly seen and feebly prosecuted, while objects mainly for a Lodge, a party, or the personal interest of some ambitious demagogue, are pursued with interest and unflagging perseverance. When Lodges and rites are engaged in a contest where the whole of Freemasonry is not considered, where the gain of the one is the loss of the other, there must be envy, emulation, strife, resentment, alienation, misrepresentation, and all the unhallowed concomitants of an unmasonic warfare.

Are all the Lodges and rites and Masons of even our own country in sympathy with each other? Are they *fitly framed together?* When one rejoices or suffers, do all rejoice or suffer? Are not too many separated in Masonic communion and alienated in affection? Do all with generous confidence and candor co-operate to promote the cause of Freemasonry? In supporting *charities* and measures, is there not often an appeal to the *pride of a Lodge* more than to the charity and Masonic philanthrophy of the members? Whence this Masonic schism, rending the body of Freemasonry? To what can it be ascribed but *personal, official, jurisdictional, or ritual ambition*, and the caution and supicion, the coldness of heart and contractedness of spirit, the solitary, selfish, repulsive pride and plotting expediency with which this hateful spirit is ever accompanied. * * * * *

What are our Masters, Lodges and Rites but means to an end, designed to edify the great Masonic family and the whole world, to promote love, spread toleration, recognize a universal brotherhood, help the widow, the orphan and the distressed, and permeate all other organizations and communities with the spirit of our fraternity? Now, if that design to edify and unite be employed to demolish and divide and scatter, we must either have mistaken our landmarks or principles, or, in our pride and selfishness have grossly perverted them, rendering them not attractive, but repulsive, and clothing them with the armor of the porcupine, offensive but not protective.

Mount Calvary,

with its sepulchre, is *the* most sacred spot on this globe of earth to the Knight Templar, and the death and burial that took place 1834 years ago were events of the most transcendant nature to the well-being of man, as Templars view it. The fact that distinguishes that death, and marks it as an event different from all other deaths that ever happened, is, the sepulchre is *an empty one.* We have the physical facts of a death and a burial, but no body is found in the sepulchre, for the sepulchre is empty—Christ is risen.

An aged lady, the mother of Constantine, moved by her piety and stimulated by a natural curiosity, visited Jerusalem to see the sepulchre and touch the true cross The desire of the mother of the greatest sovereign and conqueror of the age was gratified. The pilgrimage of Helena, the supposed identification of the sacred spots and the church built over the sepulchre, added eagerness to the Christians of the world to visit Calvary. Even the infidels, under whose power Jerusalem and its localties were subjected, afforded protection to the Christian pilgrims. In the eleventh century a military revolution changed the masters of Jerusalem, and the pilgrims suffered unwonted hardships and increased taxation, which excited the indignation of Europe. Peter the Hermit preached over all Europe deliverance of the Christians from the oppression of the Turks and the recovery of the holy sepulchre. The Pope addressed the gathered multitudes at Clermont, and responded to his command to march to the Holy Land, and rescue the sepulchre. They unanimously shouted—"God wills it! God wills it!"

The first European Crusade set out in 1096–7, and the seventh and last, under Edward I. of England, 1271.

Is It Mercenary?

Not necessarily so for a Mason to publish and sell books and regalia. On the contrary, he may do it for the good of the craft, and to the glory of T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·. If his books are useful and instructive, he is doing a good work, and should be encouraged.

He shows a mercenary spirit and merits rebuke when he issues worthless books, or sells them at an exorbitant price.

He is perjured, and should meet a perjurer's fate, who is by investment of capital, or in any way concerned in publishing or vending sundry books, and imposing upon the world by calling them exposures, who goes free under the sophistical plea that to arraign and condemn the parties would indorse the work. Let such choke under the Masonic halter.

So also the publishing of a Masonic magazine or newspaper.

Our Masonic publications have usually been feeble and eventual failures, because they have been adjuncts and auxilliaries to something else, and in some cases have been subscribed for as Masonic charity.

Too many of our papers have been associated with officers of the Grand Lodge, very busy with official duties, and with the disposal of Masonic wares. As in all such cases, one department or the other suffers, usually the intellectual. To take care of a paper well is sufficient for any one head and heart.

Our brethren understand that we have nothing to do with books or regalia, that we have care only of the National Freemason, and that we present it to the public simply on its merits, and in connection with no special inducements, and that we ask of no subscriber on account of any kind feelings to us, and certainly not in the way of charity, a support.

Ascension Church, N. Y. City,

almost built on a Masonic foundation, has taken a step of great consequence, and destined to effect a revolution in our charities and the condition of the poor.

This church read, in the report of the Board of Health. that of 800,000 people in New York, one-half, or 400,000, were crowded into 15,000 houses—nearly 54 to each building, and 20,000 lived in loathsome places.

This church not only read all this, and expressed sympathy, but went to work. The result:

"A block of five houses has been purchased, at an expense of $34,000, and furnished with all the usual sanitary advantages. They are occupied by one hundred and twenty persons, and yield a clear profit of about ten per cent. on the investment. During the first year that these houses were under our care not a single death occurred, and no severe cases of contagious disease.

"On a lot in the rear of these houses we have built a chapel, at slight expense so far as the exterior is concerned, but with a peculiarly beautiful interior. It will seat four hundred and eighty, and cost about $10,000. Our missionary force consists of a clergyman and three Bible readers, besides a large number of voluntary workers. There are, of course, Sunday and industrial schools, and we have in contemplation the establishment of a cooperative store. The whole enterprise is under the charge of an incorporated association, composed of the young men of the Ascension."

There are forty Lodges in this city that could do the same thing, and *could* do it, quietly, without ostentation and without speculation.

Freemasonry does not want Pillars of Rotten Poplar, Gilded.

The mass of the people are impatient of sober, solid thought, and are eager for excitements and exhilarations. Shall this demoralizing trait, this mere taste for outside and sensuous splendors, without the old moral basis and the drilling in thought and study of our earlier education—shall it enter into our Lodges and take possession of our fraternity? Shall it give us as Masters and officers those who shall take more interest in superficial, outside work, in place of earnest work in the Lodge-room and patient study of our mysteries? Give us sound, oaken pillars, even if rough, with the bark on, to sustain our Masonic fabric, rather than those of rotten poplar, gilded.

Freemasonry does not desire such as come into her folds attracted by showy ceremonies, "gorgeous spectacles," or "histrionic" ritualisms. She receives such as can appreciate our plain and earnest symbolism, and grow by the right use of it into strong, brave, good, true men and brothers.

Let us insist upon pure Masonic truth, and the grave, simple, majestic ritual and symbolism we have received from our fathers, at once our liberty and our law.

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The American Colonization Society has had five Presidents. Of these three have been Freemasons. Hon. Henry Clay, P.·. G.·. M.·. Ky., was made President, Dec. 15, 1836; and Hon. John B. Latrobe, who delivered the Address at the late laying of the corner-stone of the Grand Lodge Hall of Maryland, was made President, Jan. 19, 1853, and still continues to hold the position.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS, P. G. M.

Our Paper.—The enterprise of establishing a weekly Masonic journal, which could only be successful with a large circulation, was, at its inception, regarded by most of our friends as what the insurance companies style "extra hazardous." The fashion of monthly periodicals seemed to be so well established, and so many thought that it was well to "let well enough alone," that it required a strong degree of faith, energy, and perseverance to set out on the voyage. We cannot say that we were over-sanguine ourself, but, having always believed that Providence helps those who strive to help themselves, we determined, like Mrs. Dombey, to make an effort. We are now in the second half of our first year, and we have already accomplished the most gratifying success ever attained by a Masonic journal in this country. In every part of the Republic—East, West, North, and South—our paper is welcomed, and recognized as a true exponent of the doctrines and needs of the craft, and everywhere the brethren seem determined to make its circulation colossal. We tender them our hearty acknowledgments, and especially thank the various Masters of Lodges who have so generously espoused our cause and used their influence to aid us in spreading light. We have exerted ourselves to furnish the best paper that the means at our command would allow, and have given weekly as much, if not more, matter than is usually found in the monthlies. As the number of our subscribers increases we shall add to our staff, and leave competition out of the question.

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Masonic Reform.—Under this caption we offered a few observations in a recent issue, in the course of which allusion was made to the meetings of a certain association in the neighborhood of the Brooklyn City Hall. This allusion seems to have been misapplied, and to have been construed to refer to certain meetings of Masters and Wardens for social and Masonic improvement. Why these brethren should take the remarks to themselves is, of course, more than we can say, but we fraternally relieve their apprehensions by explaining that the association in our mind's eye at the time of writing was a "club," composed in part of German brethren belonging to some of our regular Lodges, and others from the spurious Hamburg "daughters." The avowed object of this club is to institute what they call a Masonic reform, by breaking up all existing Masonic governments, wiping out the degrees, and opening the institution to the world on the same footing as any other social organization. They have issued a pamphlet setting forth their views, and are keeping up an active correspondence with German Lodges throughout the country, with a view to the propagation of their faith. We felt it to be a duty to call attention to this arrangement, though we did not intend to name names until some further data were placed in our possession. As soon as we have the necessary documents we shall give them a "scouring."

:o:

Answers to Correspondents.

H. C. M. K.—"I should like very much to get some information which I am told you can give me. This information I have diligently sought elsewhere, but in vain. I have asked a number of brethren reputed to be well informed, but they all seem to be as wise as myself, each one telling me a different story in the most oracular manner possible. The information I ask, if you will be kind enough to answer me, will be welcomed no doubt by a great many besides myself, as shedding light on what I am constrained to think is a very obscure subject. For the better understanding of what I am about to ask, a few words as to who and what I am may not be out of place.

"I am one of those unfortunates who have been for some time back in an unhealthy condition, Masonically speaking. I had the misfortune to be initiated, passed and raised under a body calling itself St. John's Grand Lodge. I was absent from the city for some years, and on my return I found that a reconciliation had been effected with the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, and things straightened out generally; but not having been in time to take advantage of some healing process which I am told was applied to large numbers of my fellow-unfortunates, I was left out in the cold, where I have remained ever since, much to the detriment, if not ruin, of my Masonic health. Many of those with whom I sat in the Lodge have since risen to positions of distinction and eminence among the craft, and some of those on whom I helped to confer the degrees have within the last few years been Masters of Lodges in this city and Brooklyn. I am very anxious to be again restored to Masonic health, if such a thing is practicable at this late date, and therefore ask—

"1. Is there any valid reason why I cannot follow in the same track so many have gone before me (moral and other qualifications being, of course, unexceptionable), in giving in my allegiance to the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, and becoming a contributing Mason in good standing?

"2. What is the healing process, who may claim its benefits, and who is the proper person to look to for its application?

"3. In what respect do persons who stand in need of healing differ from the profane?

"4. Am I in a state of profanity *in articulo mortis*, Masonically considered, or can I still hope to be restored by the remedial agency of healing, and not have to be reconstructed?"

Answer.—We have allowed our correspondent to state his case at length, because it is by no means an isolated one, and in answering him we hope to afford desired information to many others similarly placed in a sanitary point of view.

There is no reason why the same course should not be pursued with our correspondent as with those with whom he was formerly associated, provided he can trace his genealogy and prove his former connection. In case those associates or a portion of them now have a Lodge organization under the Grand Lodge, he should apply to them to be healed and received into fellowship. If they give the request a favorable consideration, the Grand Master will, on their application, issue the required authority.

If, however, those brethren are scattered through various Lodges, then the better way would be to apply for initiation as a profane to any regular Lodge with which the applicant feels he can best work and best agree, taking care to state the circumstances as they are, in the application. We remark, in passing, that were we in the place of our correspondent, we should choose the latter alternative at once, consider our former experience as of no account, and begin the Masonic world anew and in a regular manner. There is a difference between the situation of our correspondent and that of the profane, but it is so technical as to be inappreciable to the naked eye, and we cannot well explain it in this place without the use of diagrams.

The process of healing consists of the presentation of a petition to that effect to a regular Lodge, its reference to a committee of investigation, their report, a favorable ballot, and the conferring of the three degrees of symbolic Masonry by one having lawful authority.

Masons' Friend.—Under this caption a lady sends us a reply to some verses published in our issue of Feb. 23d. We should at once print it, were it not that the verses in question were written in a jocose spirit and only intended as a joke. We don't have any too much to laugh at in this world, and hence it seems a pity to take the smile out of a good thing by a serious refutation. In behalf of the craft, however, we most heartly thank our lady friend for her generous championship and bespeak her aid when any one pitches into us in real earnest. One of the sources of reward for our labors is in the fact so often brought to our notice that the great majority of the ladies sympathize with us, view Masonry from its proper stand-point, and will not quietly allow it to be abused.

James Tucker.—"A proposes B as a proper person to receive Masonic light. An investigating committee is appointed, it reports favorably, B is balloted for and elected. He is informed of his election, but fails to appear for initiation. *Three months* afterward, for reasons best known to himself, he prefers to connect himself with another Lodge, and consequently knocks at the outer door thereof. Can that Lodge, after entertaining his application, enter, pass, and raise him without permission from the Lodge to which he formerly applied and in which he was elected to membership?"

Answer.—Yes. When a candidate petitions a Lodge for initiation, he is obliged to declare that he does so of his own free will and accord, and he offers his character and standing in community to the full investigation of the Craft as an inducement to his admission. This investigation having been made and the subsequent proceedings being favorable, the Lodge informs him of his acceptance; but it leaves, as it of necessity must leave, it optional with him whether he will proceed with the initiation or not. He must freely and voluntarily offer himself as a candidate or he cannot be received, and there is no power, moral or Masonic, which can make him a Mason under any other circumstances. Hence, if after being informed of his election, he declines to be initiated, he has a clear and unequivocal right to adopt that course of action. If, having commenced, he could be forced to go through, then he would no longer be a free agent, and if initiated would not be a *free* Mason. When a profane sends his petition to a Lodge for initiation, the Lodge acts not only for itself, but as the agent of the whole fraternity in making inquiry into his fitness to become a Mason; if it finds him worthy and by unanimous ballot declares its readiness to admit him within the sanctuary, then the doors of the temple are everywhere open to him, and it is at his election whether he will enter or not; but if, when the ballot is taken, it prove contrary, then the case is widely altered. It has then been discovered that he is unworthy, that there is something in his moral status that unfits him to be a Mason, and as the Lodge which has made this discovery knows more about it than any other Lodge can, all other Lodges concede to them the right to retain jurisdiction until of their own free will they waive it. It is therefore the rule that where a candidate has been accepted, he may or may not present himself for initiation in that particular Lodge, as he thinks best, and that when he has been rejected, he has no further liberty of choice. In Lodges remote from one another, the question of jurisdiction would have to be considered; as, for instance, a person accepted in Albany would not have the right to seek initiation in New York, unless he changed his residence to the latter place; but the Lodges in Albany having concurrent jurisdiction, he might, although elected in one, conclude to seek initiation in another, and he would not have to wait any longer than might be convenient to himself.

Haggai.—"How long does a candidate who has been refused or rejected by a Chapter of Royal Arch Masons have to wait before he can again present his petition, and what is the rule, supposing that he desires to petition some other Chapter than the one in which his former petition was rejected?"

Answer.—He must wait three months, and then if he wants to petition another Chapter obtain consent from the one which rejected him. Under the new Constitution the same rules apply as in the practice of Lodges under similar circumstances.

U. D.—You have a right and are required to form a code of By-Laws to be presented to the Grand Lodge in June as an evidence of your fitness to have a warrant. The standard form, with such alterations not inconsistent with the Constitution as may suit the circumstances of your Lodge, is the best we know of, and even that might be profitably abbreviated. The more intricate you make your By-Laws the less likely are you to enforce them. By-Laws, properly speaking, are such regulations in addition to the requirements of the Constitution as a Lodge may need for the proper enforcement of order and discipline, and as such they need not be lengthy. It is needless to make a By-Law to enforce some provision of the Constitution, as that must be obeyed whether or no. The best way is to print the Constitution and append to it such regulations in the shape of By-Laws as may be needful for the proper government of your Lodge.

You will need a certificate from the Grand Lecturer or one of his assistants of your ability to confer the degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry, and another from the D. D. Grand Master that your Lodge has been properly conducted while under dispensation, and that, in his opinion, it would be judicious for the Grand Lodge to grant you a warrant.

A summons from a Lodge under dispensation is binding on the members of that Lodge only.

W. S. R.—We cannot undertake to conduct your case, but if you will call on us we can put you in the hands of a brother eminently capable of seeing that you have fair play.

:o:

Croton Chapter, No. 201.—This new Royal Arch Chapter, located at Croton Falls, was duly constituted, consecrated, and its officers installed on the 18th ult., by M. E. Comp. John Sheville, acting as our proxy, and assisted by Comp. Theo. Pratt. We are happy to learn that it begins labor under the most encouraging auspices, and bids fair to earn a place in the front rank. The officers are, Geo. W. Gregory, H. P.: Gerard Crane, K.; Jacob Townsend, S.; B. D. Crane, C. of H.; J. W. Keeler, P. S.; J. G. Wood, M.D., R. A. C.; W. M. Clark, Chas. Denton, H. Best, M. of V.'s; H. Pardee, Treas.; Theo. Pratt, Sect'y.; Wm. Parker, Tyler. The High Priest, Comp. Gregory, is the esteemed D. D. G. M. for the Sixth District, which is a sure guaranty of his efficiency.

:o:

The Galaxy.—We have received from the publishers, Messrs. W. C. & F. P. Church, the current number of this excellent serial. We can very cheerfully recommend this publication to public favor, seeing that the matter is fresh, original, and of the highest literary stamp. The February No. commences a series of papers on "Words, and their Uses," by Richard Grant White, "Waiting for the Verdict," by Rebecca Davis, besides a variety of excellent and amusing reading on various subjects. Address publishers, 39 Park Row.

Yet Another Lottery.

"We are surprised to see the name of the Grand Master of Masons of this State used in connection with a scheme ostensibly in the interest of the Masonic fraternity, for raising money on the gambling principle. It is announced that a series of gift concerts are to be given for the aid of a fund to build an asylum for decayed Masons, and a Masonic Hall in this city. The object is all very well, but the means proposed to accomplish that object are ignoble and objectionable. There is no disguising the unpleasant fact that all these gift schemes are in direct violation of the spirit if not the letter of the law; and call them what we may, the business is simply gambling. Gambling, like theft, may assume a variety of forms, some of which are plausible and alluring, but the public ought to frown down all such appeals to vicious and perverted tastes. It is especially the duty of all respectable societies, making any claim to honor and probity, to discourage the gambling spirit, and teach the people the errors and evil tendencies of all money-making schemes based upon chance. It only makes the matter worse to assure the public that 'no wheel' will be used to distribute the presents. There is nothing odious in the wheel itself, but its avoidance shows that the managers are conscious of its bad associations, and a little ashamed, as they should be, of the enterprise they endeavor to place favorably before the people. The morality of the lottery business is not altered one whit by fairness in conducting it, or by the object aimed at. The principle is unalterable, and it is that to which objection is made. The laudable object of establishing a Masonic Asylum would be much more worthily forwarded by a contribution, say of one dollar each, by all the Masons in the State. As the morals of the public become elevated in tone, gambling will be utterly abolished, and it will be an everlasting stigma upon any benevolent institution that it was founded by a resort to unlawful means. The Masonic fraternity, and all others, would do wisely to weigh the consequences well before they give their 'cordial indorsement' to any lottery speculations."

We clip the foregoing from the columns of a widely circulated daily, because it affords an opportunity to say a few words on the subject. In common with our cotemporary, we regret that the name of our institution should be used to raise money for the private benefit of individuals; for that is what the proposed concert arrangement amounts to. The hall and asylum are invoked to awaken the sympathies of the craft; and, providing the scheme is successful, the proprietors will pocket ten dollars for every one that goes into the fund. It is claimed that the undertaking has the indorsement of the Grand Master, but we certainly cannot see how his letter can thus be construed. He says that he is in favor of increasing the Hall and Asylum Fund by all lawful means, and takes particular pains to say that he cannot indorse any scheme in violation of the laws of the State. The laws in spirit forbid all lotteries; and this concert scheme, call it what you will, is a lottery, to which the public objects, and the inculcations of Masonry are opposed to it. It is sought on the part of the managers to justify this undertaking, because at the late fair articles were disposed of by chance. The cases are not similar. The fair was not held for the benefit of individuals, but to earn money for the fund; and every dollar of its receipts, after paying the absolutely necessary expenses, will go into that fund. Persons who paid for chances in articles exposed there, ourself among the number, did so without any expectation of gain, and solely with a view to facilitating the sale of the goods on hand. We admit frankly, as we said frequently at the time, that it would have been better for all concerned to have given the money at once, and done with it; but just then the public mind was to a certain extent filled with the idea of getting rich for a dollar, and the dominant idea ruled for the moment. But it does not follow on that account that we must indorse and take part in plans for individual emolument, in which the needs of charity play but a secondary part. We know, indeed, that the great body of the craft are opposed to the concert scheme, and will not patronize it, as the promoters will find when they come to put it into operation.

We fully agree with our cotemporary, that the object of building the Hall and Asylum would be best promoted by a free gift of one dollar each, and we have already said so many times in these columns. The same thing might apply to all the operations of benevolence, and if it could be once fairly understood, there would be vastly more good accomplished at a greatly reduced cost. Men will not, however, always do right, and we cannot allow the needy to suffer on that account; but we make a wide distinction between efforts made solely for benevolent purposes and those which involve large individual gains. In this concert business individual gain is the motive-power and the Asylum but an accessory. The brethren will maturely consider the propriety of buying the proposed aid at the price asked before they invest.

[Correspondents will look here for notices of their communications.—R. McMurdy.]

Replies to Letters and Inquiries of Correspondents.

KANSAS.—Prussian Freemasonry cannot, according to her constitution, admit a Jew to initiation or affiliation; but she admits all to visitations who prove themselves Freemasons. This last was secured some years ago by the Grand Lodge of England. When an Anglican brother, a Jew, sought to visit a Prussian Lodge and was excluded on religious grounds, the Grand Lodge of England determined upon non-Masonic intercourse, and Prussia receded. Bro. R. will please call upon us on his way to Prussia.

CONN.—All *ex parte* proceedings in Freemasonry are out of place; especially where they affect character and Masonic standing are they null and void, but are to be declared so upon an appeal to the highest Masonic judicatory, the Grand Lodge.

Whether a Lodge acts directly, or through a committee or a commission, as a *judicial* body, no principle is plainer than that at least the ordinary notions of justice and fairness should be regarded. The object is to demonstrate the guilt or innocence of the accused, by competent witnesses before an unprejudiced tribunal, in a regular manner, the accused continually to be regarded and treated as innocent until guilt is proved.

There can be no dispensing with notice to accused, with his right to be present at all stages of the examination and trial, and to be heard, to present his witnesses, and to ask questions bearing upon the case. A committee should never make a report without hearing both sides, both parties being present, if possible, at every stage of the investigation, and the Master should at once dismiss a committee making an *ex parte* report, as not having elementary fitness.

OHIO.—Your Master may have erred, but he erred upon the safe side. If the Lodge were open upon the E.·. A.·. Degree, and a brother were to avouch for a visiter, because he had met him in a M.·. M's.·. Lodge, the mere technical Master might require that he should have met him in an E.·. A.·. Lodge; but the requisition respecting avouchment had been fully met, in having seen him in a M.·. M's.·. Lodge, for the greater includes the less, and the higher grade can only be reached by the lower. So in regard to the Chapter.

But there is so much carelessness that it is better to be more rather than less rigid, and every brother should always be ready and willing to be examined, though in the case referred to it was a superfluity. The avouching is proper, as you suggest, yet upon the Master rests the whole responsibility of the admission of the visiter; the committee is simply his agent.

The usual mode of a set, formal examination by stereotyped questions, while proper, are not alone sufficient to keep out an impostor. For in these he will be likely to be well skilled. The laws of moral evidence and the mode of reaching a conclusion by them are the same within and without the fraternity.

FOR THE EXPOSITION.—Start with all the "French" and money you can spare. Secure your birth outward, at from 100 dollars currency to 160 dollars in gold, according to accommodations and speed of vessel. Avoid, at Paris, *Grand Hotel* and *Hotel de Louvre*. As soon as possible get a furnished apartment, *Chambres garnies*. (Pay no attention to cabmen and runners.) Choose rooms according to part of town and price. Can get them for $10 for 2 months. Landlord or landlady may give you the two French meals (at 11 A. M. and 6 P. M.) Restaurants abundant and of all charges.

Extracts—Letters.

ALBANY, GEORGIA.

I am more than pleased, not only with its matter, but with the tone and spirit of genuine Freemasonry which breathes through every line of your editorials.

A YOUNG LADY'S OPINION.—A young lady, a Mason's daughter, who has read the NATIONAL FREEMASON for some time, was so much pleased with it, she got up a large club and sent it, writing to us privately and freely her thoughts, which we think may do good. She says:

"I have, just from a sick bed, been testing the Masonic spirit of those wearing the badge of the fraternity. Some I found prompt, energetic and ready to do what they can, and if not convenient to subscribe, say some pleasant word of encouragement. Others have laid aside their Masonic jewels for safe keeping. Others show that they have not the first elements of gentlemen. Others decline because they cannot go to Lodge. Can such build up a Lodge worthy the name? * * * The brother whose name heads the list, since placing it there, has been burnt out of house and home, yet he said keep the money and send it; I know the worth of the NATIONAL FREEMASON."

Is not this lady more of a Freemason in heart than any brother who would put any obstacle in the way of the spread of Masonic literature?

The Universal Exposition at Paris

opens in a few days. Some of our American brethren have already gone, and others intend to do so during the Spring.

The Grand Orient and the French Masons propose giving all foreign brethren a reception worthy Gallican urbanity, courtesy and cordiality. The details have not yet reached us, but we are assured that important steps have been taken in one of the recent meetings of the Council of the Grand Orient (Lodge) of France.

There are seventy Lodges at work in Paris, and it is proposed to unite them in the enterprise of making foreign brothers welcome. It is suggested that the work of the Lodges be performed in German, Italian, French and English, by a committee of brothers of erudition, who will interpret all that transpires at the reunions, and thus heighten the lustre of the international Masonic meetings.

This is preferable to an effort at a formal Masonic Congress.

The Office and the Duty of the Church of God.

A Convention sermon, 1866, preached in Grace Church, Newark, N. J., by Rev. M. B. Smith, Grand Chaplain of G.·. L.·. of N. J.

This sermon is rich in thought and diction.

What is said below of the Church is true, also of Freemasonry.

The Church never toils in vain; the seed she sows never can perish; the temple she builds never can crumble; the throne she seeks to rear never can be shaken. Upon the records of consecrated lives, martyr-constancy, missionary labor, self-denying zeal, and heaven-born charity and alms-giving, that, together, make up the truest and best history of the Church, God has impressed the seal of eternal duration. The holy deeds of the Church of God have already blessed, and will continue to bless the world; her devout prayers and her consecrated offerings ever ascend, as a memorial, before God.

* * * * * * * *

With such a trust committed to us, what a *living* body we ought to be! with a right estimate of its magnitude, and of our covenant privileges, what a living body we would be! A LIVING *ministry*, a LIVING *communion*, a LIVING *service*, would then characterize the Church of the LIVING GOD.

Oh, for a *living* Masonry, *living* Masters, living *members!*

Is there not sometimes an objectionable love of luxury and display in modern Lodges, brought about by untutored Masons who love pomp and splendor, and who would make the Lodge-room like to the opera-house, the club-room, and the drawing-room? making their whole arrangements in life complete, modifying Masonry in its old, plain, chaste, true form, instead of being chastened by it? If there is no other objection against the admission of great numbers into our Lodges, it is sufficient that if our numbers exceed in ability to thoroughly instruct and Masonically indoctrinate, the uninstructed will in turn make a public sentiment within, modifying, and if not checked, destroying our fraternity.

THE FREE AND THE BRAVE.—A man may be truthful without "being valorous;" but a truly brave man is from the construction of his mind, a man of truth, and hates a lie. The Knight, on making his vow of chivalry at the altar, swore, as the first of his duties, TO SPEAK THE TRUTH. Chivalry, by its regard for truth, is one of the manifest and acknowledged influences on European civilization. According to its code, and the military also, the charge of lying is as fatal to character as that of cowardice.

WE WERE FAVORED last week with visits from the Grand Chaplains of New Jersey and North Carolina, and the Grand Lecturer of Connecticut.

The Escallop Shells were gathered by pilgrims on the sea shore, and were fastened on their hoods and hats as a mark of their pilgrimage.

Ben. Franklin.

The *Investigator*, the organ of infidelity in the United States, claims Ben. Franklin as an infidel; and quotes in proof a remark made by Franklin upon his inviting the celebrated preacher, Whitefield, to stop with him. Whitefield said that if he (Franklin) made the offer for Christ's sake, he (Franklin) should not miss his reward. And Franklin says, in his memoirs, that he returned: "Don't let me be mistaken; it was not for *Christ's* sake, but for *your* (Whitefield's) sake." This is simply equivalent, upon the part of Franklin, to his declaring that a personal human regard induced this kindness, and indicates nothing of his religious views.

The *Investigator* attempts the proof of Franklin's infidelity by another quotation from Franklin's writings, as follows:

> "'Tis pity that good works, among some sorts of people, are so little valued, and good (cant) words admired in their stead; I mean seemingly pious discourses, instead of humane, benevolent actions. These they put out of countenance, by calling morality, 'rotten morality,' righteousness, 'ragged righteousness,' and even 'filthy rags;' and when you mention virtue, pucker up their noses; at the same time that they eagerly snuff up an empty, canting harangue, as if it was a posy of the choicest flowers."

Many Christian persons would indorse and reiterate every word of this, and yet claim not to be infidels. It is a rebuke to that "cant" which ignores good works, and consists in simple excitements. Something more is needed to prove Franklin an infidel. Here it is, says the *Investigator*. Franklin said:

> "I think all the heretics I have known have been virtuous men. They have the virtue of fortitude, or they would not venture to own their heresy; and they cannot afford to be deficient in any of the other virtues, as that would give advantage to their many enemies; and they have not, like the *Orthodox* sinners, such a number of friends to excuse or justify them."

The whole context shows that Franklin was attacking a system in vogue in his day, which was attacked also by several Christian bodies, and proves nothing for the claim of infidelity.

We present a letter, addressed to Rev. Dr. Stiles, President of Yale College, dated Jan. 28, 1790, in which Franklin expresses surprise that his religion should be called in question, and observes: "This is the first time I have been questioned upon it." Dr. Stiles, among other things, desired to know Franklin's opinions concerning "Jesus of *Nazareth*." Thus closes the letter:

> "I cannot take your curiosity amiss, and shall endeavor, in a few words, to gratify it. Here is my creed: I believe in *one God*, the Creator of the universe. That He governs it by His providence. That He ought to be *worshiped*. That the most acceptable service we render to Him is *doing good to His other children*. That *the soul of man is immortal*, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion, and I regard them as you do in whatever sect I meet with them. As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think *the system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw or is like to see*; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes; and I have, with most of the present dissenters in England, some doubts as to his divinity, though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making his doctrines more respected and more observed, especially as I do not perceive that the Supreme takes it amiss by distinguishing the believers in His government of the world with any peculiar marks of His displeasure. I shall only add, respecting myself, that, having experienced the goodness of that Being in conducting me prosperously through a long life, I have no doubt of its continuance in the next, though without the smallest conceit of *meriting* such goodness."—*Quarterly Review of Free Masonry.*

At the close of a long lecture on the Providence of God in governing the world, Franklin said:

> "Now, if it is unreasonable to suppose it out of the power of the Deity to help and favor us particularly, or that we are out of his hearing and notice, or that good actions do not procure more of his favor than ill ones, then I conclude that believing a Providence, we have the foundation of all true religion; for we should love and revere that Deity for his goodness, and thank him for his benefits; we should adore him for his wisdom, fear him for his power, and pray to him for his favor and protection. And this religion will be a powerful regulator of our actions, give us peace and tranquillity in our own minds, and render us benevolent, useful, and beneficial to others."

The following was *Franklin's maxim:*

> "A Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district—all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal supports of virtue, morality and civil liberty."

If Franklin were not a Christian, does the foregoing sound like an infidel?

Gov. Geary of Pennsylvania, a Knight Templar, at a recent temperance convention at Harrisburg, the capital of Pa., thus spoke:

> "For my part I do not deserve much credit for being a temperance man. I have been temperate from my youth up. [Applause.] In all my life I think I have never used, medicinally or otherwise, a quart in all of spirituous liquors. [Cheers.] When a boy I saw the effects of drunkenness. At seven I resolved that I never would be a drunkard, and I never have been one. I never acquired an appetite for drinking; but I have a heart full of sympathy and compassion for those who do drink."

Like a true Mason, while endeavoring to rescue the fallen, there is no patronizing morality. His heart is "full of sympathy" or charity, not wrath and denuncia tion, for the drunkard.

What do we think of class instructions by the fire companies to their agents, designed to shut out the Jews as a whole from their benefits? That these companies need more of the light of Masonic instruction. Masonry condemns all class legislation, and proposes to consider men as men, with reference to their personal character and integrity. One Jewish association, through its secretary, has never yet paid a bill due us. Another Jewish brother, in Boston, shows by his conduct that he is disposed to defraud us if he can. But must we therefore say that there are no honest Jews? Our intercourse with the world teaches us that there is no society without its unworthy members. Our intercourse with Jews has created in our minds a high regard for them in all respects, as men of integrity and charity. God bless them.

Directions for a Person to Become a Member of the Mutual Relief Association.—Send on your name in full, place and kind of business, age, place of birth, and a certificate from the Master of your Lodge that you are in reasonable health and can earn a livelihood. Six dollars must accompany the application, and must be sent by postal order or draft. If sent through the mail, it must be at your own risk.

Careless Building.—A family was preparing to move into a three-story brick house in Brooklyn, just erected, when the house fell, a heap of bricks and timber. It was hastily and cheaply put up.

Some of our Masonic structures and building hastily and carelessly erected are also falling. Can the temple ever be built with such material as is sometimes used?

Joseph II. and his Court; an Historical Novel, by L. Mühlbach. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway, 1867; pp. 343, 8vo. Free by mail, paper cover, $1.50; cloth, $2.

This is a companion to Berlin and Sans Souci. In these two works the reader learns of Prussia and Austria. The sentiments are elevated and just, and over its domestic scenes many a tear will be shed. Mrs. Mühlbach is in earnest with respect to historical truth; and, therefore, like Walter Scott, may venture upon the historical novel. We hail with delight the appearance of these works as a great advance upon the corrupting literature of the last ten years.

Observations of the Scientific Study of Human Nature. A Lecture, delivered before the London College of Preceptors, Oct. 10, 1866, by Edward L. Youmans, M.D. New York: Appleton & Co., 443 & 445 Broadway. 1867.

Whatever Dr. Youmans writes will be read.

This pamphlet, duodecimo of fifty pages, teaches that our general education is in a deplorably chaotic state; presenting a medley of debased ideals, conflicting systems, discordant practices, and unsatisfactory results, which must be changed. Science alone can state the laws by which the healthful, vigorous, mental, moral and physical development of the child and youth may be effected. The time has come for modern liberal education to be so reconstructed that its courses of study shall have a direct and positive bearing upon a clearer understanding of the laws of human nature.

The readers of the National Freemason will be glad to learn that Bro. Burnet, Senior Warden of St. Cecile Lodge, is ready in his new place of business to see his friends. (See advertisement.)

The National Freemason has been a great favorite with this Lodge, and its past and present Masters have such appreciation of Masonic literature as to feel that it is an especial business of the Lodge to cultivate Masonic reading and literature, and to welcome any brother interested in a pure Masonic publication. It may well be said "show me a man's associates, and his own character needs no illustration;" also, designate a man's reading, and his own taste and mind are indicated herein. You may always know a man by his reading. New York and American Masonry cannot be turned from its onward course by any tricks of novices.

Washington in Saxony.—Washington lived as an upright Mason, practicing such virtues and exemplifying such sentiments in his public career and his private life as have endeared him to the Masonic and popular heart of all nations. This was manifested lately on the occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of his birth last month in Dresden, the capital of Saxony. English, Germans and Americans participated. Stuart's Washington adorned the reception room, the present of an Englishman to an American lady. He thus wrote in sending it: "An offering in celebration of a day, the recollection of which should ever be a subject of rejoicing whilst *honor, patriotism and singleness of heart are held in esteem*." Mrs. Sprague, the wife of a Mason and the grand-daughter of a staunch Royal Arch Mason and Bishop, was present.

The Key-Stone of Washington Chapter, No. 1.

Rev. and dear Bro. McMurdy: In the last issue of your admirable paper I find an allusion to Washington Chapter, No. 1, of the city of New York. It so happens that I have in my possession the "Key-stone" of white marble used by that Chapter in conferring degrees. My wife's grandfather, Benjamin Ayerigg, Esq., was an officer of that Chapter at the time of its dissolution, about fifty years ago, and the effects are, some of them, still in the possession of the family, including the Bible belonging to that Chapter. M. B. Smith, P. M.

Passaic, N. J., March 12, 1867.

Notice.—It is no trouble to send a back number when missed. We are always glad to do it; but brethren must not delay long in sending, for subscribers are coming in so rapidly that it is difficult to keep any back numbers.

Read the remarkable evidence to the power of Masonry in war, as given in Masonic Home Intelligence, under the head of *Alabama*.

The *News* of New Jersey says: The National Freemason is the very best Masonic publication in existence. Its sketches of lives of eminent Masons are worth more than the subscription price, and its table of chaste literature every week makes it a very necessary weekly monitor for every Mason.

The Missouri *Sentinel* says:

"The National Freemason is an unexcelled periodical, filled with choice reading."

Lank, Lean Fellow.

In the New England anti-Masonic Almanac, of 1831, Masonry is thus represented: Big fat fellow, on his apron is marked 1820, representing Masonry as it was; lank lean fellow, on his apron is 1831, Masonry as it is.

DIALOGUE—JACHIN AND BOAZ.

Jachin. "Give us thy hand, worthy brother. Thou art emblematical of our institution; in another year it will personify the walking skeleton; year after its portly form loseth its flesh, and bereft of public favor, it pineth and wasteth away.

Boaz. "Truly, Bro. Jachin, our institution hath seen its best days; it is in vain that we strive to brave the storm. Our strength constantly decreases, our funds are expended, and our credit gone; we gradually perish; there is no help for the widow's son.

Jachin. "Only preserve silence, secrecy, caution, and we may yet survive. Our institution has lived so many centuries, it will not perish now; besides, do you not observe the excitement is rapidly subsiding?

Boaz. "Yes, brother; but Masonry is subsiding with it. This excitement is a fever fastened upon our system. I fear when it wholly subsides it will carry us all with it—farewell (with a grip.)

MORE REVELATIONS.

We understand, says the *Batavia Times*, that Solomon Southwick, in his sermon of three hours' length, delivered at the Leray "Show" on the 4th, stated most unequivocally, that Bonaparte was murdered by the Masons! and that Masonry was the sole cause of introducing sin into our world in the garden of Eden! This is a thumper. If the Masons have got to father all the sins that have been committed since the days of Adam and Eve, they will have a dreadful account to render at the last day.—*American Masonic Record, Albany,* 1828.

Berlin and Sans-Souci; or, Frederick the Great and His Friends. An Historical Romance. By L. Muhlbach. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway. 1867. Sent free by mail for $2.

Apart from the interest which all Freemasons, and especially those of the ineffable degrees, feel in all relating to their great patron and Freemason, Frederick the Great, there is the added interest of history and romance combined. Here history is illustrated and popularized, and the heart is touched. The Masonic idea triumphs herein, bringing forth from the silent studio of the scholar, for the common good, the great men and great deeds of history.

Frederick the Great was born January 12, 1712, and died August 17, 1786. He became an earnest Freemason, while Prince Royal, at Brunswick.

Berlin and Sans-Souci has intense interest as a novel, and is destined to have an immense sale. It will dissipate many false views. It portrays Baron Trenck and Princess Amelia, Frederick's sister, in their true historical light. It shows that Frederick was not a hard-hearted man, nor an infidel, and gives the real relation between him and Voltaire, taking away from Voltaire any claim for the consideration of posterity. The acquaintance of the American community with the life and times of Frederick the Great is increasing daily, and the results of the late Prussian war augment the necessity of this to our statesmen, travelers, and readers. He must be blind as to cause and effect who traces no connection between the Masonic theories of Frederick and his conduct, his government and Prussian development. Freemasonry has made Prussia what she is, the first country of the old world.

Mühlbach will do for Prussia what Walter Scott has done for Great Britain, fix the sentiment of the people upon a *truthful* past.

These words put into the mouth of Frederick shows the proper appreciation of his character:

Frederick the Second made Prussia great, and enlarged her borders; he was a father who loved his people more than he did himself, and cheerfully sacrificed his own rest and comfort in their service; he was a teacher who spoke to them by word of mouth, and gave liberty to their souls.

Thus again:

On coming to the throne, Frederick had abolished all that long and absurd list of titles and dignities which had heretofore adorned the royal declarations. Even that highest of all titles, "King by the Grace of God," had Frederick the Second set aside. He declared that, in saying King of Prussia, all was said. His father had called himself King of Prussia, by the grace of God; he, therefore, would call himself simply the King of Prussia, and if he did not boast of God's grace, it was because he would prove by deeds, not words, that he possessed it.

After the battle of Sohr occurred this scene:

But General Rothenberg's order to the royal cook to satisfy the simple demand of his master was in vain. The cook had nothing, neither meat, fruit, nor bread.

"I will not return empty-handed to the king," said Rothenberg, with tears in his eyes. "I would sooner part with my last ducat to the first soldier I meet who has a piece of bread."

The general then passed, with inquisitive glances, through the groups of soldiers who were talking over the events of the last few hours. At last he perceived a soldier who was not talking, but was ogling a piece of bread which he seemed preparing to devour. With a hasty spring the general was at his side, his hand upon the bread.

"I will give you two ducats for this piece of bread, my friend."

"Two ducats! what should I do with two ducats?" he asked, with a scornful laugh. "I cannot eat your ducats, general, and my bread is more precious to me than a handful of ducats."

"If you will not give it for gold, then give it for love," cried the general. "For love of your king who is hungry, and has nothing to satisfy his craving."

The countenance of the soldier, which had been so smiling, became earnest, and he murmured thoughtfully to himself, "The king has no bread!"

"The king is hungry," repeated Rothenberg, almost imploringly.

"The king is hungry," murmured the soldier, sadly, as he glanced at the bread in his hand. Then, with quiet determination, he cut the loaf in two pieces, and handing one to the general, he said, "I will give you half of my bread, that is really all I can do for the king. Take it, general, the matter is settled. I will give no more."

"I desire no more," cried Rothenberg, as he hurried off with the bread to the newly erected tent of the king.

The soldier looked smilingly after him, but suddenly his countenance became overcast, he was seized with a fearful idea—suppose the general had deceived him, and the bread was not for the king? He must know; he must convince himself that the statement was true. He followed the general rapidly, and soon overtook him. Rothenberg perceived him, and understood instantly why he had followed him. Smilingly he entered the presence of the king.

"My king, I am here, and bring what you demanded, a piece of bread."

"Ah, that means renewed strength," said the king, as he received the bread and commenced eating it, with evident satisfaction. "How did you procure this bread for me, my friend?"

"Sire, I obtained it of a soldier, who refused to sell it, but who gladly gave it to me when he heard it was for the king. Afterward he conceived a doubt that I had deceived him, and that I had obtained his treasure for my own gratification. He followed me, and I wager he is standing without longing to know if the king is really eating his bread."

"I will gratify his desire," said Frederick, smiling, as he raised the curtain of the tent, and stood in the opening.

There stood the soldier, staring at the tent, but he trembled when he perceived the king. Frederick nodded to him most kindly, and proceeded to cut the bread which he held in his hand.

"I thank you for your bread,' he said; "my friend, you must ask some favor of me. Think what you would wish."

"Oh! I need not think," the soldier cried, joyfully. "If I may wish for something, it shall be the position of magistrate in my native land in Prussia."

"When peace is declared, your wish shall be gratified," said the king to the delighted soldier, and then bowing graciously, Frederick re-entered the tent.

* * * * * * * * *

The king seized his pen and commenced writing. "The judges," said he, hastily penning his words, "the judges must administer equal and impartial justice to all without respect to rank or wealth, as they expect to answer for the same before the righteous judgment-seat of God, and in order that the sighs of the widows and orphans, and of all that are oppressed, may not be visited upon themselves and their children. No rescripts, although issued from this cabinet, shall be deemed worthy of the slightest consideration, if they contain aught manifestly incompatible with equity, or if the strict course of justice is thereby hindered or interrupted; but the judges shall proceed according to the dictates of duty and conscience."

Thus rebuked he Voltaire:

"Voltaire," said the king, interrupting him, "you forget that you speak of my friends, and I do not allow any one to speak evil of them. I will never be partial, never unjust! My heart is capable of valuing and treasuring all my friends, but my friends must aim to deserve it; and if I give them my heart, I expect one in return."

Frederick was a manly king and a kingly man.

The Agapæ.

The social reunions of French Lodges are being termed *Agapes* (Agapæ), *Love Feasts*, or *Feasts of Charity*. Bro. Leger, in some remarks made at the regular banquet at Montrouge, France, thus spoke of the *Agapæ:*

This ceremony was instituted by the founder of Christianity when the new religion was persecuted and its disciples obliged to conceal themselves, in order to observe the ceremonies of their worship. These feasts generally took place in caves, but as the persecutors were always on the watch, the neophytes armed themselves. For this reason we preserve our glaives in all our ceremonies, even at our banquets, where these pacific knives are thus called. The first Christians were such proselytes as the emperors of the east, seeing their authority supplanted by the new religion, which preached only the love of one's neighbor, equality for all, and the abolition of slavery, resolved to rally to the new worship, in order to be able to control the religious sentiment which it was too late to combat now. From that moment they arrogated to themselves the right of nominating bishops, a right which had been reserved for universal suffrage. Thus was changed the power of those bishops, who were before only superintendents. It was in consequence of this change that there was a sort of schism in the Christian religion—Christianity and Catholicism. The agape was then prohibited by the new bishops. This bond of fraternity between the powerful and the oppressed appeared dangerous to their authority. The Christians remained faithful to their belief, and seeing themselves repulsed on all sides, constituted themselves into societies or lodges, and continued under this new form to preach the religion of love, liberty, equality and fraternity, taught by Christ, and maintained among themselves the celebration of the *agape.* These feasts that we religiously preserve, were designed to strengthen the bond which united Christians together; we who have the glory of continuing their work, should endeavor to preserve the ancient character of this institution. Let us unite, then, my brethren, and form by this union a rampart against the enemies of our Society; let Freemasonry be a refuge from all storms to those who seek its shelter. It is only by example that we can preach; our future is in our own hands. Let us be good and fraternal, in every acceptation of the word, and we shall overcome the obstacles placed under our feet and reduce to silence, if we do not convince, those who recently, in a council at Baltimore (America), have declared themselves infallible, and constituted themselves our masters and our judges. Let us attack no one; let us be irreproachable, and no one will dare to attack us. This is our best defense.

The *Telegram*, of Baltimore, has a most excellent article on the profusion of Masonic jewelry, and concludes thus:

"He who has been the subject of Masonic teachings; who visits his Lodge night after night, and finds no improvement in his moral condition; whose heart is not enlarged with love for his fellow; who feels no growth of those noble and generous impulses which make him a better man, is sadly wasting his time, and had better never to have been instructed in the mystic art.

"Let no one imagine that because he has passed through the ceremonies of the several degrees, and become a Templar Mason, that Masonry has done its work upon him, and that, therefore, he is bright in the noble art, and that all that remains for him to do is to adorn himself externally with Masonic emblems and proclaim to the world that he is a luminary in its sacred temple; but rather let him seek to adorn his mind and heart with its noble principles and generous affections, by studying its moral teachings, and expending the money wasted on those expensive emblems in drying the tears of the widow and orphan, cheering the heart of the desolate, so that when he knocks at the door of our Grand Lodge above, our supreme Grand Master will say, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was a hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in.'"

Persons make inquiries of us *anonymously.* Communications must be accompanied with name and address.

The Primitive Tongue.

But few subjects connected with ethnography have maintained so lively an interest among learned expositors of Scriptural truth in all ages as the questions, what was the primitive language? and how were human tongues confused? In Masonic discussions these subjects have quite as vital an interest as in general science, and our readers will, we doubt not, peruse with pleasure some conclusions to which we have been drawn in reading Jacobus' late and very excellent notes on Genesis.

We cannot for a moment entertain the supposition entertained by some, that the confusion of speech, so often referred to in the Masonic lectures, consisted merely in a change of the vocal organs, produced by the omnipotence of God, whereby speakers were turned into stammerers, who were unintelligible to one another. The "Confusion" was not merely variations in sound, such as might be attributed to differences in the use of the lip, tongue, teeth, palate and throat (which constitute the abial, lingual, dental, palatal and guttural elements of vocality), but had its foundation far deeper, viz, in the human mind. To make ourselves comprehended at once, we would say that the original "Confusion" was neither more nor less than the confusion witnessed in the Lodge, the family, the municipality, or society in any form, where the purposes of men differ and moral ties are loosened.

To illustrate this, we affirm that if language, in the audible expression of emotions, conceptions and thoughts of the mind, the cause of the Babelic "Confusion," which brought about the division of the one human family into different national dialects, must be looked for in an effect produced on the human mind, by which the original unity of emotion, conception, thought and will was broken up. This effect was probably produced by ambition, the sin by which angels fell.

Tracing the separate histories of the three great families of earth—the descendants of Shem, Ham and Japhet—what is plainer than the differences in conception, thought and purpose that distinguish them? The points wherein their mental constitutions differ are more numerous than the points in which they agree. It needs but a smattering of historical knowledge to see this. And it is this fact that gives us our best clue to solve the question of the "Confusion in the Temple," so finely illustrated in the Masonic drama of Blue Lodge Masonry.

* * *

Do we want to be strong? we must work. To be happy? we must be kind. To be wise? we must look and think. Traveling a hundred miles the hour nor manufacturing by steam will make us stronger, happier or wiser. There has always been more in the world than men could see, walked they ever so slowly. The grand inventions for conquering space and time, do, in reality, conquer nothing; for space and time are, in their own essence, unconquerable, and besides did not want any sort of conquering; they wanted *using*. A fool always wants to shorten space and time, a wise man wants to lengthen both. A fool wants to kill space and kill time; a wise man, first to gain them, then to animate them. Your railroad, when you come to understand it, is only a device for making the world smaller; and, as for being able to talk from place to place, that is, indeed, well and convenient; but suppose you have, originally, nothing to say? We shall be obliged at last to confess, what we should long ago have known, that the really precious things are thought and sight, not pace. It does a bullet no good to go fast, and a man no harm to go slow; for his glory is not at all in going, but in being.

* * *

The Christian Banner is out against Freemasonry. It says:

Freemasonry seems to us, judged by its ritual, to claim a position inconsistent with Christianity. It assumes a religious character, and, so far as it does so, teaches a false religion—a religion of salvation without the blood of Christ. No such objection applies to any temperance order, that we know of.

As to the movements in our churches on the subject, the only striking indication that has come to our notice is the action of the General Association (Congregational) of Illinois at its last meeting. After commending certain associations, they add—

"Then there are certain other wide-spread organizations—such as Freemasonry—which, as we suppose, are in their nature hostile to good citizenship and true religion, because they exact initiatory oaths of blind compliance and concealment, incompatible with the claims of equal justice toward man and a good conscience to ward God; because they may easily, and sometimes have actually, become combinations against the due processe- of law and government; because, while claiming a religious character, they, in their rituals, deliberately withhold all recognition of Christ as their only Saviour, and Christianity as the only true religion; because, while in fact they are nothing but restricted partnerships or companies for mutual insurance and protection, they ostentatiously parade this characterless engagement as a substitute for brotherly love and true benevolence; because they bring good men into confidential relations to bad men; and because, while in theory they supplant the Church of Christ, they do also, in fact, largely tend to withdraw the sympathy and active zeal of professing Christians from their respective churches. Against all connections with such associations we earnestly advise the members of our churches, and exhort them, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.'"

We have so often exposed the fallacies and falsehoods above recited that we do not deem any readers of the National Freemason need light or argument.

Catalogue of Scotch Rite Degrees.

Our readers are often perplexed with the multiplicity of degrees in the Scotch Rite. For convenience of reference we give the list. Beginning at the fourth degree (the first three being those of the Blue Lodge) we have:

IV.	Secret Master.
V.	Perfect Master.
VI.	Intimate Secretary.
VII.	Provost and Judge.
VIII.	Intendant of the Buildings.
IX.	Elect of Nine.
X.	Elect of Fifteen.
XI.	Sublime Knight Elected.
XII.	Grand Master Architect.
XIII.	Royal Arch of Enoch.
XIV.	Grand Elect, Perfect and Sublime.
XV.	Knight of the East or Sword.
XVI.	Prince of Jerusalem.
XVII.	Knight of the East and West.
XVIII.	Prince Rose Croix.
XIX.	Grand Pontiff.
XX.	Grand Master Symbolical Lodges.
XXI.	Prussian Knight Noachite.
XXII.	Knight of the Royal Axe.
XXIII.	Chief of the Tabernacle.
XXIV.	Prince of the Tabernacle.
XXV.	Knight of the Brazen Serpent.
XXVI.	Prince of Mercy.
XXVII.	Commander of the Temple.
XXVIII.	Knight of the Sun.
XXIX.	Knight of St. Andrew.
XXX.	Knight Kadosh.
XXXI.	Grand Inquisitor Commander.
XXXII.	Prince of the Royal Secret.
XXXIII.	Inspector General.

A New York Letter.

"I have been a New York Mason for twenty years, and have seen many projects and persons commence here and rise and fall. I have never known one of which the craft in New York city generally are so proud, so well satisfied with, as the National Freemason. We all feel that we have a paper that we are not ashamed of, that we can lay before our wives and daughters and say: *this is our organ, this is Freemasonry*. It is without political or religious bias. Every unselfish, non-partisan lover of the craft is a friend of the National Freemason.

Masonry has Secrets.

BY REV. DR. RANDALL, BISHOP OF COLORADO.

They are a necessity growing out of its universality, and its obligations to minister mutual relief. It must have a common language, which all its members may speak, anywhere and under all circumstances; a language readily understood, and which carries with it not only a meaning but an obligation to be heard and heeded. This society could not exist a single day as a brotherhood of the race, without some such mode of communication, protected by the vail of secresy and secured by the sacredness of a solemn obligation. The philosophy of Masonic secrets is simply resolved in their absolute necessity, to the existence and activity of a society, whose benefits are broad enough to embrace all nations, whose power is capable of succoring its own, wherever found on the face of the earth. These secrets have no other essential value.

But what is the source of the *vitality* of this Order; its power of endurance, its tenacity of life,—the fountain of the forces, by which it has so long lived, in spite of itself, in spite of its enemies, in lands civilized and uncivilized, surviving fortunes which have wrecked others? Is it to be found in the fact that it has a language of its own, which its members may everywhere use, and which they are bound everywhere to recognize? Surely not. To something higher than all this is it indebted for its vitality, when persecuted by the intolerant bigotry of corrupt priests, the unscrupulous power of ignorant kings, the insane violence of popular prejudice, which in turn have tried upon it their exterminating power. Yet it has survived all these successive persecutions, and from age to age has gone forth to its work with all the buoyant energy of young life.

A society, which has lived long enough to see kingdoms rise and fall; to see dynasties come and go; that has survived the great political changes which make and unmake men and nations; that has stood unshaken by shocks violent enough to throw down empires; such a society must have somewhere, inherent in its constitution, a vital element, capable of producing effects equal to such a measure of self-preservation—that element is found in its *moral power*.

Funerals.

Our article on funerals has been extensively copied and commented upon with approbation. The *Jewish Messenger* says:

"We cordially re-echo the National Freemason's remark, and add that the simplicity of the old-fashioned Jewish funeral rites is almost sublime in its modesty and democratic equality. If one thing more than another in the introduction of new ideas into the practices of Israel pains and annoys us, it is the departure from the simplicity of the funeral rites. On the old fashioned principles of Judaism, all are equal in death, whatever their position, fortune or accident in life. There is no concession to vanity and ostentation. All are encased in the plain, unobtrusive coffin, covered with the same black pall, for rich and poor, old and young, modest and conspicuous. The poetry of pure democracy is realized. The corpse is clothed in plain shrouds, and enshrined in an unadorned coffin, and conveyed in the hearse alike destitute of plumes and silver mounting, its steeds not prancing as if in consciousness of its gorgeous trappings, but stepping onward to the cemetery, soberly, quietly, for one and all alike.

Let our fraternity also return to the simple, old-fashioned, inexpensive democratic funerals.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK.

Tribute to P. H. Priest James H. Redfield.—Tuesday, 5th, at a regular convocation of Zerubbabel R. A. C., No. 147, P. H. Priest James H. Redfield, was presented with a beautiful gold watch and chain, by High Priest Chas C. J. Beck, on behalf of the Companions, as a token of respect for the efficient manner in which he officiated as High Priest for the past two years. M. E. Comp Redfield responded in a few appropriate remarks.

GEORGIA.

The late Grand Lodge.—The mail has dropped somewhere on the route the first budget of our correspondent from Georgia. We gather the following from the second budget, just received:

1. Western Lodge was excused from making returns, its Lodge building, jewels, books and furniture having been destroyed by soldiers of the Federal army during the war.
2. Five hundred copies of a second edition of Ahiman Rezon was ordered; and where it cannot be obtained, any Monitor, published by the sanction of any G.·. L.·. as a text-book, may be used.
3. Lodges are prohibited from passing or raising any candidate until by public, open examination the Lodge is satisfied of his proficiency in the previous degree.
4. The following are extracts from the able report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence:

Language fails "to express their appreciation of the words and spirit (fraternal) exhibited by most of the Grand bodies from whom we have been separated."

* * * * *

"In forming opinions of our Northern and Western brethren, during the war, we were disposed to judge them" as we judged the Federal government. "Opportunity has been afforded of judging them as Masons by the evidence they have furnished through the proceedings of their Grand Lodges, and with but very few exceptions we are convinced that the sacred fire burns with undiminished brightness upon their altars, and that the benign precepts of the Order controlled their acts as Masons. Thus has our glorious Institution passed through the furnace more than 'seven times heated,' not only unscathed, but increasing the accumulated evidence of its perfection of Wisdom, its immovable durability of Strength, its adornments of the 'Beauty' of all the virtues that dignify and ennoble our fallen nature. May this be a sufficient test of its greatness—may we be forever spared another such ordeal."

* * * * * *

Speaking of Alabama, the Committee say:

"The brethren of that jurisdiction withheld not the softening exhibition of charity and brotherly love from any Mason, from whatever section he hailed; the hours of the dying Mason were cheered by Masonic love, without inquiry as to his location. It was sufficient to know he was a brother needing a brother's kindly care; and when human efforts for the preservation of life were unavailing, they gave Masonic 'burial and a grave.'

* * * * * *

"Your committee has had a full opportunity of forming a correct judgment of the conduct of Masons in the Federal army, in its devastating march through the State. As Gr. Lecturer he visited many Lodges in the line of march of Sherman, and learned many, VERY MANY, instances of the conduct of Masons attached to the army, that increased his veneration for the divine teaching of our beloved Order. The bitterness of sectional feeling and deadly strife was forgotten when a suffering brother claimed Masonic protection; enemies were transformed into friends at sight of the signal of distress; appalling danger was averted by the ÆGIS of Masonry; wives, children, homes, were securely shielded from harm by its unseen but mighty power. Nor were these instances 'few and far between.' In every portion of the State, where opportunity offered, it was demonstrated that the 'blue coat' wrapped a Masonic heart, and the hand ready to deal the deadly blow at the command of duty, was equally ready to extend protection at the command of obligation. These are the tests that prove the excellencies of our Institution, and portray the glory of its character. In behalf of our brethren who were the objects of such fraternal regard, we tender to those of every section this tribute of grateful acknowledgment."

GEORGIA.

Atlanta.—The granite front of the new Masonic Temple is nearly completed.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Published proceedings, neatly got up by Bro. Bain, the esteemed son of our brother whose biography appeared in our last number, is received. So faithful was our correspondent at the late meeting, that nothing is left for us to publish.

VIRGINIA.

Richmond.—The Masonic Academy, under J. H. Macrae and Miss Boykin, opened last October, numbers 33 male and 15 female pupils. This school is exclusively for the children of Master Masons, and those whose parents or guardians are unable to pay their tuition are taught free.

TEXAS.

Brenham.—A candle was left burning in a wooden candlestick in the ante-room of a Lodge, and an entire block of buildings was consumed.

VERMONT.

Clarendon.—Centre Lodge, No. 34, mourns the demise of Bro. John Bowman.

WISCONSIN.

Plover.—Captain Park delivered a Masonic address, February 22.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco.—Masonic Board of Relief expended $20,000, in 1866, for charitable purposes.

RHODE ISLAND.

Grand Chapter met at Providence, R. I., at Ionic Hall, March 12, and elected our friend and Comp. Thos. A. Doyle as Grand High Priest; E. Goddard, D.·. G.·. H.·. P.·.; W. Gilpin, G.·. R.·.; J. L. Perrin, G.·. S.·.; and S. B. Swan, G.·. Sec.

KENTUCKY.

Louisville.—Bros. Mallory, Ex-M. C., Philip Swigert, and others, are a committee to arrange for a National Industrial Congress at Louisville.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The *Consistory* has resumed its labors, and a Lodge of Perfection will at once be organized.

The daily *Journal and Messenger* (Georgia) says:

We must express our highest approbation of the noble and truly Masonic course of the NATIONAL FREEMASON. It is a work devoted purely, solely, and unwaveringly to the bright and noble principles of our time-honored institution, and we most cordially recommend it to the patronage and support of every Southern Mason.

DELAWARE.

We find the following of interest in the transactions of the late Grand Lodge. Bro. Nicholson, (M. C.,) the late Grand Master thus opens his address:

"Another year of peace has rolled away, and we have learned more fully to appreciate its blessings, and can renew our rejoicing that the years of civil strife are ended; but especially have we reason to be grateful that during their continuance nothing has occurred to mar our harmony, and that we have been enabled to illustrate by our example, 'how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.' The virtues to which our Temple is dedicated have shown but the more brightly amid the storm through which we have passed, and, attracted by their rays, we have seen throngs seeking to gain admission to its portals."

The following are the officers of the current year: Daniel McClintock, G. M.; Paynter Frame, D. G. M.; J. L. Evans, G. S. W.; James Crooks, G. J. W.; John P. Allmond, G. S.; J. Thomas Budd, G. T.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Grand Orient (or Lodge) is the supreme body in France. This Grand Orient is composed of various orients or districts, which are composed of the various Masonic bodies within the district. When the Grand Orient is not in session, business is transacted by the Grand Council of the Grand Orient. The Grand Council also sits as a chamber of appeal.

All the various rites are under the control of the Grand Orient. No brother can receive any of the higher degrees without the consent of the Grand Council. No circular of charity can be addressed by a Lodge to the other Lodges, except by the consent of the Grand Council.

During the months of December and January there were twenty-nine applications from all the Lodges within and without France, under Gallican jurisdiction, for permission to receive the higher degrees. As many Masons are received in one week into the various chapters of New York. The French system works well in preventing the rush for the higher degrees.

There were seven applications during December and January last from all the Lodges within and without France, under French jurisdiction, to ask for the aid of sister Lodges in behalf of unfortunate brethren and their families, the Lodges of which they were members having exhausted their own means. The following is a sample of the applications to the Grand Orient: "The Lodge *Perfect Union*, O.·. d'Agde, desires authority of addressing the bodies of their correspondence a request for aid in favor of two children of brother E. Goutes, deceased. These two children, one four and the other two years of age, lost their father and mother simultaneously. They have been received by their aged and infirm grandfather, who is scarcely able to take care of his own family." The Lodge continues in similar language, saying what they have done, and, with their restricted means, their inability to do more.

Bordeaux.—At the installation of the new Lodge, *Fraternal Alliance*, W.·. Bro. Rousié presided, by the order of the Grand Master. There were deputations present from all the Lodges of Bordeaux, numbering thirteen. The President, Bro. Rousié, spoke of the confidence reposed in them by the Grand Master. He exhorted them to most absolute respect for the Constitution and general regulations, that they must never forget that upon the individual character of each member will depend the reputation of the entire body, and that their assemblies should be composed of men of good repute for their talents and their virtues. He exhorted them to bar at the outset all admission of speculative and philosophical questions "which agitate the profane world and which have entered some of our Lodges," and which drive out fraternal feelings from the Lodge. * * Let it be so that when one may wish to designate "an honest, beneficent man, and one devoted to humanity, it will be said, '*He is a Freemason.*'

Paris.—At a late meeting of the *Lodge Perfect Union*, Paris, France, for installation of officers, *Le Chaine D'Union* reports an American brother as present, and saying that he desired to express his gratification he being so cordially received by the Lodge, and that in would remember the occurrences of the evening with great pleasure. He also sang, with a fine voice, inspiring a love for America. The Lodge applauded, for all felt the inspiration. An eloquent brother responded, proposing as a toast "To the Light," referring to the United States as the country of light and progress. The French brother complimented most highly the United States.

WEST INDIES.

Martinique—St. Pierre.—The Lodge *Reunion des Arts* is supporting a physician who devotes his time to attending to the indigent sick.

Mauritius—Port Louis.—In the Lodge *Peace*, a bust of Bro. Descombes has been lately inaugurated, in memory of his sacrifices and services in behalf of the victims of cholera of 1854. The conduct of the Roman Catholic clergy towards the sick who were Masons is harshly spoken of.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Uraguay (Montevideo).—We are just advised of the death of Bro. Florentine Castellanos, Grand Master of the Grand Orient and Supr. Cons. of Uraguay. His death is lamented by the entire fraternity. Bro. Matteo Magoriños, 33, has been elected Sov. Gr. Com. and Grand Master, and Bro. Ezechiello Perez Grand Master Adjunct, in place of Bro. Adolfo Pfeil, 33, elected Secretary-General. Bro. Juan Manuel de la Sierra, 33, is Assistant Secretary.

Columbia.—A new Masonic publication has been started, the organ of the Grand Orient, and actively opposed to the body patronized by Mosquera, in Bogota, &c.

DORIC LODGE, No. 280, F. A. M. }
Rooms, 68 East Broadway. }
NEW YORK, March 14, 1867.

At a regular communication of Doric Lodge, No. 280, held as above, the following resolutions were offered, adopted, and ordered to be printed.

Resolved, That Doric Lodge, No. 280, view with regret the manner in which the Masonic fraternity has been compromised in the action of Geo. W. Holmes & Co.'s Lottery scheme. And we call upon Masons generally to do all in their power to condemn such an abuse of our honored name

Also, that we regard the *quasi* endorsement of the scheme by M. W. Robt. D. Holmes as being fraught with danger to our charities, and detrimental to the best interests of the fraternity. H. Z. MANNERS, Master.

ROBERT OUTRAM, Secretary.

WHAT IS A SEWING MACHINE?

It is a machine for making clothing and doing Sewing of all kinds.

Does it make the same kind of stitch that a lady makes with her needle?

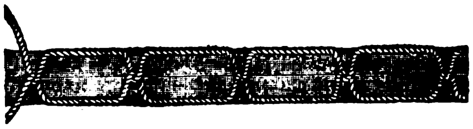
No; it makes other kinds.

What are they called?

"Lock Stitch," "Chain Stitch" and "Double Chain Stitch."

What is the difference?

Here is a picture of the Lock Stitch, as the thread looks when stitched into the cloth, only this is made larger and coarser that you may see it better:



No. 1.—LOCK STITCH.

It is made with two threads, one on each side of the cloth, and "locked" together in the centre.

Hence it is called the "Lock Stitch." It cannot be pulled out, nor raveled, and there is only a single line of thread on each side of the seam.

Is the seam strong and firm?

Yes; just as firm as the cloth, when properly made. It is the principal stitch made by sewing machines since their first invention.

How much thread does it take for a yard of seam?

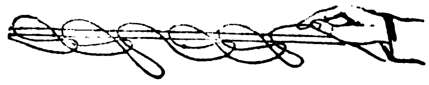
About two yards and one half.

What is the principal machine that makes the Lock Stitch?

THE WHEELER & WILSON MACHINE.

What is the "Chain Stitch?

Here is a picture of it.



No. 2.—CHAIN STITCH.

It is such a stitch as the ladies make in knitting and crocheting, and it can be raveled in the same way.

Is it much used in Sewing?

No; because the seam made with it pulls out so easily. Think of garments coming apart when one is in the street!

How much thread does it take for a yard of seam?

About four and a half yards; or nearly twice as much as the "Lock Stitch."

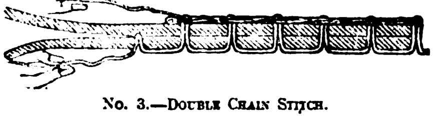
What is the principal machine making this stitch?

The Wilcox & Gibbs.

What is the "Double Chain Stitch?"

It is very much like the Single Chain Stitch, but is made with two threads.

Here is a picture of it.



No. 3.—DOUBLE CHAIN STITCH.

Can it be raveled?

Yes; and shows a ridge on one side.

What makes that ridge on the under side of the seam?

It is the looping and knotting of the two threads used.

Does that do any harm?

Yes; it wears off when garments are washed and ironed. It does not look well unless as embroidery.

No one would like a handkerchief hemmed with it, or any seam made that shows. A handsome stitch, you know, only shows a single line of thread.

How much thread does it take for a yard of seam?

About six and one half (6½) yards. The most of any machine.
What machine makes this stitch?
The Grover and Baker.
Who use Sewing Machines?

The Wheeler & Wilson are used by Seamstresses, Dress Makers, Tailors, Manufacturers of Shirts, Collars, Skirts, Cloaks, Mantillas, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Corsets, Ladies' Boots and Shoes, Linen Goods, Umbrellas, Parasols, etc. They work equally well upon silk, linen, woolen and cotton goods, with silk, cotton, or linen thread. They will seam, quilt, gather, hem, fell, cord, braid, bind, and perform every species of sewing, making a beautiful and perfect stitch, alike on both sides of the article sewed.

How many Wheeler & Wilson machines have been sold?
Nearly 300,000.
How fast can the machine work?

The WHEELER & WILSON COMPANY has prepared tables showing, by actual experiments of four different workers, the time required to stitch each part of a garment by hand, and with the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. Subjoined is a summary of several of the tables:

	BY MACHINE.		BY HAND.	
	Hours.	*Minutes.*	*Hours.*	*Minutes.*
Gentlemen's Shirts	1	16	14	26
Frock Coats	2	38	16	35
Satin Vests	1	14	7	19
Linen Vests	0	48	5	14
Cloth Pants	0	51	5	10
Summer Pants	0	38	2	50
Silk Dress	1	13	8	27
Merino Dress	1	4	8	27
Calico Dress	0	57	6	37
Chemise	1	1	10	31
Moreen Skirt	0	35	7	28
Muslin Skirt	0	30	7	1
Drawers	0	28	4	6
Night Dress	1	7	10	2
Silk Apron	0	15	4	16
Plain Apron	0	9	1	26

NUMBER OF STITCHES PER MINUTE.

	By Hand.	*With Machine.*	*Ratio.*
Stitching fine Linen	23	640	28
Stitching Satin	24	520	22
Stitching Silk	30	550	18
Seaming fine Cloth	18	594	15
Patent Leather, fine Stitching	7	175	25
Fitting Ladies' Gaiters	28	510	18
Stitching Shoe Vamps	10	210	21
Binding Hats	33	374	11

When the machines are driven by power the ratio is much higher 1,500 and 2,000 stitches per minute not being an unusual average.

Think how much time is saved by using the machines!

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS.

The proportion of thread used in making the various stitches is as follows:

"Lock Stitch," 1; "Chain Stitch," 1 8-10ths; "Double Chain, Stitch," 2 5-10ths.

Prob. 1. If a "Lock Stitch" machine uses ten cents' worth of thread and silk in a day, how much would it use in a year of 300 working days? Answer, $30.

Prob. 2. How much would a "Chain Stitch" machine use in doing the same amount of sewing? Answer, $54.

Prob. 3. How much would a "Double Chain Stitch" machine use in doing the same amount of sewing? Answer, $75 worth.

Prob. 4. There will be ultimately at least a million of sewing machines used in the country. At the above rate, what value of thread and silk would be used annually if all of one kind were used? Answer, "Lock Stitch," $30,000,000; "Chain Stitch," $54,000,000; "Double Chain Stitch," $75,000,000.

Prob. 5. What value of thread would be wasted by the "Chain Stitch?" Answer, $24,000,000.

Prob. 6. What value would be wasted by the "Double Chain Stitch?" Answer, $45,000,000.

Prob. 7. If there be 6,000,000 of families in the United States, how much would it cost to send each a weekly newspaper at $1 50? Answer, $9,000,000.

Prob. 8. How much to send a monthly magazine at $2? Answer, $12,000,000.

Prob. 9. How much would remain of the $45,000,000 of waste for Missionary, Educational and Charitable purposes? Answer, $24,000,000.

Is it wicked to waste things? Yes.

Then what sewing machine should be used? Answer, "WHEELER & WILSON'S LOCK STITCH SEWING MACHINE."

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STATEMENT *of the UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, in the City of New York, No. 40 Wall Street, for the year* 1866.

Assets, 1st January, 1866		$1,600,13?.45
RECEIPTS.		
Premiums and Charge for Policies	$533,290 97	
Interest, Premium on Gold, &c.	179,769 08	
		713,060 05
		$2,313,199 50
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Paid Claims by Death	$162,400 00	
Endowments and other Policies Purchased	17,512 74	
Dividends and Profits paid with Claims	15,870 52	
Re-Insurance, Taxes, Commissions, Physician's Fees, Annuity, &c.	68,834 92	
Office Expenses, Advertising, Printing, and Stationery	42,878 68	
		$307,496 86
ASSETS.		
Cash in Bank, in U. S. Trust Co. and on call.	$72,778 07	
Bonds and Mortgages	395,300 00	
United States Bonds and Treasury Notes, ($826,300, par)	869,744 00	
New York State Bonds, ($124,000, par)	124,650 00	
New York City Bonds, ($75,000, par)	75,000 00	
Brooklyn City Bonds, ($24,000, par)	23,040 00	
Due by Agents	62,279 66	
Loans on Policies	246,524 11	
Deferred Premiums	80,253 84	
Interest due or accrued	56,132 96	
Assets, 1st January, 1867		$2,005,702 64
		$2,313,199 50

There are no losses due and unpaid.

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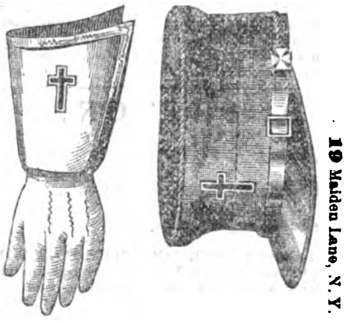

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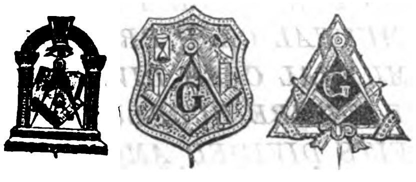

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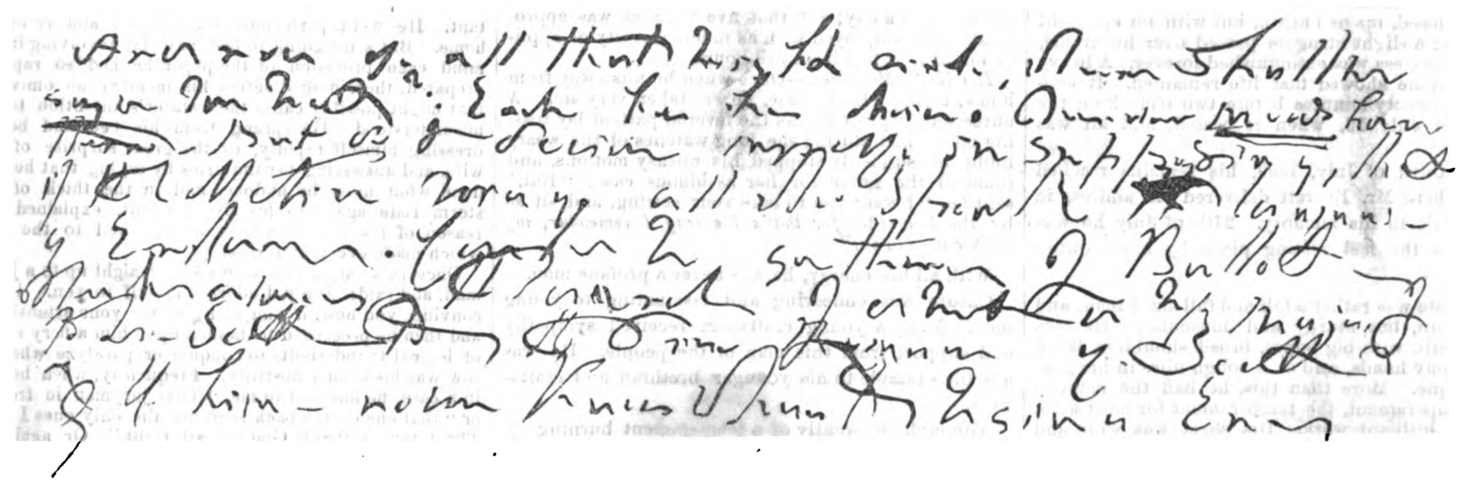

FAC-SIMILE OF RUFUS CHOATE'S MANUSCRIPT.

Rufus Choate—The Great American Advocate—The Ruler of the Twelve—The Wizard of the Court-Room—The Massachusetts Freemason—His Manuscript—Initiation and Masonic Life—Death—Character—Speeches. No. 2. (Concluded.)

The fac-simile at the head of this sheet is taken from his lecture (the last of the series) before the Mercantile Library Association, styled, "Our Obligations to the British Poets of the First Twenty Years of this Century." He is defending his eminent Masonic brother, Walter Scott, whom he most admired. The MSS. above, printed plainly, reads:

And now, of all that bright circle, whom shall we say that we love best? Each has his choice. Our own moods have them. But do I deceive myself in supposing that if the collective voice of all who speak the language of England could be gathered by ballots, it would award the laurel, by about a two-thirds majority, to Walter Scott, to the prose romance of Scott? Of him, no one knows where to begin or end.

A wag said:

The autograph of Mr. Choate somewhat resembles the map of Ohio, and looks like a piece of crayon sketching done in the dark with a three pronged fork. His hand writing cannot be deciphered without the aid of a pair of compasses and a quadrant.

Bro. Rufus Choate was initiated in Jordan Lodge, Danvers, Mass., December 25, 1828, and in January, 1867, received the second and third degrees. Bro. Nathan Poor was the Master of the Lodge when Bro. Choate received the three degrees, who repeatedly spoke in high terms of the dignified bearing of Bro. Poor, and the impressiveness of the entire ceremonies. Our friend and brother, Gen. Sutton, of Salem, Mass., informs us that he had the honor of recommending Bro. Choate, and of presenting his petition to the Lodge. Rufus Choate was Junior Warden in 1825, Senior Warden in 1826 and 1827. Thus read the minutes of the Lodge:

Oct. 6, 5824. Voted, That a special Lodge be holden on the 20th inst., at 6 o'clock, P.M., to receive the annual visit of the District Deputy Grand Master.

Voted, That Bros. Rufus Choate, Jonathan Shove and John W. Proctor be a committee to inform R. W. Jos. G. Sprague, D. D. G. M., of the arrangements made for his reception.

Again, the minutes reads:

March 2, 5825. Voted, That R. W. Bro. Poor, W. Bro. Choate, R. W. P. M. Nichols, and W. P. W. J. W. Proctor, be a committee to consider the expediency of investing the funds of this Lodge, to the amount of one thousand dollars, in the bank which is about to be established in Danvers; and if, in their opinion, it be expedient to invest the same; and to inquire, further, whether it would be expedient to associate ourselves with others in erecting a building for the accommodation of the Lodge.

Jordan Lodge thus speaks of Bro. Choate:

Of Past Master Rufus Choate, with whose brilliant career in the halls of justice and legislation all are familiar, and whose attachment to Masonry was manifested when in the United States Senate, in company with Henry Clay and other eminent Masons, he turned aside the shafts of the insidious advocates of political anti-Masonry.

We are not informed of what Lodge he was Master, but suppose it to have been of Jordan, Danvers, Mass.

Bro. Fitch Poole, of South Danvers, writes us:

JANUARY 24, 1867.

* * * I can only add my recollections of him in the Lodge. He was, as might well be expected, what is called a "bright" Mason, punctual at his post, interested and enthusiastic, pleased with the Masonic ritual, and an admirer of its ancient ceremonies.

It was during his connection with the Lodge that the anti-Masonic delusion was spreading throughout the country, frightening some honest men, and affording dishonest ones a pretext for riding to office on the storm it created. This insane delusion, and the crafty management of its political leaders, were met not only with firmness and sense, but with Mr. Choate's most powerful and withering rebuke.

Upon Bro. Choate's first nomination to Congress, he met with opposition because he was a Freemason. The Quaker gentleman, Stephen Oliver, in writing to him, in behalf of the convention which nominated him, said:

Salem, 10th Mo., 18, 1830.

RUFUS CHOATE, ESQ. — The Convention have determined, after several ballotings, to support thee for representative to Congress for this district; the last ballot which produced this result stood 28 to 12. I called at thy office previous to the balloting to ascertain whether the nomination would be agreeable, and after the vote was determined I informed the Convention of thy absence, and a committee was appointed to inform thee of the result, and obtain an answer of acceptance or otherwise. I can now say that I believe no other name would run as well in Lynn, Chelsea, Sangus, and Lynnfield, and I have no doubt of an election at the first meeting, provided thy acceptance is seasonably announced. If consistent with thy interest and inclination, it would be gratifying to me to hear of thy acceptance. *When we find the right man in all other respects we are willing to waive the Masonic objection*—believing the time is coming when all men of talents and respectability will leave that mere *shadow* for things more substantial.

Thy friend, STEPHEN OLIVER.

This anti-Masonic spirit followed him in all his political life. It was intimated, in 1856, in the presidential campaign, that Choate had sustained Buchanan and Breckenridge because they were both Freemasons, and Fremont was not. He never deigned a response.

We now continue the *general* narrative from No. 12:

Rufus Choate's last speech but one was at the 25th anniversary of the settlement of Rev. Dr. Adams as his pastor. The following is the closing paragraph:

We have attended this church, attached ourselves to this congregation, and adhere to this form of faith, because we believe it to be the old religion, the true religion, and the safest, and because, also, we have thought that there was no incompatibility between it and the largest and most generous mental culture and the widest philanthropy, that are necessary in order to complete the moral and mental development and accomplishment of man.

March 29, 1859, he made his last argument. In the midst of his last case, April 16th, he returned home, never to enter his office again. He found himself unequal to a foreign voyage for his health, after he had engaged his passage to the Isle of Wight. He spent a month with his son-in-law, in Dorchester, and felt stronger, and attempted a voyage; but reaching Halifax, could proceed no further.

July 12, at his usual hour, about 5 o'clock, he ate a hearty dinner, bolstered up in bed, and conversing at the same time with his natural vivacity. Shortly after he had finished, his son, who was in the room, was startled by hearing him asking for something indistinctly, and in a peculiar tone; and going to him, inquired if he did not fell well. He said no, that he felt very faint. These were the last words he ever uttered. He was raised and supported in the bed; the remedies at hand were freely applied, and the physician at once summoned. But the end was at hand. His eyes closed, opened again, but with no apparent recognition; a slight struggle passed over his frame, and consciousness was extinguished forever. A heavy breathing alone showed that life remained. It continued till twenty minutes before two o'clock on the morning of July 13, when it ceased, and all was still.

Twenty-third of July, 1859, his remains reached Boston, where Mr. Everett delivered his address in Faneuil Hall in his memory. 24th of July he was followed to the last resting place by a sorrowing city.

Mr. Choate was rather a tall and full-sized man, and looked worn, but sturdy and muscular. He was strongly built, with big bones, broad shoulders, large feet and bony hands, and of a tough fibre in his general physique. More than this, he had the nervous bilious temperament, the temperament for hard work as well as brilliant work. His chest was wide and powerful. And his floating hair, which is in some degree a test of a strong constitution, resisted all the inflammation of his busy brain, and remained to the last firmly set. It was always black and hardly tinged at all with those gray hues which have been aptly called the white flag of truce which old age hangs out to the hatreds of life. He was a very strong man, capable of vast fatigue and endurance. From his frequent sick headaches and the look of his fatigued face, many supposed him physically a feeble man. He was very far from feeble. It was not feebleness, but immense overwork which continually wore him down.

No poor person ever appealed to Mr. Choate in vain. His efforts for a poor client, wholly unable to pay a fee, equaled any of his later efforts on larger topics.

Mr. Choate was industrious and studious, rising early in the morning, and busied with his books before the laborers went to their work.

Mr. Choate was a regular attendant at church. Like Fisher Ames, he loved to read the Bible in his young days and in his manhood. He attended to it carefully at church, and quoted from it constantly in speaking. He was never tired of reading the English orators, and talking about them.

His brain was always at work, resting only by change of labors. He carried a book of poetry with him to cheer and *floralize* his mind for the dry law before him. He had no fancy for game or sport of any kind.

Thus spoke he at the Peabody Institute, at Danvers, Mass.:

> Let the case of a busy lawyer testify to the priceless value of the love of reading. He comes home, his temples throbbing, his nerves shattered from a trial of a week; surprised and alarmed by the charge of the judge, and pale with anxiety about the verdict of the next morning; not at all satisfied with what he has done himself, though he does not see how he could have improved it; recalling with dread and self-disparagement, if not with envy, the brilliant effort of his antagonist, and tormenting himself with the vain wish that he could have replied to it, and altogether a very miserable subject, and in as unfavorable a condition to accept comfort from wife and children as poor Christian in the first three pages of Pilgrim's Progress. With a superhuman effort he opens his book, and in the twinkling of an eye he is looking into the full "orb of Homeric and Miltonic song," or Pope or Horace laughs him into good humor.

He was careful of animals. When a friend was driving rather fast he instantly put out his hand, and said, with most deliberate emphasis, "I want you to drive me as slowly and as carefully as if I were a Methodist minister going to meeting."

His Benevolence.—Mr. Choate was a very benevolent and kind-hearted man; no sufferer, no student, no charity was ever turned away empty from the doors of his large and everflowing heart. He defended cases for poor and friendless women for nothing, or next to nothing, when in the same time he might have been making his fifty or a hundred or more dollars a day. When the Roman Catholic Association procured his services as a lecturer, he filled their house and their coffers; but learning that their course of lectures was for the benefis of destitute boys, he gave his glittering address a free gift to them, and would take no fee.

His Economy of Time.—His husbandry and economy of his time was most minute and punctual. For many of his studies and exercises, he often could only get five minutes a day; yet that five minutes was appropriated and employed with as much severity of application as if it had been five hours.

His Home Memories.—Once when he was away from home, trying a heavy case, he was taken very sick. A nurse was employed. As the fevered patient lay tossing on his bed, during the long watches of the weary night, he suddenly stopped his uneasy motions, and thanked the nurse for her assiduous case; "But," said he, "I want you to take your sewing, and sit *so* by the bed-side; *for that's the way, I remember, my mother used to sit.*"

With all his energy, he was never a profane man.

Choate was endearing and fascinating to young men. Many a young craftsman received sympathy and support from this man of the people. He was a noble example to his younger brethren and craftsmen.

Although apparently of a temperament burning up with all the passion of the East, yet never, amid all his successes, his flatteries or his temptations, did he abandon himself for a moment to any dissipations. Studious, well governed, intellectual to the last, he neither allowed himself to wander about idly, like Erskine, babbling with a silly vanity of his past glories, nor, like too many of the dazzling men of England and America, did he grow luxurious with success, and lose himself in the vortex of any vices. When men of ardent genius have gained the goals which shone afar upon their youth, the excitements of hope die away, and too often they seek in wine, or gambling, or other stimulants, the delightful delirium of passionate joys. But no man ever saw Mr. Choate press the Circean cup too freely to his lips; and no friend mourned to behold him put life and honor in the dice-boxes of chance.

No slander had so slight a foundation as that he was addicted to using opium. He never took opium but once, and then in the form of laudanum, for a troublesome tooth.

Speaking of a statesman who used liquor, he said that he "had no excuse whatever for it. The excitement of his legal profession is over, to be sure, but he is unpardonable, for he is a learned man; he knows everything; he has all literature, all knowledges to fall back upon."

Again he said: "Hot water and tea are the best stimulants for a speaker; they leave no sting behind."

Upon "literature and all knowledges," Mr. Choate himself fell back more and more in his later years; and the consolations it gave him should admonish young genius everywhere, especially in our excitable land, to cultivate it as an ultimate refuge and solace.

For this example of self-restraint, then; this career which eschewed and scorned dissipation; this sustained and dignified industry; this conquest of the sensual and exaltation of the intellectual elements of happiness, the life of Mr. Choate is, indeed, admirable. He never wandered round among men—the relic of himself—a man of pleasure and success, the walking epitaph of his heroic days; but he kept his armor on and his drill up to the mark of battle, and died in the very midst of professional war.

As a lawyer, he had a high sense of his duties and obligations.

He was scrupulously careful not to do anything which would be false to his attorney's oath, taken when he entered the bar, to be true to the court as well as the client. He was also true and fair to his opposite counsel; he never, during the period of my observation of him, took any advantage of doubtful character; no mean and treacherous ambuscade, no surprises, no pitfalls masked with reassuring flatteries; he fought hard, but he fought fairly; he conceded to his adversaries nothing that he ought not to concede, but he conceded everything up to that line.

As he never got angry, so he never, from pettishness, bore down on an antagonist with unusual severity, or from mere spite tried his cause with gratuitous sharpness and disposition to worry, and he never pettifogged; but he took every just and proper advantage; he never yielded an inch of real standing ground; he never gave up; he fought his cause through every court into which it could be carried or driven; and he went for victory to the last beat of the pulse and the last roll of the drum.

His conscientiousness as a lawyer is evinced by the following:

On one very stormy night during his residence in Danvers, he was called upon at a late hour to draw up the will of a dying man, who lived several miles distant. He went, performed the service, and returned home. But after going to bed, as he lay revolving in his mind each provision of the paper he had so rapidly prepared, there flashed across his memory an omission that might possibly cause the testator's intention to be misunderstood. He sprang from his bed and began dressing himself rapidly, to the great surprise of his wife, and answering her inquiries by saying that he had done what must be undone, and in the thick of the storm rode again to his dying client, explained the reason of his returm, and drew a codicil to the will which made everything sure.

Once, in an argument, he walked straight up to a juryman, and said: "Sir, I address myself to you. I will convince you now, if you will give me your attention," and then he proceeded to launch upon him a fiery storm of logical thunderbolts to conquer or paralyze what he saw was his deadly hostility. Frequently, when he was in a case, he has said to me, "That juryman in front," or "that one on the back seat, are the only ones I fear. The foreman, thank God, is all right." Or again he would say: "Do you see that sombre looking individual in the middle? *His private history* makes him loth to believe us;" or, "That man there thinks he knows so much he's determined to have it all his own way." Thus he daguerreotyped their individual characters on his mind before he spoke to them.

Thus spoke he once in a case:

"Try this young captain as you would try your own sailor boy son, the boy with the blue jacket and the bright eyes; try him, leaning not weakly to mercy, but, for God's sake, not leaning away from mercy." Or again, as he said in a civil case, "Throw around this vessel your protecting arms, for the commerce of our America goes round the world under her radiant ensign. It's a Yankee ship and a Yankee crew. I've too much respect for the forecastle of my country to credit this monstrous story (relied on by the other side). He! this man! lay the bones of his vessel bleaching on the beach! He'd have taken his gallant little craft in his arms first and borne her to the ends of the earth." Or, once more: "I cannot disguise from myself the apprehension that this man is having really a second jeopardy of his life and honor. Remember, gentlemen, how sacred, how august your office is. You will guard him, I know, against this strange peril in an Anglo-Saxon land—the grevious wrong of a second trial for the same offense!"

But few, comparatively, of his legal arguments have been preserved. He was extremely reluctant to aid in their preservation. In the great Quaker case, in the fall of 1852, which filled Boston with broad brims and and brown coats, one of the Quaker gentlemen was resolved to get Choate's speech and keep it. He employed a phonographist, and when the report was ready, he took it to Mr. Choate, and telling him how important the Quaker fraternity considered it, asked him to correct it as he would wish it to stand. Choate took it. When the gentleman called for it he had, *of course accidentally*, mislaid it. The applicant knew his man, and drawing forth another copy, "Well, then, Mr. Choate," said he, "I have two more, and if you don't correct it it shall be published just as it is." Mr. Choate looked up, laughingly. "You have, indeed! Why, then, let me have it and I will correct it." He took it, and when the Quaker called again, he *had not lost it*. Thus it was that that report happens to be now in existence.

A friend said, in fifteen years he never saw him really enraged; never heard him utter a petulant, ill natured word, nor make a malicious remark. He had charity for all men. And the daily spectacle of his saintly serenity sweetened all the courts through which he revolved.

Driven to death by business, literally hunted from court to court, and street to street, and into his library, and almost into his bed, by besieging parties with their suits and their thoughts; sick himself half the time, from over-pressure of work; still he went patiently and quietly on, always at top speed—never "in a hurry;" like the stars, which haste not and rest not, but shine on forever. If you went into his office to consult him, no matter how deeply busy he was, he received you always kindly and deliberately; never snarled or snapped at any interruption; and though perfectly simple and guileless in his manners, impressed his visiter, in five minutes, with the conviction that this *was* a great man before him.

We give merely one extract from his forensic arguments, the Eastman & Fondey case, one of his first cases, where a firm, Messrs. Eastman & Fondey, were indicted for *fraud*, in their mercantile transactions. They alleged themselves wholly insolvent.

The case was tried in the Municipal Court in Suffolk, at the September term, 1845, Judge Cushing, a Masonic brother, presiding.

After the government had put in their case, Mr. Choate opened for the defendants. The following are sentences from his address:

Shall it ever be said that two merchants, whose integrity up to the day of their arrest was not even suspected, whose honor up to the last falling sands of this hour has not been stained by the first breath of evidence adduced by the prosecuting officer, whose transcendent power in ferreting out evidence and whose untiring vigilance leaves no stone unturned—shall it be said that such men are in danger, or that harm can disturb a hair of their heads, when, showing a clear breast, they place all of life that is worth living for, in the hands and at the disposal of a jury of Suffolk? No, not a word! not one word! not a word! Justice will be meted out considerately, wisely, justly; and men in every station will be entitled to the benefit of that benign and felicitous provision which we are all pleased to recognize and apply to the stranger, alien, brother, friend or foe—the *presumption of the law* that the defendant is innocent. It stands beside my client throughout this day's trial like a guardian angel, and cheers him mid the peril of this hour. I would cease this speech right here if I deemed it necessary or proper, and challenge my brother to put his finger on one scintilla of evidence pointing to the grave charge in his manifesto. *Fraud, fraud*, my brother says. Where is it? Where? Fraud, gentlemen, is a harsh word; but let us find it first. The cry of wolf when there is no wolf, mad dog, and a thousand other things, may set the police astir; but who shall protect the stricken deer whom the herd hath left far behind?

Have we not all felt, and did we not all share the shock which the great storm of insolvency gave to the commercial world? The strongest trembled like reeds in the blast; but did we cry *fraud*, as if all men had been by magic made villains? Is unsuccess criminal? If so, the mariner, merchant, poet, philosopher, mechanic, *aye, the apple-woman at the corner of the street*, all are criminals, for all have failed to succeed. Their boldest conceptions, purest dreams, fairest hopes, have not resulted in the *real;* still we would not be eager, from kindness of heart, to accuse, denounce, or brand their deeds, by cruel speech, as a bald fraud. It may have been a *brilliant failure*, but *a bald fraud—never, never.*

Few lessons of experience are sweet. Life hath its bubbles as the ocean hath; circumstances hurry us madly along, whither we know not, nor for what haven. Many a merchant has retired full of hope, and risen to look upon a wreck of his fortune. What says the police officer, the alderman, with good capon lined? Fraud—a thousand frauds, phœnix-like, leap up to feast the depraved ear, cultured to foul reports, dealt out by busy-tongued slander.

Defeat and unsuccess may be honorable, if honesty guide the victim; and success may stain the good name of the best of us all if attended by criminal means; then, gentlemen, go with me to the evidence; and if you see *fraud*, it will be your duty to convict; if not, your pleasure and duty to acquit.

When Mr. Choate had concluded his opening to the jury, he proceeded to put in his case, and his witnesses were called. After his evidence was all in, he addressed the jury, closing for his client. The following are extracts.

Gentlemen of the jury, I have no anxiety in submitting the cause of my clients to your unbiased deliberation, for I too well know the candor and unbending integrity of a jury of Suffolk, to feel any hesitancy or reluctance in placing all that is dear and worth living for in their hands and at their disposal. I need not enforce the importance of a good name in a mercantile community like ours. I should censure myself if I should indulge in any illustration or much speech upon a theme familiar to you as the primer of your boyhood.

TRUST IN GOD.

Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight—
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no party, sect or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no lovely forms of passion;
Fiends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school or fashion,
Trust in God and do the right.

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right.

CHARITY.

More sweet than odors which at morn
Are wafted through the sky,
Soars Charity's pure incense, borne
From earth to Him on high.

It can the woes of others cure,
And bring its own reward;
For what we give unto the poor
We lend unto the Lord.

When God looks from his throne above
No sight his eye can scan
So pleasing as the deed of love
Which binds man more to man.

And angels, where they dwell secure,
Those deeds with joy record;
For what we give unto the poor
We lend unto the Lord.

THE NAME OF NAMES—G.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D.

That Name! I learned it at my mother's knee,
When, looking up, her dear, maternal face
Shining upon my eyes so tenderly,
She prayed that God her little son would bless.

That Name! I spoke it when I entered here
And bowed the knee, as man in worship must;
From my heart's centre, in sincerity,
I cried aloud, "In God is all my trust!"

That Name! I saw it o'er the Master's chair,
That "hieroglyphic bright," and bending low
Paid solemn homage at the symbol there,
That spoke of God, before whom *all* should bow.

That Name! in silence I invoked its power
When dangers thickened and when death seemed nigh;
In solemn awe I felt the death-clouds lower,
And whispered, "God be with me, if I die!"

That Name! the last upon my faltering tongue
Ere dust shall seal it, it shall surely be
The pass-word to the high Celestial throng
Whose god is God to all eternity.

That Name, then, Brothers, ever gently speak
Above all fathers', mothers' names revered;
What blessings from his gracious hand we take!
Oh, be His honor to our souls endeared!

Lost and Found.

THE STORY OF ONE BROTHER AND SISTER.

"Now, Arthur, are you sure that you can take charge of her? If any harm should happen to Minnie, I should never forgive myself for letting her go. Oh! if I were only able to take this voyage with you!"

The invalid spoke earnestly, and a bright color burned on her wasted cheeks. It was a long sea voyage for her two children to take from Singapore to London, with neither father nor mother to accompany them. But Arthur Gray was a brave, self-reliant boy; all his life had been spent on the water. from early childhood to the day when Capt. Gray and his good ship went down together in the Pacific, and Arthur, with only six of the crew, escaped. No wonder that Mrs. Gray dreaded that Arthur should make another sea voyage so soon. It seemed unavoidable. Her little girl was languishing in the Indian heats, and more than one consideration had decided Mrs. Gray to send her to England by the next steamer that should leave the port. Could she trust her alone with Arthur?

"Mother," said the boy, as much in answer to his mother's look as to her words of anxiety, "you know you can trust me; believe me, Minnie is just as safe with only me as she would be if you were with us; so don't grieve for us."

The young English boy bent down to kiss her cheeks and smooth the pillow for her head, repeating his assurances, until his mother's anxious heart was almost assured that all would yet be well.

She let them go, Arthur and Minnie and Minnie's Indian nurse; Arthur felt full of pride that his mother had placed such confidence in him, and Minnie too young to know either the perils of the way or the sorrowful void in her mother's sick room at Singapore. And Mrs. Gray was left alone in the land of strangers to follow in imagination the vessel's track. Day after day, as she watched the Indian sunset, she prayed, as mothers only can, that God would bring her darlings safe to land.

The days passed quietly at sea, and, to Arthur's great delight, each sea breeze seemed to bring fresh color to Minnie's cheeks; quite round and English-like they were now, and she had been so pale and drooping at Singapore. What a pet among the seamen was that sunny-haired little girl! Every day she would go with her nurse to see the old man who was working at the coil of ropes, and he would tell her long, long stories of the sea, till she fell asleep with her head in nurse's lap, fairly wearied out with delight. At every opportunity letters were sent to the anxious mother in India, telling her that all was well, that her children were safe. They were nearing home now; no storm had alarmed them; thus far it had been a safe and pleasant journey, and they were steaming up the Atlantic, just off the coast of France, when one morning they were all awakened by a stifling smoke in their state-rooms and by cries of alarm on deck.

Oh! the weary mother who sat that morning in her Indian home, would have looked more anxiously than ever on the dreary sea could she have foreseen her children's danger. So near home, and yet so far from help; for the fire had broken out in several places, and the flames gained ground rapidly, roaring like hungry beasts impatient for their prey. Strong men grew pale, and little children, too frightened to cry, were clasped convulsively in their mothers' arms. One little boat after another was filled and lowered and sent to the land. Such frail, idle things those little boats seemed, as they trembled on the summit of a wave, or plunged desperately down in a watery valley below. The last boat was rapidly being filled, Arthur Gray stood helping in a dark Indian woman and a flaxen-haired little girl. "Artie, Artie, come!" cried the child, but her voice was silenced by the roaring of the flames. Arthur looked at the tiny boat, now crowded more than full, and thought of his promise. His weight. slight as it was, might make the fate of the boat more than hopeless. His resolution was made in an instant; the boat was lowered, and they were separated.

The ship burned low, almost to the water's edge, and Arthur, with a few brave, self-denying fellows, all older than himself, launched a fragile raft, committed to the goodness of Him who ruleth the raging sea and stilleth the waves thereof when they arise. So all that was left of the good ship Leonore went down in the sea.

That was a sweet June morning, and the sun shone pleasantly on a little village in the west of France—on its abbey, gray with age, its ivy-draped church, and its dark, frowning hall. There a lady sat alone in an exquisitely furnished room; she was so beautiful! her dress was white, and of the most delicate fabric; her hair was knotted up with pearls and gold. Roses clustered around the windows, and threw their pearly snow into the room as they bloomed and faded. She was very young, so childish looking, and yet in such deep,

deep sorrow. She was bending over a table where there lay an infant's snowy dress and some little toys. A casket richly inlaid was open on the table, displaying its contents—one sunny, silken curl. And the lady of that noble house bent over those tiny relics, and wept as if her heart were breaking. Her husband entered with a noiseless step, and stood beside her. He did not speak, but drew her to his bosom, and their tears fell like rain on that little shining curl, the memento of the little child they had lost.

"What sound is that?" She started to her feet as steps were heard in the passage, and with them the cry of a frightened child. "My lady," said one of her faithful servants, "a living child was washed ashore from the wreck, and such a wee, winsome thing she is, that we thought you would like to see her. It might put you in mind of dear little lady Annette."

Very pale and exhausted looked our Minnie, for it was she. She had been very nearly drowned with her Indian nurse, but the efforts of the kind cottagers restored her; and the lady of the hall bent over her and kissed her, promising to be a mother to the little one until her own mother should come and claim her.

That little French village became Minnie's home until she almost forgot her own language, and learned that of her adopted parents. She did not know what a noble life was risked to save her from the burning ship.

Years went by, and one day a postman brought a letter with a strange stamp. It was from Arthur, and it told a long story; how he had been rescued by a passing ship, after being two days on that little raft, and how he had been carried far away, for the ship that rescued them was bound to a distant port. He had tried, he wrote far and near to trace each vestige of the wreck, and had at last found out where she was. He was now on his way to take her to her mother, who had recovered and returned to England.

Minnie heard it with bewildering surprise, and so did the Lady Eleanor, her adopted mother; but when Arthur came she went with him to England.

Very sweet it was to the invalid mother to see her own English home again; but it was sweeter yet to clasp her children to her bosom, given back to her, as it seemed, from the very shadow of death—given back to be hers forever.

Hassan the Wise.

AN EASTERN TALE.

Hassan Ben Omar threw himself prostrate upon the ground outside of the walls of Bassora, and tore his hair with rage. In three years of riot and luxury he had dissipated the wealth which he had inherited from Good Omar, his father. His house, his vineyard, his olive-yards, were all gone; and now he would be compelled to seek employment as a camel-driver, or beg of those who had feasted sumptuously on his extravagance. He cursed his unhappy fate, reproached Allah, blasphemed the prophet, charged his friends with ingratitude, and called loudly upon death to release him from his misery. His old servants approached, and tried to comfort him; but he drove them away with abuse and blows, and dashed himself again upon the earth. For a long time he lay moaning and weeping; at length a voice sounded in his ears.

"Listen, Hassan Ben Omar. Allah intends thee good."

Hassan raised his head, and his eyes rested upon a venerable dervish, who was calmly contemplating his grief.

"Begone, old man!" he cried, "if thou canst not work a miracle for my relief."

"Listen! replied the dervish: "the prophet has sent me to serve thee. What wouldst thou have?"

"Give me my possessions again—my vineyards, my fields, and my gold!"

"And what would it avail thee," said the old man, "if I were to do this? When these were thine, thou hadst not the wisdom to keep them; in three years thou wouldst be as wretched as now. But attend, Hassan Ben Omar! Reform thy life, govern thy passions, moderate thy desires, hate the wine-cup, labor for thy bread, eat only when thou art hungry, and sleep when thou art weary! Do these things for one year, and thou shalt be monarch of a mighty kingdom."

A mist darkened the eyes of Hassan. When it was gone, behold the dervish was nowhere to be seen. Hassan invoked the aid of Allah, and rose from the ground with a light heart. He joined a caravan which set out for the desert the next day. He began to rise early, and to labor with diligence. A cup of water and a few dates formed his simple meal; and at night he laid down by the side of his camels, and enjoyed sweeter repose than he had ever known before. If his anger was excited, or if he was tempted to any passion, the form of the dervish seemed to rise before him with a mild rebuke upon his lips, and his heart was calmed. Thus, for a year, he lived a frugal and patient life—following to the letter the exhortation of the dervish. At the end of the time, he was again at the same place before the wall of Bassora. He prostrated himself upon the earth, and cried out, "Now, Allah, fulfill thy promise."

Suddenly he heard the same voice as before.

"Hassan Ben Omar, thou hast done well, and thy reward is with thee. Behold, thy kingdom is *thyself!* I have taught thee to rule it. Be wise and happy!"

Hassan looked in vain for the speaker; no one was near. He pondered deeply upon these things, and finally resolved to continue as he had begun.

Thus he lived for many years, gradually becoming more prosperous, but firmly retaining his frugal and industrious habits, until he became richer than the Good Omar, his father, and was called Hassan the Wise.

Freemasonry—An Old Institution—Truth—He is not a Mason who is one Outwardly.

BY BRO. DR. HAYNES.

Old institutions, like gray hairs, are venerable and honorable, if they be found in the way of righteousness. The golden locks of childhood that glisten in the splendor of youth's life-morn, have not that solid and substantial charm that appertains to old age, whose hoary locks are silvered by the hands of time, before whom the summer winds pause in their airy flight, the sunny locks to fondle, kiss and toy. Institutions, like ourselves, have a period called childhood, another called maturity, and another called old age. When the rosy buds of childhood's spring-time burst into bloom in the midsummer sunshine of our maturity, then, as becoming men, we put away childhood's follies with childhood's feebleness, and act as men. The growth of childhood and the maturity of manhood were periods in which we plowed and sowed, the periods of follies and failings, labors and anxieties; it is the spring-time and seed-time of life, and not the harvest-time of old age, when Autumn flings in our laps the ripened and accumulated fruit of three score years. Freemasonry, like all other institutions, has had its childhood and maturity, but *unlike* all other institutions, it has its *old age*. It was, doubtless, as puny as other societies in its childhood, but it had a good *constitution*, and is as likely to live four thousand years in the great infinite future, as it has survived four thousand in the profound and stupendous past. If the stability and utility of anything is to be known by its age, then have we reason to congratulate ourselves that we are free and honorable Masons. As Masons, we make no ostentatious display of our good works; we have not, as yet, turned our mouths into trumpets to sound our own praise, much less have we boasted and advertised our peculiar excellence to the outside world. There is an unspeakable merit in that unpretending charity that shrinks from the vulgar and impertinent gaze of a selfish world. It's that quiet charity that cryeth not, "Lo! I am there; lo! I am here," that challenges our admiration. We have said that Freemasonry has had its childhood and maturity, and that we live in the age when the luxuriant fruits of a great and wonderful past are filling our too limited laps with a profusion of goodness that is unequaled and unlimited. Our forefathers have done wonders; they have labored, and we have entered into their labors, and to-day we stand on the centre of Truth, with relief and brotherly love surrounding us. We are now sitting in the lap of a kind and indulgent parent, who, although in the yellow and sear leaf of old age, has more vigor and vitality in his constitution than the most active and energetic of all his contemporaries. And what is it that has given to this society its wonderful vitality and endurance, if it be not that truth which is both immortal and immutable? "Truth, though crushed to earth, will rise again," and live the eternal years of God. Reason is strong, so is prejudice, so is love, so is malice, but truth is stronger than all. If truth be the foundation on which we build the great temple of virtue, the gates of hell cannot prevail against it. We are in a school of experience—we have Jacob's ladder in our midst; consequently, the truth we seek is not at the bottom of a well, but at the top of a ladder. The truth we seek is not earthward, but heavenward. It is not enough for us, however, to lie down at the foot of this ladder and dream of heaven, not enough to be led from darkness to light by taking one, two, or ten steps on this ladder; he, and he only, will be crowned Master of Ceremonies whose motto is "Excelsior;" who continues to rise higher and higher through the atmosphere of tangible signs and symbols, until he reaches that climax where Moses stood, and basks in the full blaze of that splendor that surrounds the great Architect of the Universe. Truth, like its Author, has no beginning nor ending, it is eternal; it can never be exhausted, nor will it ever die.

In the school of Freemasonry, we learn truth by degrees; it is line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. The hidden mysteries of nature and science are so plainly taught that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err." By the compass and square, and the great moral truths of the Bible we accomplish two objects, we teach the *honor of labor* and the *beauty of truth*. We are not of that class who think hard work to be a crime. We do not think honest labor to be a disgrace. Far from it. We honor labor as God has honored it. It is not to labor but to laziness, that a curse is attached. Freemasonry is a school in which the hand and the heart are taught their respective duties. Here they are blended and wedded together in the most solemn and sacred manner, to the end that they may adorn manhood with the evergreens of industry, sobriety, and every good word and work. We are not to suppose, however, that he is a Mason who is one outwardly, but it is he who is one in spirit, truth, and brotherly love. There are those who come in among us and go out from us, because they are not of us. A true Mason is not a creature of man's making, but one of God's creation. When the Great Architect of Heaven has set up in the temple of the soul the two great pillars of honor and truth, you may shake that temple from centre to circumference, and, though heaven and earth may move, that temple will stand forever. Shaken that temple will be by the cold and wintry tempest of human scorn and indignation; but like the gigantic oak of the forest when shaken with the mighty winds, it will take deeper root in the earth and spread its mighty branches up to the very gates of heaven. Freemasonry, like all other institutions, has had its sunshine and its shade; but unlike all other societies, it has weathered the tempest and the gale; and to-day like a staunch bark, rides proudly on the crest of the troubled waters of this world, without starting a timber or losing a splinter, and all because she has had the great Architect of Heaven for her captain and pilot. Boasting is not our business; we do not arrogate to ourselves perfection; we have not said that we can count our kings and princes by hundreds, our earls and dukes by thousands, our knights and ministers by tens of thousands, our officers and brethren by millions. We do not prosper by pride, nor lengthen our cords and strengthen our stakes on the golden fields of vanity and vain-glory.

The Cunning Workman.

We are of those whose faith in the genuineness of the York Rite or Blue Lodge Degree is not to be shaken by any figments of French ritualists or modern theorists in Masonry. If the traditions of the symbolical degrees are not true, then Freemasonry has no foundation; all that has been built around it or upon it during the last century is but "a shadow of a shade." It is in this spirit that we take up the legend of "the Widow's Son," or the "Cunning Workman of Mount Moriah."

All that the Scriptures say concerning this remarkable genius is comprised within four verses:

"And King Solomon sent and fetched Hiram out of Tyre.

"He was a widow's son of the tribe of Naphtali, and his father was a man of Tyre, a worker in brass; and was filled with wisdom and understanding and cunning to work all works in brass. And he came to Solomon and wrought all his work." (1 *Kings* vii. 13, 14.)

The ideas which we gather from the above paragraphs are that Hiram was of mixed blood (Canaanitish and Israelitish), and his father a brass-founder; that King Solomon so much desired his assistance that he sent an embassy to Tyre to solicit his presence at Jerusalem; and that he lived long enough to finish the part allotted to him, that is, to the completion of the Temple, which ante-dated its dedication by six months.

In the Book of Chronicles a more extended account of Hiram's *skill* is communicated. The King of Phœnicia, in response to a letter from King Solomon, wrote:

"Now I have sent a cunning man, endowed with understanding, of Hiram, my father's.

"The son of a woman of the daughters of Dan, and his father was a man of Tyre, skillful to work in gold and in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone and in timber, in purple, in blue, and in fine linen and in crimson; also to grave any manner of graving and to find out every device which shall be put to him, with thy cunning men and with the cunning men of my lord David, thy father." (2 *Chronicles* ii. 13, 14.)

The historical facts in the above do not contradict those given in the first extract, though at first sight they might appear to. "Dan" and "Naphtali" are but different names for the same section in the north of Palestine; several hundred years after the division of Canaan by Joshua, an armed party from the tribe of Dan, near Joppa, went northward to the borders of Naphtali, and possessed themselves of a city which they named *Dan.* (*See Judges*, xviii.) This explains the seeming confusion in the genealogy of Hiram.

This is the man whose skill, assiduity and fidelity are made the subjects of commendation in almost every degree from Entered Apprentice to Knight Templar. The degrees of the Scotch Rite are likewise attuned to his praises. To him were entrusted all the Temple-works in timber, metals, stones and gems, particularly the casting of the vast pillars Jachin and Boaz, the molten sea, the ten vases, the pots, shovels, basins, etc., of the Temple. Under his superintendence we are taught the entire action was placed, such as making the vails; all the engravings, carvings and modelings; the cutting and setting of gems and precious stones, the construction of the ivory throne; the substructures of the sacred mountain; and the cherubims. He was certainly the most practical mechanic, or, as the Scriptures so forcibly term him, the most "cunning" workman that ever lived. We do not hesitate to say, that Divine Providence as much raised up Hiram the widow's son, to supervise the practical workmanship of the Temple, as King Solomon to sketch the designs, furnish the materials and do the dedication. The absence of either would have been equally fatal to the plan.

Concerning the death of the widow's son we have recourse to the Masonic traditions alone. The holy writings rarely allude to the death of any, save those on whom the sacred history depends. The deaths of King Hiram, of Zabud, of all the great band who stood together in the work of Temple-building, make no figure in the sacred narrative; only that of King Solomon being named and that of Adoniram, the latter because he was murdered during the reign of King Solomon's successor. (*See* 1 *Kings*, xii. 18.) In the Masonic traditions the amplest and most rational accounts of his decease are communicated, from whence are deduced some of the best lessons in the Masonic code, and no apocryphal legends of modern rites can shake our faith in these.—*Voice of Masonry.*

Freemasonry among the Indians.—No. 1.

Vestiges of Freemasonry among the Indian tribes of North America have long been known; but, unfortunately, the evidence that the institution ever had a legal existence among them is rather obscure. There is enough known, however, to justify some attention to the subject, a recitation of which may not be devoid of interest to the Masonic scholar.

If, in chronicling what the writer has learned in relation to this subject, he sometimes rambles, and is disconnected in his remarks, the reader must remember that those of whom he writes are notorious ramblers, who must always be taken just as they can be found.

The only case I have ever met with in which a savage gave unmistakable evidence of being possessed of Masonic knowledge, was that of an old Chippewa, from the Red River of the North, who, upon observing a Masonic trinket attached to my watch-guard, gave me, with tolerable accuracy, the * * * and * * * sign of an Entered Apprentice. I could not converse with him, and appealed to an interpreter; but the old Indian at once became taciturn, and refused to hold conversation through the interpreter, who, I subsequently learned, was not a Mason. The old Indian was always afterwards partial to me; but to all of my signs for information as to how he became possessed of his limited Masonic knowledge his reply was (pointing to the North), "Hudson's Bay—wigwam—Great Spirit," at the same time laying his hand upon his mouth as an indication of silence. I am satisfied that this aged savage had some knowledge of Masonry; but when or how he obtained it I never have been able to ascertain. Coming, as he did, from the region of the Hudson's Bay Company's operations, it is possible that he may have obtained his knowledge from some one of that company's agents, many of whom were Freemasons; and some one of the number may possibly have *formed a Lodge of his own* in the wilderness, and instructed this savage in some of the rudiments of Masonry, for, beyond what I have stated, I could get no further sign or indication of Masonic knowledge from him, though, on several occasions, he repeated the signs and demonstrations I have already mentioned; *but always when we were alone.* I have conversed with many intelligent Indians and white men from that region, who inform me that a secret organization, of great antiquity, called the "Grand Medicine," exists among most of the northern tribes, from Lake Superior to the Pacific. At the meetings of the "Grand Medicine" all women and boys too young to go upon the war-path are excluded, though, at their "Grand Medicine" dances, all are admitted. The "Grand Medicine" men also have another and more select organization, to which none are admitted except such as have duly proved themselves worthy by acts of manhood and daring valor. These organizations have their signs, words and tokens of recognition; but I have been unable to obtain from any one any information in regard to their initiation ceremonies. Intelligent Masons who have lived long among these Indians are firmly convinced that vestiges of Freemasonry exist among these Indians, which at some time had a real existence amongst them; and this belief is strengthened by many of their habits, customs and ceremonials. Their passion for ornaments and costume may have had an origin in the ancient jewels and regalia of Freemasons, the degeneration in which is in the same proportion as the degeneration in civilization and in the arts and sciences, for the evidences are conclusive that our American Indians are the descendants of a once civilized people, who were enlightened in and cultivated the arts and sciences.

Their custom of depositing with the remains of their deceased warriors their arms, ornaments, etc., corresponds with the Masonic custom of casting into the open grave of a deceased brother the jewel and apron he was accustomed to wear, and it is a beautiful illustration of their belief in the immortality of the soul. They believe that the spirits of their departed at once enter the spirit-land—a land of forests and prairies, and lakes and rivers, abounding with plentiful game, and adapted to the highest state of happiness, according to *their* standard of human enjoyment, and that their employments and their pleasures will partake of the same nature as those which occupied them while in this life. They believe in a great and good Spirit, the father of all, and in a bad Spirit, the enemy of all. These are vestiges of a once enlightened theology, which has become nearly obscured by their relapse from civilization to a savage state. May not their vestiges of Freemasonry be traced back, into a remote antiquity, to the original formation of our beloved Order? In a future article the writer hopes to be able to throw still further and more conclusive light upon this subject.

Washington, D. C., March 20, 1867.

Pilate's Arch.

Ratisbonne has purchased a portion of the palace of Pontius Pilate, with the intention of building on it a house for the order of the Daughters of Sion, of which he is one of the founders. The site purchased, which is covered with ruins, lies opposite the Turkish barracks and the palace of the Governor, and is about 100 feet long, by from 100 to 120 feet wide. The ruins are of Arab buildings, but beneath them are others of constructions that existed in the time of Herod. Among these latter are several vaults, four cisterns (one of the latter cut in the solid rock and of large size, being evidently of extreme antiquity), and, what is most remarkable of all, part of what is known as "Pilate's Arch," or the "Arcade of the Ecce Homo," a name given to it not only by Roman Catholics, but by all Christians. At this arch it was that Pilate presented the Saviour to the Jews after the scourging. As this structure is completely covered with plaster, and surmounted by an ignoble Arab construction, occupied by a Dervish, it is only on a close examination that its great antiquity can be discovered. Some travelers pretend, indeed, that it is Christian credulity alone which causes it to be regarded as Pilate's Arch; but not only is it known to be so from immemorial tradition, but the large blocks of stone of which it is formed, and the style of the architecture, permit no doubt of the fact to be entertained. The blocks are similar to those which are to be found in the buildings at the time of Herod now existing in Jerusalem, and the ornamentation, which is simple, is in the same style also. In the immediate vicinity of the ruins is the sanctuary erected on the precise spot on which Christ was scourged, the spot on which he was forced to carry the cross, and that on which stood the palace of Herod the tetrarch. The sum paid by M. Ratisbonne for his purchase is 42,000f. The palace of Pilate, in which so many scenes in the passion of our Lord took place, was at one time converted into a sanctuary by the Christians; but it is now, with the exception of that portion bought by M. Ratisbonne, in the hands of Musselmans, and they have established in it barracks, stables, and a convent of dervishes.

A TRANSLATION FROM A PERSIAN POET. — "The heavens are a point from the pen of God's perfection; the world is a bud from the bower of His beauty; and the sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom; and the sky is a bubble on the sea of His power. His beauty is free from the spot of sin hidden in the thick vail of darkness; He made mirrors of the atoms of the world, and threw a reflection from His own face on every atom."

Confraternities of Crime—Caution.

The Prison Association of New York, for 1866, in its first annual Report to the New York Legislature makes some startling statements, which we can but think are much exaggerated. We present them to the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, to show the importance of caution, on the part of our Lodges in receiving members, and also that as ours is a *confraternity of virtue*, there exist also *confraternities of vice*. If the following were anything but a *quasi* official State document, we would reject it as fiction. The report says:

> A survey of the State this year shows that there is a strong and increasing tendency of crime to crystallize, if we may so say, into aggregates and masses. Men more rarely now than formerly commit robberies and burglaries alone. They operate extensively in groups. Some gangs are confined to single towns; others extend their operations over a whole county; others, still, embrace several counties; while the tendency is for individual gangs to affiliate with and reciprocally assist and receive assistance from all the others in the State. This tendency to aggregation is apparent in our larger cities, as well as in the rural districts. Through the agency of these affiliated societies of thieves property once stolen is passed rapidly from hand to hand, until it becomes almost impossible to trace it; or, if it is discovered, the original depredators cannot be ascertained, and therefore go unwhipped of justice. If this tendency to aggregation and organization continues to increase for the future as it has done for the few years past, we shall have organized bands of associated depredators in all the counties of the State, whose members will be known to each other by secret grips, passwords, and other signs, who will mutually assist each other in disposing of their plunder, in baffling arrest in escaping from jail, or in procuring bail which will effect their release from custody.
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> We had, from more than one quarter, proof offered to us, which, though it might not perhaps be deemed sufficient in a court of justice, was quite enough to convince our minds of the entire truth of this statement. The great importance of this subject makes it proper that we should illustrate it somewhat more in detail.
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> There is a family residing in ——— county who, according to common fame, have followed the profession of thieving for nearly twenty years. They have grown rich by their unlawful practices. Their children are educated in the best and most expensive seminaries. They dress genteelly, their manners are somewhat polished, and they appear tolerably well in society. Their operations are carried on through the counties of Oneida, Oswego, Otsego, Madison, Chenango, Schoharie, Delaware, and Sullivan. They have numerous well trained confederates in all those counties, who are ready, by day or by night, at a moment's warning, to ride off in any direction for the sake of plunder, or for the concealment or protection of associates who are in danger of falling into the meshes of the law. These men have been indicted times without number in the above mentioned counties, but none of them have ever been convicted, nor have any of them ever been in jail for a longer time than was sufficient for a bondsman to arrive at the prison. It is generally believed that there are farmers, apparently respectable, who belong to the gang, and share in the profits. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that whenever bail is needed, any required number of substantial farmers will come forward and sign their bonds, without regard to the amount of the penalty. These men, as might be supposed, exert a great political influence; and it is well understood that they are always ready to reward their friends and punish their enemies, both in primary conventions and at the polls. Although, as we have said, they have been repeatedly indicted, yet the number of their indictments bears but a small ratio to the number of their depredations. It usually happens that any one who is particularly active in bringing any of the gang to justice has his barn or dwelling soon after burned, or his horses are missing from the stable, or his sheep or cattle from the pasture. These things have happened so often that people are careful how they intermeddle in the matter of seeking to bring them to justice. If a person so intermeddling happens to have a mortgage on his property, it is apt to be very soon foreclosed. If he has political aspirations, thousands of unseen obstacles interpose to prevent the fulfillment of his hopes. If he is a trader, his custom falls off. If he is a physician, malpractice is imputed to him, or other malicious stories are circulated to his discredit; and at length matters come to such a pass that his only resource is to leave the county. All who make themselves conspicuous as their opponents are in some way made to feel the effect of a thousand blighting and malign influences which paralyze their energies and blast their hopes of success. Although the law has been powerless when exerted against the gang, they have

been in the habit of using its energies with great effect against those who stood in their path. We were told, with great circumstantiality, by men worthy of all confidence, of numerous instances where the forms of law were used to punish innocence and shield robbery under their skillful manipulations. We content ourselves with a single example, which may be taken as a specimen of the rest, and which we select from the mass, because some of the facts belonging to it came under our personal observation.

We found in the jail of the half-shire town of —— a man and his wife who had been confined there for eighteen months on a charge of grand larceny. The man was evidently a quiet, inoffensive person; a member of the Methodist church, and a class-leader in it. He was in good repute among his neighbors, and no one of them gave any credence to the story of his guilt. The wife was a more energetic person; and although there is no proof that she was ever actually connected with the gang, yet it is believed that she was quite willing to conceal their secrets so far as they might be entrusted to her. Some time before her arrest, one of the gang ran off with her daughter, and neither he nor his associates would let her know where the child was concealed. This greatly enraged her, and she began to let out the secrets of the organization, and to threaten vengeance against them. She was repeatedly warned to desist, and menaced with punishment if she continued to operate against them; but she paid no attention to their threats, and continued her hostile action. One evening, just at dusk, a Jew pedlar came in with his pack and requested her to let him stay all night. She assented, proposing to him to leave his pack in the front room, while they went into a rear apartment to get supper. They sat in the room until bedtime, and the pedlar in his affidavit distinctly declares that she was never once out of his sight. When he was ready to retire she lighted a candle for him; but before going to bed he went into the front room to look at his pack, when, to his consternation, he found that it was gone. The next morning he entered a complaint before a justice, who was himself generally believed to be connected with the gang, against the couple at whose house he had lodged; and although the complainant swore that the woman was never out of his sight from the time he left the pack in the front room until he discovered that it was lost, and the husband proved, or offered to prove, that he was at a Methodist meeting during the whole time that the pedlar was in his house, yet the justice committed them for trial. A respectable farmer now came forward and offered to be their bail, and was accepted by the magistrate. He told the woman at the same time, that if she would say no more about the gang and their affairs, she would hear no more about the larceny charged. But she was smarting so severely about the loss of her daughter, that she could not restrain her propensity to talk, and frequently gave information which was adverse to the interests of the parties who she believed were keeping her daughter in concealment. When the bondsman found that she would not keep quiet, he surrendered both her and her husband; and they were then committed to jail, where they had remained up to the time of our visit. Their cases had been put over from court to court, on account, it was alleged, of the absence of material witnesses for the prosecution. It was generally believed in the neighborhood that they would be kept there, on one pretense or another, just as long as it suited the interests of their prosecutors.

Last summer one of the constables of —— had been very active in tracing out their operations, and they determined to give him a lesson. They procured a warrant from a justice, supposed to be devoted to their interests, who deputed two of the gang to convey him to jail as special constables. It was not convenient for them (such, at least, was the pretense) to convey him to prison immediately, so they were taking him to their own homes, to keep him there until it should suit their purpose to carry him to the jail. Their route lay through the village of Hamilton, where the constable was well known; and when the citizens saw him in the custody of two members of the Rogues' Gang, instead of their being in his, it awakened a very lively curiosity in their minds. On being interrogated they produced the warrant, which appeared regular on its face, and the citizens did not attempt to resist it; but they insisted that the prisoner should be taken directly to the jail, or otherwise they would forcibly release him. Findng that they were in earnest, the special constables finally yielded the point, and carried him to jail. Five citizens made themselves especially conspicuous in the matter. Before a month had elapsed the barns of all of them were burned, and two of them lost valuable horses, which were stolen in the night. This last outrage roused the people of the vicinity into action. They knew, from long experience, that they could obtain no redress, through the tardy processes of the law, against the men who had for so long a time successfully resisted its action; and they resolved to take the law into their own hands, and administer punishment to the offenders. Disguising themselves effectually, they went at night to the house of the ringleaders, set fire to the barn, killed one of them outright, wounded another severely, and finally set fire to the dwelling-house, which, however, was extinguished before any serious damage had been done.

The facts here narrated have not, it is true, been judicially verified; but we were visiting the county of —— at the time when this instance of retributive vengeance occurred, and inquired minutely into all the circumstances of the county officers and of the principal inhabitants, and we entertain no doubt that they were substantially true as above stated. *If there is any doubt about the matter, it will be easy for the Legislature to establish their truth or falsity by a commission or committee of their own body, duly authorized to institute them.*

We do not suppose that any of the gang of thieves and robbers in other counties are as well organised or as successful as this; but the defects in our criminal administration are tending to this result. The tendency to operate in bands is greater than ever before; and there is reason to fear that each year will add to the perfection of their organization, and consequently to the success of their schemes of depredation.

What can we expect throughout the State when such organizations shall have been everywhere formed and perfected? Since like causes produce like effects, can we doubt that the inhabitants of other counties will resort to the same remedy of private vengeance which we have seen in Oneida and Madison? The very foundation of society will be broken up, law will be despised, and, as with the Ishmaelites of old, "Every man's hand will be against his neighbor."

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

LORENZO DOW RAISING THE DEVIL.—Lorenzo Dow, being belated one night in his travels, unceremoniously entered an out of the way house and requested lodgings. The woman of the house objected, having for a friend a man whom Lorenzo soon ascertained was not her husband. But Lorenzo insisted, and she at length consented, immediately fastening, against further unwelcome visiters, the only outside door to the house. Soon a loud knock was heard. It was her husband, unexpectedly returned. Unable to leave the house, the friend, to conceal himself, jumped into a large box conveniently at hand, and hastily covered himself with the hatchelings of flax it contained, by which time the wife had unfastened the door and admitted her husband. Having spent the evening at the tavern, he was just tipsy enough to be noisy and courageous. He soon made the acquaintance of Lorenzo, whom he had heard much of but had never seen. He had been told that he could raise the devil, and he insisted upon his immediately doing so—not that he believed in any, but if there was any he wanted to see him. In vain Lorenzo objected, protesting his unwillingness and the danger attending it, etc.; but the more than half-drunken husband insisted. At last said Lorenzo, "if you are determined to see him, open the door, put out the light, and stand out of the way, or he may take you with him; for when he comes he will be in flames of fire, and I warn you of the consequences." Lighting a bunch of matches, that there might be a greater smell of brimstone, and muttering over a few unintelligible sentences, Lorenzo set fire to the hatchelings, and cried out, "Come forth, thou evil one, and be gone forever!" when out sprang the man, completely enveloped in flames, and put for the open door, leaving the house with a most unearthly yell. To his dying day the husband was ready to testify that Lorenzo not only could, but did, raise the devil, for he "had seen and smelled him."

THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTIONS were drawn up by Dean Swift to be observed "when I come to be old:"

Not to marry a young woman.

Not to keep young company, unless they desire it.

Not to be peevish, morose or suspicious.

Not to tell the same story over and over to the same people.

Not to be covetous—the hardest of all to be kept.

Not to neglect decency or cleanliness, for fear of falling into nastiness.

Not to be over severe with young people, but to make allowance for their youthful follies and weakness.

Not to be influenced by or give ear to the knavish tattling of other's servants.

Not to be too free of advice, nor trouble any but those who desire it.

To desire some good friends to inform me which of these resolutions I break or neglect, and to reform accordingly.

Not to talk much, nor of myself—very hard again.

Not to hearken to flatterers, nor conceive I can be beloved by a young woman.

GENERAL JACKSON was seventy years of age when he retired from the presidency. He was a very infirm old man, seldom free from pain for an hour, never for a day. Possessed of a most beautiful and productive farm and a hundred and fifty negroes, he yet felt himself to be a poor man on his return to the Hermitage. "I returned home," he writes to Mr. Trist, "with just ninety dollars in money, having expended all my salary, and most of the proceeds of my cotton crop; found every thing out of repair; corn and everything else for the use of my farm to buy; having but one tract of land besides my homestead, which I have sold, and which has enabled me to begin the new year (1838) clear of debt, relying on our industry and economy to yield us a support, trusting to a kind Providence for good seasons and a prosperous crop."

* * * * * *

In 1842, when business men began once more to hope for prosperous seasons, and the country awoke from its long lethargy, General Jackson became an anxious and embarrassed man through the misfortunes of his son. Money was not to be borrowed in the western country, even then, except at an exorbitant interest. He applied, in these circumstances, to his fast friend, Mr. Blair, of the *Globe*, who was then a man of fortune. Ten thousand dollars was the sum which the general deemed sufficient for his relief. Mr. Blair not only resolved on the instant to lend the money, but to lend it on the general's personal security, and to make the loan as closely resemble a gift as the general's delicacy would permit it to be. Mr. Rives desired to share the pleasure of accommodating General Jackson, and the loan was therefore made in the name of Blair and Rives. Upon reading Mr. Blair's reply to his application, the old man burst into tears. He handed the letter to his daughter, and she, too, was melted by the delicate generosity which it revealed. General Jackson, however, would accept the money only on conditions which secured his friends against the possibility of loss.

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

PROPER REBUKE.—At Lafayette a well dressed man, accompanied by an interesting looking lady, evidently his wife, and two sweet little children, entered the cars. He was short of stature, with a short, turned-up nose, a short, thick lip, small eyes, and imperceptible eye-brows. The lady had a pleasing expression in her pale countenance that bore the impress of suffering patience. Her younger child appeared sick, and tossed fretfully on her wearied knees. The other soon grew tired of the irksomeness of the car, and became fretful and impatient. The man, for I cannot call him gentleman, lay lazily reading a paper, lounging on a whole seat he monopolized to himself, though other passengers were standing. At length the lady, perfectly unable to attend the two little ones, in a tone of gentleness that had something of fear in it, besought him to attend to the wants of the elder. She was answered in a loud and abrupt tone that attracted everybody's attention:

"Don't bother me!"

Her eyes dropped; a look of mingled sorrow and shame came over her face, and she said not a word. A few moments afterwards the conductor, Mr. Paul, came along, and the man inquired of him the distance to Michigan City. With a tone modeled to the life after that previously used by his interrogator, Mr. Paul hissed out:

"Don't bother me!"

The man's eyes glared fury, as he demanded the reason of such an insult, and threatened to resent it unless a proper apology was immediately offered.

"I shall offer no apology for my language, said the noble-hearted conductor, "neither will you resent it; for a man who deems himself injured by having applied to him the same language he has disgraced himself by applying to a lady, is too little of a gentleman to be apologized to, and too much of a coward to even dare to resent it!"

IT IS SIMPLE—when you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done. A left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the starving—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do it, at least for twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured, it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. Look at the result: you send one person—only one—happily through the day; that is, three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year, and supposing you live forty years only, after you commence this course, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at all events for a time.

Little Kindnesses.—Small acts of kindness! how pleasant and desirable do they make life! Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad, and despondency sits at the entrance of the soul, a trifling kindness drives despair away, and makes the path cheerful and pleasant. Who will refuse a kind act? It costs the giver nothing, but is invaluable to the sad and sorrowing. It raises from misery and degradation, and throws around the soul those hallowed joys that were lost in Paradise.

The Family Circle.

PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES.

BY ALICE CARY.

The spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner;
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess,
The way she gets her dinner!

She looks as if no thought of ill
In all her life had stirred her,
But while she moves with careful tread,
And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning, planning still
The way to do some murder.

My child, who reads this simple lay
With eyes down dropt and tender,
Remember the old proverb says
That pretty is which pretty does,
And that worth does not go nor stay
For poverty nor splendor.

'Tis not the house, and not the dress,
That makes the saint or sinner,
To see the spider sit and spin,
Shut with her webs of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

THE DYING MOTHER.

We were weeping round her pillow,
For we knew that she must die,
It was night within our bosoms—
It was night upon the sky.

There were seven of us children,
I the oldest one of all;
So I tried to whisper comfort,
But the blinding tears would fall.

On my knees my little brother,
Leaned his aching brow and wept,
And my sister's long black tresses
O'er my heaving bosom swept.

The shadow of an awful fear
Came o'er me as I trod,
To lay the burden of our grief
Before the throne of God.

"Oh! be kind to one another,"
Was the mother's pleading prayer,
As her hand lay like a snow-flake,
On the baby's golden hair.

Then a glory round her forehead,
Like the glory of a crown,
And in the silent sea of death
The star of life went down.

Her latest breath was borne away
Upon that loving prayer;
And the hand grew heavier—paler,
In the baby's golden hair.

HOME.

BY JOHN MACRAE WILSON.

Can I forget my father's hearth,
My mither by the ingle spinnin'?
Their well pleased look to see the mirth
O' a' their bairnies round them rinnin'?

It was a waefu' hour to me,
When I frae them and love departed;
The tear was in my mither's e'e—
My father blest me, broken hearted.

Forget—no, though the foamin' sea,
High hills, and many a sweeping river,
May lie between their hearth and me,
My heart shall be at hame forever.

Be True.—True to yourselves—true to each other—true to God. What more abhorrent vice than deception? The face covered with smiles, and the heart rotten as a sepulchre. The hand first blinding your eyes, and then leading you to the brink of the precipice. The tongue beguiling your face with honeyed words, and shaping its arrows to launch at your back.

Oh! that inestimable jewel of truth—truth in the tongue, in the life, in every manifestation of the reason—she loves the passions of humanity.

Terrible to the young heart is the first deception. She who looked all purity, all angelic goodness, betrayed her trust, and left the soul desolate. Heaven only knows through what depths of darkness the bruised spirit struggled to light and joy again. But the light has never been as pleasant, the joy rekindled burns not like the bright fires of long ago. The tears, the sleepless nights, the hours of keen despair, when a hand seemed even on your throat, and a dagger at your heart—for what would you live them over? Death would be more welcome.

We could bear with petulance, smile at unkindness, the assaults of harsh temper, or the moody silence of a frowning brow; but treachery, faithlessness, trust betrayed—thank God that we have never yet known the full import of these terrible words!

Be true, then, if you would be respected. No power on earth can change the fiat that even the world gives the deceiver. He may weep tears of blood, but the monuments of his shame still stand to testify against him. Once a liar, always a liar. A very child can tell where deception conceals itself, and a casual thought, lightly expressed, ferrets it from its foul hiding place.

Be true if you would be loved. The heart is like an armory; beautiful and harmless seem the long rows of bristling steel, but every one of those polished shafts may be used as an instrument of torture. So if you deceive, the heart that beats warmest for your love, your approbation, may be converted into a gallery of deadly weapons, and you will be responsible for the mischief that results through life's long battle. Let truth be as near to you as the apple of your eye; and when the blush springs not to your cheek, and your tongue falters not even at the unuttered thought of deception, then be sure you are neither fit for earth or heaven, for the society of men or angels.

Ruins of Blue Beard's Castle.—An American tourist has lately made a visit in the vicinity of Nantes, France, to the ruins of Blue Beard's castle—that very identical castle where, the story-book tells us, the murdered wives hang in a line in the mysterious chamber. The original of Blue Beard, it seems, was one ferocious old Chevalier Duval, who was, in truth, an atrocious old bigamist, and lived in this castle so long ago that hardly anything except tradition in regard to him yet remains. The excursion is a delightful one, and you may reach the ruins either by a road which conducts through a charming, rolling landscape, or by the pretty little river Endre, which winds romantically northward from the centre of the town. Just outside of the primitive village of Jardiniere, immediately upon the sloping bank of the stream, you encounter some crumbling walls, so thickly covered with moss, ivy and brush, that you can hardly discover them, and in the midst of a pretty wood, and this is all that still exists of Blue Beard's Castle. They undertake to place you on the very spot where the murdered wives were transfixed; for tradition takes strong hold of the ignorant, superstitious minds of those French peasants, and I doubt not that the old woman who shows the ruins for a few cents thoroughly believes in the story from beginning to end.

Show Furniture.—Furniture too good to be used is a nuisance. What can be more unpleasant than the aspect of a room, or suit of rooms, where everything is bagged up? Chairs and sofas in pinafores, mirrors in muslins, a druggeted carpet, a hearth rug wrong side out, and a chandelier in a sack, seen by rays of light that struggle in edgeways, through the slits in the shutters, and exhaling that peculiar brown Holland fragrance which belongs to drawing-rooms in masquerade dress, form one of the most cheerless, dispiriting, inhuman-like spectacles in the dioramas of human life. We would as lief be ushered into a vault as into such an apartment. Why do people buy magnificent furniture to clothe it in hideous disguises? Does the glory of exhibiting the article undressed half a dozen evenings in the year pay for the cost and trouble? The miser enjoys the flashing lustre of his gold every time he lifts the lid of his strong box, but what pleasure can there be in possessing a species of property that is invisible to the owner three hundred and fifty days out of every three hundred and sixty-five days? Give us furniture that is made for wear, tables upon which you can bring down your fist with an emphasis without throwing the lady of the house into hysterics—chairs that you can lean back in; in a word, give us comfort and let us wear things out. It is provoking to see chairs and sofas preserved for years without spot or blemish, while the wrinkles are multiplying in the face and the gray hairs on the head of the proprietor.

The Buried Talent.

I sat lately in the chamber of death. The unconscious form which lay beside me was that of a man a little past the meridian of life. The quick, heavy breathing, and an occasional movement of the head or hand alone gave evidence that the spirit had not departed. It was sad to see him passing away thus unconscious of his state, without giving a sign; but, alas! of what would he give a sign? As my eye rested on the mournful figure of his wife bending anxiously over him, and then on the scanty furniture of the room, which betokened only respectable poverty, my mind glanced involuntarily over the life of the dying man, for his history was known to me, and the moral seemed too important to be lost. Early an orphan, at the age of twenty-one he found himself the inheritor of an immense fortune, the possessor of an agreeable person, a ready wit, a good social position, a graduate of one of our first colleges, and a member of one of the highest and most lucrative professions. What should mar so fair a prospect? As I said, an orphan, his youth had been spent in alternate neglect and injudicious indulgence. No mother's voice had led him to love and obey Him who had so richly endowed him; no father's counsels and corrections had taught him the excellence and wisdom of self-control. Marrying at an early age, after a few years spent in extravagance and dissipation, he emphatically *settled down* in life. Already he had thrown up several opportunities of lucrative practice in his profession on various and frivolous pretexts, and it was ever so.

Exertion was painful; responsibilities were irksome; indolence became his besetting sin, and his fortune wasted away under a system of self-willed inaction, while his mind, brooding over his disappointments, lost all its vigor, and his body lacking healthy exercise became the prey to a deplorable disease, which rendered him subject to the sudden death he so much dreaded. And now his Master has called him hence.

A Delightful Legend.

There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the Temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been owned in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other had none. On the spot was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said to his wife, "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take off my shocks, and place them with his, without his knowledge." The younger brother being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said, within himself: "My elder brother has a family, and I have none; I will contribute to their support; I will arise, take off my shocks, and place them with his without his knowledge." Judge of their mutual astonishment, when on the following morning, they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved, in his own mind, to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so, when on the following night, they met each other half way between their respective shocks with their armsful. Upon ground hallowed with such associations as these was the Temple of Solomon erected—so spacious and magnificent, the admiration and wonder of the world. Alas! in these days, how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shock than add to it a single sheaf!

Scientific Facts.

Science proves, and we believe, such miracles as the following:

The air is capable of solidification, liquefaction and color. A pressure from without of fifty miles deep of such air surrounds the earth.

Every adult supports a pressure on his own person of thirty thousand pounds' weight of this air.

Except for such an enormous compression from without man would explode.

Except for this air, sound and life, including within them reason and language, could not exist.

Many plants breathe, perspire, propagate by sexual distinctions, and possess a circulation of sensitive life.

The age of many trees which are, as it were, the aristocracy of plants, exceeds four thousand years.

There are, at least, no less than *seventy thousand* distinct species of such trees and plants.

The National Freemason.

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R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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The Prize.

Amid the mass of MSS. there has been some difficulty in reaching a just conclusion. The four best stories are so nearly equal that they are adjudged entitled to the prize *ex æquo*. They are "Maurice," "Alethea," "Nannie," and "Maria." Miss Adams, of South Carolina, the daughter of our deceased brother, the Rev. Dr. Adams, at one time President of Geneva College, presented a story which was very much thought of, but it was wholly unmasonic. Miss Adams' story would grace the pages of any magazine of the country. Mrs. Churchill's (of Indiana), Mrs. Wilmer's (of Brooklyn, and who wrote the beautiful poetry about late Bro. Underhill), and a story from a lady of Kansas, are all highly commended. Will the four persons adjudged the prize send in their names and address?

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The Grand Master's Letter.

The first time we ever spent even a few minutes with Bro. Holmes was at the organization of the Mutual Relief Association. It was at his suggestion, after he had made some remarks upon duties to mothers, and the regard in which mothers should ever be held by craftsmen, which brought tears to more than one eye, that the Board inserted the word "mothers" among the persons to be provided for, by way of relief.

When Bro. Holmes left his letter with us a few days ago, no one who heard him could feel otherwise than that his Masonic heart is deeply interested in the cause of the widow and the orphan.

We have expressed our convictions, and those of the craft, we think, upon presentations, and especially connected with Freemasonry. We do not believe that there is the least danger of Freemasonry being committed to them, in any way. They have ended.

We now trust that the subject of presentations and concerts, having been well ventilated, may drop, and that we may address ourselves to more practical matters.

◆

Our Biographies.—It will be seen that we are not merely asserting that the subjects of our sketches were Freemasons, but that we spend time and money in getting exhaustive information upon their Masonic associations and career.

The National Freemason is not a mere reprint of what every student has long known, and therefore adding nothing really to the stock of Masonic knowledge, but is an industrious and successful laborer in the Masonic vineyard.

◆

Who knows where J. H. Hapgood is?

District of Columbia—Capitular Freemasonry.

We have received some intemperate articles upon the state of Chapitral Freemasonry within this jurisdiction. Wishing to preserve the unity of the fraternity in the bond of peace, while disposed to publish what will enlighten, we withhold what will inflame. Both sides shall be heard, but the discussion must be temperate and fraternal.

The last convocation of the Grand R. A. Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, referred the question of separation to the Chapters within the district to vote upon. The subject was officially brought before every Chapter within the district, notice of the proposed action having been given within each Chapter, and also published in the daily newspapers of Washington city. The subject was thoroughly discussed. The number of members of the four Chapters is 450, and upon a canvass of votes only thirty were found opposed.

It is claimed that there is a hearty desire on the part of the companions of the District to separate, from no disaffection to the companions of Maryland, but from prudential reasons. It is claimed that the number of companions is greater within the District than in Maryland, that the District favors a separation of the Council degrees from the Chapter, while Maryland desires said union, and that the separation will increase the interest in the Masonic temple.

March 14, Columbia, Washington and Mount Vernon Chapters issued notices to their members to meet in convention on Saturday night, to form a Grand Chapter, whereupon the Grand High Priest suspended their charters and officers, claiming that said notices were contumacious and rebellious, and that, although the Chapters were authorized to take the sense of the companions, they were not authorized to form a Grand Chapter.

We are informed that leading Royal Arch Masons advised the companions that the connection of the Chapters of the District with those of Maryland were *illegal*, and should be dissolved.

We regret, as will that part of our fraternity loving peace, that the position and temper of Capitular Freemasonry in this ancient jurisdiction is so unfortunate. If the companions in Washington persist in their convention, they will be acknowledged by the General Grand Chapter, and by Chapters generally, and eventually by all the Chapters of the country. Maryland herself will eventually acquiesce. Public Masonic sentiment has also always, in the end, sustained the formation of a new grand body in every State, territory and civil division of the country, however unwise in some particular instances it may have been deemed. As there can be but one result, why should not the Grand Chapter of Maryland and the District say: "We deem this action ill advised as to time, and unfortunate in regard to manner, yet for the peace of the craft we yield assent thereto?"

We confidently believe that the Grand Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia will yield to the wishes of our Washington companions, however much regretting their loss.

Read the temperate article under the head of Masonic Intelligence, on this subject. A reply equally temperate will be cheerfully published.

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Let us come at once to the Root—The Epidemic of the Age—The Masonic Method of Dealing with Lotteries and all Evil.

Prejudice never yields to direct attacks. It is only strengthened and exasperated by open hostility. It must not be stormed, but sapped. Hence the propriety of avoiding the discussion of Freemasonry before or with its enemies, and also of avoiding, even with our brethren, the formal discussion of minor differences and the non-essentials of Freemasonry. This is like lifting up the axe to the topmost branches, which, though the most obtrusive, and crossing our way most offensively, will not be broken by the stroke, and may hurt us in the rebound. It is better to push them gently aside and come at once to the root. When that yields, the branches will soon wither and fail. Nor is it expedient, generally speaking, to wage war even upon fundamental Masonic error *directly* (such as Prussian Masonic exclusiveness or Anglican and American sectarian Masonry), except in the kind and patient exposition of truth. This mode of proceeding assumes the modest and pacific air of self-defense. And when truth thus gains a peaceful entrance into the heart, it dislodges error as a matter of course; first, its leading principles, and last, its foolish prejudices. For the prejudices which are the most *unreasonable are the most deep-rooted* in the mind; that the most absurd and indefensible dogmas are most tenaciously grasped, and that the slightest touch of truth causes them to vibrate painfully to the very quick of sensibility. It is folly to expect that men and women grown old in anti-Masonic prejudices, will relinquish them immediately. They cannot be rooted up forcibly, but must be left to die away of themselves, when deprived of the nourishment drawn from ignorance. Here, everything like force is out of place, especially with the females of our families. Pride revolts from formal concession or the appearance of defeat. If our object within the Order is to do good to our brethren, we must not imperiously press our arguments, nor *drive* our opponent to a mortifying conclusion, nor deal in fiery denunciation. The torrent rushes over the rock without affecting its stability, while the drop that gently glides down into its interstices gradually accumulates to a column in its heart and rends it from its basis. Such is the insensible but mighty operation of truth on the human mind. If it is not manifesting its influences outwardly, it is gathering strength within; it is waxing great, and will ultimately prevail.

It is a great thing to win the heart of him whom we would instruct; but the Mason, uninstructed, borrowing from the outer world and wishing to be thought alive, applies his match too soon and wastes his ammunition on the surface; *there is a loud explosion*, but no execution, while the sleeping sentinels are roused to repel all further operations. A spirit of conciliation and the careful avoidance of petty vexatious controversy are, after all, the surest means of extending the truth. *The things that make for peace in our fraternity are also the things that make for truth.* The strife of controversy widens every breach, strengthens every error, inflames every prejudice, and, like "a continual whirlwind," scatters all the embers of charity from the altar of God.

Few in our fraternity have fought for abstractions, *but leaders are not hard to be found; men all their lives on the watch for some "new thing" to create a sensation among the Lodges and bring them into some kind of repute—brethren willing to barter character for notoriety, and wrap the Lodges in the flames of faction rather than be unnoticed.* All their *deeds of charity* and "good works" are stamped with SELF—

> "Like Psaphon's birds, speaking their master's name
> In every language syllabled by fame"

Such a man is ambitious to be the head of a party. If he cannot reckon among his followers his brethren of sense and integrity, *he will eagerly enlist those of doubtful character.* Not only is he intoxicated with the loudest sounds of flattery, he is also gratified with the dissonance of censure. How fearful to see such a man in the *position of Master*, and melancholy to reflect how easily, in some instances, in our Masonic history have brethren, with knowledge of the credulity, envy and malice of human nature, with an effrontery not abashed and a wit rendered pungent by spiteful personality, with restless activity and the plausible cant of confident hypocrisy, attained the eminence of factious leaders!

Among such Lodges, where faction prowls, where neither truth nor charity pleads, there is confusion among the workmen and every evil work. There is antipathy, not sympathy; mutual injury, not mutual care; perpetual hostility and strife, instead of the kindly interchange of good offices among members—and thus the fairest feature of Freemasonry, "love to the brethren," is defaced. How careful should our brethren be to resist *the beginning of strife.*

Some of our Masonic feuds have been among the bitterest. The interests of self and party lie often at the bottom of this enmity, *while Masonry is only the covering that protects it.* Self-interest is sensitive enough operating in an individual, still more irascible and implacable embodied in a corporation; and still more when this is Masonic, because it receives a sanction, hereby depriving it of shame.

It is a mournful truth that Masonic partisanship has done much injury to the body of Freemasonry. In some of our Masonic discussions, the clamor of faction has drowned the voice of justice, and charity has been driven from some Masonic circles. Masons have been the accusers of the brethren, arraigning their motives, maligning their characters, and stripping them to the scorn of the world.

There is no brother valuing the interests of truth, and wishing peace within our borders and prosperity within our palaces, but must do his utmost to *divorce partisanship from Freemasonry,* from our Lodges, constituent and Grand, and from our rites. Where partisan spirit frowns and protrudes his monstrous features, there cannot be Masonic fellowship. *This demon must be cast out.* Masonic schism is noisy and turbulent, but her charity is retiring and gentle, and *does not lift up her voice in the streets.* One brawling Masonic bigot and partisan may give from his conduct in the anteroom a bad character to a whole Lodge.

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Let us endeavor to keep the unity of the fraternity in the bond of charity and peace. Let us stand aloof from all partisan and factious proceedings, and do all in our power to moderate parties. Let us realize that the epidemic of the age is party spirit, and that we are bound to stay the plague, and see that it issues not from our sacred retreats and taints not our waters of life and charity for the nations.

Whatever we may do as citizens, let us not, *as Freemasons,* attempt to convert our society into modern machinery for reaching evil. The old way, the tried way, the Masonic way, will be found the most efficient for Freemasons as Freemasons, proclaiming the truth in love, filled with the spirit of charity, eschewing denunciation, and being true and upright and temperate in all things, faithful and reverent to God and loving to men.

Rev. Wilbur F. Nields.

Olive Branch Lodge, Freehold, N. J., mourns the death of their brother and Chaplain, Rev. Wilbur F. Nields, at St. Augustine, Florida, whither he had gone to recover his health.

Not only does the Lodge mourn, but the entire community, to whom he was endeared by his holy life, his Christian meekness and charity, and his deeds of kindness to the afflicted.

Southern Relief.—We have again and again called the attention of our brethren to the sufferings of our brethren and their families in the South. Let every Freemason who can do something for those allied to us by mystic ties, and show that our professions are sincere. We are requested to publish (which we do cheerfully) that Mr. George Francis Train will lecture at Irving Hall, on Monday, the 1st of April, for the benefit of the Ladies' Southern Relief Association.

Le Bon Ton (349 Canal street) for April is out, and as attractive as usual.

Freemasonry is the Evangelist of toleration and peace.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS, P. G. M.

Too Many Irons in the Fire.

Our Brooklyn friends appear to be overdoing matters, if they will allow us the expression. They have on hand the Relief Association, which is quietly and unobtrusively performing its work, and performing it well, and to aid which, be it said, in passing, Bro. Hooley, of the Minstrels, gave a performance last week, which was well attended, and will still further increase their capacity for good. Then there is the project for building a hall, which ought to command an immediate success. All that is needed is that some of our moneyed men should take the stock as an investment, and they will find that the return will be large and profitable. Every Lodge-room in the city is fully occupied, and there is no hall suitable for public occasions, except the Academy, which costs too much, The natural increase of the fraternity even now demands more accommodation, and if the hall is not built other rooms will have to be fitted up. This matter, if properly pushed, would be successful; but it will not come to anything by simply passing resolutions that "we are the saints of the Lord." Then there is the project of establishing an asylum, commendable enough in itself, but just the least bit out of order at present, seeing that there is no general enthusiasm in its behalf, and that what there is, is just so much energy withdrawn from the building of the Temple and the established and beneficent work of the Relief Association. If all the good men were Masons, if the majority of our membership was composed of Peabodys, Stewarts, Astors, and men with hearts like Cavan, Farrington and Karn; if we had capital in abundance and men to manage it who could draw checks for half a million with as much ease as an editor can for half a dollar, then we might run all these machines at once, and run them to some purpose; but as it is, there is danger that in trying to do too much we shall succeed in making a splendid failure. We suggest that some of the irons be withdrawn, and that we apply the bellows to the remainder and keep up the heat to a successful issue.

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Answers to Correspondents.

J. J. K.—"Please answer the following questions:

"1. Should Masons, in applying for dimits, make the application in writing or verbally through another member, when not present in person?

"2. Is or is not an Apprentice entitled to a dimit, or certificate that he has only taken one degree?

"3. Has or has not the Lodge a right to ask his reasons for wishing a dimit, though it may not withhold it if he does not give them?

"4. If an E. A. whose petition for the second degree has been several times rejected asks for a dimit, and the Lodge sees proper to grant it, is it not proper that the said dimit carry with it the evidence that his petition for advancement has been rejected?

"5. If the By-Laws simply state that any member can dimit by making his wants known in open Lodge, there being no objection, and his dues being paid, what vote is necessary to grant the application?

Answer.—1. Masons applying for a dimit, must do so in person or in writing, as may be most convenient; but a verbal application through a third person cannot be received.

2. An Apprentice is not entitled to a dimit, for the reason that, although his initiation makes him a Mason, it does not make him a member of the Lodge. A dimit presupposes membership, and as an Apprentice has no membership, it follows that he cannot dimit. When an Apprentice, against whom there is no objection, is about to remove from the jurisdiction, the Lodge may, if it please, grant him a certificate of the fact that he has been regularly initiated, and has consent to receive the remaining degrees in any regular Lodge where he may find it convenient to apply.

3. Certainly. A dimit is held to be a joint act of a Lodge and a member, and the Lodge clearly has a right to know why it is asked to do a certain thing.

4. We have already shown that an E. A. cannot have a dimit; and if he has been several times rejected for advancement, the Lodge ought not to grant him a certificate, because that would be recommending to others material not deemed fit for your own building. If, however, the Lodge insist upon granting the certificate, then it should, by all means, carry with it a true statement of the facts.

5. A majority vote.

Cold Spring.—The object of the blank returns sent you by the Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter is to enable him to make a complete registry of all Royal Arch Masons in good standing in this jurisdiction. The better way to make the registry would be to commence with your officers—High Priest, No. 1, King, No. 2, and so on, then follow with your oldest members, being careful to insert all the required data. This return should be made up to the same date as your last return to the Grand Chapter. You should have a registry-book made to correspond to the form of the return, and copy the return into it. Afterward, as a new member is received, his name can be added to the list and a number be given him, and, as the old ones disappear by dimit, removal or death, corresponding entries can be made opposite their names. When, from any cause, a number becomes blank, it ever after remains so. In due time, the Grand Secretary will send you back Grand Chapter numbers, which you will enter on your registry-book opposite the names of the Companions for whom they are intended.

Lottery.—The best thing you can do is to let it alone severely. A dollar saved is a dollar earned, and hence, by keeping your X greenback in your pocket, it will be just as if you had earned that amount of the current *coin* of the realm. The Grand Master speaks for himself in this issue. Read his letter in another column, and you will know as much about it as we do.

Lex.—A medium course is generally best. If you place your initiation fee at twenty-five dollars, you will be making Masonry too cheap; on the other hand, if you put it at one hundred, you will by no means increase the certainty of getting good, while you will be moderately sure of keeping out good men unable to invest that amount of money. Something between the two, say fifty dollars, is about the mark at present.

M. M.—"Grin and bear it," is all we can recommend at present. Try and make a better selection next time.

Pedro.—The Mutual Relief is growing slowly; but we like it all the better on that account. It seems as if men thought twice before acting once, and that, having concluded to become members, they will be inclined to stand by their engagements and make the association a permanent success. The initiation fee is six dollars, and a tax of one dollar and ten cents will be levied on the death of a member, and the family of the deceased will receive as many dollars as there are members of the association. That's all about it. If you desire to join, send to this office (39 Nassau street) a certificate signed by the Master and Secretary of your Lodge that you are in good standing as a Mason, and enjoy average health, accompanied by the initiation fee, and you will be enrolled, and receive a certificate to that effect by return mail.

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About the Law.

Bro. Gouley, of St. Louis, says that "there is no such thing as a Lodge outside of the Masters' Lodge. In other words, there is legally no such thing as an E. A. or F. C. Lodge." To which Albert Pike takes exception in these words:

"The above is not given as the individual opinion of our Bro. Gouley, but is really what has been decided of late years by those nuisances in Masonry, Grand Lodges, whose principal business, as they are managed, is to consume what ought to be expended in charity, confuse Masonic law, and enable Grand Masters and Chairmen who compose committees of Masonic jurisprudence to 'splurge.'

"Therefore our Bro. Gouley must not deem us rude in stating these three or four 'pints.'

"1st. Before 1700 there was only one degree in modern Masonry, and that the degree of Apprentice.

"2d. As late as the time when the constitutions of Desaguliers and Anderson were printed (say 1721), Apprentices and Fellows were Masons, sat in the General Assemblies, and voted for the Grand Masters.

"An Apprentice is a Mason. His obligation makes him such. He was made 'in a just and regularly constituted Lodge." He is entitled to Masonic burial. He is entitled to vote on applications for initiation; and any doctrine to the contrary of that is *Webbery*—that is, modern, manufactured doctrine; like the notion that a Lodge under dispensation is not a Lodge, but so many Masons 'working after the manner of a Lodge;' and the removal by the Grand Lodge of England, without any authority, of the original landmark, by which no one could act as Master who had not been qualified as Master. The Senior or Junior Warden, the Master being absent, had to convene the Lodge. No stranger or member not an officer could do that. But when the B. B. of the Lodge were convened, the Warden was powerless to preside. He had not been duly qualified, and was not well and truly prepared. He was utterly and absolutely incompetent to preside. Therefore the right to preside, the office, reverted to the last Past Master, as of right; and no Warden or brother, not before duly qualified as actual Master of some Lodge, ever can preside. We would not sit now in a Lodge where a Warden who had never been Master of a Lodge, presided.

For that office, he is not one whit better than a profane.

"A Lodge under dispensation is a Lodge, or else a fraud and humbug. An Apprentice is a Mason, or he has been cheated and lied to. The Master Mason, however, we know, is now promised that which he does not get, but only a substitute, that means—— what?

"To return, we only say that there never was any power in Masonry to denude Apprentices of the character of Masons. There never was any power to deprive Grand Masters of their prerogatives. There never was any power to make Grand Lodges permanent bodies, with jurisdiction to remove the old landmarks. If there should be, at any time, on any island in the Pacific, two Lodges regularly warranted, these two have the right, if they wish, to meet by their Master and Wardens in a Grand Lodge. Mackey says that three Lodges must concur to create a Grand Lodge, which is only another instance of the way in which Masonic law is manufactured. If there were five Lodges in Chili, for example, and four of them formed a Grand Lodge, there is no law that required the fifth to submit to it, or be represented in it. Remember that, in all the nonsense that is talked about Grand Lodges. There is a Grand Lodge of Canada, but there is a Lodge in Ottawa under the Grand Lodge of England, and one lower down the river, under the Grand Lodge of Ireland.

"We propose that the manufacturing of new Masonic law, especially by editors, be declared out of order."

There is a good deal of truth in the remarks of Bro. Pike, and some things which at present are not considered sound doctrine by competent authority, editorial or otherwise. In the first place, Bro. Gouley does not state the decision of any Grand Lodge of which we have ever heard. Every Grand Lodge in this country professes the so-called York Rite, and that Rite most emphatically recognizes a Lodge of Apprentices by providing a formula for opening and closing it, and by refusing recognition to all save those who have been regularly made in a just and duly constituted Lodge of such. When, therefore, Bro. Gouley expresses the opinion that there is no such thing as an E. A. Lodge, he expresses his own opinion merely, and not that of the Grand Lodges. If he had said that an E. A. Lodge has no powers save those necessary to opening and conferring the degree, he would have stated a fact, and not an opinion at all.

An Apprentice is, beyond all question, a Mason, but his status in the craft has been lawfully changed since 1717. When the craft established the Grand Lodge of England, from which all others have descended, they surrendered into its hands the power of making regulations for the better government of the fraternity, and one of the results of this concession of power has been the adoption of the rule which makes it imperative that a man shall have advanced to the Master's degree before he shall have a right to participate in the business of a Lodge. We fail to perceive wherein Grand Lodges can justly be termed nuisances. They certainly have their faults, one of which is a propensity to overmuch legislation, but without their guardianship we hazard nothing in saying that the craft would long since have been in inextricable confusion. Abate the nuisance of Grand Lodges to-day, and to-morrow each Lodge would start off on an independent tangent, and in six months chaos would come again, and all that has been achieved thus far be worse than lost. They are, moreover, of older date than any existing subordinate in the world, save the Lodge of Antiquity, in London—derived their powers, in the first instance, from the free concession of the craft at large, and exercise them by immemorial usage. It is now too late to question their right, and simply querulous to treat them in the just exercise of their undoubted powers as nuisances. Granted, that a Grand Lodge has no right to remove a landmark, and that legislation tending to that end, even by indirection, is not binding; but they have an incontrovertible right to make local regulations for the benefit of the craft in their respective jurisdictions, and a right to enforce them when made. Here is an instance: The old regulations provide that but five new brethren shall be made at one time. Making refers to initiation, because at the time the regulations were promulgated Lodges conferred only the initiatory degree, and that process is always spoken of as "making." No restrictions as to number are to be found in the old Constitutions, or Thirty-nine Articles, with reference to the second and third degrees, and the inference is plain, that in the absence of any law a Lodge might pass and raise any number of candidates at one time, say fifteen or twenty, in a batch. It is equally plain that the founders of Masonry never contemplated doing business in this wholesale way, and we know of one Grand Lodge which has put a stop to it by a local regulation, as many others will be obliged to do if the present rush of initiation continues.

There is certainly no power in Masonry to deprive the Grand Master of his rightful prerogatives, but there is power in the craft, through their representatives assembled in Grand Lodge, to refuse to elect any one to office as Grand Master who will not agree to administer the laws as the Grand Lodge makes them, and be governed in local matters by their wishes. We have outlived the patriarchal age, and become subjects of law instead of the wisdom of isolated individuals, and Grand Masters, like the rest of us, must bow to the inevitable decrees of fate and the laws of progress. Take, for instance, a Lodge under dispensation. A Grand Master has the indubitable right at his own pleasure to issue a dispensation to a competent number of petitioners, and thus erect them into a Lodge; but he cannot prevent the Grand Lodge from surrounding that new Lodge with such regulations as may be deemed best, nor can he force the Grand Lodge to finish his work by issuing a warrant, and when a warrant does issue it is on special condition that the Lodge shall obey the laws made for its government by the Grand Lodge. The same principle is involved as in all human government. Some rights and privileges are given up that the rest may be enjoyed in greater security, and if, wherever wholesome restraint is exercised, and the wild enthusiasm of men curbed, the restraining power is a nuisance, then Masonic government, by whatever name it may be called, is a nuisance. We hardly think Bro. Pike would be willing to extinguish all governmental checks and let the craft run loose; and if he would, he will pardon us for saying that we doubt whether he would find much improvement in any system he might substitute.

The rule that there must be three subordinates to form a Grand Lodge has the best of precedents to justify it, for there were four concerned in the formation of the Grand Lodge of England. It has, further, the sanction of general acceptance and long usage. And, what is perhaps of more consequence than either, the existing Grand Lodge have the power to enforce it by simply refusing to recognize or hold correspondence with any Grand Lodge, not formed by at least three concurring subordinates. So of jurisdiction: every Grand Lodge in the world, save that of Hamburgh, claims and exercises sole and exclusive jurisdiction within the limits of the territory in which it is located and respects that of its neighbors. Not one of them would for a moment recognize a Lodge, held within the territory of a regular Grand Lodge without its consent, any more than they now recognize the spurious daughters of Hamburgh planted in the territory of New York, without the consent of our Grand Lodge and against its reiterated protests. And these laws are, of necessity, the very condition and basis of our continued existence and peaceful relations. They have become a part of the Masonic hierarchy by common consent, and they can no more be changed now than Masonry can be put out of existence, and our friend will discover, upon examination and reflection, that editors who follow the principles here alluded to are but declaring, not making law.

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The Funeral of the late Amor J. Williamson was attended, on Sunday last, by Normal Lodge, No. 523, of which he was a member, and a large number of brethren of other Lodges uniting with them, as well as Pyramid Lodge, No. 490, which attended in a body.

The procession, which, swelled by the members of other associations of which the deceased was a member, was quite imposing, moved from the residence to 34th street ferry and thence to Cypress Hills Cemetery, where the remains were interred with the ancient formalities of the craft, W. Bro. Costenbader, Master of Normal Lodge, officiating.

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Michael Furnell, Esq.

One of the most eminent Freemasons in Ireland, and for twenty years Prov. Grand Master of North Munster, died on the 15th of February last, at the advanced age of 74 years. Bro. Furnell was Dep. Lieutenant of the city and county of Limerick, and one of its oldest magistrates. An Irish paper says: "In the different relations of life, both public and private, his intrinsic worth and kindliness of disposition won the universal esteem of all who knew him. As a landlord, generous and indulgent; as a friend, honorable and sincere. In the social circle, his suavity of manner and princely hospitalities will be long remembered by sorrowing relations and friends."

Bro. Furnell was recognized in America as one of the leading minds in the craft in Ireland, and many personal friends on this side of the water will deplore the loss of one so distinguished and so esteemed.

[Correspondents will look here for notices of their communications.—R. McMurdy.]

Replies to Letters and Inquiries of Correspondents.

NEW MEXICO—LETTER LOST.—There being no Grand Chapter, to which you are amenable, having specified regulations upon the subject, and there being nothing to direct you in those of the Gen. Grand Chapter, you must be guided by the action of Grand Chapters generally, and if you can find nothing specific in them, you must be governed by the well established principles of Lodge or symbolic Freemasonry.

After the usual course and the ballot has been *pronounced unfavorable, the petition must be declared rejected, and that is the end of it*, except under special regulations or analogical usage *as to representation*. No motion to reconsider can be entertained. The local regulations of some Grand Chapters or Grand Lodges permit the petition to be presented anew *within six months*—others a year or two years, and others are entirely silent. Where there is no specific time mentioned by the Grand Body, the Chapter is governed by its own By-Laws. If it has none, then it is in order to present the petition at any future meeting; but the petitioner must send in a new application, recommended as before by the same, or other companions, it must be again referred to a committee, lie over the usual time, and the ballot taken as in any entirely new case.

Your only remedy is to make a By-Law. We have given you usage, and not what we conceive to be true Masonic principle.

KENTUCKY.—A reconsideration, according to parliamentary usage, can only be moved by one voting in the majority, or with the successful party, as indicating a change of opinion. But when a two-thirds vote is required, and when it reaches a majority, but not a two-thirds majority, while the mere technical and literal interpretation would give the right of one voting in the majority to move a reconsideration, yet the principle of the question would refuse it, and in this case the motion to reconsider must come from the nominal minority, or the successful party.

Masonic usage always sets aside any thing, however parliamentary, which is unjust and which is not a full, fair and honest expression of the sentiments of the brethren. The best course was to have given a new and regular notice of a proposition to amend. But if the sentiment of two-thirds of the Lodge is clearly, honestly and definitively expressed, the minority should gracefully acquiesce. Under our present anomalous system a dimit should always be granted, unless the Lodge is prepared to sustain charges. Some think that a Lodge has no right, by resolution, to alter or amend a By-Law, but this is not the general opinion.

A GRAND MASTER OR GRAND HIGH PRIEST is claimed by only a few ultra prerogative Masons to possess absolute and unlimited powers. He has certain prerogatives by written law, and others are in some things beyond any control but that of the landmarks. And yet not in all, from the fact since the formation of Grand Lodges, their government is founded on written constitutions, which the Grand Master and G.·. H.·. P.·. are bound to obey. This he promises to do. The true Masonic doctrine is, that sovereignty resides with the body of the craft, with the Masonic people, and by their delegation is exercised by the Grand Lodge as their agent, and the final decision is really with the Grand Chapter or G.·. L.·. The G.·. M.·. or G.·. H.·. P.·. acts *ad interim;* but his acts are subject to review by the Grand Body.

Whatever the original powers of the Grand Master, they are very much modified, and he accepts his office under these modifications. Some of these powers are in themselves landmarks, and not the subject of legislation, and yet these are practically modified.

The High Priest cannot indefinitely suspend a companion. He can suspend an officer, a member or Chapter only until the meeting of the Grand Chapter. If at that meeting the Grand Chapter should fail to take action, the warrant would instantly become valid, and the whole status would be the same as if no action had been taken.

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Democrat (Wisconsin) says—National Freemason—This journal, the leading one devoted to the interests of the great Order. * * * Its typographical appearançe is beautiful and its departments complete and exhaustive. Freemasons throughout the land may well be proud of this splendid organ of those who work by the "Square," and travel upon that level of time leading from earth to the eternal. * * Within its columns are rich and boundless stores.

The Mississippi *Courier* says:

The National Freemason is devoid of the spirit "that would pull an angel from the skies."

Tammany Hall

is so identified with the lives of some of our most eminent Freemasons, as to demand a brief notice, as it is about to be numbered with the objects of the past.

Tammany was a famous Indian chief, and under the name of this chief a society of stern and prominent patriots of the revolution organized, to perpetuate the fame and principles of the Sons of Liberty, and the men who had fought under our Masonic Generals Washington, Putnam, Greene and Lafayette. So far as we can learn, nearly all, if not all, the founders of Tammany were craftsmen. There were St. George's, St. Andrew's and other European associations. These men desired a purely American society, and gave the appellation of Tammany, emphatically American. Our great New York Masonic patron, Dewitt Clinton, was a Secretary of Tammany, Daniel D. Tompkins and Chancellor Livingston, Grand Masters, were prominent members of Tammany.

Clinton and Tompkins were at the burial of the exhumed remains of the 11,000 prison-ship martyers, near navy yard, Brooklyn, May 26, 1808.

At Tammany, Grand Master Henry Clay, with Gallatin and Adams, met the grand reception upon their return with the peace treaty.

Here Major Noah entertained many a Mason with his Goat Island project.

Tammany originally was purely social and patriotic, eschewing political parties.

Tammany Hall has been finally sold.

True Benevolence.

We clip from the current press the following account of a new scheme for doing good, originated by Bro. John W. Farmer, of this city :

Mr. John W. Farmer, the philanthrophist, of No. 47 Ludlow street, New York, has enlarged his usefulness and premises to the extent of a free reading and meeting-room and strangers' resort, where, the circular quaintly says : "Ladies and gentlemen can have a free toilet at all times—soap, hair-oil, shaving apparatus, shoe blacking, brushes, &c. Parties engaged in co-operative enterprises (?) can have the use of the hall for such purposes every day, Sunday included, from 7 A. M. till 11 P. M., free of expense." It is not often that the free use of hair oil is combined with so many positive advantages; but Mr. Farmer says he "wishes to give respectable people an opportunity to keep clean and respectable;" and he is really a philanthrophist, who is doing much good in many ways.

No man in our country has done more, according to his means, for the poor and distressed than the philanthrophic Bro. Farmer.

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The following is from our esteemed friend and Bro., Winslow Lewis, M. D., P.·. G.·. M.·. :

Boston, March 21, 1867.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—I perceive in the artitle in your paper headed "Law Intelligence," that Dr. Mackey is charged with defending the parallelism, &c., of the Saints John, in the Masonic lectures.

In justice to my esteemed friend and brother, I beg to state that whatever opinion Dr. Mackey might once have entertained on that subject, he certainly unequivocally condemns the practice now.

In his "Manual of the Lodge" (page 56) he says: "The *point within a circle* is an interesting and important symbol in Freemasonry, *but it has been so debased* in the interpretation of it given in modern lectures that the sooner the interpretation is forgotten by the Masonic student the better will it be."

Hoping the above will disabuse the minds of your readers from charging Bre. Mackey with defending sectarianism in Masonry,

I remain yours fraternally,
WINSLOW LEWIS.

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Music received from *Bro. Van Duyn*, 108 *Orange street, Brooklyn.* "Friends and Fortune have Departed," by Baker & Danks; "Love in Spring time," by Johnson & Danks; "A Sweet Face at the Window," by Baker & Danks; "The Lover's Wish," by Blamphin & Sedgwick.

◆

Messrs. Zane & Stavely, 237 Dock street, are acting as agents in Philadelphia. Will our brethren show them all due courtesy and encouragement?

The Exposition.

All craftsmen going to Paris will be interested in the following, which shows in the progress of our Order the importance of having a weekly like the NATIONAL FREEMASON at the commercial capital of America, which commands the respect of the Masonic world. [Will brethren going to Paris call at our office and register their names? Any Lodges or Masons desirous of subscribing, as suggested in the letter below, can do so through our office.]

The Grand Master of France has sent to the NATIONAL FREEMASON, for publication, the following:

To the Glory of the Great Architect of the Universe.
GRAND ORIENT OF FRANCE,
Supreme Council for France and the French Possessions.
ORIENT OF PARIS, March 1, 1867.
(E.·. V.·.)
To the Masonic strangers,
To the Lodges under their direction,
To the Lodges in correspondence with the G.·. O.·. of France,
S.·. S.·. S.·.

Very Dear Brethren:

The Grand Orient of France will celebrate this year the summer solstice by a festival and a banquet, on the 15th of June next.

On this occasion, the Presidents or the delegates of all the Lodges in correspondence with the Grand Orient, will be assembled at Paris in general council, and the Universal Exposition will draw, without doubt, a great number of Freemasons from all parts of the world.

The Grand Orient of France sees in this unusual circumstance a happy opportunity to strengthen the bonds which unite the scattered members of the Masonic family, and it thinks that, side by side with the great festival of industry, Freemasonry should celebrate that of fraternity.

It invites, therefore, the Freemasons of all the Orients, and of all the obediences, to co-operate with it in giving the festival a universal character.

A spectacle will thus be afforded worthy of fixing the attention, that of a reunion of men from all parts of the world, speaking various languages, of different manners and customs, but animated by the same sentiment, the sentiment of fraternity!

I doubt not, dear brethren, that the idea of the Grand Orient (Lodge) of France will be understood, and that Freemasons will cordially and readily respond to its appeal.

The greater the concourse of brethren, the more numerous will be the links of the chain of union, and the more brilliant will be the festival.

All our efforts shall be devoted to render it worthy of our great institution.

Be pleased, I beg of you, my dear brethren, to give to this communication the greatest publicity possible.

Accept, dear brethren, the assurance of my sentiments of esteem and of fraternal affection.

The Grand Master of the Masonic Order in France,
MELLINET.

By the Grand Master.
The Grand Master adjoint,
LENGLÉ.

The following is appended to the letter:

General Arrangements.—The exercises of the festival will commence at 2 o'clock, and the banquet will take place at 6½.

Subscriptions received at the office of the Secretary of the Grand Orient of France, Rue Cadet, No. 16, Paris.

The price of the subscription is fixed at twenty francs.

Subscriptions will be received till May 1st from the Lodges of the continent and Algiers, and to the 15th of May from the Lodges beyond the sea. This measure is necessary, in order that the commissioners may know in advance the number of subscribers, that they may organize the festival.

The civil costume will be rigorously observed.

N. B. One of the halls of the Grand Orient will be placed at the disposal of foreign Masons during the time of the Exposition, and all possible measures will be taken to furnish to these brethren any information they may require.

◆

THURLOW WEED, in the days of anti-Masonry, published in the city of Rochester a weekly paper called the *Anti-Masonic Inquirer*. The old red house, corner of State and Furnace streets, in which he commenced his crusade against the fraternity, which deemed him unworthy of admission, has just been torn down.

Song of the Eastern Star.

The intrinsic beauty and historical interest with which the narratives of Jephthah's daughters, Ruth, Esther, Martha and Electa are invested, have elicited a number of spirited odes and poems from the pen of Bro. Rob. Morris. The latest of these is the following, which he has kindly placed at our disposal, it being heretofore unpublished:

THE YEARLY LAMENT OF THE DAUGHTERS OF ISRAEL.

AIR—*The Prairie Flower.*

"It was a custom in Israel that the daughters of Israel went yearly to lament the daughter of Jephthah, the Gileadite, four days in a year."—Judges xi., 39, 40.

In the hills of Mizpeh bloomed the mountain maid ;
Blue the skies above her where she strayed ;
As the light gazelle she scaled the rocky slope,
Adah, child of love and hope.

CHORUS.

Gone from the mountains—lost to her home—
Called in life's beauty to the tomb;
Wake the wild lamenting in the lonely glen,
She will never come again.

Glad was her uprising when with maiden mirth,
And the merry timbrel she came forth;
But, alas, the death march ! day of utter gloom !
'Twas the signal of her doom

CHORUS—Gone from the mountains, &c.

Oh, the grand deliverance of the mountain maid !
"Keep the vow my Father"—thus she said ;
"Shall the Mason's daughter fear for truth to die ;
There's a home beyond the sky."

CHORUS—Gone from the mountains, &c.

From the hills of Mizpeh let the story rise—
"Death before dishonor"—to the skies,
While the seasons blossom on the mountain free,
Adah, we will weep for thee !

CHORUS—Gone from the mountains, &c.

◆

Bro. Morris has been reciting selections of his Masonic poems in the city of Chicago. Bro. M. appears to have opened a golden vein in Masonic poetry.

He has found that the emblems of Freemasonry are not merely so many *racks* on which to hang Masonic thoughts; but that *they speak*, when properly consulted, *the great moral truths* on which, as upon foundation-stones, the whole Masonic structure rests.

From his poem termed *Letter G* we cite this verse:

That NAME—in silence I invoked its power,
When dangers thickened and when death was nigh.
In solemn awe I felt the death-clouds lower,
And whispered, "God be with me, if I die."

From the *Level and Square* we quote this:

There's a world where all are equal—we are hurrying towards it fast,
We shall meet upon the level there when the gates of death are past;
We shall stand before the Orient, and our MASTER will be there
To try the blocks we offer with His own unerring square.

From the *Broken Column* we select this:

Bind up with asphodel the mystic tools
And jewels of the work: bind up, ye Crafts.
The *Square*. It marks the perfect angle of his life—
To Virtue's angle all his deeds were true.
The *Level:* lo ! it leads us to the grave,
Thrice-honored, where our aged brother sleeps.
The *Plumb:* it points the home his soul hath found—
He ever walked by this unerring line,
Let down, suggestive, from the hand of God.
Bind up in mourning dark and comfortless
The *Guage:* he gave one part to God, and God,
In blest exchange, *gave him eternity*.
The *Trowel:* in his brotherly hand it spread
Sweet concord, binding long-estrangèd hearts.
The *Hour-Glass* whence his mystic sands have run,
And every grain denoting one good deed.
The *Gavel:* in his master-hand it swayed
For many years the moral architects,
Quelling all strife, directing every hand,
And pointing all to the great BUILDER, GOD, etc.

From the *Perfect Brick*, one of Dr. Morris's most popular compositions, we cull his paraphrase of Solomon's description of old age:

At last life's powers fail;
The silver cord is loosed, the wheel
Of life and golden bowl are broken;
The sunny days return no more.
There comes, through every avenue, the token
That death is knocking at the door.
The grinders cease; the eyes grow dim,
Gray hairs are blossoming above;
The ear no more receives the festive hymn,
The soul no more is kindled as with love, etc.

◆

The article on Masonic monarchs, translated for *El Espejo Masonico*, and credited to the California *Mercury*, and copied into several papers, should be credited to the NATIONAL FREEMASON. We have called attention to this before.

Letter from the Grand Master.

THE MASONIC HALL AND ASYLUM GIFT ENTERPRISE.

No. 45 BARROW STREET,
NEW YORK, March 20th, 1867.

To the Editor of the NATIONAL FREEMASON:

MY DEAR SIR AND BRO.—It is unnusual for me to give the slightest attention to any strictures which may be made orally, or may appear in the public press, upon my official or other conduct, and I reluctantly do so now. Before stating distinctly the object of this letter, permit me to say that, through the generous confidence placed in me by M. W. Clinton F. Paige, Grand Master of this State, from June, 1864, to June, 1865 (his second year as such), I, as Deputy Grand Master, exercised all the powers of Grand Master of the craft in this part of the jurisdiction as fully as if I had been its supreme head, and that since June, 1865, I have been such. On several occasions, and while in both capacities, my official, disciplinary and governmental acts have been made the subjects of comment and criticism in the Masonic and general press, and by individual Masons. I am pleased to say that praise generally and very largely predominated over censure. I had the gratification, also, of knowing that they who lauded my acts were of the great class known as the high-toned, pure and devoted members of the craft. Thus knowing that the good, true and unselfish composed the tribunal that would justly weigh and criticise my measures, I rested with entire confidence on their decision. The warm support generously accorded by them to my official acts, and more especially in view of their results, and the (to me) grateful evidences of high personal regard—not to use a warmer term—that I have received from the honored and exalted class named, showed that my confidence was not misplaced, and that to write a single line in justification of my official course was not a duty that I owed either to my office or to myself, though often sorely tempted. Hence it is that during three years (less two months) devoted to the constant exercise of the highest and most important official functions known to our craft, I have not written a single line in justification or explanation of my official acts, although they have freely been made the subjects of oral and written criticisms by a censorious and selfishly ambitious class during the whole time named. Had I yielded to the dictates of my own judgment, which I seldom depart from, and were the act which has last exercised the assumed ire and criticisms of the parties referred to one of a strictly (and not a *quasi*) official character, I should still be silent; but having been credibly informed, by those who have a right to be heeded, by reason of their conscientious regard for the sacredness of our fraternal tie, who are entitled to respectful consideration through unswerving friendship for myself, high social position, and, more than all, through disinterested love, reverence and devotion to the principles of our great fraternity, that malevolence is busily misconstruing my position with reference to a project now on foot to aid the Hall and Asylum Fund, and they stating their belief that a few words from me would render innocuous the machinations of the aspiring and unscrupulous, I have determined, though with great reluctance, to state my position with regard to that effort, and leave the right minded of the fraternity to judge whether, as certain of those referred to have declared, I have either "officially endorsed a lottery scheme," "advocated a swindle," "aided a gambling enterprise," or committed any other act that can be obnoxious to the most enlarged latitude of unfavorable criticism by any brethren of the craft, or by the most honorable and moral member of the community generally.

About the middle of December last I received a letter from an honored and conscientious member of my staff which introduced me to Bro. G. W. Holmes (with whom I was then almost entirely unacquainted), and asking my favorable consideration of an application that he desired to make to me. The latter gave me references as to his integrity and standing, Masonically, socially and monetarily, which references were of a very high character. He stated that by a series of gift concerts he and his associates were desirous of contributing a large amount of money to the Hall and Asylum Fund, and that his object in calling on me was to obtain my sanction of the effort. My reply to him was the same as it had been to numerous others who had called upon me with reference to similar matters, which was, that money contributions in aid of that charity would be gratefully received if they should be obtained honorably, without device, and, more important than all, without an infraction of the laws of our State. He declared that there need be no fear of the infringement of any principle, legal or moral, and that the project would be so conducted as not to render it liable to the remarks of disapproval which were then beginning to be made upon the scheme for raising funds in aid of the orphans of soldiers, which was under the direct patronage of the most honorable and eminent of the people of this State and some of the neighboring ones, and which scheme, I may here remark, ended in a lottery, the tickets and blanks having been drawn from a wheel, under the supervision of generals, clerks of our courts, judges, other public officials, and the police authorities of the city.

He stated that there would be no lottery, and declared that even if there should be, he deemed the claims of the orphan children of our brethren upon the charitable almost as near to being sacred as those of the orphans of our soldiers. Although I could not dissent from this reasoning, I still said that there must be nothing done that would bear a resemblance to a lottery, and that he had better take time to consider what his situation might be under our statutes, before he placed $200,000 worth of property in such a situation as might render it liable to seizure and confiscation, and he and his associates be made amenable to the penal law. I thereupon took from a shelf in my office the Revised Statutes and opened the volume at the place where the enactments against lotteries and the semblance of such were to be found, at the same time remarking to him that this was one of the most stringent and exhaustive statutes that could be found in our State laws, and said that if he avoided its provisions and gave evidences that his enterprise would be faithfully and conscientiously conducted, I would, to a proper extent, give it my sanction. After reading the statute carefully through, he again stated there would be no violation of the law committed. I then advised, I think, or perhaps he made the suggestion, that the Hon. A. Oakey Hall, the District Attorney of this county, should be consulted, and it be ascertained whether, in his judgment, there were any legal difficulties in the way of the proposed enterprise. I still declined to write a line on the subject, which might be made to fall under public notice. Some time subsequently, I saw Mr. Holmes again, who stated that he had consulted the District Attorney, who said that he saw nothing illegal in the matter, as Mr. Holmes proposed to carry it through. It was not till I saw Mr. Hall myself, and he had confirmed what Mr. Holmes had said, not until I had examined the scheme, and, as a lawyer, became satisfied that no law would be violated in carrying it out, and not until nearly a month had elapsed from the time of my first interview with Mr. Holmes, that I wrote the letter that has since been extensively published in connection with the affair—a letter that I deem to be carefully qualified and very easy of construction. If any one can find in that letter a line or word which sanctions a lottery, or gambling, directly or indirectly, or which the most moral man in the community with the fear of T. G. A. O. T. U. constantly in his mind, might not have written with propriety, then I have mistaken the power and the meaning of language. To the contrary of all these things, I used the strongest expressions possible against the violation of "*any*" law of this State, and the word *any* in this connection means *all*. Read for yourself the copy of my letter, which is as follows, and then judge between me and those who have set themselves up as the judges of my acts:

"OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER OF MASONS OF THE
STATE OF NEW YORK,
NEW YORK, *January* 10, 1867.

BRO. G. W. HOLMES—My Dear Sir: Yours of the 9th inst. has been received. In reply I can only state that any enterprise which may be honorably and conscientiously conducted in aid of the Masonic Hall and Asylum Fund of the State of New York, will receive not only my unqualified approbation, but my zealous cooperation. That your enterprise will be conducted with fidelity to your promise I have no doubt, judging from the references which you have given. While I say this, I desire still to declare to you that any effort, no matter how sacred may be the end sought to be achieved, that leads to any violation of the laws of the State, should not be permitted. Let these laws be held in strict respect, a blessing will surely follow, and you will receive the thanks of thousands. Thanking you for your kind remembrance of the widows and orphans of our craft, I am truly and fraternally yours,

ROBERT D. HOLMES,
Grand Master."

I can only say that I did not intend to endorse, nor did I endorse, any measure or sanction any proposed means to aid the Hall and Asylum Fund, which could be in any manner construed into a violation of law. This brief sketch of facts gives my whole connection with the affair in all its bearings.

I may here properly remark that I have heard with some surprise those who are engaged in this matter denounced as bad and unreliable men. This is not shown by any act that they have as yet committed, to my knowledge. I neither sanction nor condemn their effort, and all that I desire to say as to those features has been fully said in the copy of my letter above quoted, and to all of it I still adhere, leaving the assailed brethren to defend themselves.

The hour devoted to this explanation may be, and doubtless is, time thrown away, for the reasons that I would rather court than deprecate a lengthened distance between myself and the slanderer; that I have no ambition to be gratified through the action of the noble Craft that has literally loaded me with its honors, and that time and the sound sense of my brethren would have vindicated me without this or any effort on my own behalf. As it is, however, I have for once at least, and perhaps wisely, foregone my own opinion and yielded to the dictates of friendship, fraternal feeling and sincerity.

I might, as a conclusion of this, my first and probably last Masonic letter intended for publication, say many things that might take the hue of severity from their close contact with truth, and perhaps lead the select and self-elected coterie who have set in judgment on my acts to look, unnecessarily, into the faces and characters of each other in search of the forbidding traits that I might portray, but which each could find bound up in himself; but I forbear, under the impulse of that charity which I feel for frail human nature that shows its frailties, and most adds to its deformities the baser passions when baffled ambition has been often rudely checked, and mediocrity, though filmed over with the assumption of superior wisdom, has been weighed, found wanting, and kept, by a sense of justice and the fitness of things, down in the narrow sphere to which nature assigned it. Aside from this, should I hold up to each of these slanderers the hideousness and deformity of the others, it might so shock the remnant of the moral feelings of all as to lead to mutual disgust and a severing of the bond that binds them, thus so scattering them that they might become more injurious than they are collectively. For these reasons, I forbear saying any thing in unkindness.

There is a class who have been deceived into being the votaries of plausible and attractive errors, instead of the asserters of severe and sober truths, as connected with Masonic law and government. These are the younger and inexperienced brethren who have been led astray by specious representations. To them I would say nothing in unkindness, and to them no remark that I have made can apply.

I am content to leave my official acts with the great body of the Craft, and believe with the great poet that, "*Conscia mens recti, farmæ mendacia ridet;*" but yet there are some species of calumny whose shafts it is necessary to openly repel, and to pass over which in silence might perhaps be construed into an acquiescence in the truth of the charge.

Truly and fraternally yours,
ROBERT D. HOLMES.

Our Rev. Bro. Newman thinks that the immense *corner-stone* (19 by 4 by 8 ft.) now seen at the S. E. corner of the great platform on which the Temple of Solomon once stood, is the identical corner-stone placed there in the days of King Solomon.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

KENTUCKY.

Grand Consistory, Sublime Princes of the Royal Secret, 32°, in and for Kentucky. At the late meeting, the Ill.·. Gr.·. Commander-in-Chief, Bro. John H. Howe, 32°, said:

This day, it may be said, is the beginning of a new era in the history of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in Ky., as it is the first regular meeting of this body under the revised statutes of this Order.

* * * * * * *

Illustrious brothers! when we look back and see what this M.·. P.·. G.·. Consistory was, a little over seven months ago, after nearly fourteen years existence, and compare it with what it is now, we cannot help exclaiming, "Truth is stranger than fiction." Then we had but thirteen members, disheartened, crest-fallen and without hope; no place to meet, but buffeted about, and subject to the will and whims of others; debts hanging over us, contracted at our organization in 1852, and no money in our treasury to pay them; the body a by-word for all who chose to speak of it. But now we have, subject to this Grand Body, four subordinate bodies, and a large membership of intelligent Masons, this elegant and pleasant place of meeting, with furniture suitable for working these sublime degrees, all our liabilities of every character paid, money remaining in our treasury, and candidates knocking at our door. Like the Phœnix, we have risen from the ashes. Like the seed planted by the wayside, it had seemed to decay, even die; but the germ still lived, and after a season it has put forth its growth, and it will soon grow and spread its branches, so that the weary and careworn Mason may rest at its base and be encouraged by gazing on its majestic form and resplendent beauties, refreshed by the fragrance of its beautiful flowers and comforted by the munificence of its golden fruit.

The Chairmen of the Committees are, of *Law and Jurisprudence*, Fred. Webber, 33°, *ex officio;* on *Correspondence*, Elisha D. Cooke, 32°; on *Finance and Accounts*, John V. Cowling, 32°; on *Chartered Bodies*, Robert V. Snodgrass, 32°.

The Ill. Gr. Chancellor, Fred. Webber, 33°, in his report, said:

The reports to be furnished by the subordinate bodies will show more fully the condition they are in; our course has been one of prosperity, and I think we can with honesty assert that our membership is fully equal if not superior to many of the higher bodies of the York Rite, in this or any other State; indeed, we have been complimented by our Illustrious Chief, as having done more than any other State in this jurisdiction, except Louisiana.

On motion of Bro. Cowling, the thanks of the Grand Consistory were presented to Ill. Bro. Fred. Webber, engrossed on parchment, for his services as Grand Chancellor and Inspector-General.

Ill.·. W. A. Warner, 32°, is Grand Constable; Ill.·. Chas. E. Dunn, 32°, is Grand Registrar; Ill.·. Henry Wehmhoff, 32°, Grand Treasurer; Ill.·. Geo. F. Evans, 32°, is Provost, or Grand Master of Ceremonies.

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, R. I., March 21st, 1867.

Elitor National Freemason:

Dear Sir and Bro.: The Seventh Annual Convocation of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of the State of Rhode Island was held Monday, March 11, when the following companions were elected officers for the ensuing year: James H. Armington, M. P. G. M.; Charles M. Cutter, D. P. G. M.; Alvin C. Robbins, M. Ill. G. M.; Joseph M. Merchant, G. P. C. of W.; Henry M. Rawson, G. Rec.; Stephen C. Arnold, G. Treas.; Albert H. Cushman, G. C. of Guard; Rev. George M. Carpenter, G. Chap; Frederic Bates, G. M.; Frederick A. Burgers, G. S.; Edwin A. Bezeley, G. S.; Ebenezer. B. White, G. Guard, and were duly installed by P. M. P. G. M. James Salsbury. Yours fraternally, H. M. R.

Grand Chapter, March 12, elected the following officers:

T. A. Doyle, G. H. P.; E. Goddard, D. G. H. P.; W. Gilpin, G. K.; J. L. Perrin, G. S.; G. T. Swarts, P. G. K., G. T.; S. B. Swan, G. S.; W. E. Coe, G. C. of the H.; C. R. Cutler, G. P. S.; W. J. Underwood, G. R. A. C.; S. White, G. M. of 3d V.; W. H. Brown, G. M. of 2d V.; J. G. Joyce, G. M. of 1st V.; B. W. Atwell, G. C.; J. M. Merchant, G. L.; G. N. Bliss, G. S.; G. H. Burnham, G. S.; E. B. White, G. T.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—CAPITULAR MASONRY.

Washington, March 20, 1867.

Editor National Freemason: As you are aware, the Charters of Columbia Chapter, No. 15, Washington Chapter, No. 16, and Mount Vernon Chapter, No. 20, of this city were suspended, and the officers of the same *suspended from all the rights and privileges of R. A. Masonry* until such time as the G. C. of Maryland and the District of Columbia shall see fit to restore the same, by an edict from the G. H. P., and having promised to furnish you with a statement of the facts which led to this suspension, I will set forth the same in a candid and impartial manner for the benefit of the readers of the National Freemason.

You are well aware that a feeling has long existed among a large majority of the Companions in this District for the establishment of a G. C. in the District, for many reasons, which it is not necessary to mention here. At the last meeting of the G. C., this subject was brought to its attention by the presentation of a memorial, signed by all the representatives from the Chapters in this city but *one*, setting forth that, in in their opinion, the interests of R. A. Masonry would be promoted by the formation of a G. C. in the District of Columbia, accompanied with a resolution declaring the jurisdiction divided. This resolution, after a warm debate, was, on motion of Companion Ohr, referred to the Chapters in the District, for an expression of their opinion, on the subject. This resolution was subsequently transmitted to our Chapters for action. It was first brought before Mt. Vernon Chapter, after due notice had been given that the same would be acted on at a certain time. The Chapter was on this occasion very full, and the question having been fairly stated, resolutions were *unanimously* adopted sustaining the action of the representatives in presenting the request for a separation, and requesting the G. C. at its next convocation to divide the jurisdiction. Similar resolutions were adopted in Columbia Chapter with only *one* dissenting vote, and in Washington Chapter with only *four* dissenting votes. Resolutions condemning the action and earnestly protesting against division were *unanimously* adopted by Potomac Chapter, there being *thirteen* Companions present. Subsequent to the action of Mount Vernon Chapter, one of the members of that Chapter, who is opposed to a separation, and who was not present when action was had, prepared a protest against the action of the Chapter, charging that the vote was not taken in accordance with a previous order of the Chapter. Some of the advocates of separation, having understood that this protest was to be presented to the G. H. P., and believing that the same might be used to our injury at the next meeting of the Grand Chapter, one of them moved a reconsideration of the vote, and had it postponed until the following meeting, and the Chapter caused notice to be given to every member of the Chapter, by circular, to be present. The time for the meeting arrived, the vote was reconsidered, and the question again submitted to the Chapter, and the yeas and nays being called, resulted in forty-eight voting for separation and twelve against it, making in all thirty votes against separation out of a membership of four hundred and fifty in the District of Columbia. Having thus expressed their wishes in accordance with the request of the G. C., the companions felt satisfied to await the meeting of that body in November next, when they were confident that their request would be granted, as they had reason to believe that a large majority of their Maryland companions are in favor of the separation. Subsequent to this action by the Chapter, the G.·. H.·. P.·., in a conversation with two of the Companions, one a H.·. P.·., made the assertion, *that if we all did not look out he would suspend our Charters*, AND THAT THE SUBJECT SHOULD NOT BE ENTERTAINED IN THE G.·. C.·. AS LONG AS HE WAS G.·. H.· P.·., giving as his reason therefor that the question had been brought before the G.·. G.·. C.·. at its last convocation by a representative from this city, and referred to the Committee on Jurisprudence, and should not be entertained while it was in the hands of that Committee, he knowing at the time that the representative referred to had introduced the subject on his own responsibility, and without authority from the body he represented. This *threat* of the G.·. H.·. P.·. being communicated to the companions, they naturally concluded that they had nothing to hope for by waiting until the meeting of the G.·. C.·., and after consulting the highest authority within their reach, Comp. A. G. Mackey, P.·. G.·. G.·. H.·. P.·., being the principal one, the Councils, acting upon the advice given by Comp. Mackey and others, called a convention of the members of the three Chapters to meet on the 16th inst., for the purpose of forming a Grand Chapter for the District of Columbia.

Immediately upon the notices being issued to the Companions, the G.·. H.·. P.·. issued his *edict* suspending the Charters of the Chapters, and *also suspending the officers of the same* FROM ALL THE RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES of R.·. A.·. MASONRY, this, too, before any law had been violated, and before the officers *had been duly tried and convicted of a Masonic offense*, which we venture to say was an *act unheard of in Masonry*. Unawed by the edict (for we contend that we have the right to cut loose from Maryland at any time we please, being a separate and distinct district, designated as such by geographical lines, and being connected with the G.·. C.·. of Md. only during our pleasure), the Companions assembled at the Hall at the time specified in very large numbers, the Hall being packed, and it, in fact, being the largest assemblage of R.·. A.·. Masons ever seen in this city. The Convention being organized, a series of resolutions setting forth the facts in the case, and resolving upon the immediate formation of a G.·. C.·., were introduced. The questions involved were then very ably discussed by several of the companions until a late hour. A resolution was then introduced as a substitute for the original, expressing that it was the opinion of the companions that a G.·. C.·. should be formed in the District of Columbia, and requesting the G.·. H.·. P.·. to call the G.·. C.·. of Md. and D. C. together immediately to take the necessary steps towards the accomplishment of the object. This resolution was voted down by a very large majority, but few being in favor of it. The mover of the resolution then stated that the G.·. H.·. P.·. had informed him that if this request was made he would call a meeting, and have the G.·. C.·. in session, to consider the subject in ten days. This assurance being given the companions who had taken the lead in favor of immediate action instantly arose and urged the companions to vote for the resolution, with the understanding that they did not concede that they had not the right to proceed at once to the formation of a G.·. C.·., but being willing to meet the G.·. H.·. P.·. half way, and settle the difficulty amicably, if possible, they hoped the resolution would be adopted. The resolution was then adopted, with only two dissenting voices. During the discussion all the points involved in the case were very thoroughly discussed, and the point raised by the G.·. H.·. P.·., viz., that the question could not be considered by the G.·. C.·. while it was in the hands of the G.·. G.·. C.·., was considered of so little importance that those who took sides with the G.·. H.·. P.·. would not urge it; in fact, one of them arose and stated that, in his opinion, the G.·. G.·. C.·. had nothing to do with the question. The companions favoring separation having achieved a victory, and accomplished all that they could desire, adjourned, to be called together on the 30th inst., in case a separation was not provided for by that time. The G.·. H.·. P.·. the next day called the G.·. C.·. to meet on the 26th inst., in Baltimore, and should they fail to comply with our wishes we will meet on the 30th and form a G.·. C.·. for ourselves. The foregoing contains a true statement of the facts connected with this affair, and we are anxious that they should be laid before the readers of the National Freemason, thus reaching the Capitular Freemasons of the entire country. Companion.

No liquor has been sold in the House Wing of the Capitol for four years, under its Masonic Speaker.

WISCONSIN.

Milwaukie.—Wisconsin Lodge, No. 13, mourns the death of Bro. Samuel Haack, its Tyler from its organization.

MAINE.

Portland.—From the *Masonic Token*, a neat sheet, and well edited, we gather that new halls are being fitted up, and the prospects of the fraternity are good. Our brethren are recovering from their great fire.

Calais.—A Council of Royal and Select Masters just started.

Norridgewock.—Hall of Lebanon Lodge dedicated, Bro. Moore officiating.

South Paris.—New hall dedicated; Rev. Bro. Sawyer, of Bath, delivered the address.

Newport.—Lodge building burned.

CONNECTICUT.

Bridgeport—St. John's Lodge.—Grand Lecturer Bro. Hatch gave to a collection of ladies and gentlemen a lucid description of adopted Freemasonry, and was himself highly complimented by the guests.

The Master, Col. Sumner, concluded his address with the following original stanzas:

In ancient times, when Israel's king that famous fabric reared,
In which his glory and his wealth so manifest appeared,
He in his wisdom first gave heed to Heaven's great law to man,
And ORDER, beauteous and sublime, through all the process ran.

No sound of axe or metal tool, through all the time was heard,
No craftsman broke the harmony with one discordant word;
For so the work was portioned out, by Solomon, the wise,
From corner-stone to capital, no discord could arise.

Eleven hundred men, thrice told, as Master Masons wrought,
And eighty thousand Fellow-Crafts the quarried marble sought;
While Entered as Apprentices, were seventy thousand more,
Who, through the progress of the work, the heavy burdens bore

A vast Fraternity they were—a labor vast to share,
Who always on the Level met, and parted on the Square;
And three Grand Masters gave the rules, by which the work was done—
The King of Israel, King of Tyre, and he—the widow's son.

The columns and pilasters were of Parian marble wrought,
The timbers from the famous groves of Lebanon were brought;
Of cedar, fir, and olive wood, the stately walls were made,
And all within, and all without, with gold was overlaid.

Thus, two great structures had a birth—the one of wood and stone,
The other, framed and fashioned of Fraternal love alone;
The one was joined in all its parts by cunning work of art,
The other by the ligaments that fasten heart to heart.

The one stood out in bold relief against the vaulted sky,
The other raised no towering front to greet the vulgar eye;
The one was all resplendent with its ORNAMENTS of gold,
The other's beauty lay concealed beneath its mystic fold.

Age after age has rolled away with time's unceasing tide,
And generations have been born, have flourished, and have died,
Since wrought our ancient brethren on that Temple's massive walls,
And thronged its lofty colonades, and walked its spacious halls.

The Temple, with its wondrous strength, hath yielded unto time—
The Brotherhood that flourished there, still lives and lasts sublime;
The one, a mere material thing, hath long since passed away—
The other holds its vigorous life, untouched by time's decay.

Long may it live, through coming years, its excellence to prove,
And Masons ever find delight in offices of love;
Till summoned hence, the glory of that Upper Lodge to see,
When the Grand Master shall confer on each his last degree.

ALABAMA.

Grand Chapter.—At its late session fifty Chapters were represented.

The Grand H. P. calls upon the Companions of Grand Chapter to "address ourselves with Masonic unselfishness to the duty before us—the duty of raising the standard of capitular Masonry to that high eminence, at which elevation alone it can fully receive and reflect that appropriate lustre and brilliancy which comes from above, and is derived from 'Holiness to the Lord.'"

The Grand Chapter mourns the death of Hugh Parks Watson, Past G.·. H.·. P.·. of Grand Chapter, Alabama.

The following Companions were elected:

George D. Norris, G. H. P.; R. F. Knott, D. G. H. P.; James H. Joiner, G. K.; P. J. Pillans, G. S.; Edmund M. Hastings, G. T.; Daniel Sayre, G. S.; Rev. E. V. Le Vert, G. C.; Joseph H. Johnson, G. C. H.

The Committee on Correspondence say:

Nothing to meet in our Sacred Retreats!—Masonry was never intended to be a popular institution. On the other hand it is an exclusive one. Intended to be so from its foundation. Should it ever become a popular one, in the popular acceptation of the term, it will soon cease to be Masonry. Brethren and companions complain that they are doing nothing, and your committee have no doubt that they complain justly. We suspect that they *are* doing nothing; but doing nothing with them means that they are not overrun with candidates, that they do not have to meet three or four nights in the week to get through with the work, and that there is no money coming into the treasury. And if there is no work to do, they omit the preliminary degrees altogether, and hurry through the last ones in such a slovenly manner that the presiding officers themselves are apt to forget the work, create disgust in the minds of the young neophytes, and instead of making progress in knowledge, they actually retrogade. These are wrong views, both theoretically and practically, and can only lead to the destruction of the beautiful system for which we profess such unbounded admiration. Why, is it nothing to meet in our sacred retreats, around the holy altar? To open and close the several Lodges, and rehearse the ceremonies, those beautiful and sublime ceremonies, by means of which we initiate, pass, raise, and exalt the candidate? To compare each other's work, with our recollection of the work of the Grand Chapter or Lodge? To ascertain where we have erred, if we have erred, and to find out the old paths? To devise means for the relief of the unfortunate, and to advance ourselves in virtue, in knowledge, in literature, and in science? Is all this nothing? But, not until we take a real and sincere pleasure in these things; not until Masonry becomes less of a utilitarian institution; not until we are less greedy for candidates, and take delight in polishing the stones already put into the building—and truth compels us to say that some of them are sufficiently rough and uncouth—not, we say, until we can be satisfied with this kind of work, will Masonry ever again be what we think it once was, and what we think it was intended to be. Of the true and only proper way to build up a Lodge or a Chapter, and make it indeed a sacred and refined retreat for kindred minds—to cultivate the graces and ornaments which should pertain to civilized and enlightened men—your committee have a definite idea; and that is, to refuse and reject all doubtful material, and to polish and perfect the ashlars which we have already received. When we do the one, and heartily and earnestly apply ourselves to the other, we shall have done our duty—the result we must leave to God.

Grand Council.—On account of the growing importance of the subject, we present, in full, the address of the Grand Master at the late meeting of the Council respecting the introduction of the Council Degrees.

I find in the able address of the Grand Puissant, Companion A. O'Sullivan, to the Grand Council of Missouri, in May last, a short history of the introduction of these degrees into the United States, to which I invite your attention—particularly that portion relating to the doings of the General Grand Chapter in 1829, and their subsequent action in 1853. He says: "In an evil hour, and in the year 1829, the General Grand Chapter adopted the following resolution:

"*Resolved*. That authority be and is hereby granted to the several Grand Chapters under the jurisdiction of the General Grand Chapter, to make such arrangements as shall be found necessary for conferring the degrees of Royal and Select Master in Royal Arch Chapters under its jurisdiction; *provided, always*, that no Grand Chapter within the limits of which is a Grand Council, shall authorize the Royal Arch Chapter under its jurisdiction to confer such degrees without the consent of such Grand Council."

"This ill advised measure of the General Grand Chapter caused much discontent, and tended in no small measure to reduce it to its present condition. In 1853, the representatives to the General Grand Chapter which assembled at Lexington, Ky., were so unanimous in their expressions of dissent from the assumption of authority claimed over these degrees by the General Grand Chapter, that they repealed the obnoxious resolution of 1829, and left the control of the degrees to State Grand Councils, where they properly belong."

It will be seen by a reference to the proceedings of the General Grand Chapter, pages 253, '54, and '55, that the surrender of control over these degrees (R. and S. M.) took place on the 16th September, 1853. Let it also be borne in mind that this Grand Council was organized in 1838 at Tuscaloosa, from which time until the surrender of jurisdiction by the General Grand Chapter, it had pursued the even tenor of its way without molestation or infringement, numbering some 31 subordinates on its list, until, in the same year, some traveling Companion, hailing from some Grand Consistory (so said), entered our jurisdiction and established a council. This infringement led to the appointment of a commitee at our annual assembly of that year, under the following resolution:

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to confer with the General Grand Consistory at Charleston, and with such other bodies as confer the Council Degrees, or with committees appointed or to be appointed by such bodies, and that such committee be instructed to report at the next Grand Council some plan of union, and the best means of securing uniformity of work, and in conferring the degrees; also, that said committee be requested to trace and report upon the source from which this Grand Council derives its power and jurisdiction.

The committee appointed under this resolution consisted of Companions Sayre, Gantt and Pfister, who, at our next annual assembly, made the following report, through their chairman, Companion Sayre:

"The special committee appointed at the last assembly of the Grand Council, to confer with the General Grand Consistory of Charleston and other bodies, in relation to the Council Degrees, beg leave to report that they have made progress in their duties, but have not yet been able to complete them; and they, therefore, recommend that their appointment be continued for another year"

Which report was concurred in.

At our next annual assembly (1855), although I do not find any report from that able committee, who had labored faithfully in the discharge of the important duties confided to them, yet I find the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Grand Council of the State of Alabama has exclusive jurisdiction over all Subordinate Councils in this State, and over the Degrees of Royal and Select Masters, and any attempt on the part of the Grand Consistory of South Carolina, or any officer thereof, to establish councils in this State, or to confer these degrees by any of its officers, will be regarded as an act of usurpation, and unwarranted by Masonic usage.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolution be forwarded to the Grand Consistory of South Carolina by the Grand Recorder.

Resolved, That the special committee heretofore appointed to confer with the General Grand Consistory at Charleston and other bodies, in relation to the Council Degrees, be, and are hereby discharged.

The action of the Grand Council at that time settled for all time the vexed question of jurisdiction, and has given us peace and quietude for some ten or twelve years.

The resolution now before you indicates rather a want of confidence to manage and control your own affairs, and therefore seeks the paternal care of some other Grand Body. I am not prepared to admit the premises. My own impressions are, that with a list at present of twenty-six active, working Subordinate Councils, with a membership in the aggregate of 811, embracing some of the best talent in the State (there are forty-six subordinates on the list, but many have not recovered from the blighting effects of the war), the Grand Council of Alabama is perfectly competent to take care of its own affairs, and needs not the fostering care or protection of any other Grand Body. There are now twenty-five Grand Councils in different States, Alabama included; and, as far as I have been able to learn, all are in a flourishing condition, under the circumstances; and while Cryptic Masonry is progressing and flourishing throughout the length and breadth of our land, would it not be suicidal for this Grand Council to take any action (for every Grand Council is equally interested) that would tend in the slightest degree to check its progress? I think so. If any proposition of the kind is ever entertained, let it emanate from a majority of our sister Grand Councils; but, until this is the case, let the resolution as offered by Past Grand Puissant Chilton, and adopted by this Grand Council, be strictly observed and adhered to.

The following are the officers elected:

Rev. E. P. LeVert, G. P.; George D. Norris, D. G. P.; Peleg Brown, G. T. I.; Joseph H. Johnson, G. P. C. W.; Noah B. Cloud, G. C. G.; Edmund M. Hastings, G. T.; Daniel Sayre, G. R.; Rev. William C. Bachelor, G. C.; William O. Hudson, G. S.; Thomas McDougal, G. S.

OHIO.

Tiffin.—At a recent installation Dr. O'Connor presented a Masonic apron of lamb-skin, worn by Gen. Washington.

INDIANA.

Indianapolis.—A splendid temple is to be built here for the fraternity. A charter has been granted, and stock is being taken.

ILLINOIS.

Olney.—Sir Knt. Thomas T. Smith, who fell by the hands of the assassin, was buried a few days ago by his Commandery.

Decatur.—The Grand Lodge laid the corner-stone of the new buildings for the Water Works, Chicago, March 25th.

SENATOR AND BRO. YATES, of Illinois, made a brilliant speech a few days ago before the Congressional Temperance Society.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Lyons.—The society for patronizing poor children sustained by our brethren is worthy of all imitation. Its object is to diminish the primary cause of pauperism. For this purpose it commences with a child at birth; it selects for him a patron from its members, whose duty it is to advise with and assist the parents in the government and education of the child. He sees that the child is well fed, comfortably clothed, and properly educated. When ready for a trade, he directs him in his selection and binds him as an apprentice. And when the period of apprenticeship has expired, he furnishes him with his outfit in life.

GERMANY.

Schleswig.—The Masons have established here a "Lying-in-Hospital," for the wives of indigent Freemasons.

Prague.—The fraternity here have founded an almshouse and orphan house.

Berlin.—The craft have established here a public school.

Amsterdam.—The brethren here have erected and endowed an institution for the blind.

SWEDEN.

Stockholm.—The orphan-house, established in 1753, is prosperous. It is sustained by the contributions of the Swedish Lodges.

PRUSSIA.

Prussian Freemasonry.—"*Freemasons know more how to Talk than to Act.*"—The estimable journal, the *Hebrew Leader*, translates an article from *Zell's Gazette*, discussing the question whether Prussian Lodges do not violate the principles of Freemasonry in excluding non-Christians from the Lodges. The writer refers to an individual who is very wealthy, of fine character, who established an hospital in the Orient for the poor sick, who gives every Thursday large sums to poor people and orphans, who is in good repute and beloved everywhere, who moves to Prussia and applies to be made a Freemason. He is rejected because his law is the Koran. He presents this question to his Prussian brethren:

"What reply shall I give to the petitioner? Must I not be ashamed to declare that Freemasonry, of which I have always been an enthusiastic votary, to which I cling fervently and zealously, which endows all men with equal love, which represents itself as a world-reforming institution, in which all men become brothers—this institution closes its portals in the face of one of the worthiest seekers—compels him to remain behind in spiritual aspiration? Because he serves his God in a mosque, because he derives his doctrines and dogmas from the Koran?"

He then bursts forth:

"O thou Grand Master Lessing! I implore thee, descend from thy heights, appear again among us as apostle of humanity, give us again a gospel of love, write another "Nathan the Wise." It is true thy words of thunder have not failed to exercise their influence, have purified mankind after echoing forth for eighty-six years, driven away hatred and prejudice to a certain degree, and yet our time stands again in need of a powerful Lessing spirit that might be able, with its sharp words, to fill many a great gap, and to clear the disturbing remnants of intolerance and false conception of human destination.

"So long as we ourselves are not yet free from prejudices and lust of exclusiveness, how can we have the boldness to set out upon redeeming the world from selfishness, vanity, preferment and caste? Perhaps not without injustice the charge may be made against us: 'The Freemasons know more ot who talk than to act!'"

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

ALABAMA.

1. The Grand High Priest has decided that a Constituent Chapter cannot adopt a By-Law compelling the members to attend every regular convocation, but the Chapter may require attendance by special summons on certain emergencies.

2. A Chapter may adopt a By-Law declaring that any Companion who shall be engaged in selling spirituous liquor, guilty of unmasonic conduct. Such Companion is entitled to a fair trial, and the penalty after conviction may be a reprimand, suspension, or expulsion; but the Chapter cannot dimit him; it has a right to pass a By-Law suppressing vice or immorality. The Grand Lodge has promulgated that "retail traffic in intoxicating drinks is demoralizing in its tendency; opposed to the principles of the Order, and inconsistent with the Masonic character." If so in the Blue Lodge, how much more careful ought we to be in the Grand Chapter—we, who profess to have progressed, and to have attained a higher position?

3. A member who has been raised to the sublime degree of a M. M., according to the ancient landmarks, and who, in every respect, was qualified for exaltation, should not be debarred from the degrees of R. A. Masonry, simply because he has been providentially afflicted, such affliction having been in nowise brought about by his misconduct. Again, a brother was balloted for and accepted for exaltation; but before he could receive the degrees, was called off upon duty, and was thus prevented from receiving them. During this necessary absence he had the misfortune to lose one of his arms in battle. On his return home he still desires the degrees, being in every respect worthy. I unhesitatingly recommend that the Chapter exalt him, or, in the event they refuse, that they recommend him to some other Chapter for exaltation. It is just such a case as peculiarly commends our unfortunate brother to Masonic sympathy and Masonic hearts.

◆

When were You made a Mason?

An eminent tradition apportions out the days of the week in the following startling manner. Let every reader make the application for himself:

Made on a *Sunday*, a gentleman;
Made on a *Monday*, fair in face;
Made on a *Tuesday*, full of grace;
Made on a *Wednesday*, sour and grum;
Made on a *Thursday*, welcome home;
Made on a *Friday*, free in giving;
Made on a *Saturday*, works hard for his living.

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PROGRESSIVE CHAPTER, 198, R. A. M., meets in Ninth Street, near North First Street, Brooklyn, E. D., on the first and third Fridays in each month.

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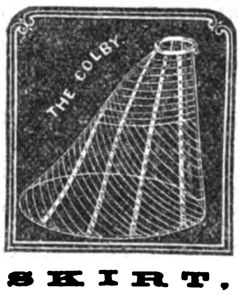

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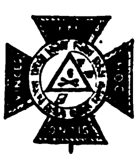

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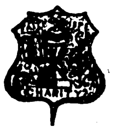

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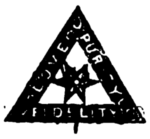

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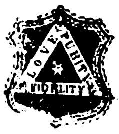

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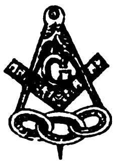

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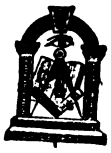

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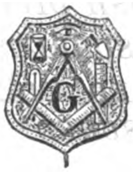

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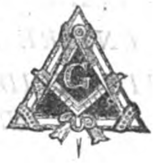

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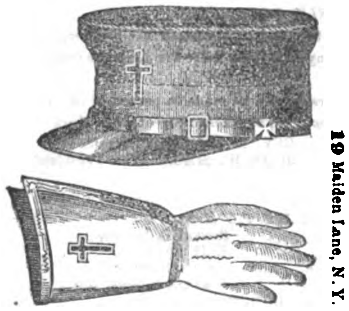

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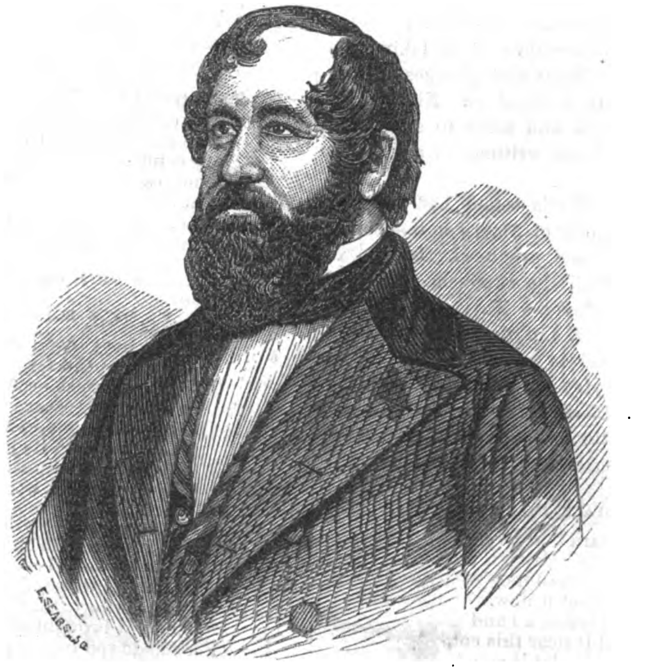
NATIONAL FREEMASON

VOL. VIII., NO. 14, WEEKLY. NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 6, 1867. 10 CTS. A COPY—$4 PER ANN.



George P. Morris—The Laureate of Our Country—The Song-Writer of America—An Affiliate of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, New York.

The recent death of Mr. N. P. Willis, so long and intimately associated with our illustrious brother, George P. Morris, has revived associations with which all American readers were familiar, and justifies a more elaborate biographical sketch of one who was equally beloved and respected for his virtues and admired for his genius.

Brother George P. Morris, who died July 6, 1864, aged sixty-two years, although a voluminous author in prose, was better known as a poet, and bore a title given him by the common voice of the country, "The Song-Writer of America," "The Laureate of our country." Would he had given more of his matchless genius to the poesy of Freemasonry. That he was competent to this will be seen in the following:

MASONIC HYMN.

Our Order, like the ark of yore,
  Upon the raging sea was tossed;
Secure amidst the billows' roar
  It moved, and nothing has been lost.

When elements discordant seek
  To wreck what God in mercy saves,
The struggle is as vain and weak
  As that of the retiring waves.

The Power who bade the waters cease,
  The Pilot of the pilgrim band,
He gave the gentle dove of peace
  The branch she bore them from the land.

In Him alone we put our trust,
  With heart and hand and one accord,
Ascribing, with the true and just,
  All "holiness unto the Lord."

Another of his Masonic odes, and we think his best in this line, was composed upon the occasion of the death of a Grand Master of New York. It is this:

FUNERAL HYMN.

Man dieth and wasteth away,
  And where is he? Hark, from the skies,
I hear a voice answer and say,
  "The spirit of man never dies.
His body, which came from the earth,
  Must mingle again with the sod,
But *his soul*, which in heaven had birth,
  Returns to the bosom of God."

No terror has death or the grave,
  To those who believe in the Lord;
We know the Redeemer can save,
  And lean on the faith of his word.
While ashes to ashes, and dust
  We give unto dust, in our gloom,
The light of salvation, we trust,
  Is hung like a lamp in the tomb.

The sky will be burnt as a scroll;
  The earth, wrapped in flames, will expire;
But freed from all shackles, the soul
  Will rise in the midst of the fire.
Then, brothers, mourn not for the dead,
  Who rest from their labors, forgiven;
Learn this from your Bible instead,
  The grave is the gateway to heaven.

O Lord God Almighty! to Thee
  We turn as our solace above;
The waters may fail from the sea,
  But not from Thy fountains of love.
Oh! teach us Thy will to obey,
  And sing with one heart and accord—
"He gave, and He taketh away,
  And praised be the name of the Lord!"

As there is but one more of General Morris' poems of a Masonic nature, we give it in juxtaposition with the rest:

THE MASTER'S SONG.

[Written for the Freemasons of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, New York, of which Bro. Morris was for many years a member.]

Members of an Order
  Ancient as the earth,
All within our border
  Realize its worth.
Genial is the greeting
  That awaits us there,
On the *level* meeting,
  Parting on the *square*.
Like the workmen olden
  Who our craft designed,
We the precept golden
  Ever bear in mind.

Masons never falter;
  We each other know,
As around the altar
  Hand in hand we go;
Loud hosannas singing
  To our Source above,
And heart-offerings bringing
  To the God of Love.
Like the workmen olden
  Who our craft designed,
We the precept golden
  Ever bear in mind.

There's a mystic beauty
  In our working plan,
Teaching man his duty
  To his fellow-man.
As a band of brothers,
  Ever just and true,
Do we unto others
  As we'd have them do.
Like the workmen olden
  Who our craft designed,
We the precept golden
  Ever bear in mind.

We repeat the expression of regret that Gen. Morris, whose genius ran so freely in the channel of odes, ballads, and song-writing, and who proved his ability to throw every sentiment of love, hope and reverence into immortal verse, should have found so little occasion to compose Masonic songs. Looking at the barrenness of this department of Masonic literature, our loss in this respect is irreparable; but in this our distinguished brother only followed the example of Walter Scott, Tom Moore, James Hogg, and Robert Morris, all of whom were Masons. Burns wrote one Masonic ode, while the other three wrote none at all.

To succeed in song-writing, as George P. Morris so eminently did, imports, necessarily, a more inborn and genuine gift of poetic conception than the same proportion of success in other less simple modes of art. There are some sorts of composition which may be wrought out of eager feeling and the foam of excited passions, and which are, therefore, to a large extent, within the reach of earnest sensibilities and an ambitious heart; others are the spontaneous outflow of the heart, to whose perfection turbulence and effort are fatal. Of the latter kind is the song; while the ode allows of exertion and strain, what is done in it must be accomplished by native and inherent strength.

There was no professed writer of songs who in his day conceived the true character of his delicate and peculiar creation of art with greater precision and justness than Brother George P. Morris, or who was more felicitous in dealing with the subtle and multiform difficulties that beset its execution. The kind of excellence ascribed to him was the perfection in which he brought out the particular form of thought contemplated by him, and the distinctness with which the specific impression appropriate to it was obtained. This is an excellence of a lofty order, genuine, sincere and incapable of question, more valuable in this species of composition than in any other, because both more important and more difficult.

To Bro. Morris some attribute the present flourishing condition and bright prospects of our literature. He was, indeed, the poet of home joys. He described eloquently the beauty and dignity of true affection, of passion based upon esteem.

In matter and manner he more resembled the old Greeks, the most perfect writers of the world.

We give further extracts from Morris' songs. In the Indian Poem he says:

From this wilderness of woe,
Like a caravan we go,
Leaving all our groves and streams
For the far off land of dreams.
There are prairies waving high,
Boundless as the sheeted sky,
Where our fathers' spirits roam
And the red man has a home.

From the "Beam of Devotion" we quote:

The world has a spirit of beauty
Which looks upon all for the best,
And while it discharges its duty,
To Providence leaves all the rest;
That spirit's the beam of devotion,
Which lights us through life to its close,
And sets, like the sun in the ocean,
More beautiful far than it rose.

From the song "She Loved Him," we give a passage relative to the fatal effects of slander:

She loved him—but the slanderer came,
With words of hate that all believed;
A stain thus rested on his name,
But he was wronged and he deceived.
Ah! rash the act that gave her hand,
That drove her lover from her side,
Who hied him to a distant land,
Where battling for a name he died.

As early as 1825 we find George P. Morris, then but twenty-seven years of age, writing dramas. Amongst these was "Briercliff," an incident of the American Revolution, which was performed forty nights in succession. This was never published. Amongst the many "Welcomes to Lafayette" with which the press of that day abounded, he wrote several, besides songs and ballads, prologues and addresses. In 1842 he wrote an opera for Charles E. Horn, called "The Maid of Saxony," which was performed at the Park Theatre, New York, fourteen nights with great success. Many editions of his works have been published. In 1840 the Appletons issued one, beautifully illustrated; in 1842 Paine & Burgess published a collection of his songs and ballads; in 1853 Scribner issued one, illustrated by Weir & Darley, and in 1860 another form of his poetical pieces. Lea & Blanchard published a collection of his prose pieces. There are, indeed, but few collections of books in this country that do not contain the writings of George P. Morris in some form.

Amongst the many favorable notices of our author, we like that written by N. P. Willis the best. He says: "Morris is the best known poet of the country by acclamation, not by criticism. He is just what poets would be if they sang like birds, without criticism; and it is a peculiarity of his fame that it seems as regardless of criticism as a bird in the air. Nothing can stop a song of his. It is very easy to say that they are easy to do. They have a momentum, somehow, that it is difficult for others to give, and that speeds them to the far goal of popularity. * * It may be one secret of his popularity that Morris' heart is at the level of most other people's, and his poetry flows out by that very door. He stands breast high in the common stream of sympathy, and the fine oil of his poetic feeling goes from him upon an element it is his nature to float upon, and which carries it safe to other bosoms, with little need of deep diving or high flying. His sentiments are simple, honest, truthful and familiar; his language is pure and eminently musical, and he is prodigally full of the poetry of every day feeling. These are days when poets try experiments; and while others succeed in taking the world's breath away with flights and plunges, Morris uses his feet to walk quietly with nature. Ninety-nine people in a hundred would find more to admire in Morris' songs than in all the writings of any other American poet."

Nearly forty years ago Morris established the *New York Mirror*, the best exhibit of American talent that our country, up to that period, produced. In 1844, in conjunction with N. P. Willis, he established a weekly paper called *The New Mirror*. This was followed by the *Daily Evening Mirror*, and in November, 1846, by the *Home Journal*, which is yet continued.

Having quoted all the Masonic effusions which can be traced to George P. Morris, we give several of a secular character, perhaps the best known of all his lyrics (alone sufficient to make Morris immortal.) The first is—

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough;
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near this cot,
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old, familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And woulds't thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke,
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played;
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand.
Forgive this foolish tear,
And let the old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend;
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

It is recorded, in the history of this once most popular song, that in a debate in the British Parliament, Mr. Cagley, a member from Yorkshire, concluded a long speech in favor of protection, by quoting it in full, with the applause of the whole house; the "tree," according to his analogy, being the British constitution, and "the woodman" Sir Robert Peel. Applying the song to *the Masonic landmarks*, so much threatened by innovators, the figure is even more striking.

Another ballad is one that will touch a Freemason's heart as with fire. It is called—

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now—
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My *mother's hands* this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill;
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book,
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who learned God's word to hear;
Her angel face, I see it yet,
What vivid memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew
Thy constancy I've tried!
Where all were false I've found thee true,
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give,
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

Who can read without emotion the lines

WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

We were boys together,
And never can forget
The school-house near the heather,
In childhood where we met;
The humble home to memory dear,
Its sorrows and its joys
Where woke the transient smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air;
Your heart was like a feather,
And mine weighed down with care;
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys—
Foreshadowed in the primrose time,
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together—
The friends we loved of yore,
With leaves of autumn weather,
Are gone forevermore.
How blest to age the impulse given,
The hope time ne'er destroys—
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,
When you and I were boys.

Masons and Americans alike will relish

THE LAND OF WASHINGTON.

I glory in the sages
Who, in the days of yore,
In combat met the foemen,
And drove them from our shore.
Who flung our banner's starry field
In triumph to the breeze,
And spread broad maps of cities where
Once waved the forest trees.

I glory in the spirit
Which goaded them to rise,
And found a mighty nation
Beneath the western skies.
No clime so bright and beautiful
As that where sets the sun;
No land so fertile, fair, and free,
As that of Washington.

What American poem excels the following in quiet grace and unaffected tenderness?

Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Crow-nest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star.
And there, amid the billowy swells
Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capped earth,
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow-flake that the cliff receives—
  The diamonds of the showers—
Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves—
  The sisterhood of flowers—
Morn's early beam—eve's balmy breeze—
  Her purity define;
But Ida's dearer far than these
  To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills; the shades
  Of night are on my brow.
Ye pleasant haunts and silent glades
  My soul is with you now.
I bless the star-crowned Highlands where
  My Ida's footsteps roam:
Oh, for a falcon's wing to bear—
  To bear me to my home.

We append some remarks from the hand of a warm admirer of Gen. Morris' genius. To illustrate his vigorous simplicity and genuine grace we refer to a few cases.

The ballad of "Woodman Spare That Tree," one of those accidents of genius, which, however, never happen but to consummate artists, is so familiar to every mind and heart as to resent citation. Take, then, "My Mother's Bible." We know of no similar production in a truer taste, in a purer style, or more distinctly marked with the character of a good school of composition. Or take, "We Were Boys together." In manly pathos, in tenderness and truth, where shall it be excelled? "The Miniature" possesses the captivating elegance of Voiture. "Where Hudson's Wave" is a glorious burst of poetry, modulated into refinement by the hand of a master. Where will you find a nautical song seemingly more spontaneous in its genial outbreak, really more careful in its construction, than "Land! Ho?" How full of the joyous madness of absolute independence, yet made harmonious by instructive grace, is "Life in the West?" That the same heart whose wild pulse is thrilled by the adventurous interests of the huntsman and the wanderer can beat in unison with the gentlest truth of deep devotion, is shown in "When Other Friends are Around Thee." "I Love the Night" has the voluptuous elegance of the Spanish models. Were we to meet the lines "Oh! Think of Me," in an anthology, we should suppose they were Suckling's, so admirably is the tone of feeling kept down to the limit of probable sincerity, which is a characteristic that the cavalier style of courting never loses. "The Star of Love" might stand as a selected specimen of all that is most exquisite in the songs of the *Trouseurs*. "The Seasons of Love" is a charming effusion of gay yet thoughtful sentiment. The song "I have Never been False to Thee" is, of itself, sufficient to establish Gen. Morris' fame as a great poet, as a *potens magister affectuum*, and as a literary creator of a high order. The world will never forget the matchless softness and transparent delicacy of "Near the Lake." Those lines of themselves unconsciously court "the soft promoter of the poet's strain," and almost seem about to break into music. Such are some of the compositions, original in style, natural in spirit, beautiful, with the charm of almost faultless execution, which may challenge for their author the title of "The Laureate of America."

The remains of our brother lie at Undercliff, near the town of Cold Spring, on the Hudson River. There is a good Lodge of Masons, any one of whom will show the fraternal pilgrim a spot forever hallowed in the memories of the craft.

As the companion and co-laborer of our Bro. Geo. P. Morris, the following will be read with interest in connection with our biographical sketch.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I love to look on a scene like this,
  Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
  And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood of an old man's heart,
  And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice
  And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for four-score years,
  And they say that I am old—
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
  And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true—it is very true—
  I am old, and I "bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
  And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I am with you there,
  In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump
  And the rush of the breathless swing;
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
  And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
  And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
  And I shall be glad to go;
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
  And my pulse is getting low.
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
  In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my breast from its dreariness
  To see the young so gay.

LEANING TOWARDS EACH OTHER.

Many of our readers will recall the following lines to memory. They were written for and first recited at the Festival following the dedication of the Crawford Statue of Washington, at Richmond, Va., in 1858. The thoughts embodied in them are derived from the Book of Ecclesiastes: "Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to lift him up. Again, if two lie together, then they have neat; but how can one be warm alone? And if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him; and a three-fold cord is not quickly broken." The lesson inculcated in the concluding stanza cannot be too strongly enforced.

[The music to this Ode, by F. James, is published by Root & Cady, Chicago, Illinois. It is illustrated by a handsome vignette.]

The jolts of life are many
  As we dash along the track;
The ways are rough and rugged
  And our bones they sorely rack;
      We're tossed about
      Both in and out,
    We make a mighty pother;
      Far less would be
      Our pains, if we
    Would *lean towards each other.*

Behold that loving couple,
  Just mated for their life,
What care they for the jolting
  The happy man and wife?
      The cars may jump,
      Their heads may bump,
    And jostle one another,
      They only smile
      And try the while
    To *lean towards each other!*

Woe to the luckless pilgrim
  Who journeys all alone;
Well said the wise King Solomon,
  "'Tis better two than one!"
      For where the ground's
      Most rugged found,
    And great the pain and pother,
      He cannot break
      The sorest shake
    By *leaning on another!*

There's not one in ten thousand
  Of all the cares we mourn,
But what, *if 'twas divided*,
  Might easily be borne;
      If we'd but learn
      When fortunes turn
    To share them with a brother,
      We'd prove how good
      Our Brotherhood
    By *leaning towards each other.*

Then, Masons, all take warning,
  The landmarks teach you so;
Share all your joltings fairly
  As down the track you go:
      Yes, give and take
      Of every shake
    With all the pain and pother,
      And thus you'll prove
      Fraternal love
    By *leaning towards each other.*

TO THE FRATERNITY—NORTH AND SOUTH.

GENTLER WORDS AND NOBLER DEEDS.

Let the Country be our Temple,
  And the Flag our Altar be,
And swear anew alegiance true
  As each coming year we see.
With one hand on the flag,
  That united once we bore,
We'll stamp down hate and the old debate,
  And united be once more.

Let us beautify our Temple
  With jewels rich and rare,
With gentler creeds and nobler deeds,
  As each other's toils we share;
Though the gulf we made in anger
  Were tenfold as deep and wide,
For a work's begun that cannot be done
  Till we're once more side by side.

If the graves lie thick between us
  In the sad years just gone by,
We'll shame the past, clasping hands at last,
  As the dead clasp hands on high.
As the dead clasp hand in hand,
  With the true fraternal grip,
While the password given to saints in Heaven
  Is murmured from lip to lip!

No words by profane ones uttered,
  Nor deeds in the future done,
Shall win us back from the glorious track
  Where the Master bids us run.
Still under the starry sky
  That covers our Temple dome,
As one in heart we'll meet and part
  Till the Master calls us home.

So the Country be our Temple,
  And the Flag our Altar be,
And swear anew allegiance true
  To our old fraternity.
With one hand on the flag,
  That united once we bore,
We'll stamp down hate and the old debate,
  And united be once more.

ORIENT.

EPILOGUE.

[Spoken in the character of COLLIN MACLEOD, in the Comedy of the Fashionable Lover.]

Collin Macleod, you see, again appears,
And these white gloves and this white apron wears;
He's a Freemason; you, brethren, ken it well;
But how you ken it, that I shanna tell.
Frown not, my pretty lasses; though from you
Our secret is conceal'd, we still are true:
None will more constant lovers prove, believe me;
And we're no Masons, if we e'er deceive ye.

  In Edinburgh I lately was, and there
Of Masons muckle good I chanced to hear;
They told me they were helpful to the poor,
Loved all mankind, and op'd their friendly door
To men of mean as well as noble blood,
If they had honest hearts, were true and gude.
Aw my poor father left was honesty,
And by my sol it is not spent by me.
I offer'd, was received, and quickly found
What they had told me was not empty sound.
Then I to Lodges, overjoy'd, repaired,
And I will now disclose what there I heard:
They told me in my dealings to be just,
To keep my word, be faithful to my trust;
To love the man whose heart no falsehood knew,
Whether a Turk, a Christian, or a Jew;
They told me that the gracious God above
Did gude men of all faiths and climates love.
They said—ne'er let affliction pass thee by,
And not ask what it ails—they bid me try
To ease the troubled mind, to wipe the tearful eye.
Ah! when I see distress my heart receives
Ecod sike grief, and sike a pull it gives,

I canna for my soul, without great pain,
I canna get it bock t' its place again;
And to my laps it jumps for joy, when I
Can find the means to stop a brother's sigh;
I want to help all those who feel distress;
Cold hearts all hanna who cold climes possess.
Since Heav'n has done so much for me, I were
A graceless loon, a little not to spare;
A little, my dear brethren, in distress,
Muckle I'll spare to make your suff'rings less;
I canna happy be, and you not so;
I take a share in ev'ry human woe.

O Masonry, 'twas you my heart inclined,
Thus with effectual love, to love mankind;
You taught me mercy, and enlarged my mind.
May all your lessons through the world extend!
Then man will be of man the certain friend;
No diff'rent faith or party disunite,
And doing gude be every man's delight.

GOOD CHEER TO A BROTHER.

ON THE DARK SQUARE.

Lines addressed to Mr. F. A. Dunbar, by his friend and Brother, Dr. S. Fisk.

Do storm-clouds of woe o'er thy path darkly lower?
And has sunshine fled, leaving blackness and fear?
Ne'er yield to the pressure of fate's adverse power,
Nor sink in despondency—*be of good cheer.*

Do enemies rise, flinging coldly upon the
The smile of contempt and the keen biting sneer?
Ne'er let it be said that their scorn hath undone thee,
Be sure thou art right, brother—*be of good cheer.*

Have false friends turned from thee in anger and scorn?
Is thy heart left desolate, lonely and drear?
To soothe the torn bosom where now rankles the thorn,
Remember thy covenant—*be of good cheer.*

Do discouragements arise like phantoms of air?
Do terrors affright thee and dangers appear?
Shake off the dark spirit of sorrow and despair,
And on with thy work, brother—*be of good cheer.*

When wounded and weary and fainting by the way,
Is rest to thee precious and refreshment dear?
Then pause but to gather greater strength for the day,
And press nobly onward, and *be of good cheer.*

Have the flowers thou hast cherished gone to decay?
And the green leaves that deck'd them withered and sere?
Brother, others far brighter thy toil may repay,
If true to thy covenant—*be of good cheer.*

Then when life's toils are all o'er thou calmly can bow
To the call of thy Master without a fear;
The crown of the Craftsmen shall rest on thy brow;
Then, good cheer, my dear brother, on the dark Square.

New Albany, Ind., March 22, 1867.

THE FACTORY GIRL;

OR, AN ARISTOCRATIC OLD LADY.

It was a little studio, quite at the top of the house. Upon the easel which occupied the post of honor in the middle of the room, a piece of canvas glowed with the soft tints of a spring landscape, and Frank Seymour stood before it, palette in hand, his large brown eyes dreamy with a sort of inspiration.

In a comfortable easy chair by the door sat a plump, rosy little female, in a lace cap, with plenty of narrow white satin ribbon fluttering from it, and a silver-gray poplin dress—Mrs Seymour, in fact, our artist's mother, who had just come up from the very basement to see how Frank was getting along.

"Here, mother," said the young man, with an enthusiastic sparkle in his eye, "just see the way the sunlight touches the topmost branches of the old apple-tree. I like the brown, subdued gold of that tint; it somehow reminds me of Grace Teller's hair."

Mrs. Seymour moved a little uneasily in her chair.

"It's very pretty; but it strikes me, Frank, you are lately discovering a great many similitudes between Miss Teller and your pictures."

Frank laughed good humoredly.

"Well, mother, she is pretty."

"Yes—I do not deny but that she is pretty enough."

"Now, mother, what is the meaning of that ambiguous tone?" demanded the young artist, pleasantly. "What have you discovered about Miss Teller that isn't charming and womanly and loveable?"

"Frank, do you know who she is?"

"Yes; I know who she is. I know that she is a remarkably pretty girl, with a voice that sounds exactly like that low, soft rivulet where I used to play when I was a boy."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Seymour, sharply.

"Well, then, if you are not satisfied with my description of her as she is, would you like to know what she will be?"

Mrs. Seymour looked puzzled.

"Mother, I think she will one day be my wife."

"Frank! Frank! are you crazy?"

"Not that I know of," said Mr. Seymour, composedly squeezing a little deep blue on his palette, out of a dainty tin tube, and mixing it thoughtfully.

"We know so little about her," thought Mrs. Seymour. "To be sure, she is visiting Mary Elton, and Mary belongs to a very good family, if she does live in a half house, and take in fine embroidery for a living. But then she has no style at all compared with Cynthia Parker, and Cynthia always did fancy our Frank. Then, moreover, she has five or six thousand dollars of her own. But, dear me! a young man in love is the most headstrong creature alive!"

Mrs. Seymour mused a while longer, and then put on her mouse-colored silk bonnet and gray shawl and set out on a tour of inspection.

"I'll find out about Miss Teller, or I'll know the reason why," thought the indefatigable widow.

Miss Grace Teller was at home helping Mary Elton in an elaborate piece of embroidery. The room where the two girls sat was very plain, carpeted with the cheapest ingrain, and curtained with very ordinary pink and white chintz, yet it looked snug and cheery, for the fat blackbird was chirping in the window, and a stand of mignionette and velvet-blossomed pansies gave a delicious refinement to the details of every day life.

Mary Elton was pale, thin, and not at all pretty, though there was a tremulous sweetness about her mouth that seemed to whisper that she might have been very different under different circumstances. Grace Teller was a lovely blonde, with large blue eyes, rose-leaf skin, and hair whose luminous gold fell over her forehead like an aureole.

As Mrs Seymour entered, a deep shade of pink stole over Grace's beautiful cheek, but otherwise she was calm and self possessed, and readily parried the old lady's interrogatories.

"Very warm this morning," said the old lady, fanning herself. "Do they have warm weather where you came from, Miss Teller?"

"I believe it is very sultry in Factoryville," said Grace, composedly taking another needleful of white silk.

"Factoryville! is that your native place? Perhaps you know, then, Mr. Parker—Cynthia Parker's father—who is superintendent in the great calico mills there?"

"Very well—I have often seen him."

"Are you acquainted with Cynthia?"

"No—I believe Miss Parker spends most of her time in the city."

"That's very true," said Mrs. Seymour, sagely. "Cynthia often says there's no society worth having in Factoryville—only the girls that work in the factory; and Cynthia is very gentle. But—excuse my curiosity—how did you become acquainted with Mr. Parker and his daughter?"

Grace colored.

"Business brought me in contact frequently with the gentleman of whom you speak, but I have never happened to meet Miss Parker."

Mrs. Seymour gave a little start in her chair—she was beginning to see through the mystery.

"Perhaps you have something to do with the calico factory?"

"I have," said Grace, with calm dignity.

"A factory-girl!" gasped Mrs. Seymour, growing red and white.

"Is there any disgrace in the title?" quietly asked Grace, although her cheeks were dyed with crimson.

"Disgrace! Oh, no—certainly not; there's no harm in earning one's living in an honest way," returned Mrs. Seymour, absently. The fact was, she was thinking in her inmost mind, "What *will* Frank say?" and anticipating the flag of triumph she was about to wave over him.

"I do not hesitate to confess," went on Grace, looking Mrs. Seymour full in the eyes, "that to the calico factory I owe my daily bread."

"Very laudable, I am sure," said the old lady, growing a little uneasy under the blue, clear gaze; "only there are steps and gradations in all society, you know, and I am a little surprised to find you so intimate with Miss Elton, whose family is"——

Mary came over to Grace's side, and stooped to kiss her cheek.

"My dearest friend—my most precious companion," she murmured, "I should be quite lost without her, Mrs. Seymour."

The old lady took her leave stiffly, and did not ask Grace to return her call, although she extended an invitation to Mary, couched in the politest and most distinct terms.

"Frank!" she ejaculated, never once stopping to remove her shawl or bonnet, "who do you suppose your paragon of a Miss Teller is?"

"The loveliest of her sex," returned Frank, briefly and comprehensively.

"A factory girl!" screamed the old lady, at the top of her lungs—"fac-to-ry girl!"

"Well, what of that?"

"What of that? Frank Seymour, you never mean to say that you would have anything to say to a common factory girl?"

"I should pronounce her a very *un*-common girl, mother," said the young man, with aggravating calmness.

"Frank, don't jest with me," pleaded the poor little mother, with tears in her eyes. "Tell me at once that you will give up this idle fancy for a girl who is in no respect equal to you."

"No; she is in no respect my equal," returned Frank, with reddened cheek and sparkling eye, "but it is because she is in every respect my superior. Grace Teller is one of the noblest women that ever breathed this terrestrial air, as well as the most beautiful. Mother, I love her, and she has promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Seymour sank down, limp, lifeless, and despairing.

"Frank! Frank! I never thought to see my son marry a factory girl!"

And then a torrent of tears came to her relief, while Frank went on quietly touching up the scarlet foliage of a splendid old maple in the foreground of his picture.

"So you are determined to marry me, Frank, in spite of everything?"

Grace Teller had been crying; the dew was yet on her eyelashes and the unnatural crimson on her cheeks, as Frank Seymour came in, and Mary Elton considerately slipped out "to search for a missing pattern."

"I should rather think so," said Frank, looking admiringly down on the golden head that was stooping among the pansies.

"But your mother thinks me far below you in social position."

"Social position be—ignored. What do I care for social position. as long as my little Grace has consented to make sunshine of my home?"

"Yes—but, Frank"——

"Well, but, Grace?"

"Do you really love me?"

For answer, he took both the fair, delicate little hands in his, and looked steadily into her eyes.

"Frank," said Grace Teller, demurely, "I'm afraid you will make a dreadfully strong-willed, obstinate sort of a husband."

"I shouldn't wonder, Grace."

And so the golden twilight faded into a purple softer than the shadow of the Eastern amethysts, and the stars came out one by one, and still Frank and Grace talked on, and still Mary Elton didn't succeed in finding that missing pattern.

Mrs. Seymour was the first guest to arrive at Mrs. Randall's select soirée on the first Wednesday evening in July; the fact was, she wanted a chance to confide her grief to Mrs. Randall's sympathetic ear.

"Crying? Yes, of course I've been crying, Mrs. Randall—I've done nothing but cry for a week."

"Mercy upon us!" said Mrs. Randall, elevating her gloved hands, "what is the matter? I hope Frank isn't in any sort of trouble?"

"My dear," said the old lady, in a mysterious whisper, "Frank has been entrapped—inveigled into the most dreadful entanglement. Did you ever fancy that he, the most fastidious and most particular of created beings, could be resolutely determined on marrying a factory girl?"

Mrs. Randall uttered an exclamation of horrified surprise, and at the same moment a party of guests were announced, among whom was Miss Grace Teller, looking rather more lovely than usual.

"Well," thought Mrs. Seymour, as her hostess hurried away to welcome the new comers, "will wonders never cease? Grace Teller at Mrs. Randall's soirée! But I suppose it is all on account of Mary Elton's uncle, the judge. Here comes Mr. Parker and Cynthia—dear me, what a curious mixture our American society is; how much they will be shocked on meeting Grace Teller!'

Involuntarily she advanced a step or two to witness the meeting.

Mr. Parker looked quite as much astonished as she had expected, but somehow it was not just the kind of astonishment that was on the programme.

"Miss Grace! You here? Why, when did you come from Factoryville?"

"You are acquainted with Miss Teller?" asked Mrs. Randall, with some surprise.

"Quite well; in fact, I have had the management o her property for some years. Miss Teller is the young lady who owns the extensive calico factories from which our village takes its name."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, turning pale, and sinking down upon a divan near her. "Why, they say, the heiress of the old gentleman who owned the Factoryville property is the richest girl in the county."

"Grace," said Frank, gravely, and almost sternly, "what does this mean?"

The blue eyes filled with tears as she clung closer to his arm.

"I can't help owning the calico factories, Frank. Don't you love me just as well as if I didn't?"

"My little deceiver? But why didn't you tell me?"

"Why should I tell you, Frank? It was so nice to leave the heiress behind, and to be plain Grace Teller for awhile. And when I saw how opposed your mother was to our engagement, a spark of woman's willfulness rose up within me, and I resolved I would maintain my incognito, come what might. Mrs. Seymour," she added, turning archly round and holding out her hand to the discomfited old lady, "didn't I tell you I owed my daily bread to the factory?"

And poor Mrs. Seymour, for once in her life, was at a loss for an answer.

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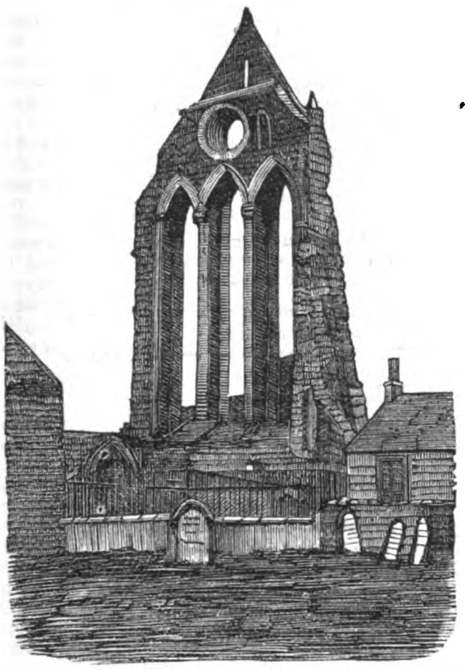
The Canongate Kilwinning.

BY ANTHONY O'NEAL HAYE, THE POET LAUREATE.

CHAPTER FIRST.

The origin of the Lodge, and conjectures as to the date of its institution.



CANONGATE KILWINNING. (*From a Photograph.*)

I purpose writing an account of this ancient and noble Lodge, one as famous for her vicissitudes of fortune as for the brilliant and celebrated men whom she calls her sons. In neither of these characters has she a rival; for while her lot has been to suffer greater misfortunes than any other Lodge, her roll of members is one that no other society can equal. The greatest men of the past and present centuries have belonged to her; and while Burns, and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, were her Laureates, St. Clair of Roslin, Mackenzie, Monboddo, and Harry Erskine were among her officers, and an Emperor of Russia was brought to the Light in her halls. In the present day Lord Brougham is a member, and the late Professor Aytoun was a P. M. It is a great subject to treat of, and luckily for my success in the task, the materials are most ample.

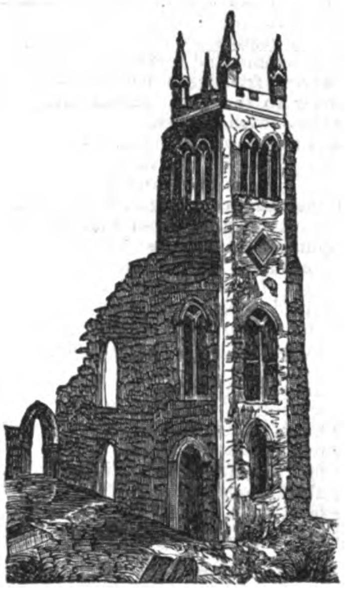
At the beginning of the last century the Lodge numbered amongst its members the foremost noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland who were devoted to the Stuart cause. The unsuccessful rising in 1715 sent those who had escaped death on the battle-field to the Hanoverian shambles or into exile; and during the confusion attendant on these times, the whole early records of the Lodge were lost or destroyed, and no trace can now be found of them. At length the survivors, a few but trusty band, met, and resumed the meetings of the Lodge, and, on the 13th February, 1735, the minutes are again engrossed, when a committee is appointed to prepare by-laws. The loss of the Lodge documents leaves us in the dark regarding the real year of foundation of the Lodge, but from the following minute we can form an idea:

"*Canongate, 16th February*, 1736. *A. M.* 5736.—The Lodge having mett occasionally, being duely formed, The Right Worshipfull named the following Committee to meet upon Munday next, at 6 o'Clock, in the Lodge room, there to inspect the accompts of William Montgomerie, the Stewart, viz., Thomas Trotter, Treasurer; Robert Blesset, Deputy Master; David Horne, Senr. Warden; Francis Kemptie and Alexander Lindsay, Fellow Crafts; Humphrey Colquhoun and John Oswald, entered apprentices; That the said accompts may be audited by the foresaid Committee, and laid before the Lodge the next monthly meeting. As ALSO, it was moved by the Right Worshipfull, That there was transmitted to him by the hands of Peter Montgomerie, Esq., the present Right Worshipfull Master of Our Antient Mother Lodge of and at Kilwinning, a petition or application signed by the Free Masons in the Cannongate Lodge of Edinburgh, dated the 6th day of December 1677 years, with a deliverance thereon, dated att Kilwinning the 20th of December said year, whereof the Tenor follows: To the Right Worshipfull the Master of the Antient Lodge of and at Kilwinning, the humble petition of the Free Masons in the Cannongate of Edinburgh, written the 6th day of December, 1677, and signed by them. Right Worshipfull, and the worthy Brethren of the said Lodge, we had your answer by our truly and worthy Brother, William Cochran, and having considered the proposals contained therein, and find them very consonant with reason, so wee send you our worthy Brother, Thomas Gib, with power to him to present this, our said petition, humbly craving that as we are *part of the company belonging to Kilwinning Lodge*, your Worship, and the other Members of the said Lodge, would authorise to meet together as a lawful Lodge, and to enter and pass any qualified persons as Free and Accepted Masons, *in the name and the behalf, and as a part of the Lodge of Kilwinning*, and to receive the entry-moneys due to the said Lodge, from such qualified persons as are passed by us; and We bind and oblige ourselves (collectively and severally) and our successors, to maintain and defend the rights and privileges of Kilwinning Lodge, and never to do anything prejudiciall thereto, for witness whereof, wee have subscribed these presents, and affixed our marks thereto. Sic Subscribitur, William Cochran, Duncan M'Larane, Robert Nicolson, Thomas Gib, William Fulton, Tho. Watson, Alex. Steel, John Wilson, Andrew Francie, Robert Prentice, William Dorroch. Kilwinning, the 20th December 1677 years. The Right Worshipfull the Master and other Members being convened in the Mason Court of the Antient Lodge in Kilwinning, and having the above Petition presented from their Brethren in the Cannongate of Edinburgh, by Thomas Gib, took the same to their serious consideration, and unanimously granted the desire thereof, in all points, authorising the said Brethren Petitioners to meet in a regular Lodge, enter Free Masons, and receive dues for the same as wee do ourselves. They sending one of their number to us yearly, and wee to do the like to them if need be. Subscribed by William Cowan, Master. Extracted from the Records by Sic Subscribitur, Alex. Cunningham. The Right Worshipfull Master of the Cannongate Lodge Returned thanks to the said Right Worshipfull Master of our Ancient Mother Lodge of Kilwinning, in name of the said Cannongate Lodge, and ordained that a Letter or application should be delivered to the aforesaid Right Worshipfull Peter Montgomerie, Esq., in his own name, and in the name of our said Ancient Mother Lodge, Craveing Ratification and Corroboration of the foresaid Deed, made at Kilwinning the said 20th December 1677, and of which Letter the tenor follows after the Minutes of this days date. Mr. Archibald Campbell, Writer to the Signet, and Charles Campbell, Esq., son to my Lord Monzie, were proposed to be admitted Members of the Lodge, and accordingly balloted for, and the Lodge unanimously agreed to their being admitted next meeting.

Pat. Montgomerie, Geo. Fraser, Master.
Master, K. L. David Hone, S. W.
Rich. Cooper, D. J. W."

It will be observed, that the Master of the Mother Lodge was present on this occasion, and that he signs the minute. When we come to notice the rise of Grand Lodge, we will have more to say regarding him. The letter referred to as engrossed after the minutes, was not so done, and of this very important document we can but form an idea. Upon this minute the Canongate Kilwinning founded, on the formation of Grand Lodge; and on the roll she dates from 1677, while her proper date is that of Mother Kilwinning. The Mother Lodge, however, would not join in the new confederacy, and, consequently, the Canongate Kilwinning had to fall back upon its own records. We find in this minute the Canongate brethren saying, that "we are part of the Company belonging to Kilwinning Lodge;" and they crave to be allowed all Masonic privileges, as "in the name and the behalf, and *as a part of the Lodge of Kilwinning.*" It was the opinion of the late Bro. William Pringle, my predecessor in office, and one of the best informed Masons, that this minute makes the members of the Canongate Kilwinning members of the Mother Lodge, *et vice versa;* and such a bond exists between the Canongate Kilwinning and her daughter, the St. John's, Haddington. Perhaps some member of the Mother Lodge may say how far this is correct.

To come to the actual date of the Lodge, we must consider for a moment the organization of the craft during the middle ages. The brethren, formed into bodies or Lodges, wandered throughout Christendom, building chapels and castles as they were employed, and moving onward in search of more work as they completed the contracts. The head-quarters of the Masons of Scotland were at Kilwinning, and in course of time she established certain branches in various parts of the country, which worked under her name, and for her benefit. All contracts were entered into with the Mother Lodge, she appointing the brethren to the labor, and paying them their wages. One important branch she sent to Edinburgh; and there can be little doubt that it was the earliest and most important body of Masons in Edinburgh. In Bro. David Murray Lyon's excellent and exhaustive articles on the Mother Lodge, he has shown the high consideration she enjoyed in Scotland; and this consideration must, of a necessity, have been extended to her branches, and to none more so than the Edinburgh branch. I am aware that, when I place the date of the coming of the Kilwinning branch to Edinburgh in the twelfth century, I may be called to task; but my answer is this: The Knights Templars introduced Masonry into Scotland for the purpose of building preceptories and chapels. The head-quarters of the Fraternity was placed at Kilwinning. The Templars became great favorites with King David, who bestowed many marks of his favor upon them. Their principal places of residence were at the Temple (Mid-Lothian) and Temple-Liston. A branch of Kilwinning would be sent through to raise the necessary buildings; and finding this branch constantly employed, both by the Templars and the great landowners, the Mother Lodge would permanently station it in Edinburgh, in all probability built the Chapel of the Holy Rood, founded by David, and this branch subsequently became the Canongate Kilwinning. It may be said that this story is improbable. It may appear so; but one thing is clear, if Mother Kilwinning was the fountain of Scotch Masonry, one of her first branches must have been sent to Edinburgh, and that at a very early period. Various little circumstances substantiate this, not the least the fact of the hereditary Grand Master, the St. Clairs of Rosslyn, being initiated in the Canongate Kilwinning.



But, putting this question aside, the Canongate Kilwinning can fall back for its origin to the date of the Mother Lodge; for, as she was acknowledged as a part of the Mother Lodge, not as a Daughter or separate Lodge, like other Lodges, the date of the Mother Lodge is undoubtedly the date of the Canongate Kilwinning. Some

I have heard dispute the fact of the Canongate Kilwinning ever having been an Operative Lodge. This is a question I shall discuss at another time; although, if she was not an Operative Lodge, it would be a puzzle for these doubters to establish her being even in existence in the year 1677; and the foregoing minute sufficiently proves that she had been in existence many years before that date.

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Vestiges of Masonry among the Indians—No. 2.

Among the Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, Seminoles, and other Southern Indian tribes, there has existed from time immemorial a secret fraternity of sworn friends, having signs, tokens, and words known only to themselves, and confined to the male population. Their form of initiation is said to be simple, but their obligations to each other are held to be of the most solemn and binding nature through life. If one of the fraternity is in danger or trouble, his claim for the protection or aid of his brethren is not to be disregarded; and if at any time flight from enemies becomes necessary, he is at liberty to mount the horse of a brother and flee from his persecutors. I am informed by many intelligent Indian Freemasons that there is enough in the ceremonies and obligations of this fraternity to justify the conclusion that it had a genuine Masonic origin, though at what period it is impossible to determine; perhaps centuries before this continent was known to the Anglo-Saxon race.

An instance is related to me by Judge Field, of the Cherokee nation, wherein a party of U. S. Commissioners, sent to treat with the Seminoles, in Florida, early in the present century, when, surrounded by enraged savages and about to be put to death, were saved by a half-breed attached to the commission, who gave the mystic sign of the fraternity, which in a moment turned the fury of the savages into the warmest demonstrations of friendship. "The grand hailing sign" of this fraternity, if not derived originally from genuine Masonry, answered every purpose in saving the lives of this band of white men, and who can say that it had not a true Masonic origin?

Another peculiar and striking feature in this Indian fraternity is found in the fact that, in starting out upon the hunt or the war-path, the Indians form in groups of *three*, *five*, and *seven*, who, on such occasions, adhere one to another even to the death. These mystic numbers, three, five, and seven, are significant to Masons, and their existence among this Indian fraternity cannot be supposed to be the result of mere accident, for they are traditional numbers, and are adhered to with the most scrupulous fidelity. If this custom is not a vestige of Freemasonry the coincidence is at least somewhat remarkable, and it reminds us of the sworn friendship between Jonathan and David, anterior to the time Freemasonry assumed form under the Jewish fathers.

Pertinent to this point, though I do not propose to discuss the subject at length, is the fact, that among our American Indians generally there exists strong evidence of their Hebrew origin, which, if true, furnishes almost incontestible proof that their ancestors who first populated this continent brought with them ancient Freemasonry, and is another proof of the great antiquity of our valuable institution. This point has received a larger share of the attention of Adair and others who have written on the subject, and the evidences of this origin may be briefly summed up as follows:

1. Their division of time.
2. Their worship of our Great Spirit.
3. Their belief in ministering angels.
4. Their prophets and priests.
5. Their festivals, fasts, and religious rites.
6. Their absolutions and anointings.
7. Their laws upon uncleanliness.
8. Their marriages, divorces, and punishment for adultery.
9. Their cities of refuge.
10. Their purifications before going to war.
11. Their methods of curing the sick.
12. Their mode of burying the dead.
13. Their custom of raising a family to a deceased brother.
14. Their monuments for the dead.
15. Their choice of names from circumstances, times, &c.

These, and many other customs of the Indian which might be mentioned, though, perhaps, not all of them practiced by any single tribe, are very strong if not absolute proofs of their Hebrew origin, and I am informed that these evidences exist in a still higher degree among the Comanches, the Kiowas, and other Southwestern tribes. I cannot learn, however, that circumcision has ever been practiced among the American Indians. If that religious rite ever was practiced by them, all tradition of it seems to have been lost.

Upon the stones found in the ruins of temples built ages before the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, are found sculptured skulls and cross-bones, altars, key-stones, silent but conclusive proofs that the people in whose day those imperishable emblems of Freemasonry were cut upon the rock, possessed and cultivated an Order akin to our Order, if not the veritable Order itself.

Grand Master Bromwell, of Illinois, states that he has seen a square, level, trestle-board, and other Lodge furniture made from stone, and taken from an ancient mound in the State of Indiana. Whence came those emblems of Freemasonry; by whom were they wrought, and by whom used?

In pursuing these investigations the writer will probably have occasion to refer to this subject again, as it is very intimately connected with the main subject under consideration, and it may, perhaps, be the key which will unlock the mystery surrounding the vestiges of Freemasonry which exist among our American Indians.

◆

The Point within the Circle and Parallel Lines.

BY THE GRAND HIGH PRIEST OF CONNECTICUT.

The account of this emblem given in the Monitors is wholly unsatisfactory, and inconsistent with the general teaching of Masonry.

It is suggestive of many perplexing questions, not the least of which are: Did it exist as an essential element of every "regular and well governed Lodge" prior to the time of the Holy Saints John, and, if so, what was the explanation given by our ancient brethren?

If introduced subsequent to their time, how can it be said to be an *essential* or *requisite* of every regular Lodge? Were not the Lodges before their day regular? Did not they possess all the necessary elements of a regular Lodge?

If so, was not any *addition* to those ancient essential elements an *innovation* upon the body of Masonry? Again, how could Jewish Masons have dedicated Lodges to the Holy Saints John? and, as now explained, does it not give a *Christian* interpretation to Masonry, and thereby destroy its boast and pride, *universality?*

In my judgment this symbol *always existed* in Masonry, and it was thus explained by our ancient brethren:

"The circle is the astronomical sign of the sun, the source of physical light; the point is the focus of light, the central intelligence of the universe; the object of the Mason's search."

As man was made in the image of God, the point also represents the "individual brother."

The two parallel lines represent the summer and winter solstices, where, as the word indicates, the sun stops or stands still. The first occurs June 21st; the second, December 21st.

They symbolically represent *the true lines of moral rectitude.*

It will be observed that the period between June 24 and December 24 embraces the time of the implanted seed, early manhood, the seed time of Masonry, and the time of the ripening of manhood and the gathering in or harvest of old age. The whole symbol, therefore, is to teach us that while a brother, from early youth to old age, will be as regular in his conduct as the sun is in his course, on neither side transgressing the true lines of moral rectitude, it is impossible that he should materially err.

After the days of the Holy Saints John, Masons professing Christianity dedicated their Lodges to them, and named the two parallel lines after them, in commemoration of the anniversaries of their birthdays—the summer solstice occurring on the 21st June, and the anniversary of St. John the Baptist on the 24th June; the winter solstice on the 21st December, and the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist on the 27th December.

And this they considered the more eminently proper, because St. John the Baptist as the forerunner and St. John the Evangelist as the historian of Christ, by precept and example, as recorded in the sacred volume, inspired and sustained by the Almighty, laid down and clearly defined the true lines of moral and spiritual rectitude.

◆

The Tallest Mason in Europe.—At a meeting of Lodge *La Césarée*, at Jersey, on the 28th June, Bro. Brice entered, who, being nearly eight feet in height, is no doubt the tallest Mason in Europe. Naturally, a little sensation was excited among the brethren as he stalked up the room and took his seat with the visiters.

Humorous.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG;

OR, WHAT THE OLD WOMAN SAID TO HER DAUGHTER.]

One morning as I chanced to pass
close by a cottage gate,
An aged matron in the shade
sat talking to her Kate.
The frost of age was on her brow,
and garrulous her tongue,
As she compared the doings now
with those when she was young.

When I was young, young gals were meek,
and looked round kinder shy,
And when they were compelled to speak,
they did so modestly!
They stayed at home and did the work,
made Indian bread and wheaten,
And only went to Sabbath school,
and sometimes to night meetin'.
Young children were obedient then,
and had no saucy airs—
They minded what their mothers said,
and learned to say their prayers;
But now-a-days they know enough
Before they know their letters,
And young ones that can scarcely talk
will contradict their betters.
Young ladies now go flirting round
and looking out for beaux,
And scarcely one in ten is found
who makes or mends her clothes.

When I was young, if a merchant failed,
he shut up house and hall,
And never ventured out till night,
if he ventured out at all.
His wife sold all her China plates,
his boys came home from college,
His gals they learned to cook and bake,
and wash, and such like knowledge.
But now-a-days when a merchant fails,
they say he makes a penny;
His wife don't have a gown the less,
and his daughters just as many;
He rides his horse, he drives his gig,
he drinks his choicest wine,
His wife goes to the opera,
and he asks folks to dine.

When I was young, crime was crime—
it had no other name—
And when 'twas proved against a man
he had to bear the blame;
They called the man that stole a "thief,"
and wasted no fine feeling;
What's now called "petty larceny,"
in my day was called "stealing."
They did not make a reprobate
the theme of song and story,
As if the bloodier was his deed
the brighter was his glory;
And when a cruel murder was done,
could they the murderer find,
They hung him as they would a crow—
a terror to his kind.
But now-a-days, it seems to me,
whenever blood is spilt,
The murderer has our sympathy
proportioned to his guilt.
And when the law has proved a man
To be a second Cain,
A dozen jurors will be found
To bring him in insane.

◆

The Apothegms of Odin.

Among those "wise saws" contained in the "Havamal," or "Sublime Discourse" of Odin, the King Solomon of northern Europe, we quote the following from translations by Mallet and Wheaton:

"Riches pass away in thetwinkling of an eye; the most inconstant of friends are they."

"Flocks and herds perish, friends and relations die, we ourselves must die; but one thing I know which never perishes, *the fame of the good man.*"

"Mock not the stranger guest, for thou knowest not whom he may be."

"It is better to live *well* than *long.* When a man lights a fire, death is with him before it is extinguished."

"There is no malady so cruel as *discontent with your fate.*"

◆

Genius labors in secret and silence.

The Family Circle.

A REMINISCENCE.

Once, when I was a little boy,
I sat me down to cry,
Because my little brother had
The biggest piece of pie.

'Twas not but I had quite enough,
But then I could not see
The reason why a partial nurse
Should give him more than me.

They said I was a naughty boy,
But I have oft seen men
Behave themselves as foolishly
As I behavèd then.

For we are often thankless for
Rich blessings when we sigh
To think some luckier neighbor has
A "bigger piece" of pie.

IDLENESS.—I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed, and the walls of your chamber, "If you do not rise early, you can never make progress in anything. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and really unenjoyed by yourself."—*Lord Chatham.*

NEVER "KNOCK UNDER."—No, never! Always rally your forces for another and more desperate assault upon adversity. If calumny assails you, and the world—as it is apt to do in such cases—takes part with your traducers, don't turn moody and misanthropic, or worse still, seek to drown your happiness in dissipation. Bide your time. Disprove the slander if you can, if not, live it down. If poverty comes upon you like a thief at night—what then? Let it rouse you, as the presence of the real thief would do, to energetic action. No matter how deeply you may have got into hot water—always provided that you did not help the father of lies to heat it—your case, if you are of the right kind of stuff, is not desperate; for it is in accord with the divine order and sweep of things, that life should have no difficulties which an .honest, determined man, with heaven's help, cannot surmount.

THE SECRET.—When a lady once asked Turner. the celebrated English painter, what his secret was, replied: "I have no secret, madam, but hard work. This is a secret that many never learned, and don't succeed because they don't learn it. Labor is the genius that changes the world from ugliness to beauty, and the great curse to a great blessing."

A VERY CURIOUS EVENT lately occurred in Hungary during a bear hunt. A very savage she bear had been mortally wounded, when all at once a young girl, about twelve years of age, rushed out of the thicket and threw herself on the expiring beast, giving utterance to most lamentable cries. After a good deal of difficulty this young savage was captured by means of cords and nets. It has been discovered that a peasant woman some twelve years ago lost her child (a little girl) on the confines of the forest, and has never since been able to obtain any tidings of her. A certain Countess Erdœli has taken the little girl under her care, and is obliged to feed her with roots, honey and raw meat—the usual food of bears. It will be most interesting to discover, when the child has received an education and her mental faculties develop themselves, if she will remember her former state, and be able to give an account of her life in the forest.

THE LAUGH OF WOMEN.—A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her in a clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through trees, led on by a fairy laugh—now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have; and we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing in the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirit of mind.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—An able writer gives utterance to the following valuable secret:

"This looking forward to enjoyment don't pay. For what I know of it, I had as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for a cloudy night. The only way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN.—The late Judge Talford, in a case tried at Bristol Assizes, shortly before his sudden death, thus defined the character of a gentleman. The evidence proved that the defendant, while in the theater, had said to the plaintiff, "Do not speak to me; I am a gentleman, and you are a tradesman." "Gentleman," said the learned judge, "is a term which does not apply to any station. The man of rank who deports himself with dignity and candor, and the tradesman who discharges the duties of life with honor and integrity, are alike entitled to it; nay, the humblest artizan, who fulfills the obligations cast upon him with virtue and honor, is more entitled to the name of a gentleman, than the man who could indulge in offensive and ribald remarks, however high his station."

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

CHOATE.—One of his old students of former years used to tell the story of a traditionary set of books which Choate commenced with the intention of keeping them by double entry. So, on the first day he opened them, he had occasion to send out for a gallon of oil—it was before gas days; accordingly he entered in the bulky volume, "Office, debtor one gallon of oil," so much. A few days after, an old client came in and asked for his bill. Choate told him he really was very busy and if he'd call again in a week he'd have it ready for him. In a week he called again and demanded his bill. "Oh, yes," said Choate, "I really,—you must parden me,—but I've not had time to draw it off; but you may pay whatever you think right." This did not suit the client, who said he'd call once more; and so he did a fortnight after. This time Choate was in despair. "Well, there," said he, "take the books and just draw off a minute of the account yourself." The worthy man took the book, despairing of any other information, opened it, and there at the top of the page, in staring characters of vast size to make them legible, was the entry, "Office, debtor one gallon of oil,"—standing as lonely on the page as its author in his life. He never asked for his bill again, but paid what he thought fair, and asked for a receipt in full, which Mr. Choate promised to have ready for him, next time he called.

* * * * * *

Sometimes when nobody said anything suggestive of a joke, he would perpetrate something on his own account. One day he came stalking out of his inner office into the outer one, and, looking across the street, his eye caught sight of a bird-fancier's establishment opposite. "Why," said he, "I didn't know we were flanked by nightingales' nests."

SCHUYLER COLFAX was going from Troy to Burlington to lecture, not long since, and a gentleman entered the car and took a seat beside him. Disposed to be sociable, the stranger said:

"Going to the lecture?"

Mr. Colfax said he would probably be there.

"So am I. Did you ever hear Colfax?"

"O, yes, very often," was Mr. C's reply.

"Well, what kind of a man is he? Is he a good speaker? Does he know anything?"

"Well, really, I don't know as my opinion is worth much on that. My name is Colfax."

Strange man subsided.

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

I WAS AN HUNGERED.—It was sleeting fast. Evening was falling. The streets were almost deserted.

Suddenly a voice at my elbow said, 'I am not fit for work, and have eaten nothing to day.'

I looked at the speaker. He was an able bodied man, but had lost both arms by amputation; he was pale, too, as if some recent sickness, or from scanty food. He had an old thread-bare coat.

My first impulse was to give him something. But my coat was buttoned tight; I could not easily unbutton it, and continue to hold my umbrella and book; and, to crown all, the street car, for which I had been waiting, at that moment came up.

'I have nothing to day,' I said, turning from the man and beckoning to the driver.

I heard a sigh as I turned, and was on the point of reconsidering my decision; but I reflected that if I missed this car I should have to wait ten minutes in the road. 'Besides,' I said to myself, 'somebody else will be sure to give him something.'

But my heart smote me when, on looking after the man, I saw him go sadly down the street with bent head. Once I thought of stopping the car, overtaking the man, and giving him half a dollar. But while I hesitated the car passed the corner and he was out of sight. It was too late.

I did not eat my dinner that day with the usual appetite. I could not get that wan face out of my mind. At times the victuals seemed to choke me. What if he really was starving, and no one would help him?

All through the evening the man's look haunted me. In vain my little daughter, seeing me abstracted, sang her sweet ballads. I even dreamed of the man. If I had known where to find him I would have gone the very next day to satisfy myself that he had received assistance.

But the impression gradually wore off. There is so much suffering now in great cities that almost every one becomes hardened to it. I persuaded myself, finally, that the man had been helped by others. There are so many societies to aid soldiers, I said. It was uncomfortable to think otherwise.

One morning, about four days after the interview, my wife was reading the paper, when she suddenly laid it down and cried, 'how shocking.'

I do not know how it was, but I felt a sudden chill. I thought instantly of that man's wan face. But I said carelessly, as I broke my egg:

'What is it, my dear?

'Oh! such a horrible story. A discharged soldier, his wife and children, dying of starvation. At least the wife is dead, and one of the children not expected to live. None have had anything to eat for four days. They were found in an old out-house. The husband is said to have lost both arms at Gettysburg.'

My hand trembled so much that, long before my wife finished, I had been compelled to lay down my egg unopened. She was looking at the paper, and did not see me.

I had no appetite after that. I rose immediately and hastened down-town, for I was sure this was the man whose petition I had rejected.

I went straight to see him. I had the paper in my pocket, and it directed me to the miserable out-house where the sufferers had been found.

Quite a crowd had been collected outside, but a policeman at the door permitted no one to go in. He knew me, however, and on my expressing my wish, allowed me to enter.

A sheet, furnished by some poor neighbors, was spread over a still, waxen face in the corner; a little girl was sobbing beside it; and a man, bowed with grief, sat at her feet. At the sound of my footsteps he looked up. It was the same wan face I had repelled at the corner of the street.

Since that I have never turned away from old or young who have asked alms. Better give to a thousand who are unworthy than refuse one who is really in need.

Masonic Follies.

1. To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will grow—that is to say, the more members a Lodge takes in, the more strong and compact it will become. This is a folly ripe and rotten.

2. To believe that the more studies pupils take at school the faster they will learn—that is to say, the more degrees a Mason takes the more Masonry he will know. This is a folly of the loudest sort.

3. To conclude that if exercise is good for the health, the more violent and exhausting it is the better—that is to say, the more Lodge ceremony it can go through the more kindly the placid impulses of Masonry affect the soul. This is a folly broad and deep.

4. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is another hour gained—that is to say, that every evening a brother spends at the Lodge is so much rescued from business and domestic needs. This is a folly that leads to divorces, or worse.

Digest these four paragraphs thoroughly, dear reader, and we will give you a second dose.

HE WHO LOVES GOD LOVES HIS BROTHER ALSO, and he loves not God nor his brother cannot love Nature, cannot love the grass beneath his feet and the creatures that fill those spaces in the universe which he needs not, and which live not for his uses; nay, he has seldom grace to be grateful even to those that love him and serve him, while, on the other hand, none can love God nor his human brother without loving all things which his Father loves, nor without looking upon them every one as in that respect his brethren also, and perhaps worthier than he, if in the under concords they have to fill their part is touched more truly.

A RABBINICAL MAXIM.—A wise man was once asked, "What is the most advantageous to mankind in this world?" He replied as follows: "First, the possession of a good education; secondly, worldly means as begeting respect; thirdly, a good wife screening the faults of her husband; fourthly, a silent tongue concealing his failures."

Ridicule is a weak weapon when leveled on a strong mind. But common men are cowards and dread an empty laugh.

The National Freemason,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1867.

R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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Dr. McMurdy is always ready to welcome his friends at his office, during business hours. It is second floor, room 10, 39 Nassau street, opposite Post Office.

Change.—On and after May 1st the National Freemason will occupy the second floor of the building corner of Broome and Crosby. This location is more central and convenient to our friends from the South and West and East, who generally patronize the hotels in its vicinity.

Enlargement.—We have also made arrangements to open an office in Washington city. The location will be announced in a few weeks. It will, probably, be in the vicinity of the New York papers, opposite Willard's.

* * *

The Prize Story, by Miss Helen Maurice, will commence next week.

This is considered as furnishing evidence of great talent. It is her *first story*, written, revised, and copied in two weeks and while at school. Its title is the "*Square.*"

* * *

The article on Knights Templars, and the controversy between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, found under the head of Masonic (Home) Intelligence, (caption Massachusetts and R. I.,) is long, but interesting and essential to the complete knowledge of this Templar controversy. We read with pleasure that *fraters* for *fratres* appears to be banished from Templar vocabulary.

* * *

The Difficulties in Maryland and the District of Columbia have ceased, and Harmony and Peace are restored; read the letter under caption "Maryland," in Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

* * *

Oscar Coles Lodge.—In company with the Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, we made a pleasant visit to Oscar Coles Lodge, which we found in a healthy, working condition, the business dispatched with promptness and accuracy. A Lodge with such a Master, Secretary, other officers and members, cannot fail to flourish. The Past Master's report shows earnestness in the cause of charity. There is a proposition pending to change the name of the Lodge.

* * *

We call attention to our columns of weekly Foreign and Home Masonic Intelligence. There is a letter from Turkey, interesting not only to the Masonic, but also the general reader.

* * *

The Lodge of greatest interest in the world is the Canongate Kilwinning.

We commence the publication of the series from our British contemporary. No Freemason in the United States can afford to be without these interesting sketches.

Hungary—Kossuth—A Wish.

Hungary at last triumphs, and secures from Austria nearly all that she so gallantly fought for in 1848. Twenty years of suffering have secured it. According to our Masonic notions, the same treasure and self-denial expended in peaceful propagation of the truth would have attained this result in a moiety of the twenty years.

Their own Constitution, their own independent Parliament, their own Cabinet and a King of Hungary by coronation at the hands of their own Parliament, and restoration to position of some who were prominent in the battles of 1848, are some of the fruits of Masonic ideas operating upon Prussia, and through Prussia upon Austria. The needle-gun of Prussia receives the credit. Ideas received by Frederick the Great from his Masonic lessons and transmitted to rulers and people deserve the honor.

We now trust that the next boon will be untrammeled permission for our eminent brother Kossuth to return to his country. Kossuth's sister, Mme. Ruttkai, who was denied entrance into Austrian territory last year, is now in the United States, with her three sons, in business.

Another sister, Mme. Meszelenyi, has died upon our soil. Other members of the family are settled in our country. Kossuth was here in 1851. After funds and his efforts in behalf of Hungarian independence failed, he went to Paris and then to Turin, where he has been since the first symptoms of a contest between Prussia and Austria. Prematurely old, his glossy black hair, which well became him as he knelt at our Masonic shrine, has become white as silver; his form, so erect before our altar, is bowed with grief and suffering. He is poor, powerless and alone. His soft, sweet, charming voice which chained uncounted multitudes, and which responded so gently and trustingly in the Lodge-room, "In God I trust," remains unchanged, and his eye still beams with tenderness and charity.

Who in our fraternity does not wish Austria would graciously pardon Kossuth, and let him breathe his last in his own dear land and home?

A Plain American Dress at Foreign Courts.

This subject has been before Congress, introduced by a Freemason. The resolution as passed prohibits uniforms to be worn by our ministers abroad. It will be recollected by our readers that the eminent Freemason, Stephen A. Douglas, when in Europe, in 1853, declined visiting the Queen of England, because of the inexorable requirements that Americans must put off the costume and dress universal at home, and put on another entirely discarded in their own country.

He subsequently visited St. Petersburgh, and examined the public institutions, without making known his official position. Count Nesselrode eventually heard of him and saw him, asking him if he did not desire a presentation to the Emperor. The difficulty of the "Court dress" was suggested. Count Nesselrode, after consultation, pronounced Douglas to be right, and that citizens of the United States, if presented at all, should be presented in the dress in which he would be admitted to the presence of the President of the United States. Mr. Douglas was presented to the Emperor on the occasion of the great Russian National Festival, in his plain black suit of cloth, amid the royal magnificence of the representatives from all quarters of the world.

Masonic Positions,

whether in the constituent or Grand Lodge, or in any Masonic body, are not earned by devotion to Masonry. Masonic power is to be distributed with reference to the good of the fraternity, and not to the merit, necessities, or sacrifices of individuals. No brother can earn a claim to an office. He may have fitness for it, but the craft must judge whether he can promote the good of the Order in an official position.

Christopher Columbus.

The possession by the Turks of the Holy Land, with its ruined towers and sepulchres, and consecrated spots of earth, has always been considered dishonorable by every person who ever gave a thought on the subject. The recovery of them has been one of the dreams of the ardent Templars since the age of the Crusades. The most celebrated of the enthusiastic knights since that day who conceived the plan of the recovery of the holy places was *Christopher Columbus.*

This great and pious Templar, on looking across the great ocean which led him to a new world, never lost sight of the vision of the sepulchre of his Redeemer; and his lofty mind was sustained, amidst the difficulties, dangers and anxieties of his unparalleled adventure, with the hope of devoting his treasures to that holy enterprise and of following as a soldier of the cross the march to Jerusalem. Amidst the disappointed hopes which embittered the soul and crushed the spirit of that heroic Templar, the most pungent of his regrets arose from the failure of realizing his long cherished undertaking.

While Templarism and Columbus failed in the direction of the Holy City, they opened up, through their agencies, our new world. The Templars of the United States will never liberate Jerusalem, by the sword, from the contaminating grasp of the infidel; but they may more gloriously convert the infidel himself to the religion of the cross, and, in connection with God's ancient people, colonize and commercially and agriculturally possess the Holy Land.

* * *

Haroun al Rashid, with chivalrous politeness, sent the keys of the Holy Sepulchre to Charlamagne, the greatest Christian monarch, and the supporter of the civilization of the West, thus evincing the sympathetic feelings between these two extraordinary men, who possessed almost unbounded influence over the world.

Our brethren visiting Paris will see at the Exposition, sent by Switzerland also, the famous reliquaries given by Charlemagne to the Abbey of St. Maurice (Valais). One of them is a large onyx vase, with mythological figures in relief; the other, formed of the precious metals and Arabic enamels, is, according to tradition, a present made to Charlemagne by the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, in return for his gift of the keys.

* * *

If any brother has paid an agent, and has not received the paper, let him send the receipt to this office, or a copy of it, or reasonable evidence that he has paid for the paper, and to whom he has paid, and he will be certain to have the National Freemason, although we may lose the money.

Brethren should promptly advise us of their changes of residence.

Bro. Rev. George Oliver, D.D.—With great grief we announce the death of this great and good Mason, better known over the entire world than any Mason for the last century. We received the notice of his death just as our paper of last week had left the press. We hope to have the materials for a full biographical notice next week.

A Lewis

is the son of a Master Mason. In operative architecture it is an instrument to support heavy stones, to be raised to the highest parts of a building. An iron cramp inserted in a cavity of a large stone, giving attachment to a pully and hook, to raise the stone; so a Master Mason passing into the vale of years and becoming incapable of active exertion, is succored and sustained by his son, the Lewis, bearing in his father's stead the burden of life.

The Lewis is found on the tracing board of an E. A., signifying strength.

In England, a Lewis, the son of a Mason, may be initiated at 18, other candidates at 21.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS, P. G. M.

Certificates.

There is a certain degree of looseness in our American system of certificates which, it occurs to us, might be improved. The way it works now is this. When a candidate has received the several degrees of Masonry he is either prompted by some having the article for sale, or by his own desire seeks to have a written certificate of a fact which ought to have sufficient evidence of its existence in his daily walk and conversation. There is no difficulty in the way; he has only to purchase a blank to suit his taste, the required authentication is given without question, and the evidence that somebody has been made a Mason is launched forth into the world, rarely, if ever, to find its way back to the starting point. The ease with which a certificate can be procured and the numbers we see at every turn, renders them of but little value, and hence they are treated with great carelessness, and it is far from a rare occurrence to find them in unauthorized hands. Our Lodges are frequently "injuriously taxed," to relieve the wants of parties claiming assistance on the score of relationship to the person named in a certificate, when, in fact, the ownership of the document has been acquired by a violation of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*, and it is made to cover unjust demands and to deprive the worthy of means especially contributed for their benefit. In Europe the subordinate bodies do not issue certificates at all, and, as a general rule, the Grand Lodges only allow them to brethren about to leave the jurisdiction, and then they limit their application to a certain period, say one or two years. The Grand Lodges of England, Ireland and Scotland issue diplomas to all initiates and many of these we have reason to believe, ultimately fall into the hands of sharpers, and are used to defraud the unsuspecting of their funds. We are fully of the opinion that no certificates should be issued except by the Grand Lodge, and then only where a brother in good and regular standing is about to leave the jurisdiction; that their use should be limited to a certain period not extending beyond two years, at the end of which the holder should be bound to send the document back to the authority from whence it issued; that in case of the return of a brother to the Orient from whence the certificate issues, before the termination of the period named in the certificate, he should, nevertheless, at once surrender it to the custody of the Grand Lodge, and that each certificate or diploma thus issued should contain a testamentary formula, binding the survivors of the holder, in case of his death, to return it to the Grand Lodge without delay. There should be a certificate for widows of brethren who die while in good standing, and care should be taken to have them go only to the right person. We trust that eventually this certificate business will get an overhauling, and that we shall have in place of the present system something business like and considerably more restricted. Meanwhile we offer the suggestion that, while the fashion lasts, it might to a certain extent be improved by making it contribute something towards a practical object, as they do in England, where brethren elected or appointed to office in the Grand Lodge are required to take out a commission, at a cost ranging from twenty-five to one hundred dollars, for the benefit of the charity funds. A similar provision among us might operate, not only towards the enhancement of our Asylum Fund, but also have a tendency to check immoderate aspiration for office. It is worth thinking over.

The Gift Concerts.

We have been favored with an interview with Bro. Geo. W. Holmes, the manager, and, as we understand it, the chief proprietor of the enterprise of giving a series of concerts, accompanied with a gift scheme, and proposing to give ten per cent. of the proceeds to the Hall and Asylum Fund. Bro. Holmes, whose integrity and standing as a merchant and a gentleman cannot be questioned, seems to feel keenly the imputation that he would countenance, much less be concerned in a swindle, as many complacently term his enterprise, and we think that great injustice has been done him in that respect. His intention was (and he asserts, still is) to carry out to the letter the promises made in his circulars and advertisements; and doing thus, he insists that, as no one is forced to buy his tickets, so no one has a right to find fault with those who do choose to become purchasers. If he keeps faith with them, the balance of the world may rest satisfied.

Thus far, we have no disposition whatever to quarrel with him, because we recognize the principle that, when a man becomes proprietor of a dollar, he has the right to dispose of it according to his own judgment, and without dictation from others; hence, if he think proper to invest it in a concert ticket which carries with it a "present," we do not see why his next neighbor should go into conniptions over it. All that neighbor has to do is not to buy a ticket, and he will have a conscience void of offense. The difficulty in this undertaking has been that it was so presented to the public as to carry the idea that it was a *Masonic* undertaking, or, in other words, that it was conceived by and presented to the public by the Masonic fraternity to aid in securing funds for one of their charitable foundations. It was thus understood by the public, and by such of the daily papers as thought proper to refer to it, while, in fact, the fraternity had not been consulted at all, and the only warrant for the use of the name was in the assumption of that right by two or three individuals, backed by a conviction of their own self-sufficiency. The moment the affair became public, every Mason at once saw that he was being used as an advertising medium; and while many cared nothing for it, many others felt indignant, and insisted upon the right to keep Masonry apart from mere business enterprises, and they have given the clearest indications that they will not suffer the fraternity to be made the cover for individual gain, however honorable the persons engaged, or however praiseworthy the end sought to be attained. The mistake, then, of Bro. Holmes—a mistake which he frankly acknowledges—was in coupling the Masonic name with his enterprise because he proposes to give a proportion of the proceeds to the Hall and Asylum Fund. It has been made evident that the great majority of the craft protest against being MASONICALLY connected with this or any other business enterprise; and as we understand Bro. Holmes, he now proposes to establish a complete divorce, when his enterprise will rest upon its own merits, and every one will still remain free to patronize it or not, as may be agreeable and convenient. We congratulate him and the fraternity upon this resolution, and trust that the whole proceeding may be a warning in future to any or all who may be inclined to seek success through patronage, instead of relying upon their own energies and the means open to every one for the legitimate pursuit of wealth.

Answers to Correspondents.

PIPE SMOKE.—The reasoning to which you refer us might be considered excellent, if we were in the habit of deciding Masonic questions with the view to what the law ought to be instead of what it is; but as we only profess to give you the law as we find it, we see no reason why we should waste time and ink (which now costs eighty cents a quart) in analyzing the fallacies of every would-be jurist. There are undoubtedly a great many things in the Masonic hierarchy that might be changed, perhaps, for the better, perhaps otherwise, according, as they say down East, but, fortunately or unfortunately, as Pipe Smoke may find most convenient, there is no power in any man, or body of men, to change the general principles underlying the whole system; when, therefore, one decides what he thinks ought to be, instead of what really is, it has precisely the same effect as if he were to whistle against the north wind, and then declare it changed to the south. We have no power to enforce our opinions, and no one is obliged to coincide with us, if not agreeable. All of which is respectfully submitted.

MARION.—"The By-Laws of our Lodge provide that the hours of labor shall commence at 8 P. M. Has the Master any right to open the Lodge and proceed to business half an hour earlier on the ground of haste, or for any other reason?"

ANSWER.—As a matter of strict construction the Master has a right to open and close his Lodge at such times as may appear to him most judicious, because, from time immemorial, it has been his prerogative to set the craft at labor, give them good and wholesome instruction, and call them off again in due time; but since Lodges have been warranted, and the power has been conceded to them to make and enforce By-Laws, the Master is as much bound by them as the members; hence, although the Master might open half an hour before the appointed time, the business transacted would have no legal sanction, and the Lodge would not be bound by it. The better way is always to do right, and eschew the false economy of losing an hour to save five minutes.

EXHIBITION.—You can take a trunk full of diplomas with you, if you like—we believe there is no duty on them; but you will find no use for any not issuing directly from a Grand Body and bearing its seal. The Grand Lodge diploma will carry you through. In Paris, we believe, it is customary to allow visiters to wear whatever decorations they may be entitled to, though the members themselves seldom wear any thing but a simple scarf. We trust, however, that our American brethren will keep up the dignity of the country by wearing only such decorations as are admitted at home. You will find the arrangements for the banquet in our last issue.

C. A. A.—There is no such thing as a Masonic ball, because there is nothing in the arcana of Masonry looking to such an event; the term is, therefore, a misnomer. It is, however, generally understood to apply to social gatherings for the purpose of dancing, gotten up by or under the auspices of Masons, and we take occasion to say that we are unable to perceive any good reason why Masons with their families and friends should not dance as well as other people. We have danced at many such a gathering, and do not believe that we or the craft are any the worse for it. In testimony whereof, we publicly declare our intention to dance again, when among the brethren at one of their sociables, as often and as long as our gouty toes will permit. Now, then!

Various correspondents next week. We are under the weather, decidedly, and must stop here.

Grand Commandery of Alabama.

Through the kindness of our old and valued friend, Sir Edmund M. Hastings, Grand Recorder, we are in receipt of the published transactions of this Grand Commandery at the Annual Conclave held in the city of Montgomery, on the 30th November last, when the representatives of five of the seven Commanderies in the jurisdiction were present.

The Grand Commander, Sir Richard F. Knott, says, in his address: "Whatever changes may occur either in governments, in acts, in civilization, whether the impatient passions of the hour turn the strength of man from its true use, and instead of rearing up, throws all its powers to the work of destruction; whether the hand of death assails and some fall at their post, or sink without a struggle by the wayside; whether joy or sorrow, prosperity or adversity betide us, in every and all circumstances, the great principles of right and truth, integrity of purpose, chastity of honor, and unflagging benevolence remain unchangeable. These principles, we believe, are taught in our ceremonies, in our lectures, and our rituals, as a part, the great part of our business in this life.

"It is well for us to pause and ask, what have we done to extend the influence of these principles the past year? If we have done something, have we done all we should or could have done? Of what use or benefit can it be for us to inculcate the practice of virtue in our secret recesses, and fail to practice in the world what we propose to teach?

"As long as innocence requires to be defended, as long as destitution is permitted to afflict the helpless, it is your duty to defend that innocence and relieve that destitution.

"At no day in the history of the people of this country has innocence been so much exposed to violence, or helplessness so afflicted with destitution and want.

"*The widow is without bread, and the orphan dies at the breast that yields no milk. To day, if ever, our charity should be active.* It is not necessary to particularize. All around us are objects of charity. True, to relieve all is far beyond our means. But let us not be discouraged, we can do something; and it will be a lasting disgrace to our beloved Order if we do not use every exertion to alleviate the wretchedness and sufferings of our friends and brethren.

"This work will expand our souls, will give direction and actual, living, real existence to our Order, never before in modern times known to its members. Let us not allow the opportunity to pass without adding a stone to the monument which adds to the glory of Templar Masonry."

These are brave words and well spoken, and most cordially do we commend them to the brethren. Reflect, Sir Knights, that in our own country, beneath the protection of our own flag, destitute widows and helpless orphans are dying for food! that while we may not, perhaps, find it as easy to procure money for our own needs as in the past, still it cannot be said that we have known want. We know not the anguish of hearing the little ones cry for the bread we cannot give them, and we ought not to rest till it be certain that at least the women and children be provided for. Much that has already been done is due to Masonic inspiration. Let us gird up our loins and see to it that the good work be completed, and we shall receive the peerless blessing due to those who give a cup and a crust to the little ones.

The machinery of this Grand Commandery is now in full working order, which speaks well for the talent and industry of the fraters; for it was no small task to evoke order and regularity out of the chaos resulting from four long years of relentless warfare.

A report on Correspondence, in which the transactions of fifteen corresponding bodies are courteously reviewed, was presented by Sir A. J. Walker. He speaks approvingly of the devotional forms submitted at the last triennial session of the Grand Encampment, and we find them reprinted in full as an appendix to the proceedings. Of the Grand Encampment itself he says: "It is a great exemplar of Masonic virtues and sentiments, and Christian purity and brotherly love. It is worthy of the confidence and affection of Knights Templars throughout the world."

The following resolution was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That it is the sense of this Grand Commandery, that it is contrary to knightly usage for a Subordinate Commandery to require of its members, when balloting, the use of any ceremony other than simply depositing their ballots, and no Sir Knight has the right to require any other, and it is hereby directed that, if in use by any Subordinate Commandery, it be discontinued."

Resolutions were also adopted forbidding any but members of the jurisdiction to preside in its Subordinates, or confer the Orders, without written permission from the Grand Commander, adopting the drill of Sir Orrin Welch, and also adopting the uniform of the Grand Encampment.

Appropriate tributes were paid to the memories of the late Sir Knights, Hugh P. Watson and William B. Hubbard, and a memorial page inscribed to the former.

Alabama has seven Subordinates, and about 250 Sir Knights.

The Grand Commander and Grand Recorder were re-elected.

:o:

Chas. A. Fuller, Grand Secretary, will accept our thanks for kindly remembrance and a copy of the printed proceedings of the Grand Chapter of Tennessee for 1866. The most attractive feature is the report on correspondence, by Comp. Fuller, which is full, genial and in excellent taste. His remarks, which may apply with equal truth to every jurisdiction where the red hand of war was laid, are worth repeating:

"War, with all its attendant horrors, has swept over a large portion of our country as with a besom of destruction, destroying in its course much that was beautiful and holy. Amid the desecration of a rude soldiery our household gods were ruthlessly torn from their niches and trampled under foot or scattered to the four winds of heaven. While all classes of people thus suffered, the Masonic institution did not escape its share in the devastation. Many of our Lodges and Chapters were violently broken into—furniture, records, books and papers of inestimable value were involved in one common destruction—and in not a few instances the torch completed the sad tale of disaster and ruin, leaving smouldering embers to tell where once stood a temple dedicated to charity and benevolence. But notwithstanding all these disasters, we are happy to state that our companions have not despairingly sat themselves down amid the ashes of their ruined temples, but have industriously gathered up the fragments, and with commendable zeal and fidelity to the principles of the institution, have again erected their altars, and are now prosecuting their labors with renewed diligence and hope. And while we deeply sympathize with all who have suffered, we bid them be of good cheer, to gird on their armor and to go forward, resting assured of receiving an abundant reward for all their labors and sacrifices."

:o:

Masonic Relief Association.—On Saturday evening last a meeting of this Association was organized in the Court-House, Brooklyn, by calling D. T. Gray, M. D., to the chair. The required certificates of incorporation for benevolent and charitable purposes were regularly signed and forwarded to the Secretary of State and the County Clerk of Kings County. As soon as a certified copy is received from Albany, the association will proceed to elect permanent officers, and at once commence business. The object is to insure members of the fraternity, so that, in case of death, their wives, children or nearest relatives will be entitled to $1,000. It is expected that the Association will be permanently organized next week. The project of establishing a Masonic Orphan Asylum does not seem to progress very favorably. The subject was, at the last meeting, referred to the Boards of Relief of the Eastern and Western Districts.

* * *

[Correspondents will look here for notices of their communications.—R. McMurdy.]

Replies to Letters and Inquiries of Correspondents.

WASHINGTON.—The songs you write of are mere doggerel or drunken staves scribbled by men who do not comprehend our beautiful system of morality.

INQUIRER.—There was an English statute passed in 1425, which was the result of the rivalry of the operative Masons and the opposition of the Roman Catholic Church. This law prohibited the meeting of Masonic Lodges. It was inoperative, and was repealed in 1562. The Archbishop of Canterbury was Grand Master at the time of its enactment. Henry VI., the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Sarum, Henry VII., and Cardinal Wolsey were the successive Grand Masters from 1425 to 1509.

DENVER.—A master is as much bound by Landmarks and usages as members. The Master is responsible to the Grand Master and to the Grand Lodge, and thus to the whole body of the craft. After the trial is in progress, such a motion should not be entertained, and the Master should refuse to put any such motion. If he and the Lodge sustain such action, a new trial, with renewed charges, is necessary. But the Master has entire and absolute control of the entire business of the Lodge, even in regard to the order in which it shall be transacted, despite any by-laws; but he is responsible to the Grand Master and Grand Lodge for his action.

S.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·. means *Supreme Architect of the Universe*.

THE "LOST WORD."—Among those who sought for it, some during their whole lives, were Hermes, who gave significance to alchemy; Giaber, the most ancient Arabian alchemist; Al-Faroly, whose manuscripts were at Leyden's Library; Paracelcus; Roger Bacon, of England; Arnault de Villeneuve, Nicholas Flamel, of France; Albert the Great, of Germany; Saint Thomas d'Aquin, of Italy; and Raymond Tulle, of Spain. They attributed to King Solomon the authorship of the Arcanum of their *great work*.

* * *

Reminiscences and a Song.

A brother of Chemung County sends us some interesting reminiscences. He is seventy-four years old, was made a Mason 1816, in Ontario Masters' Lodge, No. 23, Canandaigua. The Tyler of the Lodge came over with the British forces in 1776–80, leaving their forces and joining ours. He was a member of Richmond Chapter, 1819. One of its Companions was a Mr. Garlinghouse (sheriff in 1827 and '28, and went to take Col. King, as mentioned in National Freemason, Vol. vii., No. 14). A young man came over from Scotland, and brought one of the impositions upon the public *(Jachin and Boaz)*, containing only three. Distinct Mark Lodges were instituted before Bro. U., the writer, became a Mason. The late John C. Spencer, of Albany, Secretary of War, etc., was a Freemason. His wife was a *Maid or Heroine of Jericho.* [Here follows some interesting matter, which we reserve for a biographical sketch of the Chief-Justice.] Bro. Spencer once had a Lodge in his own house. At the time of sacking Miller's office he was in New York city and returned one day after Morgan's abduction from jail, was on the jury list. That fall term he and a brother from Geneva were drawn on the examination trial as jurors, Cheesebro, Sawyer, Seymor, Howard and Schofield his companions, Judge Howell presiding. He never saw Morgan. Morgan's pretended revelations only covered the Blue Lodge. The seceders assembled at Leroy—tacked on the Chapter and Commandery. The song below was composed and used with a view to enliven the closing of the Arch Degree. It was understood by the newly made member. It was sung to the tune, "How tedious and tasteless the hour." The aged brother concludes: "The Great Architect bless your great paper, a true Masonic light."

The following, although not the most rigidly measured verse, will prove interesting to the Royal Arch readers of the National Freemason as a relic of the past, and for its allusions:

Worldly idols had led me astray,
I was sentenced afar to depart,
In darkness I long groped my way,
When Cyrus sent joy to my heart.

On reading the great Proclamation,
I hastened the call to obey,
In hope of my filling some station—
A craftsman not serving for pay.

The Guards they spoke stern and severe,
(What anguish then filled my heart!)
Again I expected to hear:
"Imposter! I bid thee depart."

My guide having told a true tale,
A token and password they gave;
And having so passed the Third Vail,
I failed their retention to save.

And then their behavior was rough,
Which brought my past life to my mind;
Yet when I was humbled enough,
They hastened to show themselves kind.

I was told I exalted should be
When my zeal had been more fully tried.
My working tools being but three,
On the rubbish my strength I applied.

Yet with care did I work to preserve,
Lest I damaged by zeal ever prone;
And I failed not to do and observe,
When soon I raised out a white stone.

On its face were eight letters engraved;
It's shape, neither oblong nor square;
But for soundness most perfectly saved,
And in whiteness of beauty most rare.

With joy to the Masters I went,
Whose counsel was: "Be of good heart."
They praised me as having well spent
My time among fragments of art.

Again to our work we repaired,
Remembering their caution foretold
(And, in faith, I had never despaired),
When I raised out an altar of gold.

Its beauty imparted some dread,
And I stood for a while in suspense.
My hand I then found to my head,
As the light from above was intense.

Again to the Masters I went,
Who praised me once more for my care;
And when they drew forth its contents,
Lo! the Grand Master's jewels were there.

And a pot with the type of true bread,
And a rod in full blossom and bud,
And a Law-book in which they did read
The name of the One only good.

With bosoms too full to contain,
Their hearts did in unison chord,
When each in his turn did proclaim:
"Here is holiness unto the Lord."

Let us toast the Grand Council of Three
With that which doth gladden man's heart,
And declare to the world that we'll be
Companions "till death do us part."

* * *

Calumny.

The article of our brother, in his own defense, we decline publishing, because our brother has not been attacked within our columns and because he needs advice more than defense.

Let thine enemy alone. We know him to be a man without moral principle. He will discover it unwarily himself and go to his own place. Be patient and see his end.

Again, if he be thine enemy, ask thyself if what he says be true. If so, let thine enemy instruct thee. Epictetus says:

"If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he hath truth on his side, and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ah," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Plato, being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said: "It is no matter; I shall live so that none will believe them." Hearing, at another time, that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, he said: "I am sure he would not do it, if he had not some reason for it."

Keep thy conscience void of offense; so shalt thou be prepared for the only relief against the pains of calumny.

* * *

"The Health of the Sick."

Among the toasts in foreign countries, "the poor and distressed brethren," "the widows and orphans," "our charities," &c., are not forgotten.

Alphonse Karr, the French poet, at a late banquet at which toasts were given to the health of every celebrity by everybody, was reminded that he had not proposed the health of any one. Modestly rising, the poet replied, "I propose the health of the sick."

* * *

The brother furnishing the National Freemason with a series of articles on aboriginal or Indian Freemasonry is pouring a flood of light on this subject. We trust he will continue it as a *specialty* to exhaustion, to the gratification of our tens of thousands of readers.

Life Insurance.

It will be observed by our readers that our sheet is free from indiscriminate recommendations of advertisements. Indeed, we intend our advertisers to take care of their own interests.

It must also be apparent that we take a lively interest in all that can affect the welfare of humanity.

It is thus we consented to act as President of the Mutual Relief Association, and have from time to time called attention to this subject.

Some years ago we showed in the columns of the NATIONAL FREEMASON that *Life Insurance* is of Masonic origin, that this mathematical and certain device to protect our families from the uncertainties of our artificial modern life is one the origination of which the fraternity may well be proud.

To insure one's life so as to place his family above want, is not only a duty, religiously, but, Masonically considered, the best means of protecting the young from want, temptation and consequent vice. This is too much considered the matter of mere incorporated interest. It is too little pressed upon our brethren by the clergy and by masters. Its neglect is often criminal, leaving an unnecessary burden upon the brethren and consequent mortification upon the family, in asking for charity. The mission of life insurance is moral and philanthropic and promotive of thrift in stimulating notions of economy. It is a beneficial work, running parallel with all good Lodge work.

Our brothers, who perhaps do right in enjoying to a certain degree the pleasures of life, and in expending a certain amount daily therein, err, however, in being reckless of the future. A slight curtailing of their perhaps unnecessary expenditures, say to the amount of 10 or 15 cents a day, would secure their families $2,000 or $3,000 as a competency. While insurance companies expect to make money, they make it honestly and on scientific principles. Brethren should then select some company, and insure their lives therein. There are many good companies.

The President, whose advertisement appears on page 221, himself called upon us and laid before us abundant evidence that the World Mutual Life Insurance Co. is founded on scientific principles, and is organized with such wisdom as to make it deservedly one of the most popular institutions of the age. $200,000 of the capital is paid up, and $100,000 deposited with the superintendent of the Insurance Department, as security for its policy-holders. The board of 36 directors, of wealth and standing in the community, are generally Freemasons. The non-participating rates of the Company are said to be lower than those of any company in the world.

MUTUAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION.—The only payment is six dollars, except upon the death of a member, when one dollar and ten cents will be due from each member.

Judging from the rate of loss in life insurance companies, the calls will be very light.

Edwin Forrest acted like a true Freemason in donating $500, to the relief of the South, through Bro. John T. Ford, of Baltimore, accompanied with the following letter:

> DEAR SIR.—I herein enclose to your card the sum of five hundred dollars, to be sent by the safest and most expeditious way, in aid of our suffering brethren in the South.
>
> God himself only knows the full extent of their present sufferings; it is enough for us to know they greatly need our assistance. Let us then, at once, do all we can to relieve their dire distress, not stop to question what is constitution, "for charity itself fulfills the law."
>
> EDWIN FORREST.

Our friend and brother, Green Clay Smith, Governor of Montana, sails for this territory, April 15th, in company with twenty families as colonists, and some of whom are craftsmen. They will find a number of Lodges in successful operation in Montana.

How the Stones of the Altar were Cut.

The *Talmud* narrates the beautiful fable of King Solomon's adventures with Ashmedai, whom he banished in order to tell him where the worm *shemir* could be found. This worm, which grows in the ashes of the Phœnix, cuts stone by mere touch. *Solomon was obliged to have this worm to cut stones for the altar* of the temple, to which purpose no iron instruments were to be used. Ashmedai alone knowing where to find it, after the use of much strategy, was brought before Solomon, and informed him where to find the *shemir*.

Small-Pox.

It was a noble daughter of the adoptive rite who gave a moiety of her life to an afflicted world, by traveling from court to court, pleading that vaccination should be permitted, and the world saved from the ravages of the small-pox. It was a Masonic court that first received her and that first broke through the prejudices of the age, and the opposition of the Roman Catholic Church, which taught that vaccination was sinful. The Austrian court had lost Isabella, Josepha, Johanna, emperors and empresses, and many branches of the noble house of Hapsburg by this cruel enemy, and it had left its brand upon Maria Theresa's face, before the truth of science prevailed.

It will be seen by the first advertisement in our columns that a partnership has been formed in Washington city between three worthy Masons, whose names are a guaranty all over the land for integrity, punctuality and ability. The first named is the Past Grand Master of Knights Templar of United States. The second is a Knight Templar, and was a member of Congress for three last terms, and the third is the eminent Commander of Columbia Commandery. We can only add, if we had a case requiring attention at Washington, we would commit it to just such brethren.

Brother William B. Smith, late Editor of the "Southern Field and Fireside and *Keystone*," is now located with A. S. Barnes & Co., of this city, publishers of school-books.

We are pleased that our brother is so eligibly located, and we feel assured that he will be of inestimable service to Barnes & Co.

E. G. Squier, an American brother, author and editor, has been appointed to act as a juror at the Paris Exposition. On his way to France he was arrested in England for liabilities in connection with his former inter-oceanic scheme, and was retained prisoner at Lancaster Castle.

St. Andrew's Church, Richmond, Staten Island, one of the oldest in the United States, chartered and built 1713, by Queen Anne, was burned on Friday morning. Our brother, Past Grand Chaplain of Pennsylvania, the Rev. Dr. Kingston Goddard, is the rector of this parish.

The good of our eminent brother Girard survives him. His Orphan Asylum now numbers five hundred pupils, supported at an expense, in 1866, of $116,000; of this amount $9,000 was for subsistence, $20,000 for clothing, bed-clothing and utensils.

The Jews in Servia still suffer profound misery, and are still denied equal civil and political rights, long promised. They appeal to the parties of the international compact.

Gen. Washington refused pay for his own services, only charging his expenses, holding that a soldier had a right to the best treatment, but no claim to pay, as he owed to his country the duty of fighting for its defense.

The *New York Herald* and *Tribune* published on April 2d French information we published March 27th. Beat for once.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK.

Heneoye Falls.—The ladies presented, through Rev. Brother Noble, a very beautiful Bible to Union Star Lodge.

Brother Noble said: These ladies have witnessed the results of the labors of the honorable craftsmen; they have seen your poor carefully provided for; they have witnessed the untiring devotion of the Craft to a distressed worthy brother. They know how carefully the widow and orphans of a deceased brother have been watched over, and when needy supplied with the necessaries of life. They have observed that brothers have taken their station at the bed-side of a sick craftsman, anticipated his wants, smoothed his pillows when dying, and performed the last sad offices to his remains when death has removed him from their circle. All this these ladies have learned, and they come to-night, with their presence, their smiles, their kindly greeting, to say to you, go on in this good work.

The W. M., Bro. D. Y. Smith, responded: All our tenets, traditions, and symbolisms are founded upon its teachings. All our rules of life, however negligently observed, we find here. It is our *great Light*, our polar star, our chart of life's rough sea. We accept it, then. *We place it upon our Sacred Altar.*

Herkimer.—Bro. John C. Graves, upon removing to Buffalo, has been highly complimented as a brother Mason, citizen, and neighbor, by Herkimer Lodge, of which he has been Master.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Massachusetts and Rhode Island Grand Encampment.—On the 2d of May, 1866, a petition for a charitable donation was presented by R∴ E∴ Sir W. Parkman in behalf of the Widow Graves, daughter of the late P∴ G∴ M∴, Sir Thos. Smith Webb.

During the last year there were knighted 397. The number of members is 2,226. The following are the officers for the current year:

Rev. Sir Charles H. Titus, G. M.; Sir William W. Baker, D. G. M.; Sir Henry Butler, G. G.; Sir Benjamin Dean, G. C. G.; Sir John W. Dadmun, G. P.; Sir Wm. B. Blanding, S. G. W.; Sir Wm. S. Shurtleff, J. G. W.; Sir William Parkman, G. T.; Sir Solon Thornton, G. R.; Sir Tracy P. Cheever, G. S. B.; Sir William Sutton, G. S. B.; Sir Horace Daniels, G. W.; Sir Henry P. Perkins, G. C. of the G.; Sir Eben F. Gay, G. S.

Extracts from address of Grand Master Titus, at constituting *Hugh de Payens Encampment*, Melrose, Mass.:

"It will be your care to maintain the purity, integrity and honor of those illustrious and magnanimous orders of Christian knighthood; in your work, to hold fast the form of sound words, and conserve the original integrity of our sublime ritual. You are not to perpetuate grammatical errors or rhetorical blunders, which may have arisen from the ignorance or carelessness of some former lecturer or worker of these orders, but you are enjoined, as a sacred trust, to preserve the simplicity, the fullness, and the impressiveness of our ancient ritual. * * *

"While the ceremonies and lessons of our Order teach us to look to our glorified Emanuel as the hope and refuge of men, they also inculcate a nobility of manhood, an honorable and upright life, securing to us that strong consolation and peace of mind the world can neither give nor take away. For this reason we love and cultivate these orders. We find that their manifest tendency is to instruct, enlighten, elevate and ennoble our manhood. We find the elements of true manliness, a nobility of character, in the patience and perseverance, the courage and constancy, the faith and humility here inculcated. The lesson of *truth*, the foundation of every virtue, is here impressively taught us. It may be stated, as the universal conviction of the members of our Order, that should we fully comply with the wise precepts here presented, we should develop the highest style of the true man. No manhood can be perfected that ignores the religious element; but this is judiciously combined with the moral lessons enforced in the instructions of Templar Masonry. What was faintly shadowed forth in the three symbolic degrees we find here fully and satisfactorily developed. The New Testament is now combined with the Old, and the lessons of both conspire to perfect our manhood.

"Hence the care you have felt it necessary to exercise in selecting candidates for those religious orders. As no atheist can be admitted to the first step in Masonry, so only those who have faith in Jesus of Nazareth as the promised Messiah and the revealed Emanuel can properly be admitted to the Asylum of your Encampment."

From the annual address we extract the following:

"But we would conserve in this Grand Encampment the true and the beautiful in our work and ritual, which have been made venerable by age, and sacred to us by the usage of the fathers. They, indeed, have passed away, but their works follow them. * * *

"In closing, I would remind you that, while we are careful to guard the outward forms and ceremonies of our Order, we should maintain, in all their brightness and purity, those divine principles upon which our institution is founded. The soul of kindness, the spirit of love, are the grand characteristics of this Order."

Bro. Creigh, of Pennsylvania, claims that to Pennsylvania alone are we indebted for the *first* Grand Encampment of the U. S., which was formed *May* 12, 1797, of Nos. 1 and 2 of Philadelphia, No. 3 of Harrisburg, and No. 4 of Carlisle. Dec. 27, 1812, a second Grand Encampment was formed, existing until June 10, 1824. St. John's, No. 4, after the Grand Encampment ceased, acknowledged the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania as her superior, and continued to do so until 1857. A Grand Encampment was formed May, 1852, under authority of Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania; but the Grand Lodge, in 1857, resolved that they had no authority over the degrees of knighthood, and a union was effected with the Grand Encampment of United States. Bro. C. insists that Thomas Smith Webb received the orders at Philadelphia; that Webb, Fowle and Snow interpolated the ancient ritual, and manufactured the order of Knight of the Red Cross; and that the Webb work is a heresy, requiring the degree of Mark Master as a prerequisite for all Knights Templar.

"One principal reason why Pennsylvania refused to acknowledge the work of Webb and his associates was that they had, in the Mark degree, connected two events which transpired at a distance of 1,025 years from each other—one happening in the time of King Solomon, at the erection of the Temple, and the other during the mission of our Saviour while on earth—the one under the Jewish, the other under the Christian dispensation. But another inseparable objection was the degree of Knights of the Red Cross, formed, fashioned, manufactured for New England and its dependencies."

Webb also introduced Pagan and Jewish ceremonies in the Christian orders of knighthood, as he did into the Royal Arch, having "the divine call of Moses, the erection of the Tabernacle in the wilderness, the sack of Jerusalem, the carrying away of the captives into Babylonish captivity, the proclamation of freedom, the journey back, the various incidents of the reconstruction of the Temple, occupying 1,025 years, being a perfect and complete medley, calculated to mystify the Masonic student in his inquiries after truth."

The Knight of Red Cross is not insisted upon as a pass to the Templar order in Scotland and Ireland.

"In Canada, by permission of the Grand Conclave of England and Wales, they impart as much information as will secure the admittance of their members into the Encampments in the United States. They regard the Red Cross as only a continuation of the Royal Arch degree, commemorating the dangers encountered by the Jews in building the second Temple, and, consequently, is of Jewish and Pagan order, and has no connection whatever with the Christian orders of knighthood, as based upon the birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension of our Saviour."

The degree of the Red Cross was macufactured by Webb and his associates.

Col. Moore, of Canada, says:

"I have carefully examined the rituals of the Red Cross used in the United States, as also that of the Knights of the Sword, East, East and West, as given in the Templar Encampments of Ireland, and in the Royal and Chapter of Scotland, being the same degree as that of the 15th of the Ancient and Scottish Rite and 6th of the French. But," he adds, "the third point of the Knight of the Sword must not be confounded with the 17th of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, bearing the same name, and consider that the ritual used in Ireland and Scotland (the one best adapted for us), *it being the original from which that of the Red Cross of the United States is taken.* In the Red Cross of the United States there are inconsistencies and inaccuracies, and has been much altered from the original."

The Maltese Ritual *originated* in Boston Encampment, Boston, and *arbitrarily*. The Ritual of the Grand Encampment United States is *not the old Templar work of England.* The old Ritual, that of 1797; that of Baldwin Encampment at Bristol; of Antiquity Encampment at Bath; of Observance Encampment, London, in which the Dukes of Kent and Essex were knighted; the Ritual used by the Duke of Kent, June 24, 1791; by the Duke of Sussex, August 6, 1812; by the present Grand Commander since May 10, 1862—let this ritual be restored, discarding the Knight of the Red Cross, and conferring—1st, Knights Templar; 2d, Knights of St. Paul, or Mediterranean Pass; and, 3d, Knights of Malta; and upon E. Commanders the degree of Past Commanders.

[The reply of Massachusetts next week.]

Grand Lodge.—A Letter.—"Considerable discontent here by reason of the Grand Lodge, at its last meeting, laying an annual tax of one dollar on affiliated Masons, and twenty-five cents a visit on non-affiliates, said tax to continue thirteen years, to pay for the new Temple. The Lodges meeting in the Temple must pay higher rents also, and the Lodge dues will be increased. Ought not the expense of dinners, wines, &c., for all connected with the Grand Lodge to be paid by themselves? What shall we do?"

Answer.—Sustain your Grand Lodge and its officers so far as you can in any conscience. If there be any wrong or error, persist in its correction in a *Masonic* way. While unlawful resistance to Masonic authority should never be countenanced, and Masonic schism should be nipped in the bud, there should be a courteous and dignified ventilation of all public Masonic acts and measures. While Freemasonry encourages respect for authority and law, she also permits the freest fraternal discussion of objectionable measures.

TENNESSEE.

Grand Chapter.—At its late meeting the committee to present a claim against the U. S. Government for destroying the property of the Grand Chapter, was allowed further time to report. The Grand Chapter took measures to prevent adjoining Grand Chapters from receiving petitions from residents of Tennessee, without its consent.

The following are the officers elected: Jonathan S. Dawson, G. H. P.; T. A. Thomas, D. G. H. P.; John F. Slover, G. K.; John S. Dickason, G. S.; Williamson H. Horn, G. T.; Charles A. Fuller, G. S.; and Rev. W. J. Mahan, G. C.; R. F. Evans, G. C. of H.; John B. Morris, G. R. A. C.

Bro. Fuller, in his report on correspondence, says:

It is a matter of gratification, however, to know that during the continuance of the late horrible strife, Masonry sustained its character as an institution of mercy, of "peace and good-will," even in the midst of contending armies, and in spite of difficulties and dangers, pouring oil upon gaping wounds and relieving those in sore distress. Many well attested facts of the benefits bestowed upon suffering brethren, regardless whether they were friends or foemen, have come to the ears of your committee, and would form an interesting chapter in the history of our institution. * * *

Many of our Lodges and Chapters were violently broken into, furniture, records, books and papers of inestimable value were involved in one common destruction, and in not a few instances the torch completed the sad tale of disaster and ruin, leaving smouldering embers to tell where once stood a temple dedicated to charity and benevolence. But notwithstanding all these disasters, we are happy to state that our companions have not despairingly sat themselves down amid the ashes of their ruined temples, but have industriously gathered up the fragments, and with commendable zeal and fidelity to the principles of their favorite institution, have again erected their altars, and are now prosecuting their labors with renewed diligence and hope.

Companion McClelland was elected as Grand President of the G.·. C.·. O.·. of H.·. P.·.

VIRGINIA.

Richmond.—A man has been arrested at Richmond, Va., on suspicion of being concerned in the mysterious disappearance of Sir Knight James Welsh, of Washington.

MARYLAND.

Grand Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia.—At the Special Convocation of this Grand Chapter held in Baltimore the 26th and 27th ultimo, the action of the Grand High Priest in suspending the charters of Columbia, Washington, and Mount Vernon Chapters of Washington, D. C., and the elective officers of those Chapters, was sustained. The session on Tuesday night the 26th, when this vote was taken, was not as harmonious as could be desired; there was much heated discussion and some bad feeling manifested on the part of a few of the companions, and at one time the harmony of the Order seemed greatly imperiled. On the next night, however, the companions came together like true brethren, and to their own credit and the benign and fraternal influences of our noble Order be it said, laid aside all differences and prejudice and united harmoniously in the settlement of the vexed question which had so long distracted and divided them.

The suspended officers of those Chapters were reinstated and their charters restored by a unanimous vote, whereupon Companion E. L. Stevens, P. H. P. of Mount Vernon Chapter, offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were seconded by M. E. P. G. H. P. McGilton, and adopted almost unanimously, only one companion voting in the negative.

Whereas, The time has now arrived when the interests of Capitular Masonry require a division of this Grand Chapter, and that the district of Columbia should constitute a separate jurisdiction, therefore—*Resolved*, That this Grand Chapter gives its full and cordial consent to a separation of the jurisdiction and to the establishment of a Grand Chapter for the district of Columbia; and when said Grand Chapter is legally formed or constituted, the separation shall be complete, and the jurisdiction of this Grand Chapter over the District of Columbia shall cease.

On motion of Companion McGilton, a committee of six, three from Maryland and three from the District, was appointed to make an amicable division of the funds, property, and jewels, and the Grand Chapter then closed in peace, and with kind and fraternal feeling among all.

ALPHA.

After reading a proof of the foregoing a letter was received from *Hiram*, from which we extract so much as is not found in *Alpha*.

Hiram says: That he does not deny the *right* of the G.·. H.·. P.·. to suspend the Chapters, but he does deny that he acted justly; that the vote to sustain him in suspending companions without due trial, and an opportunity to defend themselves, was passed by nine to seven; that during this discussion, which involved the guilt or innocence of the accused, the companions were not permitted to appear and defend themselves, but were compelled to remain in the ante-room until they were adjudged guilty of unmasonic conduct.

This would not have taken place if the Chapter had been full, and will be reversed at its next meeting, as several companions who were not present declared, when they heard what had been done, that the action was wrong. After the companions had been tried and convicted, without the privilege of being heard in their defense, a resolution was adopted reinstating them. The companions were then admitted, and a resolution was adopted, with only three dissenting votes, two of which were cast by Potomac Chapter of Georgetown, dividing the jurisdiction, and sanctioning the formation of a G.·. C.·. in the District of Columbia. A committee was then appointed, consisting of three from Baltimore and three from Washington, to make a division of the property between the two Grand Chapters. The G.·. C.·. was then closed. The companions from the District returned home the next day, and on the evening of the 28th Washington Chapter held a meeting, and appointed companions Middleton, Longley, Boyden, Holmead, Sears, W. J. Campbell, Garrison, T. B. Campbell, and Thompson, delegates to the convention fo form a Grand Chapter for the District. Mt. Vernon Chapter, on the following night, selected companions Hancock, Whallon, Searle, Daniels, Larner, Griffin, McGrotty, Keasby, and Bates; and on the next night Columbia Chapter selected companions L. G. Stevens, Lockie, Boswell, Whiting, Noyes, Russell, Essex, Brown, and C. Smith. These delegates will meet on the 3d of April, to commence the work of organizing *the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia.* Looking at the action of the G.·. C.·. in relation to this affair, in its true light, we venture the assertion that similar action cannot be found in the history of Masonry, and when their proceedings come to be commented on by the fraternity throughout the country the companions who took part in the same will wish they had—like one or two others who did not face the question—been absent.

During the discussions in the Grand Chapter of Maryland and D. C., at its late convocation, on the action of the Washington Chapters in attempting to form a G. C. of their own, one or two companions of Maryland took advantage of the opportunity to censure Companion A. G. Mackey for advising the companions of Washington as to what course they ought to pursue to accomplish the desired object. Companion Mackey gave us no advice until we asked it of him. We, having sought his advice, and believing the course he advised to be the correct one, pursued it.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Bro. Lenoir, neither a native nor naturalized Frenchman, was elected Master of the Lodge *L'Union Parfaite de la Perseverance.* Six of the brethren protested that Bro. Lenoir was a foreigner, and could not preside over a French body.

The last Constituent Assembly abolished, as entirely contrary to the spirit of Freemasonry, the regulation obliging a Master to be a Frenchman, either by birth or naturalization.

The following are the subjects of essays and discussions in some French Lodges: "The Abolition of the Death Penalty;" "What has Freemasonry been?" "What is it?" "What ought it to be?" "The Statue of Voltaire;" "Duty of Men to the Brute Creation;" "The Utility and the Inutility of High Degrees;" "The Education of Women in the Past, the Present, and Future;" "The best means of Recommending Masonry to all Classes of Society;" "The Masonic Festivals—Origin and Character."

The Exposition.—To brethren visiting Paris it may be worth remembering that there are forty-six Lodges meeting at 16 Rue Cadet, and twenty-five bodies of the Supreme Council meeting at 35 Rue de Grenelle, St. Honore.

GERMANY.

Hanover.—The Freemasons are much exercised about the question whether King George can continue to preside as Grand Master, he ceasing, as a result of the late war, to be King of Hanover; also, whether the Grand Masters (adjoints) appointed by him can continue to exercise their functions.

ENGLAND.

There are 1141 Lodges under the jurisdiction of England, 465 under that of Scotland, and 300 under that of Ireland.

ITALY.

Venice.—There is a Lodge at this place styled *Abraham Lincoln* Lodge.

Gen. Garibaldi, as the G.·. M.·. G.·. C.·. of the Ancient and Accepted Rite of Italy, sitting at Palermo, sends forth his decree, urging energy in its propagation. It looks forward to the time when the rite shall commence its labors at the capital.

The ceremony of adoption of a boy into the fraternity has been tortured into a baptism by Roman Catholic papers. He did say to the boy: "May thou become an apostle of truth. Love thy neighbor; assist the unfortunate; be strong to combat the tyrants of the conscience and of the body; be worthy of the brave Chiassi, whose name I give to thee."

TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *March* 1, 1867.

REV. DR MCMURDY—Dear Sir and Bro.—I receive the NATIONAL FREEMASON with weekly punctuality, and, after enjoying its varied contents, pass it on to Bro. Charles Green, Master of one of our Lodges, and on whose premises is now the Masonic Temple where the several Lodges here are held. Please send another copy to Dr. Schinas, Constantinople, of the Greek Lodge, the "Eriti." He desires it for his Lodge. Indeed, if you will send to Dr. C. Green, Constantinople, five copies, I will see that the subscription and postages thereon be punctually refunded to you. It is certainly a most valuable, entertaining, and instructive periodical, and should be sustained.

I will soon send you some statistics of the various Lodges now in existence here. The P. G. M., Sir Henry Bulwer, we learn, has resigned; and the D. P. G. M., Bro. Hyde Clarke, having also left Turkey and returned to England, will have to resign his position.

* * * * * *

I wish them to produce some of the *visible* benefits of the Ancient Order, in the form of a school for orphans, and an hospital for the friendless. We can, I think, effect this, and so recommend it to our Mussulman brethren, among whom there is still a prejudice, founded, of course, upon ignorance, against the Order. There is a request among some of these who have joined other Lodges to found one strictly for Mussulmans. Among some of the highest functionaries of the Sublime Porte there are brethren, mostly of the Grand Orient of France.

I hope that the Ottoman Government will soon see the necessity of producing effectual and remedial reforms in the administration of the country. The affair of Candia certainly must be evidence of the feelings of the world generally of such a necessity. It is not only the Cretans who are suffering from a vicious system. The same taxes against which they revolted are paid by *all* of the Sultan's subjects elsewhere (Mussulman and Christian). But foreign influences fanned the flame among the Cretans into a revolt, and this still continues. What will be the result cannot yet be foreseen. England and France seem to be united to procure "salutary" privileges for the Christians of Turkey, but yet to maintain the sovereign rights of the Sultan, and the integrity of the empire. Turkey is, just now, in a most impoverished condition, without money or credit, and laden with a foreign debt, contracted in the shape of loans, and this calls for all of its means to pay. The position of the Cretan insurrection is perfectly incomprehensible to me, and to others so near to it as we are. A large Turkish and Egyptian military force is in it, and a large naval force blockades it, still the Greeks hold out against the former, and a Greek steamer constantly runs in its ports, and throws in volunteers, provisions, arms, &c. As I believe the rising there to be the result of Greek and Russian intrigues—by the one to gain Candia for itself, and the other to bring about, by degrees, the rupture of the Ottoman Empire—I hope that the Sultan's government will see in it the necessity of an honest and sincere reform in the whole system, so that the Christians would be as happy and prosperous under the Sultan as they would united with Greece or under Russian influence. It is supposed here that France desires Candia to be joined to Egypt, so that when the latter falls into her hands it will also become a French possession. This, of course, is not palatable either to the Sultan or to England, Russia, or the other great powers of Europe. England, I do not doubt, would like to have Candia for herself, so as to checkmate France in Egypt, but this is not so easily to be effected either. In fact, Candia in the Archipelago is like Cuba in the West Indies, and is an object of desire to many powers. It is natural to feel a warm interest in the welfare of all of the Christians of the East, especially for the Greeks; and I am glad to see that a subscription is on foot in your city and Boston for the relief of the Cretan families. The Mussulmans are doing the same here and elsewhere for the Mussulmans' families, which must be quite as bad off as the Christians in Candia. A civil war is always productive of greater evils than a war against a foreign power or an invader, and this fine island is, just now, reduced to misery.

We are told that the Sultan is proposing very great reforms, in which his Christian subjects are to be placed on a perfect footing of equality with the Mussulman. I hope that both will be raised in condition, and be able to live in harmony with each other, and improve their intellectual qualifications for a better state of things hereafter. J. P. B.

BOOK NOTICES.

BOOK OF THE COMMANDERY: A Monitor for the Orders of Masonic Knighthood, containing the Burial Service of Masonic Knighthood; an improved system of tact and drill; the ceremonies of installation for Grand and Subordinate Commanderies; a list of the Orders of Knighthood throughout the world, and the forms of complaint and appeal. By JOHN W. SIMONS, Past Grand Master of Templars, of New York. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Co., 432 Broome street. 1867.

This pocket manual, of 160 pp., is about as perfect as a work can be. The price of it is not more than some editions of the Burial Service alone, and its form is most convenient. *No Templar* can afford to be without a copy.

MANUAL OF THE ANCIENT SCOTTISH RITE: Arranged to correspond with the Ritual of the Supreme Council of the 33d Degree for the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States, together with the Revised Constitutions of the Order. By WM. M. CUNNINGHAM, A. M., S.·. P.·. R.·. S.·. Second edition, revised. Philadelphia: Moss & Co, 430 Market street.

The typographical execution of this work is equal to any issue of the press. The plates are well executed. This manual is invaluable to all patrons, scholars and students of Ineffable Masonry, and especially those of Northern jurisdiction, for whom it is especially intended. We give it a hearty commendation for matter, style and convenience. In the next edition, if we are correct, we would suggest some alterations, especially in chronology, which are found almost in all works on this subject. The 26th Degree, or the Knights of the Brazen Serpent, is founded upon the facts recorded in the 21st chapter of Numbers. The Wardens are said to represent A.·. and J.·. (Aaron and Joshua). Was not Aaron superseded by Eleazer previous to the occurrence of the events alluded to in the ritual, and upon which the degree is founded? (See Numbers, chapter 20, verses 24–30, and chapter 21, verses 6–9.)

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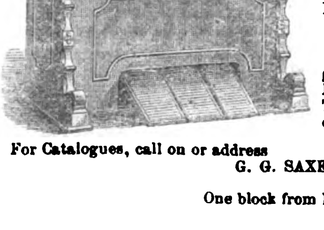

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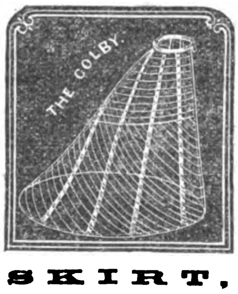

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GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1.10, best, $1.25 ℔ lb.

MIXED BLACK AND GREEN, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1.10, best, $1.25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (Black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best, $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1.10, best, $1.25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c. 90c., $1, $1.10, best, $1.20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (Green), $1.25, best, $1.50.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best, 40c. per pound. Hotels, saloons, boarding-house keepers, and families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our *French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee*, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per lb., and warrant it to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

COUNTRY CLUBS, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs, can have each party's name marked on their package as directed, by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Our friends are getting up Clubs in most towns throughout the country, and for which we feel very grateful. Some of our Clubs send orders weekly, some not so often; while others keep a standing order to be supplied with a given quantity each week, or at stated periods. And in all cases (where a sufficient time has elapsed) Clubs have repeated their orders.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

We return thanks to parties who have taken an interest in getting up Clubs; and when any of them come to New York we shall be pleased to have them call upon us and make themselves known.

Hereafter, we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

COFFEE DEPARTMENT.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest, perhaps, in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four and five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee-buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffee imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity. A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee-buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured, and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened.

We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the finest lots.

This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

From "The Methodist," N. Y. City.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—In noticing the operations of this large and enterprising establishment, it may be proper for us to offer a remark in explanation of the reasons which induce us to call the attention of the community to a concern which has reached such eminence in public favor. It is our undeviating rule to exercise a scrupulous judgment in relation to business enterprises, never recommending any except such as we believe have been proved worthy and reliable, and whose system of business, uprightness of dealing with their customers, and ample capital to fulfill their engagements, are fully established. Upon these principles, we call attention to the advertisement of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, published in our advertising columns. The Company have several very large stores, located in different parts of the city, stocked with the best and most serviceable goods, which they are content to sell at merely living profits, as they have proved by their prices for the past five or six years. They have but one price, which is no small consideration to those who are dependent to any considerable degree upon servants or children to make purchases, or to those who wish to order from the country. By these rules alone, the Company propose, in the future, to conduct their vast and rapidly augmenting Trade. Believing that the ability and disposition of the Company are ample to perform all they promise, warrants us in calling special attention to them in our columns. It is a trite saying that "The honest strivings of honest men are sure to be commended, their business efforts encouraged, and, ultimately, adequately compensated."

CLUB ORDERS.

The most convenient Club form is shown below.

North Danville, Caledonia Co., Vt., Jan. 9th, 1867.

To the Great American Tea Company:

GENTLEMEN: The Tea you sent on the 14th of December arrived in good condition. It gives better satisfaction than the Tea that they are paying two dollars a pound for. I send you the present order of $43.15, to be paid on delivery. Send the Tea to St. Johnsbury by express, and a bill of it to North Danville for collection.

Yours truly,

MRS. J. H. SANBORN, Agent.

4 lb.	Imperial Green Tea	H. A. Kelsey	at	$1 25	$5 00
2	Young Hyson (Green)	Charles Varney	at	50	1 00
5	Fh Breakfast Coffee	“	at	30	1 50
2	Young Hyson (Green)	F. W. Green	at	50	1 00
1	“ “	D. P. Chase	at	50	50
1	“ “	J. W. Bickford	at	50	50
1	Imperial	“	at	50	50
1	Young Hyson (Green)	M. A. Stevens	at	50	50
1	“ Best	A. A. Finley	at	1 25	1 25
2	Imperial Green	J. A. Webster	at	1 25	2 50
1	Young Hyson	P. C. Sanborn	at	50	50
2	Fh Breakfast Coffee	A. W. Hawkins	at	30	60
1	Imperial Green	J. W. Bickford	at	1 25	1 25
1	“	M. Stevens	at	50	50
1	“	S. W. Sprague	at	1 25	1 25
2	“	G. E. Sias	at	1 25	2 50
1	“	S. N. Hubbell	at	1 25	1 25
2	Young Hyson	H. Weeks	at	1 25	2 50
2	“	M. Bray	at	1 25	2 50
2	Imperial Green	“	at	1 25	2 50
2	“	John Williams	at	1 25	2 50
2	Young Hyson	“	at	1 25	2 50
1	“	J. P. Hill	at	1 25	1 25
1	Imperial Green	“	at	1 25	1 25
1	Fh Breakfast Coffee	Mrs. J. H. Sanborn	at	30	30
2	Imperial Green	Mrs. J. H. Sanborn	at	1 25	2 50
1	“	F. Blanchard	at	1 25	1 25
1	Young Hyson (Green)	“	at	1 25	1 25
1	Imperial	G. H. Bickford	at	1 25	1 25
1	Gunpowder, Best	“	at	1 50	1 50
	Total				$43 15

BEWARE

of all concerns that advertise as "*Branches*" of the Great American Tea Company, or copy our name, wholly or in part, as they are *bogus*, or *only imitations*. We have no *branches*, and do not authorize the use of our name. We have no connection with any other house.

P. S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, they can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third, by sending directly to the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

POST-OFFICE BOX NO. 5,643 NEW YORK CITY.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that our Vesey St. store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St.—LARGE DOUBLE STORE.

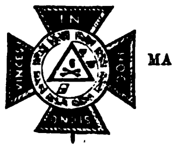
Parties looking for our Store will please bear in mind that ours is a LARGE DOUBLE STORE, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St. This is a very important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey St.

MME. IMOGENE WALTON,

IMPORTER OF
FRENCH BONNET FLOWERS and FEATHERS,
689 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

B. T. HAYWARD,

208 BROADWAY, N. Y.,



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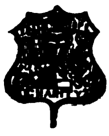
Manufacturer of
MASONIC, ODD FELLOWS, TEMPERANCE, COLLEGE and SOCIETY EMBLEMS, PINS and CHARMS of every kind.

Also ▭, Δ, † JEWELS, SEALS, &c.
Together with a complete assortment of
WATCHES, CHAINS, JEWELRY, &c., &c.



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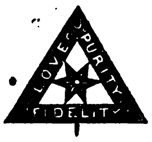

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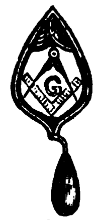

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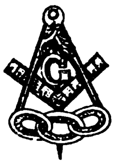

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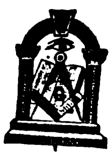
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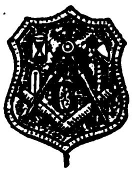
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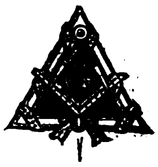
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To any party desirous of purchasing a stock of goods, I will send an assorted package of samples for selection, with the privilege of returning all that may not be wanted, and get their money or any other goods. Specify the amount you would like to have sent.

☞ Enclose $5 with the order, and pay the balance to the express. ☜ I will send as a sample either No. 3, 6, or 29 on the receipt of $4; or No 4, 5, 7, 10 or 15 on the receipt of $2, together with my wholesale Illustrated circular.

I desire a Local Agent in every town and city, to whom especial inducements will be offered.

KALDENBERG & SON, the Exhibitors to the Paris Exposition, 1867, of fine *MEERSCHAUM PIPES, &c.*, which they make to order of any design, Monograms, Masonic and other Emblems, in the finest manner. Our Meerschaum is the finest Spegel, such as has never been here before. Send for circulars. Repairing, boiling, &c., &c.

4 and 6 JOHN STREET, next to Broadway.

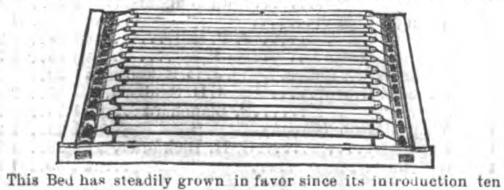
WANTED.—A Brother, member of Crescent Lodge, New York City, wants a situation as Assistant Bookkeeper, or Clerk in an Insurance Office, or in a Wholesale Store. References given. Apply to the office of the National Freemason.

MASONIC FURNISHING STORE.

Sashes, Aprons, Collars, Jewels, Banners, Swords, Belts, Chapeaux, Caps, Gauntlettes, Charts. Also, Masonic Books, Diplomas, Working Tools, and all the variety of Clothing for Commanderies, Councils, Chapters, and Lodges, constantly on hand or made to order.

POLLARD & LEIGHTON,
No. 6 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

TUCKER'S PATENT SPRING BED.



This Bed has steadily grown in favor since its introduction ten years ago, and to-day it stands unrivaled, combining the requirements of COMFORT, CLEANLINESS, PORTABILITY and CHEAPNESS. It may justly be regarded as a household necessity; costing less than a Husk or Straw under bed, it possesses all the qualities of the most luxurious and expensive Spring Bed, and in durability is unequaled.

For sale by the principal Furniture Dealers throughout the country. The trade supplied on application to the

TUCKER MANUFACTURING CO.,
128 William Street, New York,
115, 117 and 119 Court Street, Boston.

SOUVENIRS OF THE WAR.

JUST PUBLISHED,

GENERALS OF THE SOUTH AND THE NORTH—FALLEN BRAVE.

Just issued, four elegant group plates, with the above titles, engraved on steel in the most attractive style and at great expense. Each plate contains nine portraits, viz.:

GENERALS OF THE SOUTH.	GENERALS OF THE NORTH.
Gen. R. E. Lee,	Gen. U. S. Grant,
" Joseph E. Johnston,	" W. T. Sherman,
" G. T. Beauregard,	" George H. Thomas,
" James Longstreet,	" Phil. Sheridan,
" Braxton Bragg,	" H. W. Halleck,
" Wade Hampton,	" George G. Meade,
" John C. Breckenridge,	" Joseph Hooker,
" Sterling Price,	" Wm. S. Rosecrans,
" R. S. Ewell.	" Geo. B. McClellan,
FALLEN BRAVE.	FALLEN BRAVE.
Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson,	Gen. John Sedgwick,
" A. S. Johnston,	" J. S. Wadsworth,
" Leonidas Polk,	" O. M. Mitchell,
" J. E. B. Stuart,	" Nat. Lyon,
" Jno. H Morgan,	" Phil. Kearney,
" A. P. Hill,	" E. D. Baker,
" Wm. Barksdale,	" E. V. Sumner,
" F. K. Zollicoffer,	" J. B. McPherson,
" Ben. McCullough.	" J. J. Reynolds.

These pictures are engraved from the latest and best photographs, all which were furnished to the artist by the Generals themselves or their relatives, and are undoubtedly the best extant. The portraits are encircled in rich borders, which, for originality and elegance of design, could scarcely be surpassed.

These beautiful engravings are printed upon the best plate paper, 19 x 24, and are suitable for the parlor, library or office.

As mementoes of the great war they are invaluable, and as such will find a place in every home.

Price, $2.00 per copy.

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION, and thoroughly competent canvassers are wanted everywhere throughout the country, to whom liberal commissions will be given.

Address J. A. O'NEILL, Publisher,
25 Chambers Street, New York.

MITCHELL, VANCE & CO.,

Manufacturers of CHANDELIERS, MEDIÆVAL and ARCHITECTURAL CHURCH FIXTURES, MASONIC and other EMBLEMS, and every description of GAS FIXTURES; also manufacturers of GILT and BRONZE CLOCKS.

☞ *SALESROOMS*, **620** *BROADWAY, NEW YORK.* ☜

AMERICAN MASONIC AGENCY.

All kinds of ***REGALIA, JEWELS, JEWELRY***, etc., on hand and manufactured to order for Lodges, Chapters, Commanderies, etc.

D. B. HOWELL, 424 Broadway, N. Y.

N. B.—Swords made to order, and hung with Price's Patent Sword Hangings.

HORSTMAN BROS. & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS of Masonic, Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, American Mechanics, Red Men's and other Regalia.

A full assortment of properties for Societies, Lodges, Councils, Chapters, and Commanderies of Knights Templar.

MILITARY GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, FLAGS AND BANNERS.

CHURCH EMBROIDERIES, BOUILLON, SPANGLES, and material for Vestments, &c. THEATRICAL JEWELRY, DECORATIONS, ARMOR, TRIMMINGS, &c.
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ALUM AND DRY PLASTER

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ARE NOW CONCEDED THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

PRINCIPAL WAREHOUSES,
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TAILOR,

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Opposite New York Hotel.

VIRGIL PRICE MANUFACTURING CO.,

Manufacturers of all kinds of

MASONIC MATERIALS

SWORDS, BANNERS, WORKING TOOLS, JEWELS, &c.,
No. 144 ***GREENE STREET, NEW YORK.***

Particular attention paid to Knights Templars' Costumes, also to Fine Presentation, Military and Masonic Swords.

MASON & HAMLIN,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CABINET ORGANS,

ALSO

PORTABLE ORGANS,

ADAPTED TO SECULAR AND SACRED MUSIC; FOR LODGES, DRAWING-ROOMS, CHURCHES, SUNDAY and DAY-SCHOOLS, &c.

They occupy little space; are elegant as furniture; not liable to get out of order, and are securely boxed, so that they can be sent anywhere by ordinary freight routes, all ready for use.

☞ FORTY STYLES, PLAIN OR ELEGANT CASES; ONE TO TWELVE STOPS. PRICES: $75, $90, $110, $125, $130, $140, $150, $160, $170, $200, $225, $250, $300, $435, $500, $550, $600, AND UPWARDS.

From the most eminent of the musical profession, the most distinguished pianists, organists, composers, and musical directors, the MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS have received an amount and degree of commendation never before bestowed upon any similar musical instrument. More than two hundred and fifty of the most eminent musicians in the country have given written testimonials to the value of the improvements contained in them, and that they excel all other instruments of this class.

FIFTY-SIX GOLD OR SILVER MEDALS, or other highest Premiums, have been awarded to MASON & HAMLIN for the important improvements effected by them, and for the

SUPERIORITY OF THEIR INSTRUMENTS TO ALL OTHERS.

Constantly exhibiting their instruments in competition with others, they have been awarded the highest premium in every instance, but three or four.

The MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS must not be confounded with other reed instruments, from which *they vary essentially*, their superiority being largely derived from PATENTED IMPROVEMENTS, *which cannot be employed by other makers.*

Circulars, with full particulars, and list with illustrations of styles and prices, sent free to any address.

Warerooms, 596 BROADWAY, NEW YORK; 154 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

C L O T H I N G !

20 PER CENT. BELOW BROADWAY PRICES,

And every way equal in Style, Quality and Workmanship.

TRAPHAGEN, HUNTER & CO.,
398, 400, and 402 BOWERY.

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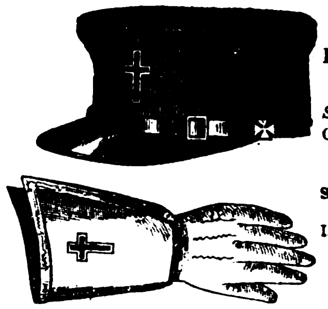
† *JOSEPH STARKEY*, 18.°

GOLD LACE MANUFACTURER & EMBROIDERER,

MANUFACTURER OF MASONIC REGALIA, CLOTHING, JEWELS. and FURNITURE for LODGES, CHAPTERS and ENCAMPMENTS.

23 CONDUIT STREET, BOND STREET,
LONDON, W., ENGLAND.



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LACES, FRINGES, STARS, JEWELS, and ORNAMENTS for SOCIETIES.

SCHUYLER, HARTLEY, GRAHAM & CO.,
Importers and Manufacturers,
19 Maiden Lane,
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CARPETS FOR MASONIC LODGES.

CARPETS, WITH THE EMBLEMS OF
MASONIC AND ODD-FELLOW LODGES,
ALWAYS ON HAND OR MADE TO ORDER.
Together with a large assortment of
AXMINSTER, VELVET, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY AND INGRAIN CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &c., &c., AT LOW PRICES.

GEO. E. L. HYATT, 273 Canal Street,
Between Broadway and Elm Street, New York.

"MASONIC TIDINGS."

A semi-monthly newspaper, devoted to the dissemination of MASONIC LIGHT and MASONIC NEWS.

Its price places it *WITHIN REACH OF ALL.*

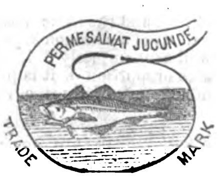
Published at Warsaw, N. Y., by W. JOHN RANSOM, for ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. ☞ Eleven copies for ten dollars. ☜

GUFFROY'S
COD LIVER
DRAGÉES.

Sugar-Coated Pills of Cod-Liver EXTRACT, not OIL.
Pilulæ Extracti Jecoris Aselli.

Warranted not to disagree with the most delicate stomach.
More economical, agreeable and efficient than Cod-Liver Oil.

Approved by the Imperial Medical Academy, Paris.
Used in English and American Hospitals.
Authorized by Imperial Medical Council, St. Petersburg.



Prices: Box of 60 Dragées, equal to 1½ pints of the best Cod Liver Oil, 75 cts.; box of 120 Dragées, equal to 3 pints of Oil, $1.25; box of 240 Dragées, equal to 6 pints Oil, $2.00.

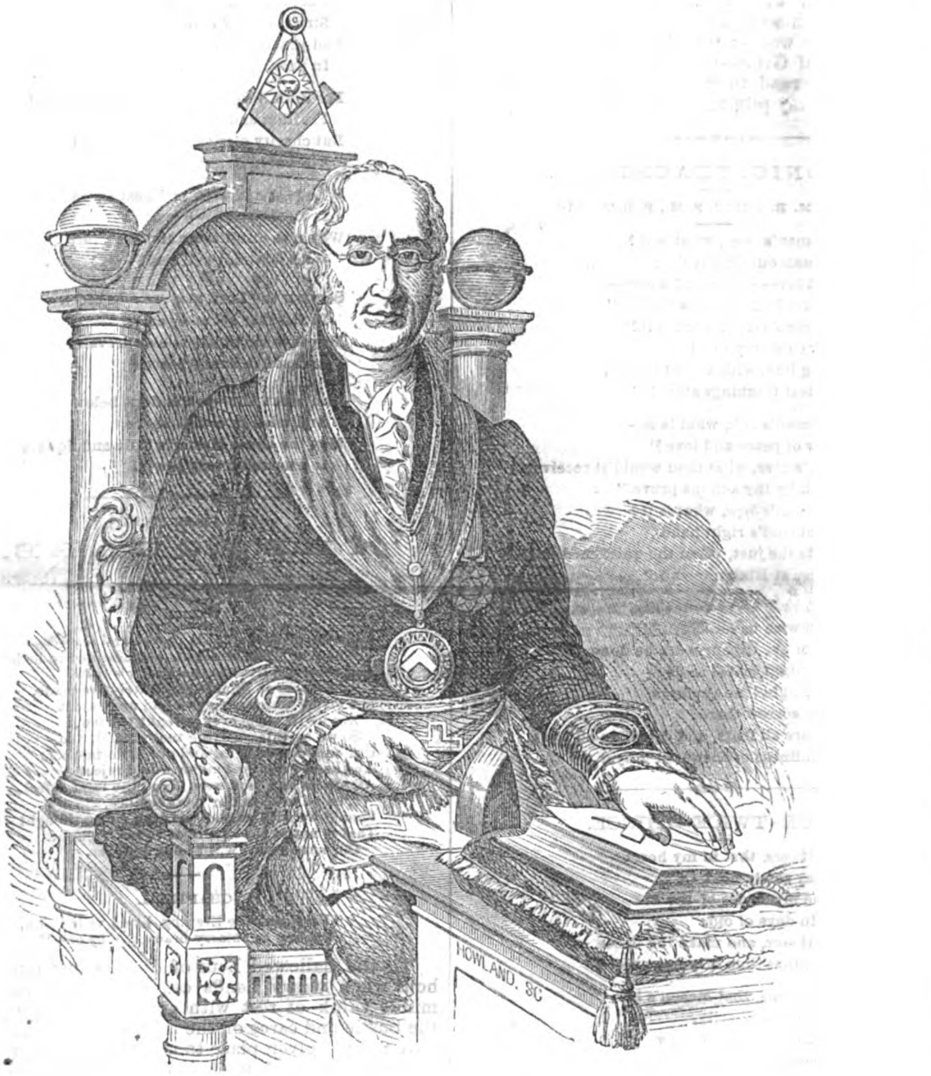
☞ M. WARD, CLOSE & CO., 128 and 130 William Street, Wholesale Agents for the United States. Send for a Circular. Sold by the prominent City Retail Druggists generally. W. F. Phillips & Co., Portland; Reed, Cutler & Co., Boston; Elliott, White & Co., Philadelphia; A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore; F. E. SUIRE & Co., Cincinnati; Lord & Smith, Chicago; Richardson & Co., St. Louis; Jenks & Gordon, St. Pauls, Minn.

A. J. Smith, Show Cards, No. 1 Park Place, cor. B'way. | *A. J. Smith, Show Cards, 37 Park Row, cor. Beekman.*

John Medole, Printer, 193 Pearl Street, New York.

NATIONAL FREEMASON.

VOL. VIII., NO. 15, WEEKLY. NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 13, 1867. 10 CTS. A COPY—$4 PER ANN.



Rev. George Oliver, D.D.—The Venerable Masonic Historian.

Brother Oliver's long life, devoted to literature and antiquarian research, his readiness to defend the cause of Freemasonry and his consummate abilities, have given him a high position in the craft, and have made his writings the text-book of Anglican and Anglo-American Masonry. His name is the Masons' "household word."

Bro. Oliver was initiated in St. Peter's Lodge, Peterborough, England, 1801. 1811, he procured the transfer of the warrant of St. James's Lodge south to Grimsby, where he resided, and its name became that of Apollo. Dr. Oliver showed great activity and zeal in the working of this Lodge, and was ever "tenderly affectioned" to the craft. 1814, he was appointed P.·. G.·. Steward; 1816, P.·. G.·. C.·., and D.·. P.·. G.·. M.·. of Lincolnshire in 1833.

He continued in active Masonic life until May last, when, in an address, he discoursed of the advantages of Freemasonry over other secret societies, which our readers will recollect.

Dr. Oliver was descended from an ancient Scottish family, still resident at Oliver Castle. He was born Nov. 5, 1782, at the rectory of Lambley, Notts, his father being the Rev. Samuel Oliver. 1803 he was the second master of the grammar school at Grimsby, ordained deacon, 1813; priest, 1814; collated to the living of Clee, by Bishop Tomline, 1815; received from Bishop of Kaye the living of Scopwick, 1831, which he held till his death. 1836 he was made Doctor of Divinity, at that time rector of Wolverhampton and a prebendary of its collegiate church, both presented to him by the Hon. Lewis Hobart, Dean of Windsor. 1846, the Chancellor of England conferred on him the rectory of South Hykeham. At the age of 72 his voice failed, and he confided the charge of his parishes to curates, passing the remainder of his life in honored and beloved retirement, devoting himself to his God, Church and Masonic thought. Bro. Oliver was kind and genial, charitable in the highest, the old, the Masonic use of the word, "thinking no evil," courteous, affable, self-denying and beneficent, humble, unassuming and unaffected, ever ready to oblige, easy of approach, amiable, and yet firm in the right. He was not only the great Masonic writer, he was the great Masonic pattern in manners and morals, in love to God and man.

Our dear brother was ill for twelve days before he died, but confined to his bed for but thirty hours. He departed this life on Sunday evening, the third of March.

His last act was a Masonic one, writing a check for one pound, his annual subscription to the Fund of Benevolence, in which he took a deep interest, and forwarding it to Bro. Nebitt, P.·. G.·. Treas.

By dispensation Bro. Oliver was interred with Masonic ceremonies.

The W.·. M.·. of Witham Lodge, of which Bro. Oliver was a member, summoned his members, and with those from other Lodges in the province met at the County Assembly Rooms, Lincoln, and formed a procession, joining the funeral cortege at the house where our brother lay. The following was the order to St. Swithin's cemetery.

Two Tylers.
Visiting Brethren.
Witham Lodge.
Band.
Brethren out of Office.
The Deacons.
The Secretary with Roll.
The Treasurer.
The Senior and Junior Wardens.
The P. Grand Officers.
The Holy Writings.
The Grand Pursuivant.
Steward with wand. } The Worshipful Master. { Steward with wand.
The Officiating Clergyman.
THE BODY.
Mourners.
Two Stewards.
Tyler.

The Master, at the conclusion of the burial service, delivered an oration, when the significant tokens of Masonic love were rendered.

The following is a just estimate of his writings by Bro. Smith:

What mighty effects have been produced by them as regards the craft?

1. *A love of Masonic literature has thereby been fostered.* The majority of our brethren are still, it is to be feared, insensible to the beauties which lie hidden in

Freemasonry, and which only an acquaintance with our extensive and interesting Masonic treatises can evoke and develop. Still a considerable and important minority are thoroughly imbued with a taste for literary research, and to these it is owing that "our savor is not abhorred" by the profane. Now, such a desirable consummation is entirely to be attributed to the learned productions of our worthy brother, Dr. Oliver.

2. Again: *his writings have retained within the Order men who otherwise would have seceded from it.* We have ourselves frequently heard brethren of high attainments express themselves thus: "We have been disappointed with Freemasons. We went amongst them expecting to find some love for the literary department of their labors. What, however, has been the case? We have found them fully acquainted with all the mysteries of 'the knife and fork,' but utterly uninformed as to the history, the achievements, the literature of Masonry. We should have abandoned the Order long since in disgust, were it not for Dr. Oliver's writings. Therein we learn what Freemasonry is and ought to be, not what it is represented to be by too many who, to their own injury, and certainly to that of the Order, are enrolled in it."

3. But it is not only literary men who, thanks to Dr. Oliver, are retained within the craft. *Religious men are also kept in it* by the "beauty of holiness," the sound, healthy tone that pervades the whole of our worthy brother's writings. There is no cant, no hypocrisy in them, but there is about them the very atmosphere of that Holy Book which lies open on our altars, and which Masons are exhorted to consider the unerring standard of truth and justice. Alas! how many of the brethren there are who evidence by their lives and conversations that this exhortation falls unheeded on their ears. We believe that Masons, as a body, welcome heartily to their brotherhood the ministers of religion. If we have any such amongst us, we are certain that it is to be attributed to Dr. Oliver, who has incontrovertibly shown that there is no antagonism between Christianity and Freemasonry; that, on the contrary, the latter is the handmaid of the former, its truest and staunchest friend and helper, and that a good Mason must necessarily be a good man.

But important and salutary as is the influence which Dr. Oliver has produced by the labors of his pen on the Order, we believe that a great deal also of the respect and esteem in which that Order is held by the public at large is to be traced to the same source. Such a work as the "Star in the East," when put into the hands of an uninitiated candid inquirer, has a marvellous effect. We have frequently tested it. We have heard men railing against Freemasonry as silly or wicked. We have lent them the above work, and almost invariably found that the perusal of it has had the effect of converting the former enemy into a friend, and not unfrequently into a candidate for initiation. So also his "Apology for the Free and Accepted Masons" has induced the clergy, in a great many instances, to cease from their opposition, and to open their churches to our yearly gatherings.

Several other very important influences may be ascribed to Dr. Oliver's disinterested and, as far as substantial appreciation is concerned, unrequited labors. He has, however, the great satisfaction of having done much for the benefit of Masonry, and therefore for humanity, for Masonry is the friend of humanity. He has produced veneration and respect for our Order throughout the civilized world (Rome and its serfs always excepted); he has implanted in the brethren a taste for literature, one of the purest and most beneficial tastes that can be indulged; and he has, we feel convinced, done much to cherish a moral and religious tone in the minds of his readers.

These are no slight influences for one man to exert. They are a precious reward for services, however laborious, however unheeded and depressing.

Let us thankfully avail ourselves of our brother's mental labors.

The following is a list of his masonic works:

A Dictionary of Symbolical Masonry, Book of the Lodge or Officers' Manual, The Symbol of Glory, The Antiquity of Freemasonry, The History of Freemasonry from 1829 to 1841, A Mirror for the Johannite Mason, The Star in the East, The Revelations of a Square, The History of Initiation, Theocratic Philosophy of Freemasonry, Signs and Symbols, The Historical Landmarks, two vols., The Insignia of the Royal Arch, Masonic Jurisprudence, Institutes, &c., Treasury of Freemasonry, &c., &c.

He edited The Spirit of Masonry, Illustrations of Masonry, Masonic Manual, Candid Disquisition, and History of Masonic Persecutions.

The following is a list of his general works:

History and Antiquities of the Collegiate Church of Beverley, History and Antiquities of the Collegiate Church of Wolverhampton, History of the Conventual Church of Grimsby, Monumental Antiquities of Grimsby, History of the Guild of Holy Trinity, Sleaford, Six Pastoral Addresses to the Inhabitants of Grimsby, Farewell Address to the same, Three Addresses to the Inhabitants of Wolverhampton, Hints on Educational Societies, Essay on Education, Six Letters on the Liturgy, a Letter on Church Principles, Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury on Doctrine, Eighteen Sermons preached at Wolverhampton, The Monasteries on the eastern side of the Witham, Letter to the late Sir E. F. Bromhead on Druidical Remains near Lincoln, Guide to the Druidical Temple at Nottingham, British Antiquities in Nottingham and Vicinity, Remains of Ancient Britons between Lincoln and Sleaford, Scopwickians, &c. The first work was published in 1811, and his last in 1866. His "Ye Byrde of Gryme" (Grimsby in the olden time) had this dedication: "At the age of eighty-four years the following pages are inscribed as a souvenir of friendship, and a kindly farewell to the inhabitants of Grimsby and Lee, by their former parish minister, with sole charge for a period of seventeen years, and now their obedient servant and well wisher, Geo. Oliver. Eastgate, Lincoln, January, 1866." And he concluded the work in these words: "And thus I bid farewell to the inhabitants of Grimsby, in the hope that when this little book is read they will think kindly of me after the years of my pilgrimage are ended."

MASONIC TEACHINGS.

BY REV. M. B. SMITH, P. M., P. H. P., ETC.

The craftsman's *creed*, what is it?
"The LORD our God is *One*;
Mercy and love—below and above—
The pillars that stay His throne."
The craftsman's *light*, what is it?
"JEHOVAH's holy word;
Each living line, with a light divine,
And holiest teachings stored."

The craftsman's *rule*, what is it—
That law of peace and love ?]
"To other's give, what thou would'st receive;
Thy faith by thy actions prove."
The craftsman's *hope*, what is it?
"A life at God's right hand,
That awaits the just, when the quickened dust
Shall arise at His command."

Creed, *light*, *rule*, *hope!* thus lofty,
And God with us for aye;
Let us labor on, till our work be done,
And the night is lost in day—
The day of light! no shadows
Of sin or sorrow there;
Dispelled are all fears, and dried are all tears,
By the fullness of answered prayer.

ONCE—TWICE—THRICE.

Bind it *once*, that in my heart
I may safely hold;
All the mysteries of the Art
As in days of old:
Bind it *once*, and make the noose
Strong, that time may not unloose.

Bind it *twice*, that Mason's law,
Faith and Charity,
Ever may my spirit draw
In resistless tie:
Bind it *twice*; and make the noose
Stronger—death alone shall loose.

Bind it *thrice*, that every deed,
Virtuous and chaste,
Shall on heavenly page be spread,
Worthy of the best;
Bind it *thrice*, and make the noose
Strongest, death shall *not* unloose.

THE PRODIGAL.

Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come!

Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save!

Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul ?]
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, God will make the whole!

He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek Him, for He may be found;
Call upon Him, He is near.

THE MASON'S MEETING.

BY F. H. PILCH.

Upon the Level Masons meet,
The Plumb our acts doth guide;
Regarded not is worldly wealth,
Or honor, station, pride.

For all are trav'ling to that bourne
Whence trav'ler ne'er returns,
Th' eternal house, not made with hands,
Beyond this world's concerns,

We act and talk upon the Square,
Strict secrecy maintain;
And practice charity to all
In poverty or pain.

For faith, though strong, is lost in sight,
Fruition endeth hope;
But charity o'erleaps the grave,
Eternal in its scope.

Who best can work and best agree
Is all the strife we feel;
We serve our Master and the Craft
With fervency and zeal.

Serving the Lord may we e'er meet,
In His fear act and part;
May love for brothers e'er prevail,
And soften every heart.

And when our work is done below
And tried in courts above,
May the Great Master's Rule and Square
It true and trusty prove.

[THE PRIZE STORY.]

THE SQUARE.

BY MAURICE.

By it the perfect stone is proved and placed
Where it, when wrought, was destined to be laid,
And there adjusted to the Master's taste,
And seams and joints exquisitely are made.
The errors which the eye could not detect
Are by its angle ever brought to view,
So we by this unerring tool should, too,
Our conduct, actions, and our mien inspect.
And as the master builder would reject
All stones in which were found the least defect,
E'en so to erect our moral edifice,
Should we with care dispel each rising thought
That is not to the square of virtue wrought.
Our sure award will be eternal bliss.

CHAPTER I.

"Up comes the Evening, like a veiled nun,
Counting her starry beads, one by one."

'Tis the hallowed hour of dreams and musing, the hour when weary hands cease from toil, and weary minds think of rest with an infinite longing; when the bustle and cares of the busy day have ceased, and have not yet given place to night's alluring strife. Far away to the west, mellow clouds of brightness and beauty have just closed over the departed "day-king," seeming to console earth for the glory gone. 'Tis the twilight hour. Countless eyes peer through its softened, uncertain light. Not yet are the curtains drawn, not yet are the lamps lighted. In the city of B———, on either side of the street, long rows of shade trees stand, which. in summer's noonday heat, have invited many tired wanderers to be cool; but now no longer do the sun's rays scorch the earth, nor yet has autumn wailed its adieu to summer; but September seems a "go-between" to temper all. Twilight and September, then, is the time of our story. Reader, you and I will pass by the grander mansions that frown upon our humble claims for admission, and enter one of less pretensions.

In one of the dwellings, situated on Franklin Terrace, seated beside the window, is one whose appearance alone excites our interest. Is it the expansive forehead, the mass of sunlit brown hair, swept away from the pale temples, the faultless nose, the closely set lips, that attract our attention? No, for at this moment the eyes are lifted, and at once we perceive that they are the crowning glory of the face. They are gray eyes, of such an indescribable shade that sometimes we think them brown, but that is when a tender look comes into them; at other times we see only the clear intellectual light, and know that they are wholly gray. Such eyes might haunt one, waking or sleeping, when the person and figure of the owner have entirely vanished from the mind. Philipa Coad is, at this moment, engaged in twisting a piece of paper in her fingers, as though it were the one great business of her life. She is evidently a person who will do with all her might whatever she undertakes. She has also, upon her lap, an open book, and, as a little vexed look has come into her face, we naturally conclude that she is not altogether pleased with what she has been reading. At a glance, we discover the book to be simply a love story, and find, to analyze that look, we shall have to go further; so, by way of proceeding, we'll just smooth out this crumpled paper —not a very fine specimen of penmanship, to be sure, but we can manage to decipher the following:

"*September* 10*th*, 186–.

"DEAREST PHILIPA: No one can better judge than your charming self how sincerely I regret a forced absence from you; but the most devoted knight cannot always be at the feet of his lady-love; and, of necessity, I must, upon this occasion, exchange the picture I had drawn of a cosy eve, listening to the mellifluent tones of your voice, 'lent to the rhyme of the poet,' for one of gayety and excitement. Judge and Mrs. Merriwell give an *entré* reception to their niece, and as they are my most *influential friends*, I shall be obliged to be present. I would I could ignore the claims of society sometimes; but they seem to have such a hold upon me. I know you would say, 'Surely, you might make some sacrifice for me;' and so I will, my Juno, when it can be a grand one, one that you may be proud to accept. But adieu for the present, and, be assured, you shall occupy much of my thoughts at the party. I shall constantly contrast you with all the other beauties I meet. In the meantime, and for all time, I am, yours faithfully, ED. P———."

"Philipa, my child, are you going to sit at that window all night? I am sure you cannot be so imprudent as to be reading in this light. I thought, after a while, you would remember my presence." Philipa heard the tones of her grandmother's voice, and, with a start, which showed she *had not* been thinking of any one present, thrust the note into the book, and approaching her, said, "Dear grandma, pardon my selfishness and want of consideration. I was not reading, but thinking of Edward's note. Was it kind in him to disappoint me, when I had been counting upon this eve with so much pleasure?"

"For shame, Philipa! Cannot your lover go to a party without this evident uneasiness? My child, beware of mistrust! Let it not take possession of you. Inquire, first, into the cause. Many a life has been saddened by want of confidence, the seeds of whose unhappiness have been sown in as light a matter as this. And now, my child, think all will be well till ill happens—but ring for lights. I have something which I wish to say to you, and shall not wish to be interrupted."

Philipa obeyed, and then took a seat, with an air which plainly said, "I will be interested, whether I wish to or not."

"You know, my child," Mrs. Coad began, "I have had only you to love since that fatal night when, instead of your father's return from abroad, which I was anxiously expecting, I received the news that he was lost at sea. Husband and children all gone! One by one, I have seen my dear ones disappear, save only you. God knows how well I have loved the one lamb which He has left me. But, Philipa, my child, I must not keep you blind to the fact that I, too, shall soon be gone. The one great wish of my life now is to see you happily married. Edward seems to me very much attached to you, and appears to be all one could desire. Perhaps he is a little too much given to the world of pleasure; but I doubt not he will amend in time; and again, I charge you, let not trifles come between you, for I would not leave my darling alone in the world unprovided for; and you know there will not be much left when I am gone. The annuity which supports us so comfortably now will then stop."

"Oh! dear, dear grandma," Philipa interrupted, "don't talk to me so. You will not leave me?"

"No, not willingly; but, then, it is not *my* will, my child, but God's that must be done;" and leaning over, she took the saddened face between her hands, and pressed a kiss upon the mouth whose nerves had already begun to twitch with suppressed agitation. "Suppose, my pet, you entertain me with that 'mellifluent voice' that *somebody* speaks of."

"I will do anything that *you* wish," and, stifling the pain at her heart awakened by their conversation, she took up a copy of Longfellow's poems, and read "The Proem to his Waif," which commences with such beauty and simplicity:

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night."

And as the rich tones of her glorious voice floated over the senses, we wondered not that Edward Pendegast wished to be a listener, rather than mingle in the most enticing revelry of the ball-room; and, like the poet, we felt that, under such an influence,

"The night will be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Will fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And silently steal away."

CHAPTER II.

"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new."—SCOTT.

The drawing-room of Judge Merriwell is already filled with guests, and it would be difficult to imagine a scene of more startling magnificence. The light falling through stained glass has a shaded, mellow effect; flowers of rare beauty send their mingled perfume, like incense wafted by an unseen hand; in short, all that nature, art, and wealth can do is harmoniously accomplished. Judge and Mrs. Merriwell stand in the centre of the room; the lady may be forty, with clear, sparkling black eyes, that are not remarkable for beauty, but are indicative of a quick, high-strung temperament; there is a slight sprinkle of haughtiness about her, which will make itself obvious in spite of her efforts to appear only bland and affable. But who is the *distingué* looking personage bending over her, with such an air of mingled admiration and sycophancy? Amidst the buzz of voices we catch, "I should count all as nothing when contrasted with the pleasure of being in a charmed circle, of which you, my dear madam, are the centre."

"Oh, fie, Captain Pendegast, you might better reserve all the pretty things, which your very abundant vocabulary can supply, for my niece, who will call them all forth, I assure you."

"She seems determined that every one shall precede her; I grow quite impatient for her coming," the Captain rejoined.

"Chippè Waughb is destined to awaken contending emotions in all that bow at her shrine; but I see a movement in the direction of the door—perhaps she has come."

Thus directed the gentleman cast an eager glance upon the new arrivals, which proved to be Mr. Waughb and his *daughter*, who had furnished the topic of the conversation just related, and whose *debut* in society was about to be celebrated in so brilliant a manner. A glance, so Captain Pendegast thought, was sufficient to satisfy one that she was beautiful; the dewy glow of the blush rose seemed to cover her; very fair she was, with yellow hair, that floated away from the pink face and waved over shoulders of marvelous whiteness; the gauzy rose-colored *crêpe* which she wore seemed almost a part of the person, it suited so perfectly; a small arrow, formed of opals, looped back one side of her hair, and was the only noticeable ornament she wore. One needed to hear her speak in order to be sure she was vested with life, for in truth she might be regarded as an artist's "dream of beauty."

"My dear, here is your aunt" ('twas the father who spoke); Chippè turned, raised those liquid blue eyes to her aunt's face, and at the same time took in the handsome figure of the tall, dark stranger, her companion. She was quite sure she had never seen him before, but why was he regarding her so intently as he appeared to be at the moment?

"Chippè, my love, you are late," said Mrs. Merriwell, "I declare I have been expecting you for the last hour, and have been scarcely able to restrain the impatience of some one I know; but allow me to present Captain Pendegast to my niece, Miss Waughb. The Captain is an especial friend of the Judge and myself, and I have reserved the introduction of you to each other as a particular pleasure of this evening."

"To know Miss Waughb would be pleasure enough for a life-time," the gentleman added.

"My dear brother," Mrs. M. said, turning to Mr. Waughb, "I am entirely neglecting you—you see Chippè has been taking up all my time since you came in; and let me congratulate you that you have a daughter so lovely and who, at her eighteenth birth-day, is not entirely spoiled."

"Upon my life, Eugenia, if she isn't spoiled it is no fault of yours, for ever since I brought her home from school you have been filling her mind with this party, which you designed to celebrate her own personal charms. It won't do, I tell you; next thing, I daresay, will be scheming to rob me of her. I cannot give her up yet awhile; my home would, indeed, lose its sunbeam with Chippè gone. When most absorbed in the occupations of the day I seem to hear her birdlike voice welcoming me at evening."

"Your high appreciation of her should serve to prove how very reasonable it is that others should desire, also, to possess themselves of her; but come, let us seek the Judge, who will soon engage you in politics, and I'll warrant poor Chippè and I will be entirely crowded out of your thoughts," said the lady, with mock gravity.

In the meantime the object of this parental solicitude had accepted the arm of the dark cavalier, and the two were together making a tour of the room.

"Do you know, Miss Waughb, that nothing but a prospect of meeting you would have persuaded me here to-night" said the Captain, as they paused beside a pillar at the farther end of the room.

"I cannot accept the force of your remark, Captain, when I consider that you did not know and had not even seen me in your whole life before."

"But you must know that your aunt possesses a charming power of description, except that her imagery fails in giving one a conception of the object described."

"A very serious defect," Chippè answered, with a very perceptible shrug of the shoulders, "and aunty would hardly think your judgment of her power as a delineator a very flattering one."

"Your aunt would agree with me, I am sure, when I say that *no one* could, by mere description, convey a just idea of the surpassing loveliness of her niece."

A certain Mrs. Chatterton, with Colonel Drake Trumpeter, drew just within hearing as the last words were utterred, and, although the modulated tones of the elegant Edward Pendegast never rose to a very lofty pitch, the Colonel heard, or thought he heard, the gentleman say something which might be construed into disloyalty to his fair *fiancée*. The Colonel is a very good-hearted man, as everyone must allow, but he has one little fault, which is not always harmless—his interest in everybody's affairs, particularly love affairs, never flags; he aspires to be a match-maker, but, singularly enough, to himself, he is very rarely successful. Perhaps he does not know that over-activity on the part of a third party in such cases often defeats its own aim. Now it chanced that Colonel Drake knew the Captain, and also the girl of the matchless eyes and pale face. It must be owned that the *penchant* of these two for each other had surprised him more than a little. Philipa Coad, it is true, was of an old family, whose pride had extended down to the last representative, and was, of herself, a match for a much nobler man than he knew him to be; but she had no money, as we have already seen, and as the Captain was of doubtful fortune himself, it had puzzled the Colonel to find out how this engagement came about; but, nevertheless, it *had* come, and he was not for having it prove a failure—so he thought a timely interruption might have a good effect. Accordingly he marched up to the pair with,

"Why, Pendegast, my good fellow, at your usual pastime, I perceive; a harmless flirtation, I dare say; but take care that *la belle* Philipa does not hear of it."

The gentleman thus abruptly accosted scowled at the audacious speaker, and replied, that, doubtless, the indefatigable Trumpeter would perform his duties well.

As may be supposed, the Colonel was rebuked; but if he had warned the gentleman, and put the lady he was talking with on her guard, what matter if it was at a slight cost to his personal vanity? So, well content, he, with Mrs. Chatterton, moved off, perhaps in search of more noble service of the same sort.

Again Chippè and Captain Pendegast were left to pursue the *harmless flirtation*. Not that all flirtations are harmless, by no means; one or the other of the parties is very apt to experience the sensation, we imagine the moth to feel when it gets too near to the candle, whose light is so very attractive to it. We hardly know whether this particular case would have been entirely devoid of risk if this girl, unlearned in the world's ways, was to be left listening to the subtle words of this arch flatterer. Even now, as though her wax-like appearance was indicative of her disposition, she was beginning to soften to the music of his honeyed speech, and the persuasive eloquence of his manner. Fortunately, however, Judge Merriwell interposed, and, with profuse apologies to the Captain, bore his niece off for the opening dance.

With music and dancing the evening and night sped away, and Chippè was not further exposed, for the present, to the baneful influence of this man; but when the good-nights were being said he was near to hand her to the carriage, and claim the privilege of continuing the acquaintance so auspiciously begun.

When we consider that Chippè Waughb was just unfolding the first leaf of her life's experience, and was prone to judge all the world in the light of her own immaculate innocence, can we wonder that this man filled her thoughts on her way home, and that she saw in him only the fascinating, courtly gentleman that he could so well appear? or can we wonder, even with the small insight into his character which we have, that Edward Pendegast had weighed the respective claims of the two women to his favor—Miss Waughb, with her bird-like beauty and fortune, and Philipa Coad, with her noble intellect, her classic features and her proud heart that would not open to every key?

(To be continued.)

THE SHADOW IN THE EAST.

There is a story which, although I heard it ten years ago, has remained thus far unused in my portfolio. It is one of a sort that chilled my blood to hear, and, if I can tell it properly, will probably chill yours too.

The Lodge called Forgon Lodge, No.—, was long presided over by Gen. Standish, familiarly known to his co-members as Father Standish. This gentleman was a Virginian of the old school, who wore his hair in a bag, walked uprightly before God and man, and governed his Lodge with the same dignity and decision that had characterized him as Speaker of the House of Assembly in his native State. Father Standish was a devout believer in religion, and used to enlarge upon the doctrine of the Resurrection, as taught by St. Paul and the Master Mason's degree, whenever he had a "Raising" in his Lodge. And it was good to see the General preside over a Lodge. He leaned so stiffly back in his upright chair, held his gavel so firmly, listened so patiently to every speaker, rose to put the question with so much dignity, and finally announced the result and sat down again with so much gravity, that it was a better lesson in the graces than Chesterfield's Letters to spend an evening observing his movements. I did it once and twice; and it was from him that I acquired my unexcelled method of handling the gavel!

Bro. Standish withal was superstitious. He believed in ghosts the worst way; that is, he believed he had seen ghosts himself, and that when he should die *his ghost* would appear to others. And he was not backward in telling his belief whenever it was convenient, or he had good listeners. On the very last night he presided over Forgon Lodge he wound up his lecture in the Third (he had just finished a "Raising") by remarking in a peculiarly thrilling tone: "Yes, brethren, this poor, feeble frame, soon to fall to pieces, will be re-fitted *in that day*, for I shall rise again! And my spirit will not be condemned to inaction while my body is waiting the coming of the Redeemer, but it will be busy in the work God may give it. Nor is it at all unlikely that I may be permitted to revisit scenes and persons I now love so dearly, and even hover once more over this delightful spot!" And as the brethren rode home together he enlarged so elaborately upon the thought that the candidate, who lived a mile off by himself, was afraid to go home alone, and got some of the brethren to accompany him and stay all night at his house.

The words of the old Virginian, in one sense at least, were prophetic. Before another month his gray old head was resting beneath the clods of the valley, and the worm was seeking admission into his narrow chamber. He was missed as none others of Forgon Lodge could be, and mourned for on account of a thousand virtues, of which few possess even a moiety. He was missed chiefly because he had left none behind him who could take his place. During his Masonic administration he had committed the too common and often fatal error of neglecting to instruct proper persons to succeed him, and never was there a Lodge so put to it to find a man who would allow himself to be installed Master. They elected three in succession, who in succession declined; and the fourth only consented to serve, provided "they would take a strong dose of instruction from the Grand Lecturer before he should be called upon to confer degrees." This was Bro. Lehman, Deputy Sheriff, a man of ability, but of little self-confidence, and who had served as Junior Warden a term or two under Gen. Standish.

Shortly after his inauguration there began to be rumors—whispers at first, but afterwards open-mouthed reports—that old Father Standish was showing himself again, as he had predicted, and that his ghost was really getting troublesome. The first who reported it was the candidate before alluded to, a Bro. Lemins, a good man, but with little education, who averred positively that he had twice met Bro. Standish waiting for him on horseback at the junction of the main road and the path that led to his (Bro. Lemins') house; and that the last time it occurred the old man rode up to him, offering him a Masonic grip, from which he (Bro. L.) recoiled, and fainted "clean away without ceremony." The result was Bro. Lemins quit attending Lodge, and several others who lived remote from Lodge dimitted at once, afraid to go home at night lest the old Virginian might offer to accompany them.

A few months afterwards Bro. Santain, an Entered Apprentice, saw the same apparition standing in the school-room below the Lodge, to which he had been sent while the Lodge took the ballot for his passing; and he was so terrified thereby that he, too, fainted, after a single scream of appalling power; and when, by the aid of much manipulation and cold water he was brought to, he utterly refused to proceed, rode home with his two brothers, and remains an Entered Apprentice to this day. So many others averred they too had seen the ghost that it became a neighborhood tradition, and land fell considerably in consequence.

About ten months after the death of Gen. Standish the awful *Shadow* exhibited itself to the very man and under the very circumstances calculated to make the profoundest impression. The story is thus related: Bro. Lehman, the successor of Bro. Standish, as above narrated, was called upon one day to perform the duty of presiding at a burial. It was one Saturday morning, on the day of Magistrates' Court. He summoned his Lodge, and, when they were ready to form the funeral procession, he laid under the Secretary's table for safe keeping his saddle-bags, in which were various important papers, intending to resume them at the close of the exercises. But on his return with the procession, he was stopped to perform some official duty, and, entrusting the closing of the Lodge to his Senior Warden, did not go back to the Lodge-room until after night. It so happened at the moment that he could not procure a lantern; but, having a bunch of matches in his pocket, and being very familiar with the locality, he doubted not his ability to find his way. This was the easier as a storm of lightning was in progress, and the flashes made everything plain at alternate moments. He therefore hastened through the enclosure, and through the narrow entrance, and up the tortuous staircase that creaked manfully under his tread, and into the Tyler's room. Aided by a timely flash of lightning, followed by a startling peal of thunder, he found the key-hole, unlocked the door, and entered the Lodge-room. Until this moment he declares he had thought of nothing but his errand. Being of an unsuperstitious turn of mind, and a man whose head was full of official cares, he had perhaps never given five minutes' attention to the reports that had alarmed so many others; and it was, therefore, more singular that just as he entered the Lodge-room the thought suggested itself to him (how, or whence, or why who could tell!): "I am hovering once more over this spot!"

Greatly terrified, he knew not why, he hesitated, stopped, and moved backward towards the door, while the perspiration poured from his face in large drops. But then, arousing himself by the reflection of the weakness and cowardice of the act, he dashed forward—knowing so well the way to the Secretary's table, found his saddle-bags where he had left them, and started to return. But at that instant another and prolonged flash of lightning illuminated the room, clearly exhibiting every object, showing the Bible carelessly left open upon the altar, the aprons slovenly thrown about the chairs, even the emblems upon the large chart suspended in the North-east. And plainest of all, most startling to the view, the lightning's gleam exhibited, not six feet from his hand, a *Shadow in the East!*

Bro. Lehman fell prone. He lay for a little while in that fearful companionship; then recovering himself, arose, passed out of the haunted apartment, down the tortuous steps, through the enclosure, and back to the hotel. Nay, more, he mounted his horse and rode home that very night, thus proving that he did not lack for moral courage, however his heart had given way for the moment. But nothing did or could ever tempt him to go back to that Lodge-room. To all invitations he returned a brief *no*, and the Lodge has never had a meeting since.

His description of the shadow was given but once, and that to a committee of the brethren; nor would he ever afterwards converse upon the subject. He told them that the appearance of Gen. Standish was threatening; that he shook his head fiercely, and pointed with a menace at the door of entrance, which movements Bro. Lehman took to imply his wish that he (Bro. L.) should never come there again, and he *never would.*

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THE CALUMET—AFFIRMATIVE AND NEGATIVE VOTING.—The pipe is a symbol of peace with the Indians. The bowl is usually made of soft marble and the stem is a long reed, ornamented with feathers and hieroglyphic figures, according to the rank of the owner. When a council is held, whether among the chiefs alone or with the whites, the calumet, or pipe of peace, is introduced. It is filled not only with tobacco, but with the leaves of various other plants. It is passed around in grave silence, every member of the company taking a few whiffs. Those who receive it and smoke express in this way an affirmative vote; those voting in the negative decline it.

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Conviction does not slip off and on like a glove.

Universality.

Counsel B.'s approval of Bro. Harmon G. Reynolds' (Grand Sec. of Ill.) definition of "Universality," addressed to Bro. Reynolds.

MY DEAR SIR KNIGHT: Of the three champions for Christian Masonry that have appeared in print since the beginning of the discussion, viz., De Molay, the Rev. Bro. Irish, and your article "Universality" (reprinted in the NATIONAL FREEMASON, March 8th), the palm of superiority must undoubtedly be awarded to yourself. De Molay commenced by begging, and ended by threatening, and failed to communicate his name to the editor. Bro. Irish was evidently timid. He admitted what they call "*sectarian* prayers" as unmasonic, but only contended for the retention of the Sts. John. Now, I must candidly state that, if we must yield to Jewish prejudices with regard to Christian prayers, by a parity of reasoning, it is equally wrong to compel them to praise, or even to listen to the praising of Christians of the founders of their religion; but more especially so the praising of the teacher or revealer of the holy doctrine of the "Trinity," a doctrine, as they pretend, utterly at variance with the teaching of Moses; consequently, they say they cannot listen to it without grating harshly on their feelings, and pretend to regard it as an insult to their religion. You, my dear Sir Knight, have taken the only judicious way of combating their *pernicious* heresy. To prove still further your superiority over the other champions, I beg to remind you that, while "De Molay" was entirely unnoticed by any Masonic journal, and Bro. Irish's article was reprinted only in the NATIONAL FREEMASON, your article was not only republished in the NATIONAL FREEMASON, but was also re-echoed in the journals issued by Bro. C. W. Moore, of Boston, and Bro. C. Moore, of Cincinnati; and, furthermore, it was the spark from your battery that fired Bro. Moore's heart, and awoke him to a consciousness of duty, as Bro. C. W. Moore not only recommends your article to the favorable notice of the fraternity, but promises something from his own pen in his next issue. I particularly admire, my dear Sir Knight, your *adroitness* in handling the question. You deserve, from the American fraternity, the title of "*Expounder*" of the "Ancient Charges." Yes, "A second Daniel has come to judgment." Like the glowing metal on the anvil of the *cunning* artizan, you can *pound* the "Charges" into any shape or form you please. You ingenuously gave in full the old "Charge," wherein it is said, "Yet it is now thought more expedient only to oblige them to that religion in which all men agree, *leaving their particular opinions to themselves*," etc. You defined its meaning precisely as my quondam friend, Counsel A. and Chief-Justice Common Sense did. (I hate the vulgar name of Common Sense.) But by the magical dash of your pen, that "it will be found that this movement is intended to destroy *equality and individual freedom*," you have eminently succeeded in turning topsy-turvey the "Ancient Charge," with its obvious meaning to an ordinary mortal, viz., not to intrude his theological opinions in presence of brethren who do not believe them. We allow the Jews to pray to the G. A. O. T. U. Why should they be offended if we pray for them to Jesus Christ? We never have the prayer printed in that form in our manuals. Is not that concession enough to their prejudices? It is true that Jews never introduce into their Lodge-prayers anything offensive to a Christian. Indeed, we Christians would not be offended at all if Jews did pray to Jesus Christ. Why should they be offended with us for doing so? I maintain, therefore, that we are strictly acting on the principle, "Do unto another as you would wish that others should do unto you," because it is every Christian's wish that Jews should pray in the same form that we pray. But suppose they do not introduce any of their synagogue service into the Lodge; suppose they refrain from alluding to theological topics that would be offensive to Christians—what then? Are not the religious duties enjoined by the two respective systems different, inasmuch as they (the Jews) are not a proselytizing people, they are not enjoined to make converts to their religion, while it is the duty of every Christian to propagate the Gospel? Hence, if we did not introduce and preach Christianity to them in the Lodge, we would be guilty of hypocrisy. True, we promise them, at initiation, that nothing in the ceremony shall interfere with their religious or political opinions; *but we are nineteen to their one*, and majorities must rule; and, besides, they ought to exercise the virtue of *charity* and *toleration*, and not be too strict in exacting the fulfillment of our promises, as they must know that that promise conflicts with our Christian duty, and that it never was intended to be literally observed by us. Besides, as you properly observed, "A Christian is not to intrude his opinions *offensively* on a Hebrew." But who has a right to decide, in a Lodge, what opinion is *offensive?* The answer is obvious, viz., *the majority*, I am aware that this mode of reasoning will not suit what are called "the liberals;" but it is not to them we appeal. They reason altogether too much. We appeal only to the faithful. Our object is to get *their* votes; or, in other words, "*Ad captandum vulgus*," it is all well enough to preach about "honor," "justice," etc.; but we cannot get on very well in "this world of sin," by strictly adhering, upon *all* occasions, to those principles.

"There is a time for everything.
Say not my art is fraud—all live by seeming.
The beggar begs with it; and the gay courtier
Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming;
The clergy scorn it not; and the bold soldier
Will eke with it his service. All admit it,
All practice it; and he who is content
With showing what he is, shall have small credit
In Church, or Camp, or State" (or Lodge). "So wags the world."

So, you see, my dear Sir Knight, you and the other Grand Secretaries who wield power in their respective sections of this great and glorious country owe important duties to *yourselves*, namely, the perpetuation of your legitimately acquired power. I therefore rejoice to see you act unitedly for a common object. In pleasing a portion of the brotherhood (never mind the other party's plea about *truth* and *justice*), you will not only perpetuate your Grand Mastership *de facto*, but will eventually become Grand Master *de jure*.

Hoping that you will continue the battle so well begun, I have the honor to subscribe myself, Sir Knight, your great admirer, COUNSEL B., *Attorney at Law, Supreme Court of Masonic Public Opinion; Member of all the Masonic Degrees, etc.*

Moral Obligations of Masonry.

BY BRO. PROF. J. G. BLAIR, M.D., L.L.D., BEFORE GREENFIELD LODGE, OHIO.

As it would be unfair to judge of Christianity by the representations of the old atheistic schools of France, or the rationalistic theories of Germany, or the infidel teachings of England and America, so it is equally unjust to judge of the inherent spirit and character of Masonry by what its enemies, actuated by prejudice, or malice, or ignorance, may have said or written of it. While this Order cheerfully concedes to others the benefit of this rule of judgment, it also claims its exercise in its own behalf.

As far as we have been able to trace its history, Masonry seems to have been cotemporaneous with the earliest dawn of human intelligence in mechanism and the applied sciences. In a system of ethics and industry that thus loses itself behind the birth of history, it is reasonable to suppose that traditions exist, and allusions are made, which are not easy to explain. But while such is admitted to be the case in this ancient institution, let this other fact be carefully considered—that *it commemorates no event and fosters no tradition adverse to the spirit and precepts of the Bible.* * * * * In every stage of human development in learning, and the higher elements of civilization, the schools of Masonry have given undeniable evidence of their fidelity to their principles. They have been among the leading minds in the great civil and moral enterprises of their day, and, in our own country, have shared largely in founding our institutions—in enacting the laws by which they are made productive—in maintaining our national integrity, and in organizing and honoring our systems of civil and religious instruction.

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If the inquiry, then, be raised, "What is Masonry?" we reply, in brief—*it is an institution, the central ideas of which are, that man's instincts are social, and that God made him immortal, and has treated him as such. And yet Masonry is not the Church—has not its work to do—supersedes it not—nor in any sense undervalues its sublime mission as the divinely appointed herald of salvation to fallen humanity.* * * * * *

We do homage to the "Lion of the tribe of Judah" as the chief Master Builder, who, like our Grand Master Hiram upon the mountains of Judea, is by the square, and level, and plumb of inspiration divinely transforming the hearts of men into living stones, which he shall place in the temple of the heavenly Jerusalem. What the temple of Solomon would have been without the glory of the Shekinah burning in august grandeur and majesty over the mercy-seat, and the dazzling splendor of the cherubim, Masonry would be without the sublime character of God prefigured upon the hearts of its members. Every step in the ascending series in this institution reveals more impressively to the heart of the initiated that the perfectibility of man's nature is reached only by traveling with the Son of God, by the way of Mount Moriah.

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The inspired record has ever lain upon the altar of Masonry, and traveled with her the circuit of empires and nations. It is still her unalterable canon.

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We have said that Masonry is a human institution. It is such as to its operative features; and yet, if what comes from God through His own revelation is divine in its nature as it is in its origin, then are the principles and philosophy of this Order divine. "The faith, the hope, and the charity," says the ancient record, "in which the brother is admonished to abound, is the faith, the hope and the charity of the Bible." * * * Faith in God and in the virtues that He commends, is the granite foundation of all goodness and of all that is valuable in character. Faith originates in what God says, while love is incited by what He does. Faith looks to what man is, and by nature ought hereafter to be, while the very life of love is a present personal sympathy. These, combined, constitute the soul of all moral greatness, heroism and martyrdom, and are clearly implied in every duty.

Among the comprehensive virtues that have been named as fostered in this institution, this faith in humanity's *sublime hereafter* has large range. It sees the Supreme Master at work. It looks beyond the wilderness and the quarry, and surveys the rough material squared and polished, and lifted by a silent, unseen power into its place in that higher temple where dwell the majesty and glory of the "Great I Am."

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He who has this spirit wrought into his nature, esteems selfishness and wrong a cowardly betrayal of his noble birthright.

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By the ancient canons of this Order, the true Mason is bound by the most solemn covenants to submit his whole nature to the unconditional control of these royal principles, and is heir to the rewards of such devotion. * * * * *

Faith in God, my brethren, as the great Architect and wise Master Builder of our common humanity, and as having appointed it to fulfill a sublime mission on earth, illustrative of His power, and wisdom, and infinite benevolence, as having ordained labor as a divine institution and individualized it and made it an element of exalted devotion, as so explicitly taught in your hand-books, lays deep and broad the basis of the most earnest and vigilant charities. When, therefore, the calls of humanity come to you, whether in the subdued sighs of the widow and orphan, or in the appeals of a worthy but afflicted brother, or in the implorings of truth contending with the iron sinews of antiquated prejudice, it becomes your duty to respond in no doubtful service. Such moral conflicts in our world are not matter of complainings. They are a part of God's arrangements for man's progress in purity and spiritual development. * * * *

It is this inward growth of our own natures, by the toils of industry and suffering, that gives value to science and to any mental acquisition. Every exertion of the mind and every struggle of the heart prepares us for nobler work. It is thus, by successive gradations in the great work of *living* the "cardinal virtues" of this Order that the higher nature is purified and expanded. * * * * *

From your institution, inculcating such a social and moral philosophy, surely no philanthropist can withhold his earnest approval. While we disclaim that this ancient Order, organically, is divine, yet we, at the same time, do claim that its principles are moulded upon the higher law of God, and that its charities are an embodiment of human sympathies worthy of our divine religion. The name Jehovah in this temple is like the vessels of gold in the ancient temple at Jerusalem. That name is the living spirit animating the otherwise inanimate form, giving life, renown, and immortality to its altars.

It would have been well for society, and for this most honorable organization itself, had the lives of its members always faithfully illustrated the principles upon the avowal of which they were admitted within the sacred circle. The ancient Constitution of Masonry prescribes "that no immoral or scandalous man, no scoffer, stupid atheist, or godless libertine, can enter this sacred temple." * * * *

Masonry, if we have read her history aright, is more than mere friendship; it is vastly more than a merely social institution. It recognizes a future and a personal accountability in that future; and while it disavows being itself a sovereign remedy for man's spiritual obliquity, it yet points the candidate to that "great light" by which the soul may be assimilated to its divine ORIGINAL. * * * *

In the first degree, the neophyte is taught and pledged to the faithful observance of the Ten Commandments and the general obligation of patriotism.

In the second degree, that God being our common Father, all men are the objects of our love and beneficence; that industry is a virtue and labor divine.

In the third degree, the great phenomena of nature, life and death, reproduction and destruction, light and darkness, are alluded to; and that God gives eternal life only to those who aspire to glory, and honor, and immortality in the way pointed out in the Holy Scriptures. * * * * * *

Masons are taught, first, the utter innocency and utility of the secrets of this institution; and, secondly, how to be better, because less bigoted and more liberal, Chistian gentlemen. The Bible and all Christian governments are full of symbols, representing great moral and civil principles and events. Who will say that because we have the image of Justice with her scales poised, and upon our flag the Goddess of Liberty, we are, therefore, a nation of idolators? As well might it be said that the brazen serpent in the wilderness, or the unleavened bread and the wine in the holy Eucharist, constituted the Israelites or the Christian Church schools of idolatry. Scarcely a Christian or Sabbath-school procession is ever formed without its devices and banners, symbolizing or commemorating great moral events or principles, and yet who denounces them as idolators?

All hail to the craft, whose light, broadly beaming,
Streams from the loveliest star in the sky;
O'er sorrow's dark vale ever cheerfully gleaming,
Guiding to yonder bright temple above.
Still may that holy ray,
Type of immortal day,
Light the lone path of the pilgrim along,
Till the Grand Master's "hest"
Bid his labor all rest,
Attuning his harp to the mystical song.

Good and Perfect Work.

BY BRO. BAXTER.

The allegory of Freemasonry is founded in circumstances which occurred at the building of King Solomon's Temple upon Mount Moriah, and in the Capitular Degrees it is extended to the downfall of Jerusalem—the destruction of the first temple—the captivity—the return, and the preparations for building a second temple on the site occupied by the first.

We are informed that the Temple of Solomon was commenced in the second month of the sacred year, A. M. 2992, and was completed in about seven years and six months; while the Ephesian Temple of Diana, in every respect its inferior, occupied the period of over two hundred years in building. By the great wisdom of King Solomon and the wonderful skill of the chief architect, the vast multitude of workmen employed were so classified and governed, the whole minutiæ of the work so systematically arranged, and the execution of the designs so judiciously superintended, that the building progressed to its completion in the most perfect order and harmony. The timbers were prepared in the forests of Lebanon, and the stones were squared, marked and numbered in the quarries of Zeradatha; and so perfect was the workmanship in all its several parts, that the use of metal tools was not required in raising the polished walls of the building. All the materials fitted together with such exact nicety that, when the edifice was completed, its beautiful symmetry was regarded by spectators as most wonderful, if not miraculous.

"All was of the choicest masonry."

Nothing but good and perfect work was allowed to have a place in its walls. Every block was carefully examined, and tried by the overseer's square; if not found to be of just proportions and good workmanship, it was rejected and cast among the rubbish; if it stood the test, the faithful craftsman received his reward in due time.

Companions, we may here see a type of deep significance and moral grandeur; a type of that spiritual temple which is being erected by the great Master Builder of the Universe, the immortal blocks of which are being prepared in the quarries of earth. As moral craftsmen, we are placed here to work out our eternal destiny, and earn for ourselves the title of Most Excellent Masters. The great designs have been drawn for us by the Master's hand, and the specimens of work which we present will be tried by the great Overseer with the square of His eternal Truth. If our work is approved, it is written, "*Ye shall have your reward.*" A time will come when the craftsmen of this world will be assembled to receive their wages. High twelve will strike in eternity, and the work of life will cease; then, if, as faithful craftsmen, we have performed well the work given us to do, we may go forth from the quarries of earth, prepared to receive the "wages of eternal life." Our work, it is true, may be rejected of men and cast among the rubbish of prejudice and ignorance; yet, if it is in accordance with the designs of the great Master Builder, its merits will ultimately triumph. But if we prove unfaithful workmen; if we neglect the designs of the Chief Architect, and waste our working days in idleness, until our hands are stained with the rust of the implements that have been given us, in vain we may frame excuses and think to receive wages that are not our due; there is a *record* kept in eternity, and by that record we shall be judged.

The Christian Craftsman's Creed.

Installation Address, Continental Lodge, No. 287, by Rev. Bro. STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jr., Chaplain of Prince of Orange Lodge, No. 16. New York, 1867. Robert J. Johnston, Printer, 33 Beekman street.

We see not how the mechanical execution of this superb duodecimo of 28 pp. can be excelled. The Senior Warden of Continental Lodge, Bro. R. J. Johnston, deserves great credit for the success in his department with this work.

Thus begins the address, from a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, who is not ashamed of his Freemasonry, and whose father, the Rev. Dr. Tyng, remembers his Masonic bonds also to this hour.

WORSHIPFUL SIR, LADIES, GENTLEMEN, AND BRETHREN:

I respond with pleasure to your call, as I strive to answer every summons from the East. But I must remind you at the outset that you have devolved the important office of addressing words of welcome and explanation to our friends from without upon one whose ashlar is still very rough, whose gavel is often idle, and whose trowel sometimes sadly spreads untempered mortar. Yet, whilst I wear the apron, and, still more, the collar, may my will bow most submissively to Masonic requirements and the orders of the Worshipful Master. This service of reverence to our ancient ritual is as peculiarly congenial to my feelings as it transcends my ability. * * *

It is one of the strongest features of Freemasonry that every member of the Order most sacredly retains his individuality. He is not forgotten in the man.

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Our ministry, therefore, varies with every Mason. We wear like clothing and bear similar tools. But here our likeness ends, for whilst Masons we are yet men, and we must do our common work in very different ways. * * * * * *

And so far from a collision, there cannot be a more complete concord than that which exists between a pure Christian faith and Masonic morals. * *

Masonry contends for the absoluteness of Truth. The tendency of the times is greatly averse to this fundamental principle of all knowledge, all morality, as well as all religion. And so our fraternity are like the builders on the temple's wall: whilst they wield the trowel they must also bear the spear. We are compelled to withstand all those lines of thought which would depreciate the simplicity and fixedness of Truth. The many new discoveries of science have discredited old and long accepted theories. * * The result of all such thought is the annihilation of that which is the corner-stone of our temple. Somewhere there is that which is invariable, inflexible, and most stable; to believe it is to be faithful—to deny it is to be infidel; to act upon it is to be virtuous—to depart from it is to become vicious. There is no uncertainty in the teaching of our Order, where this much despised yet sovereign truth is enshrined. But the fact of its existence is all that I just now affirm. What is the testimony of our antiquity? We are not banded together simply for the purpose of social recognition and mutual support. We have not inherited merely unmeaning forms of ritualistic display, which have nothing but their mysterious secrecy to commend them. Think you there is enthusiasm enough in humanity to continue for so many centuries, amidst all sorts of perils and persecutions, such an organization as this, designed only, or even chiefly, for selfish ends? You make Masonry a far greater mystery than we claim by so supposing. And you have a problem to solve in the existence of this confessedly ancient Order, which will baffle all experience and negative all knowledge of fickle human nature. Nay, it is the love of the truth, the adherence to the truth, which has constituted Masonry the miracle it is among all the debris of man's social structures. Here it stands, just as complete, just as glorious, as when, in the first temple's time, the widow's son gave the binding word. But what is the meaning of all our symbolism? This is not continued for the purpose of amusement and selfish gratification. These tools of our craft, and the jewels of our Order, have very solemn meaning. The officers of the Lodge, from the Tiler at the door to the Worshipful Master in the East, are engaged in very earnest work. This is no nursery for child's play or levity. We wear our aprons, and display our three great and three lesser lights, with very serious ends in view. These are all efforts to preach the truth. Each is a crystal face of this purest gem. And all are occupied in the manifestation of that of which each symbol tells a part. How comes it, I ask again, that, after such long journeyings, and amidst so many adverse influences, this traditional ritual remains so pure, so unaltered? Other schemes of man's device have had their day, and have fallen to rise no more. What is the talisman which explains their destruction and the preservation of this ancient system? Everything in the Lodge answers, TRUTH, "A divine attribute, and the foundation of every virtue." For "to be good and true," to buy the truth and sell it not, "is the first lesson we are taught in Masonry."

But a second feature of this mission of Masonry in the world of religious thought is its maintenance of the existence and unity of GOD. It is not, nor does it pretend to be, a system of theology. Its main purpose is the extension and cultivation of man's truest happiness, by revealing, in very practical illustrations, a divine morality. The relations to each other and the distressed which it inculcates, are impressed by motives drawn from our higher responsibilities to God. And the existence and moral nature of the Godhead are so far declared and insisted upon as these common influences require. Beyond this, Masons may believe all that there is in the Bible; less than this no craftsman can accept. Its protest, therefore, against atheism is most positive. * * *
What is the groundwork of our whole system except the construction of a temple for the divine indwelling? Soloman started the work, and we still labor on the wall. * * * * * *

A third feature of this mission of Masonry is its unwavering confidence in the plenary inspiration of the sacred Scriptures. Thus we ascend from step to step in the things which, as Masons, we are required to affirm. * * * Its historical books mark the different degrees in our attainment of Masonic mysteries. Its Mosiac Law is the square of our conduct. Its prophecies point us to glorious revelations in the higher callings of our craft to be made more plain. With no narrow spirit of propagandism, we place on our altar this holy book, in all its Christian completeness. We open it at the Book of Ruth. We gather about it at the hour of solemn obligation. We appeal to it as the umpire of our art. We teach the initiate that it is the "great light of Masonry."

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Childhood approaches it with traditional reverence; maturity leans upon it as a trusty and well-tried staff; and tottering age worships while it clings to it as the friend, faithful to uphold in the rolling of death's dark river. The world's Bible—the Christian's Bible—the open Bible—the word of the living God—is the central thing of the Masonic Lodge and the cornerstone of the craftsman's faith.

The fourth and last point to which I shall ask your attention is the collateral testimony to the Gospel which Freemasonry affords. * * * We are traveling from the West to the East in search of light. And it is enough for us, as Christians, if every Masonic step brings us nearer to Him whom the tabernacle and temple, with all their beauty, but partially prefigured. * * * For the nearer you come to the East, the sooner you will rejoice in perfect light.

The presence of the Holy Scriptures, which are admitted by Christendom to foreshadow a Saviour, and which were appealed to by Christ Himself as testifying of Him—should be enough to silence the most prejudiced caviler. * * * St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, the one who heralded and the other who leaned lovingly on the bosom of Jesus, are honored in the dedication of every Lodge, and are, in their lives and writings, the parallels of the Mason's path. Then the resurrection of the body, in the likeness of Him who was the first fruits from the dead, is very unequivocally, whilst typically impressed. * * * * *

If the institution cannot speak for itself after these centuries of development, then no words of argument can advance its claims. But who can estimate its silent influence upon a single brother—and what a multitude of craftsmen does it command! Is it a little thing, that wherever the altar of our ancient art is set up, an open Bible should be upon it? Not so thinks that apostate body which seals the word of God lest its own usurpations and pretensions should be thereby denied—else what mean those constant allocutions and bulls which continually are aimed at, and as often fail to injure, our valued fraternity? Is it a little thing that, whilst Europe is plagued with rationalistic thought, and America is about entering on the strife, there should be thousands already pledged to stand by God's truth—a great army of conviction? Is it a little thing that, in a pleasure-seeking, depraved society, blind to the intelligent joys of the present and the more lasting bliss of the future, there should be thousands of such rooms as these dedicated to God and the holy Saints John, in which men, bound by a vow to forsake all iniquity, at very frequent intervals gather for mental, moral and spiritual improvement? Brethren, let us rejoice in our privilege. Let the world deride and scorn, if it will. Our great Master has suffered all this before. It hated Him before it hated us. Be sure you cling simply to the truth, and be careful to manifest it by conversation and example among men. May every foot of your wall be built in strict conformity to the square and the plummet. May every action of your lives bear the scrutiny of the All-Seeing Eye. "May your oblations of piety and praise be grateful as the incense, your love warm as its flame, and your charity diffusive as its fragrance." May the mystic letter which is always before your eye whilst in the Lodge, be your encouragement when burdened with responsibility, or fearful with amazing dread. Thus traveling along the level of time, may you, through the merits of your great High Priest, "be admitted within the vail of heaven, to the full enjoyment of life eternal."

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

RUFUS CHOATE.—No lawyer had so many characters who visited him, from time to time, as Mr. Choate. Among these was—say twenty years ago—one Captain Ashton, a short, wiry, quick little Englishman, who claimed to have been once in the British army. He was a frequent visitor at Mr. Choate's office, and very chatty.

He claimed to have loaned several thousand dollars to a trader upon a mortgage of his stock. The trader failed, and his creditors contested the mortgage. They urged that the captain had no visible means, no property, and couldn't have had the money to lend on the mortgage; and, moreover, that the trader's stock of goods was so small, and his assets so deficient, that he couldn't have had the money.

Captain Ashton contended that his money came to him from England in sovereigns, and that he lent this gold to the trader.

It looked rather dubious for Ashton.

Mr. Choate prepared to try the case for plaintiff Ashton. It was to come on at Lowell.

The plaintiff's witnesses were summoned to meet Mr. Choate in a room of the hotel. Ashton hadn't met his debtor for some time. Mr. Ashton and his counsel, with witnesses, were in a private room, when the mortgagor, who had been notified to attend, came in. Ashton sprung at him like a tiger. "You scoundrel," said he, "you have cheated me; you have robbed me of my gold!"

Mr. Choate remarked to the writer, years afterward, in speaking of this case, "That incident satisfied me my client was right. I knew it and felt it, and knew that was the case for me. I care not how hard the case is, it may bristle with difficulties; if I feel I am on the right side, *that cause I win.*"

Mr. Choate got a verdict; but it was set aside for some cause, and before the second trial Ashton had disappeared. But sufficient facts were subsequently developed to leave no doubt that Ashton's story was true.

A CONTENTED FARMER—FREDERICK THE GREAT.—Once upon a time, Frederick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride and espied an old farmer plowing his acre by the wayside, cheerfully singing his melody.

"You must be well off, old man," said the King, "does this acre belong to you, which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the farmer, who did not know that it was the King. "I am not so rich as that; I plow for wages."

"How much do you get a day?" asked the King.

"Eight groschen," said the farmer.

"This is not much," replied the King; "can you get along with this?"

"Get along, and have something left."

"How is that!"

The farmer smiled and said:

"Well, if I must tell you, two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts; two I lend; and two I give for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," replied the King.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept me when I was weak and needed help; I keep them; this is my debt toward which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for the children, that they may receive a Christian instruction; this will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters whom I would not be compelled to keep; this I give for the Lord's sake."

The King, well pleased with this answer, said:

"Bravely spoken, old man! Now I will give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"Never," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is a riddle which I cannot unravel," said the farmer.

"Then I will do it for you," replied the King.

Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming: "The coin is also genuine, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster."

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say: "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up"—
How many a weary traveler
Would miss its fragrant smell;
How many a little child would grieve
To loose it from the dell.

Suppose the glistening dew-drop
Upon the grass should say:
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away"—
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveler on his way—
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom, too!
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child can do
For others by his love.

Kind Treatment of a Horse and its Reward.—Very recently, a team belonging to Bowers, Pratt & Co., heavily loaded with iron, while passing through Congress Street, became embedded in the snow. The humane driver, instead of lashing his horses, procured a shovel and cleared away the snow from the runners, then stepping up to the shaft horse, he said, 'Now, Billy, we are in a bad fix; do all you can—will you?' The horse, apparently understanding the appeal, rubbed his head against the driver as if in assent. The team was successfully started without a blow being struck. A well known gentleman in State Street, having witnessed the scene, was so pleased that, on returning to his office, he immediately addressed a note to the owner of the team, enclosing a ten dollar bill, with a request that it be given to the driver who treated his horse so kindly.

Gentleness *vs.* Force.—*A pretty Simile.*—The visitor at Newcastle-on-Tyne is shown the High Level Bridge, a vast iron structure, a triumph of engineering skill The curious observer, however, may note that the vast iron arches are placed apart, the space between being intended to admit of expansion on change of temperature. As true as strange! the mid-day—the warm and gentle zephyr which fans that collossal structure—governs it at will. The delicate air, which unfolds the leaf of the rose without crushing it, expands that huge metallic mass. All Newcastle-on-Tyne placed on either side of the bridge, pulling with all the strength of the town, would not effect the same expansion as that silently and noiselessly accomplished by the invisible atmosphere. What strength dwelleth in gentleness! What a lesson to all who seek by noise and violence to change the convictions of men! Nature has its quiet power, more subtle, more irresistible, than all the noisy forces of charlatanism.

Three friends man has in this world: how do they bear themselves towards him in the hour of death, when God summons him to judgment? *Money*, his dear friend, leaves him first, and does not go with him; his *relations* and *friends* accompany him to the gate of the grave, and then return to their homes. The third, whom he most readily forgot during his life, are his *good deeds*. They alone accompany him to the throne of the Judge; they go before him, speak for him, and find pity and grace.

A Lowly Mind.—Lowliness of mind is not a flower which grows in the field of nature, but is planted by the finger of the Creator in a renewed heart, and learned of the lowly Jesus.

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Caustic and blue vitriol are not Masonic specifics, nor will they augment or restore Masonic life.

Family Circle.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

A POETIC GEM FROM "THE ISRAELITE."

The day is gone, the night is come,
The night for quiet rest;
And every little bird has flown
Home to its downy nest.

The robin was the last to go,
Upon the leafless bough
He sung his evening hymn to God,
And he is silent now.

The bee is hushed within the hive,
Shut is the daisy's eye;
The stars alone are peeping forth
From out the darkened sky.

No, not the stars alone; for God
Has heard what I have said:
His eye looks on His little child,
Kneeling beside its bed.

He kindly hears me thank Him now
For all that He has given,
For friends, and books, and clothes, and food;
But most of all, for Heaven—

Where I shall go when I am dead,
If truly I do right;
Where I shall meet all those I love.
As angels pure and bright.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

By Bro. George P. Morris, whose biography occupied the first page of our last number.

This book is all that's left me now—
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lips and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My Mother's hand this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave to me.

Ah, well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's looks
Who learned God's word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thrilling memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

A Beautiful Thought.—Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perishes if one is dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that parts asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day, to crush the moulding tenements that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by nature. The earth and the atmosphere, whence we draw the breath of life, is pregnant with death. Health is made to operate its own destruction! The food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along our paths. Notwithstanding this is the truth so palpably confirmed by the daily examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it to the heart! We see our friends and neighbors perishing among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell shall, perhaps, give the next fruitless warning to the world!

Good-Night.—"Good-night!" In that expression of kindness how sweet and soothing a sentiment is conveyed! The toils of the day are over; the fervent heat of noon is past; the maddening pursuit after gain is suspended; and mankind seek in the arms of sleep a temporary asylum from care of mind and enervation of body. Even from guilt beneficent nature withholds not the solace of repose, and passing through the "ivory gate of dreams," the days of youth, of happiness, of innocence in shadowy glory flit before the soul. Insupportable, indeed, would be the heavy tribulation which, in our pilgrimage through life, we must endure, were it not for those intermittent seasons of rest which it is alike the privilege of the houseless wanderer and the palaced lord to enjoy. And night, gentle night, is the tender nurse that woos the toil-exhausted frame to steep its cares in calm forgetfulness. The wise provisions of nature indicate the season for repose; and her beneficent laws are reverenced and obeyed by all save the being for whose comfort and happiness they were chiefly promulgated. When the sun withdraws from the heavens, and the earth is shrouded in darkness, the labors of insect industry cease; the flowers, closing their petals, defended from the chilling dews of evening, and that sweet watchman of the grove, the nightingale, thrills forth in wild and varied cadences the parting song, "Good-Night!"

The Love of God Immeasurable.—I can measure parental love—how broad, how long, and strong and deep it is. It is a sea—a deep sea, which mothers and fathers can only fathom. But the love displayed on yonder hill and bloody cross, where God's own son is perishing for us, nor man or angel has a line to measure. The circumference of the earth, the altitude of the sun, the distance of the planets—these have been determined; but the height, depth, breadth and length of the love of God passeth knowledge. Such is the Father against whom all of us have sinned a thousand times! Walk the shore where the ocean sleeps in the summer calm, or lashed into fury by the winter's tempest, is thundering on her sands; and when you have numbered the drops of her waves, the sand on her sounding beach, you have numbered God's mercies and your sins. Well, therefore, may we go to Him, with the contrition of the prodigal son in our hearts, and his confession on our lips—"Father, I have sinned against heaven and in Thy sight." The spirit of God helping us thus to go to God, be assured that the father, who, seeing his son afar off, ran to meet him, fell on his neck and kissed him, was but an image of Him, who, not sparing His own Son, but giving Him up to death that we might live, invites and now awaits your coming.

Live Within Your Means.—Next to the slavery of intemperance, what slavery on earth is more galling than that of poverty and indebtedness? The man who is everybody's debtor is everybody's slave, and in a much worse condition than he who serves a single master. For the sake of the present, then, as well as for the sake of the future, we would most earnestly urge upon every working man and boy to live within his means. Let him lay by something every day; if but a penny, be it a penny, it is better than nothing; infinitely better than running in debt a penny a day or a penny a week. If he can earn a dollar, let him try fairly and faithfully the experiment of living on ninety cents. He will like it.

"People will laugh." Let them laugh. "They will call me stingy." But better call you stingy than say you do not pay your debts. "They will wonder why I do not have better furniture, live in a finer house and attend concerts and the play-house." Let them wonder for a while; it won't hurt them, and it certainly won't you. By-and-by you can have a fine house and fine furniture of your own, and they will wonder again, and come billing and cooing around you like so many pleased fools. Try the experiment.

A Legend.—They tell a story, that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren sat in the court on a fast day disputing about rest. One said it was to have attained sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second said it was fame and praise of all men. The third said it was possession of power to rule the State. The fourth that it must be only in the old age of one who is rich, powerful, famous, and surrounded by children and children's children. The fifth said all were in vain unless a man keep the ritual of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest of brothers, said, "Ye have spoken wisely, but one thing more is necessary. He only can find rest who to all things addeth this—that he keep the traditions of the elders." There sat a fair haired boy playing with lilies in his lap, and hearing the talk, dropped them in astonishment from his hands, and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said, "Nay, nay, fathers, he only can find rest who loves his brother as himself, and God with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame, wealth, and power; happier than a happy home without it; better than honored age; he is law to himself, above all tradition."

The National Freemason,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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Dr. McMurdy is always ready to welcome his friends at his office, during business hours. It is second floor, room 10, 39 Nassau street, opposite Post Office.

Change.—On and after May 1st the National Freemason will occupy the second floor of the building corner of Broome and Crosby. This location is more central and convenient to our friends from the South and West and East, who generally patronize the hotels in its vicinity.

The Secretary of the Mutual Relief Association will also have a room on the same floor. The Masonic Publishing Co. are all around us.

Letters will be addressed to box 5903 as usual.

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Enlargement.—We have also made arrangements to open an office in Washington city. The location will be announced in a few weeks. It will, probably, be in the vicinity of the New York papers, opposite Willard's.

This is appropriate, as the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, by a unanimous resolution, approved of the National Freemason, and recommended it as a weekly to the whole fraternity.

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If any brother has paid an agent, and has not received the paper, let him send the receipt to this office, or a copy of it, or reasonable evidence that he has paid for the paper, and to whom he has paid, and he will be certain to have the National Freemason, although we may lose the money.

Brethren should promptly advise us of their changes of residence.

Masonic Infallibility.

We Masons are apt to forget our liability to err, even when repeated experience has convinced us of the fact. Our own opinions have changed, and none are more ready to denounce sentiments once dear to us than ourselves. The recollection of our sincerity and conscientiousness should, therefore, moderate our censure of those who dissent from us, and restrain us from regarding a difference from our own judgment as criminal. The mistake may be on our side. Error and *conscious* guilt are not inseparable. Every dissident from us, whatever our wisdom and official or professional position, is not a convicted criminal and amenable to our tribunal. Until our infallibility is established, these pretensions, however tacitly put forth, are arrogant and vain.

But granted that we are right and our opponents wrong as to the points at issue, still our assumption of superiority and our tone of censure are, perhaps, more faulty, Masonically, than their mistakes. We sin against charity, for which an old craftsman said he could as soon become a martyr as for a landmark. There is too much claim set up to Masonic infallibility, as to work, ritual and law.

Let us all feel that our rightful interference with the convictions and opinions of others must be by mild argumentation and affectionate persuasion.

It is not by standing aloof from our brethren and bringing against them railing accusations, such as an angel would not bring against Satan, that we can hope to do them good.

Beyond the two articles of the Masonic creed, faith in God and hope in immortality, and the reception of the few great Masonic truths, *manward*, all else is matter of opinion or *private judgment.* "Let every one herein be fully persuaded in his own mind." Let us not force our Masonic opinions and practices upon others. Freemasons are all brethren, "helpers of a common joy," but none must venture to usurp dominion. Some are strong in Masonic faith, and others are weak, but the former must not condemn and despise the latter. Arrogance must be rebuked, and we must all feel that our greatest want is not *uniformity of work, however desirable*, but forbearance and charity. Some brethren have Masonic hearts, but are wanting in Masonic judgment. "Why dost thou set at naught thy brother? * * * Let no man put a stumbling block, or an occasion to fall, in his brother's way."

No difference of opinion, on non-essential points, should interrupt the harmony of the brotherhood. The Mason who is upright, sober, faithful to God and true to man, should be cherished; whose morality is not blind and undistinguishing, and does not swallow camels without scruple. Let us not demand perfection of Masonic knowledge all at once, but *sincerity of brotherly love*, earnest charity. Let us serve one another by *love*; not by constraint, but willingly.

Let us do to others as we would they should do unto us. If we would not be coerced in our religious or other notions, let us, then, not seek to coerce others.

The injustice of coercion is so manifest that it will meet resistance wherever it is practiced, unless time and the apathy of ignorance have reconciled the people to the yoke. The manner of resistance will often be characterized by asperity and violence.

Let these words sink deep into many hearts, as the result of many years of observation on Masonic schisms and troubles. *The variety of Masonic life is better than the uniformity of Masonic death.* It is better that there should be *lawful scope* for diversity of Masonic gifts and operations, than that every difference should produce a schism—a Masonic sect—a Masonic enemy. In fine, let there be, "*in essentials*, UNITY; *in non-essentials*, LIBERTY; *in all things*, CHARITY.

William and Mary, Va.

Here Chief-Justice Marshall, Grand Master of Virginia, Peyton Randolph, first President of the Continental Congress and last Provincial Grand Master of Virginia, Edmund Randolph, Governor and Grand Master of Virginia, our eminent brother John J. Crittenden and other well known craftsmen, were educated. George Washington received his commission as surveyor from this college, and was its Chancellor the last eleven years of his life.

It asks for aid. Cannot our wealthy craftsmen do something to rebuild this classic nursery of so many great Masonic minds?

◆

Raymond Lodge gave a brilliant concert last Saturday evening. Bro. Breed delivered an admirable opening address, followed by Berg's offertory upon the organ, skillfully rendered by Bro. Ovington. The concert was a grand success. Grand Master, Bro. Holmes, delivered a short address, which was well received.

Home for Incurables—A Suggestion to Lodges.

This Home was opened last June. It is now filled. Many are sent away for want of room.

In many Lodges there are one or more brethren or members of their families afflicted with incurable diseases. They are taken care of by the Lodge at a great disadvantage and unnecessary expense.

Now a Lodge paying $300 per year is entitled to a bed for the year in this home, which may be occupied by any *incurable patient* named by the Lodge. This includes all attention, care, food and nursing. This is a worthy charity, and we trust our brethren, who are able, will do something.

Address communications to Rev. Washington Rodman, West Farms, N. Y. Send contributions to Franklin F. Randolph, 14 Wall street, New York.

So in such hospitals as St. Luke's, why should not Lodges buy a bed—that is, purchase the right to send any sufferer there? This is the cheapest and most satisfactory method of meeting certain cases.

◆

It afforded us pleasure to preach and administer the Communion last Sunday, for a clerical brother, who is no less a zealous, devoted and faithful clergyman because he is an appreciative and faithful Freemason. No rector in New York city is more devoted to his work.

In addition to his own immediate duties, he has many calls from without by Freemasons. These he attends to without neglecting his immediate duties.

Nor does his church suffer by his connection with Freemasonry. No more than Bishop Griswold and Bishop Chase's dioceses did by theirs, or Bishop Odenheimer and Bishop Green's do now by theirs.

A clerical brother subscribed for our paper a few days ago, but wished it sent to another than his usual place for papers. He said he did not wish it known to his congregation that he was a Freemason. It might affect it. Poor brother! unwise as well as unmanly. He will lose respect in both Church and Lodge. But the amusing part of his fear is found in that the vestryman he most dreaded takes the same paper and is the Master of a Lodge.

When Bishop Otey entered upon his duties in Tennessee, a worthy minister of his diocese very kindly and solemnly advised him to have no Masonic intercourse, while Bishop. The Bishop said, "Have you Freemasons in Tennessee?" "Oh! yes. They are in great abundance." "Are they respectable and good men?" "Yes, generally." "Would you advise me, as your Bishop, to call upon them as citizens?" "Yes, by all means." "Then I shall follow your advice; but as my time is valuable I shall call on them collectively, for I find them friends of religion and the Church. Besides I hold no views nor associations which I am not willing to avow and defend before the world."

Tennessee as a diocese is thirty years ahead of what it would have been if the late noble Bishop had been less a brother.

A clerical brother of this State and diocese, who is a Freemason, was called to the position of rector of an important parish. He found the senior warden a well known political anti-Mason, one who had been a leading actor in the disgraceful scenes of 1826–29. He said to him, at an early opportunity, "Mr. ———, I am a Freemason. I expect to attend the Lodge upon my own judgment and convenience. I intend to acknowledge my Masonic brethren. I shall wear my apron in public whenever I choose. I must do all these things without annoyance from my vestry, or I shall not stay." The vestryman replied, "I *was* a political anti-Mason. I am ashamed of that part of my political life. It was bad judgment. I was wrong. I have changed my sentiments. I have a favorable opinion of Freemasonry now. If you had forsaken your Lodge from any supposed notions of mine, my regard for you would have been diminished. I knew you were a Freemason when I called you."

If we were at liberty to mention the name of this gentleman our readers would be astonished.

What are Life and Progress in Freemasonry.

A tree grows from a seed, slowly, silently, without noise.

A man grows from an infant to his fullness of muscular development. He grows continually, yet slowly.

A parasite is often the production of a night, and an animal monster is the development of a year.

Healthy growth in the animal and vegetable kingdom is slow, secret and unobserved.

Is it not so in the moral world? Does a man become a monster of vice, or a paragan of virtue, in an hour or a day? Is he not the truthful, faithful, loving child, developed into the man, whom all will trust with their money, their honor, and their heart? Or is not the child, untruthful, disobedient, careless, and selfish developed into the false, untrustworthy criminal man, who only escapes the penitentiary by stratagem? Is it not so intellectually? The slow, thoughtful, plodding boy, unnoticed by teacher and parent, becomes by slow processes the man of mark in State and Church. The quick, smart, *live* boy, that promised so much to the superficial teacher and parent, where and what is he? Forgotten as a man. He reached his acme early in life. His intellectual growth was not slow, silent and healthy.

Is it not so in Masonry? Must she yield her past rich experience of a thousand years and encourage a modern, mushroom growth? Must she exhibit the spasmodic life, which appears strong but is really feeble, or shall she retain her old mode of growing? Which, the old or the modern life? Our Fraternity have always answered to the appeals for what is termed the *live* system and *live* men. "Nay, give us the steady, quiet, daily growth of real life, and not that which is unmistakably the symptom of *diseased* life and the precursor of dissolution."

In this jurisdiction, from 1810 to 1826, there were Masonic novices, who introduced the *live* system of the outer world into our society. Thousands were received *upon their promise to pay*, and these constituted the body of seceding Masons in 1826-7 and '8, who found it easy to cancel the due-bills and claims of the Lodges in declaring Masonry worthless. The hundreds of such Lodges which expired, showed that their *live* condition was but the precursor of death.

Let us be warned. Let us understand that to desire and seek for the *life of modern institutions* is to obtain also, like them, a speedy death. Let us resist the tempters and the temptation which would invite us to the excitements and agitations of many modern institutions, or would give us an uncertain and capricious system of morals. Let us abide by our old Masonic faith and practice.

◆

A writer in the Boston *Investigator* asks if our eminent Masons, Judge Douglas and Thomas Corwin, were not infidels. We answer, unhesitatingly, "No." Read our lives of these brethren and be fully convinced. We say "No," as we have the contrary from their own lips. Judge Douglas had a great respect for Christianity and for the Bible, and gave the foundation for a Baptist Theological Seminary. Our late and eminent brother Corwin was a firm believer in Christianity, and lived under a vow to defend it.

◆

Rose Croix.—18th degree is not in any wise related to the Rosicrucians. Rosicrucian means Ros (dew) and Crux (a cross), emblem of light.

◆

We hereby acknowledge the receipt of fourteen dollars for the *Southern Relief Fund*, from Bro. Bedford, who secured the same in Waverly, Pa.

◆

Will Miss Maurice advise us how to send the prize money?

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Bro. P. M. Widdows' complimentary concert will be repeated at Steinway Hall, April 27. Tickets one dollar. We trust our brethren will fill the house.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS, P. G. M.

Castles in Havana.

The latest sensation in Masonic circles is the proposition to get up a shower of larks ready roasted, which the fraternity are to bolt *ad libitum*, without paying any money or making any choice; or, in other words, the peculiarly disinterested donation of one hundred acres of land, with the reversionary interest of about a million more, buildings worth seventy-five or a hundred thousand dollars, and all for the paltry consideration of some seven or eight thousand dollars to be paid in *cash*. When the money is paid, that much will be very certain; as to the rest, we claim the privilege of regarding it as belonging to that class of merchandise familiarly termed bosh. The ground, as we understand it, was given, and the buildings erected some years since at the cost of the State, for the purpose of a People's College, but it appears that the people couldn't "see it," for they refused to be enlightened, and so the machine has never been run, for want of grain to put in the hopper. The trustees now propose to adjoin the Masonic fraternity, and through their money and influence to carry out the original design, whatever that was, by merely changing the title from Peoples' College to Masonic School. Three of the original trustees are to withdraw and three others named by the fraternity are to take their places; the craft are to assume the liabilities, said to be less than ten thousand dollars, but just as likely to be twenty or thirty thousand; and when this money is raised and paid it is expected that the wheels will revolve for awhile, until it becomes necessary to raise more money, and then there will have to be a new deal. We object to the whole proceeding for several reasons. First, because it involves a partnership with another concern, and makes the fraternity a medium for carrying on other people's business; because, instead of being an asylum for aged and indigent Masons, their widows and orphans, under the exclusive care and direction of the craft, it is to be a public school, under Masonic patronage, where every one may dance to the music we Masons pay for. The system of public education in this State is as near perfection as human ingenuity can make it, it is liberally fostered, maintained and promoted by the State, and any attempt to interfere with or patronize it by people not conversant with the details, and not specially authorized by the Legislature, cannot fail to be disastrous, as witness the People's College itself, the trustees of which, under cover of seeking to aid the Masonic fraternity in establishing a purely eleemosynary institution, really propose to saddle them with their debts, and hide the ill success of their own undertaking. Masonry favors the spread of light and approves of educating the people, but, as a society, we have no machinery for undertaking public education which can be used in successful competition with the well matured and smoothly working system of the State, which, moreover, asks and needs no assistance from us. The experience of the craft, wherever in this country they have attempted to found and conduct educational institutions, is but the history of failure; not one of them ever has succeeded, and, while the public and private schools and institutions of learning throughout the country continue to be as well conducted as they have been in the past, we can never successfully compete with them, and had better allow them to monopolize the business. But, suppose that we accept the proposition of the actual trustees, and unite with them in holding the property, and they, seeing that education will not likely be sought at their institution, should agree to turn the college into an asylum, and thus at last succeed in getting it peopled to the extent of, say, fifty persons (there is room enough, we understand, for four hundred), it will cost from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars per annum to keep it in operation, and we should like to know where the money is to come from. We know very well that we shall be told that the brethren will cherfully give the money for the sake of having such an institution in working order; but we assert that there is no warrant for such an undertaking on so unstable a foundation. The Lodges may give enough for one year, but there is no surety for even that, and no man has a right to pledge the fraternity for any sum whatever. If the craft fail to furnish the necessary steam for the machinery, then an appeal can be made to the general public; but the public, already overburdened with similar appeals, would be likely to bid us put our own shoulders to the wheel and take care of our own household. Neither plan will do; there must be a permanent endowment, the interest of which will be a safe and perpetual income, and this brings us to our chief objection, that the whole proposition is in opposition to, and in derogation of, the regular Hall and Asylum, to which the fraternity is committed, and the success of which, now on the point of being realized, will be indefinitely postponed by running off on this new tangent. The foundation of the fund and the act of incorporation provide that a Hall shall be built in the city of New York, and that its revenues shall be devoted to the maintenance of an Asylum at some other point. Among others we have for years past dovoted our best energies to carrying forward this plan, and we know that, if unopposed by lateral schemes having the effect of distracting the attention and alienating the sympathy of the craft, we shall succeed. When the announcement is made that we are ready to lay the corner-stone, then the brethren may know that we have in hand the funds to complete the building, and hence that there will be no mortgage, interest or other claims to pay out of its revenues, save only the mere trifling expense of lighting, warming and guarding the Hall. All the rest of its revenue will belong of right and by law to the support of the Asylum. When the time arrives for its establishment, and it cannot be far off, provided the brethren are not led off in pursuit of some *ignis fatuus* like this Havana concern, there will be no difficulty in obtaining lands and buildings, and no appeals to be made for money to support it. One thing at a time is enough for us to do, and we trust that the brethren will hold fast that which is good, and let the castles in the air float away. We desire to say, in conclusion, that the sentiments here expressed are our own, and that for them we assume the entire responsibility.

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The Common Gavel.

The Common Gavel is an important instrument of labor, without which no work of manual skill can be completed; from which we learn that skill without industry will be of no avail, and labor is the lot of man; for the heart may conceive, and the head devise in vain, if the hand be not prompt to execute the design.

Masons are called moral builders. In their rituals they declare, emphatically, that a more noble and glorious purpose than squaring stones and hewing timbers is theirs—fitting immortal nature for that spiritual building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. It is said that the construction of the pyramids of Egypt employed the labor of one hundred thousand men for many years, but it was only to build monumental piles, beneath whose shadows kings might rest. These pyramids are only temples for the dead; Masons are building one for the living. The pyramids were only mausoleums in which the bones of the mighty dead might repose in imperial magnificence; Masons are erecting a structure in which the God of Israel shall dwell for ever. The pyramid shall crumble away, till not one stone shall be left upon another; but who shall count the years of immortality, the lifetime of the soul, which is fitted for its place in the heavens? Who can define its outlines, or fathom its depths, or measure its journey? It is a stream which grows broader and deeper as it flows onward. An angel's eye cannot measure its length, nor an angel's wing travel to its farthest boundary. When earth's proudest monumental piles have crumbled away, and that sand been scattered by the desert winds, and the glory and greatness of earth shall be forgotten, then will the immortal be pluming its wings for loftier flights. It is a fountain whose sources are in the Infinite, and whose placid waters flow on for ever—a spring time that shall bloom, educating immortal mind for the present, the future, for all ages—is acknowledged to be one of the essential objects of Masonic labors. The builder builds for a century; Masons, for eternity. The painter paints for a generation; they, for everlasting years.

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The Masonic Apron, is the symbol of labor and of purity of life and rectitude of conduct. It should be of pure white lambskin, without any device whatever, and should be square with a triangular flap.

The investiture of the candidate with the apron, among the primitive Masons, formed an essential part of the ceremony of initiation, and was attended with rites equally significant and impressive. This badge received a characteristic distinction from its peculiar color and material. With the Essenian Masons, it was accomplished by a process bearing a similar tendency, and accompanied by illustrations not less imposing and satisfactory to the newly initiated neophyte. He was clothed in a long white robe, which reached to the ground, bordered with a fringe of blue ribbon, to incite personal holiness, and fastened tightly round the waist with a girdle, to separate the upper from the lower parts of the body. With feet bare and head uncovered, the candidate was considered a personification of Modesty and Humility, walking in the fear of God.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. S. H.—" Charges were preferred against a member of my Lodge, and a commission duly appointed to try them. All the preliminaries being adjusted. the defendant was called on to plead, and put in an answer in writing, in which he demonstrated conclusively that. at the time the charges declare the offense to have been committed, at a certain place in the city of New York, he was in a distant city, engaged in his usual avocations. After hearing the statement of the defendant, the plaintiff immediately asked leave to withdraw the charges, and amend them, in compliance with the statement made by defendant; or, in other words, after having distinctly charged him with using profane language, at a certain time and place, they now ask to be allowed to withdraw that averment, and charge him with the same offense at another time and, perhaps, in another place. Does not this proceedieg look like a determination to convict at all hazards, and can it be lawfully carried out ?"

Answer.—No. The complainant has, with full time and opportunity, declared that a certain act was committed at a time and place named by him, and, by implication, averred his ability to prove his assertion. He now finds himself unable to demonstrate his facts, and there is no certainty that he would be any more successful in his next guess. The case should be put out of court at once.

C. A. L.—Preparations are being made, we understand, for the dedication of the new hall on Grand St., Williamsburgh; but we are not informed as to what the programme will be, nor of the exact date. Perhaps the committee have not completed their arrangements. When they get ready, it is probable notice will be given. The dedication must be performed by the Grand Master, or some competent brother specially authorized by him. The ceremony, when properly rendered, is very interesting, and you will no doubt be pleased with it. You will experience no difficulty in obtaining admissien, as there will doubtless be many present who know and can vouch for you.

Student.—The Cabiri were deities or heroes, raised to that dignity by the Phrygians. They had ceremonies in secret caves, called the Mysteries of the Cabiri, and it is probable that most of the ancient mysteries were based on or altered from them. They were celebrated at night, and eventually spread throughout Syria. Many legends have been connected with them; but as there are no means of verifying them, it is not worth while to give them currency.

S. T. U.—" I see, by your last issue, that you recommend parties going abroad to take no certificate, unless one issued directly by a grand body. As I propose to visit the Exposition, and probably some of the principal cities in Europe, during the coming summer, I would like to know—

" 1. Do the Grand Chapter and Grand Commandery of this State issue diplomas?

" 2. Does the Grand Encampment of the United States issue certificates or diplomas on application ?

" 3. Would the degrees and orders conferred by these bodies be of any use to one traveling in Europe ?"

Answer.—Neither the Grand Chapter, Grand Commandery, nor the Grand Encampment United States issue diplomas, for the reason, it is presumed, that no demand has been made for them. To a person traveling in Europe, however, it would make but little difference, as our system of degrees is not known or acknowledged there, for which reason a Grand Lodge diploma is the best you can have, unless you have taken the degrees of the A. and A. Rite, in which case a diploma from the Supreme Council, in addition to one from the Grand Lodge, would take you through swimmingly.

S. A. M.—" Where charges are preferred against a brother, and the Lodge, waiving jurisdiction, requests the deputy for the district to appoint a commission, has the accused brother a right of appeal on that ground ?"

Answer.—A brother under charges, having been tried, has an indisputable right of appeal, on any ground he may select; but it does not follow that his appeal will be successful. In the case mentioned, the right of the Lodge to waive jurisdiction was perfect, and no amount of appealing would invalidate the act of the D. D. G. M. in appointing the commission.

Vult.—" I have received a summons, by mail, from the Master of a Lodge in this city to attend and testify before a commission about a matter of which I know nothing—of which, in fact, I never heard until I received the summons. Am I bound to put in an appearance ?"

Answer.—Yes. Still, if there is time, you might write to the Master who issued the summons, and say that you know nothing of the case, and ask him to recall the summons. In the event of failing to hear from him, however, previous to the meeting of the commission, it would be your duty to appear in person and make a verbal statement.

Sub Silentio.—"A gentleman residing in New Jersey has been proposed in my Lodge for initiation and membership. His record is good, and the Lodge is disposed to accept him. I am informed, however, that, before initiating him, it is required that we obtain consent of the Lodge nearest his place of residence. Will you be good enough to state how we are to proceed ?"

Answer.—By resolution of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey, subordinate Lodges are forbidden to give consent to the initiation of New Jersey material in any other jurisdiction. You can, therefore, do nothing further in the case, unless the candidate should permanently change his residence to some place in this State.

M. M.—Hold your horses and let 'em trot. You will find out all about it in due time; but you will not hasten that time by writing fierce epistles which you are ashamed to acknowledge by appending your name. We propose to do exactly right, and no amount of bullyragging will swerve us to the right or left by the breadth of a split hair.

P. P. P.—We are of opinion, as we have before stated, that the adult daughter of a deceased brother has no lawful claim on the charity funds of a Lodge. If, however, the majority present at a stated communication should think proper to vote her a sum of money, we know of nothing to prevent them from so doing, and if she is found worthy, and in real need, they might possibly make a worse use of the money.

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Not Much.

The *Cincinnati Review* rubs its hands and shrugs its shoulders with a gleeful and peculiarly Masonic anticipation of a fight in New York, because of a friendly discussion in a newspaper as to whether water-ford or water-fall is the proper word to be used in a certain part of the ritual. We are sorry to spoil the enjoyment of our cotemporary, but we can assure him that there is not the slightest danger. We can discuss matters of opinion and shed ink by the bottle-full without in the least disturbing our equanimity; when we quarrel, as possibly we may do, it will be over a principle of more importance than a mere word. But we suggest that it does not evince a very friendly feeling towards his neighbors for our friend to see so large a mountain of discord in so small a mole-hill of difference. If there were any real danger of a disturbance, would it not be more fraternal to whisper a word of advice, rather than to treat us like untutored savages ready to fall upon one another at the slightest provocation? It is to be supposed that our brother had on his green specs when he penned the paragraph to which we allude, and we advise him not to invest much on the probability of his prediction proving true.

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Washington Heights Lodge, No. 530, had a remarkably pleasant spell last Friday evening. The moving cause was the presentation of a series of handsomely worded and engrossed resolutions of commendation to the R. W. Enoch P. Breed, the immediate Past Master of the Lodge. The presentation was made by W. Bro. Wm. H. Harrison, actual Master, in a brief but pointed speech, and the recipient acknowledged the courtesy in fitting terms. Bro. Simons followed in a short address on the amenities of the occasion, and then there was a call to refreshment. Bro. Gustavy Geary, with great kindness, enlivened half an hour or so with a selection of ballads in his best style, when the stewards announced the banquet, which was about as good as they make them. When this had been appropriately discussed, low twelve sounded, and we began our homeward pilgrimage. The affair was what the painters call subdued in tone, but remarkably pleasant for all that. We desire to express our grateful acknowledgment of fraternal politeness on the part of Bros. Whitman, Harrison, Breed, and the Lodge in general, and shall certainly always remember with pleasure our evening with No. 530.

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Island Chapter, U. D., has just begun labor at Flushing, under the most flattering auspices. Elijah S. Fairchild is High Priest, Charles W. Brown, King, and Wm. L. Seaman, Scribe.

REPLIES.

With this number and hereafter all replies to correspondents will be found under the head of the jurisdiction whence they emanate. This will promote the perfect classification of our matter.

R. McMURDY.

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The article, "Signs," so generally copied, is original to the National Freemason.

No. 139 East 21st, New York,
April 9, 1867.

Rev. R. McMurdy, D.D., L.L.D.

Rev. and Dear Sir—Yesterday, at about half-past ten a. m., Thomas M. Nichol fell from the top of a load of hay, or jumped in order to save himself, as the load was about to upset, and broke some one or another of the small bones of his foot, between the ankle and the heel. He is a Master Mason, and did belong to some Lodge in Canada. I took him to the Bellvue Hospital and left him there, and I promised to pay his board for one month there ($15), fifteen dollars, which I will do. He is a man who has seen better days. I give you these facts, that if you know of any benevolent brothers in Masonry, that they can call on him at the hospital at Bellvue.

Very truly yours, &c,,
I. H. B., S. of G. C.,
And Member of Puritan Lodge, No. 339, F. & A. M.

Will some of our young brothers call at our office and help us in such cases ?

St. Cecile Lodge—Music—The South.

We made a visit at the last meeting. when the second degree was conferred upon two brethren. The Master of the Lodge, Bro. Ilsley, chaunted the versicles instead of reading them. There was instrumental music to fill up all laches. When brought to——all joined in chaunting : " As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be."

Bro. Burnett, the Sen. Warden, introduced the subject of suffering in the South, whereupon Bro. Widdows, P.·. M.·., offered a resolution that fifty dollars be donated to the Southern Relief Association, which, after some remarks made by ourselves, at the especial request of the Sen. Warden, was adopted.

Masons as citizens are most active for the relief of the South.

Bro. Orr, the Grand Master of S. C., thus writes of the gift of 12,600 bushels of corn sent by the Commission to his State:

" The donation is very timely, and will relieve hundreds from the pinching of actual want, if not of absolute starvation. Never was a charity more worthily conceived or bestowed than yours, in feeding a destitute people. Our great necessities will continue to press us, and can only be relieved by the generous and benevolent from abroad, until the middle of July, when, if the wheat harvest is an average yield, the central, northern and western section will be partially relieved. Permit me to reiterate my thanks, in behalf of the suffering and destitute of this State, to yourself and your generous compeers, for their noble and philanthropic charity."

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Souvenirs.—Bro. H. B. Pierce has exhibited to us copies of the *souvenirs of the war*, and we deem them pictures for elegance unsurpassed. Brethren desirous of these pictures of their favorite Generals, North or South, will read the advertisement. Eight among them are Freemasons.

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The manuscript of Bro. Wm. B. Smith's book upon "Masonry in Time of War," will soon be ready for the press. The author having removed to this city desires that the brethren in various sections of the country, who have promised incidents for the work, will address him, care of A. S. Barnes & Co., or box 1672, New York, and not any longer at Raleigh, N. C.

A Good School for Boys from Seven to Thirteen Years of Age.

Reply to a Mother.—Try Rev. Dr. Spears' Home School, New Haven, Conn., beginning 22d April. Circulars at our office. No day pupils. In open country. Very healthy. Charges reasonable. The principal an Episcopal clergyman.

Extracts—Letters.

Waverly, Pa.

Never have I seen any periodical so replete with valuable information, both foreign and domestic. No Mason can do without it.

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Louis XVI. said, as the Archbishop placed the crown on his head : *Oh! how it pains me!*

From the South.

AMERICUS, GA., *March 27th*, 1867.

For some months past I have had the pleasure of reading your valuable and truly Masonic paper, the NATIONAL FREEMASON, and it deserves to be circulated everywhere throughout our once great and glorious country. Masonry, I am sorry to say, like everything *else* in the South, is in a crippled condition, and many who would be glad to take your paper are not able to do so. I hope, though, that better times will dawn upon us before many years shall pass away. If the principles of Masonry were fully carried out at the North and South, it would have a great tendency to alleviate the sufferings of our people everywhere, and to bring harmony out of discord; for charity should be the guiding star of every true Mason.

"Charity hath a magic power
  The weary breast to beguile;
It gladdens the eye and lightens the brow,
  And changes the tear to a smile.
In the genial sunshine it sheds around
  The shadows of care depart;
And we feel, in its gentle and soothing tone,
  There's a balm for the wounded heart
Then let us learn to live in love,
  Where'er our fortunes call,
With a generous heart, a cheerful smile,
  And a gentle word for all."

A brother of the regular army sends the following:

The Lieut.-Col. Walpole, referred to below, had been a prisoner from May, 1864, to about March, 1865, being released in time to take part in the final campaign of the army of the Potomac.

On the 9th of May, 1865, a few officers met in the Lodge room of "Roman Eagle Lodge," W.·. M.·. Dame, the Episcopal minister, assisted by good S. W. and J. W. Dr. Dame is, I believe, one of the oldest ministers and Masters in that section, had presided for over twenty years, starting the Lodge when on account of Anti-Masonry excitement there had been great opposition. The Lodge had increased in numbers and importance, until finally it was looked upon, I believe, as one of the best in that part of Virginia.

FROM THE SIXTH CORPS.

DANVILLE, VA., Saturday, May 13, 1865.

Highly Creditable.—A Confederate soldier who reached this place a few days ago from Richmond, where he had been confined in hospital for several months, still suffering from wounds received in his side and thigh, and being unable to walk, was lying in the depot awaiting an opportunity to be removed to a hospital.

While in this condition he discovered a Federal officer riding by, wearing the badge of a Mason.

The wounded Confederate gave a signal, which was immediately recognized by the officer, who at once alighted, had the poor wounded man removed to the hospital, giving him such assistance and kind words as a brother only in deed and fact could give. Yesterday, as the writer of this was returning from the country, he met the wounded Confederate referred to comfortably lying in a U. S. ambulance, on a soft bed, half way on his journey to Pittsylvania county. The officer referred to was Lieut. Col. H. H. Walpole, commanding the 122d regiment, New York Volunteers.

We deem comment unnecessary to the readers of the great paper of this continent, the NATIONAL FREEMASON, as such conduct will always find a proper response in the true brotherhood, and do more to strengthen the bonds of the ancient fraternity.

W. T. S., Qr. M.

The *Providence Journal* says:

THE NATIONAL FREEMASON.—We find a copy of this paper, dated March 23d, lying upon our table, and have taken much pleasure in scanning its contents. It is published in New York, and is full of information interesting to every Mason. The sketch of Rufus Choate, commenced in this issue of the paper, has given to us a clearer conception of his true character than that derived from the perusal of one or two biographies of the advocate whose vivid eloquence more than once caused a jury to bring in a verdict against the law, the evidence, and the charge of the judge.

Thus our patrons will see that our sketches are not mere occupants of so many columns, but are exhaustive and lucid biographies. No young man reading these can fail to get a thorough knowledge of the history of their times.

Chronicle (Wisconsin) says:

The NATIONAL FREEMASON is a very ably conducted and highly interesting paper.

Privileged "Cowans."

To admit "Cowans" now would be regarded by universal Masonry as destructive to our *secret* brotherhood.

These Ishmaelites of the craft were, however, received in Scotland and elsewhere three centuries ago. They were licensed to do certain work, called "Cowan work." There were Fellow Craft Cowans and Master Cowans. They could not hew and lay. They generally paid to the Deacon craft the sum of five pounds and one pitcher of ale, and took an oath to be true and loyal to the craft.

The Lodge of Kilwinning, 1705, a quarter of a century before it ceased to be an operative and became a speculative Lodge of Freemasons, authorized the employment of *Cowans* when circumstances prevented Masters obtaining the services of regular Masons, a privilege conceded, also, to English craftsmen.

Baal—Bel.

In the archives of the Royal Arch, as composed by Thomas Smith Webb and practiced in the American Chapters, the name of the idolatrous god *Baal* or *Bel* is found. This word, in the Syro-Arabian languages, is a generic term for *God*. As the people using those forms of speech had several gods, the word *Baal*, by the aid of some accessory distinction, became applicable as a name to many different deities. There is no evidence, however, that ever the true worshipers called *Jehovah* by the name of *Baal*, and therefore its use in the Royal Arch system is by no means well established.[*]

The chief male divinity of the Phœnicians was *Baal*, the principal seat of whose worship was Tyre. The worship of this god, which was almost always conjoined with that of *Ashtoreth*, was adopted by the idolatrous Israelites as early as the generation immediately succeeding the death of Joshua, B.C. 1443. The second is "they forsook the Lord and served *Baal* and *Ashtoreth*" (Judges, ii., 13). They continued this horrid profanity in the reigns of Ahaz and Manasseh (B.C., 737–692) kings of Judah. In the reign of Ahab, king of Israel (B.C. 918–897), who married the daughter of the Phœnician king Ethbaal, a systematic attempt was made among that schismatic people to suppress the worship of God altogether and substitute that of *Baal* in its stead.

Altars, images and temples were erected to *Baal*, and a very large body of priests was ordained for his service. The altars were usually upon high places, as hills and the roofs of houses. Incense was offered to him and sacrifices of bullocks, and even children. During the sacrifice the priests danced about the altars and cut themselves with sharp knives. Homage was paid to *Baal* by bending the knee, kissing his image and swearing by his name.

The combination of the word *Baal* with other names forms a catalogue of false gods. *Baal Berith*, signifying Covenant Lord, was worshiped by the people of Shechem. *Baal Peor* was the idol of the Moabites and of the Midianites. *Baal-zebub*, the Fly-lord, was one of the gods of the Philistines. But wherever the word is used as an appellation of divinity, it suggests the most idolatrous and usually obscene thoughts. Therefore we think that its use in the American Royal Arch system derogates from the sublimity which envelops the theory of that system, and that the word should be rejected.

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[*] In Hosea, ii. 16, the passage "thou shalt call me no more Baali," is not opposed to the idea above conveyed. The verse here only contains the word *Baal* as the sterner and less affectionate representative of the word *husband*.

Our regrets that we could not be present at the *Lodge of Sorrow*, held by the Pacific brethren in memory of their deceased members, on Saturday night. Bros. Reid, Marshall, Terchman and Hyde will accept our apology.

Our regrets to Comps. Pine, Brant and Goeller, Jr., and the companions of Union Chapter, Newark, N. J., that we were utterly unable to be with them on Monday evening. Will try again.

D
E + U
S

The cross in this figure stands for L V X, or light, as this cross contains within it an L, four V's, and one X. D E U S, Lux, is thus God, light.

Where was Gen. Washington Made a Mason?—The Mark Degree—Did not Gen. Washington receive it?

(From the Address to the Officers and Brethren of the Lodge of Antiquity, Montreal, by Bro. FRANK, W. M. of Lodge.)

This address suggests matters of much interest to American Freemasons, and will awaken discussion on a point dear to every lover of him whose memory is first in the hearts of Freemasons.

BRETHREN: This Lodge (Lodge of Antiquity, Montreal) was chartered under the number 227, by the Grand Lodge of Ireland, in the year 1752, and continued attached to the 46th British Regiment for about 90 years afterwards, when it fell into abeyance, and the charter passed into other hands.

The annals of the Lodge furnish many interesting facts and anecdotes, which, on the present occasion, and for the purposes of this address, would be too lengthy to record. I should, however, state that it has been asserted that the illustrious Washington was initiated in this Lodge, and such was generally admitted to have been the case until 1841, when our American brethren say it was discovered that Washington was initiated, passed, and raised in the Fredericksburg Lodge, organized at Fredericksburg in Virginia, by authority of a dispensation from the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. They do, however, add that, although all the Lodges emanating at that time from the Grand Lodges of England and Ireland were empowered by their charter or warrant to confer the first three or Craft degrees of Masonry, yet it is a well established fact that the military Lodges did not always confine themselves to the strict letter of their charters, but occasionally conferred the "Mark" as a side degree; and they add that they have the authority of the Provincial Grand Master of Nova Scotia, in 1852, for saying that this degree had been conferred in that province, Nova Scotia, and in Canada for upwards of a century under a Master Mason's warrant, to which Lodge, and not to a Royal Arch Chapter, it then was the opinion of that Provincial Grand Master the Degree of Mark Master properly belongs. And they further say that it is not traveling beyond the limits of probability to assume that Lodge 227, belonging to the 46th British Regiment, following the practice of the military Lodges of that day, gave the Mark Degree in addition to those specially enumerated by its warrant. It is asserted that at a later poriod, a Mark Master Mason's jewel was exhibited, which had once been worn by General Washington in an army Lodge, and it is supposed that he received this Mark Degree in the Lodge 227, attached to the 46th Regiment, which our American brethren assume would explain the entry in the records of the Lodge, and relieve the case from all embarassments. Be this as it may, certain it is that General Washington evinced great love and veneration for the Order in general, and this Lodge in particular. It is reported that the Masonic chest of the 46th, by the chances of war, fell into the hands of Americans; they related the circumstance to General Washington, who embraced the opportunity of testifying his estimation of Masonry in the most marked and gratifying manner, by directing that a guard of honor, under a distinguished officer, should take charge of the chest, with many articles of value belonging to the 46th, and return them to the regiment. The surprise, the feeling of both officers and men, may be imagined, when they perceived the flag of truce that announced this elegant compliment from their noble opponent, but still more noble brother. The guard of honor, with their flutes playing a sacred march, the chest containing the Constitution and implements of the Craft, borne aloft, like another ark of the covenant, equally by Englishmen and Americans, who, lately engaged in the strife of war, now marched through the ranks of the gallant regiment, that, with presented arms and colors, hailed the glorious act by cheers which the sentiment rendered sacred as the hallelujahs of an angel's song. Another fact is worthy of record. In Dominica, in the year 1805, the 46th Regiment was attacked by a French force, which it gallantly repelled, but in the action had the misfortune again to lose the Masonic chest, which the enemy succeeded in securing on board their fleet, without knowing its contents. Three years afterwards, the French Government, at the earnest request of the officers who had commanded the expedition, returned the chest, with several complimentary presents; offering by that act the acknowledgment and homage of an enlightened nation to the purity, value, and usefulness of Masonry.

Our visit to Morton Commandery was courteously received. The Commandery exhibited earnest life. The election appeared to pass off with great unanimity. The installation services were impressively administered. Sir. Knt. Cassidy promises well, and Sir Knt. Chase retires with the good feeling of the Sir Knts. Our Rev. Brother will sustain his part as Prelate.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

MASSACHUSETTS AND RHODE ISLAND.

Grand Encampment—(Continued from last number). Reply of Massachusetts to Pennsylvania.

To all this Massachusetts, through Sir Knight Gardner, replies that the facts are, in the main, as stated by Sir Knight Creigh, but that this "holding over principle" is contrary to Masonic law and Masonic usages; and that the reassembling of Encampment No. 4 was wrong and unmasonic; that the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, 1795, only recognized E. A., F. C., M. M., and R. A. as ancient craft Masonry; that the Ahiman Rezon of 1781 recognized knighthood, as based on Masonry; that St. John's Encampment, No. 4, derived her authority from the State Grand Encampment of 1814, which ceased in 1823, and the jurisdiction then reverted to the Grand Encampment United States; that Encampments deriving their authority from a Grand Lodge or Lodges of Master Masons is unwarranted in the history of Masonry, and that the General Grand Encampment of United States is the only legitimate authority for a charter; and Sir Knight Gardner insists that the Knights of Pennsylvania trace their genealogy through the Grand Encampment of the United States to the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New York. He strongly insists that St. John's Encampment came to an absolute end in 1835.

"The General Grand Encampment of the United States first entered Pennsylvania in 1847, and a legitimate Grand Encampment was formed and first existed, since 1816, in that State in 1854. This, then, is the true date of the new birth; from that year the grand body counts its years. Its precedence commences at that time. It cannot add to its youthful age the years of a dead and departed organization. That date of its birth is fixed and established. The statement made by our Past Grand Master that this Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode Island is the oldest grand body of knighthood upon this continent was and still is absolutely true. It was not the first established in the country, but now is the oldest in existence."

In 1733, a Provincial Grand Lodge was opened at Boston, and in 1734 Pennsylvania lighted her fires from the altar of Boston Freemasonry. The Mark Master's degree, as well as those of P.·. M.·. and M.·. E.·. M.·., was an absolute requirement for the Royal Arch by the Grand Chapter of the Northern States, established long before 1816.

The history of American Templarism is thus given: In 1733, when Masonry was established in America (this order existed and was connected with the Masonic institution 36 years thereafter), the Knights Templar Degree was conferred in Boston. At the first meeting of St. Andrew's Royal Arch Chapter, Boston, this order was conferred, August 28, 1769. The Knights Templar Degree was regularly conferred to 1795. This year an Encampment of Knights Templar was established at Newburyport, with the consent of Chapters or Royal Arch Lodges.

The first mention of "Knights of the Red Cross" in America is in the records of St. Andrew's Chapter, Feb. 8, 1797.

March 12, 1802, Boston Encampment of Knights of the Red Cross was formed. May 6, 1805, the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode Island was established by a convention of Newburyport, St. John's and Boston Encampments.

The ritual used in "St. Andrew's Royal Arch Lodge," when introduced, "was the same ritual, substantially, now used by the 'Grand Conclave of the Royal Exalted Religious and Military Order of Masonic Knights Templar in England and Wales.'

"In the prayer for admission into this 'Conclave' we find the following:

"'A poor pilgrim from a far country, who has regularly served in all the inferior degrees of Masonry, honorably passed the Chair, in due form, been exalted Excellent, Super-Excellent, Holy Royal Arch Mason, and now humbly begs to be admitted to the Supreme Degree of a Knight of the Tabernacle, commonly called a Masonic Knight Templar.'

"A comparison of the language here used with that found in the records of St. Andrew's Royal Arch Lodge would seem, from the similarity, to induce the belief that each proceeded from the same source originally. The Templar ritual now in use in the United States and the English ritual above referred to, when compared, will be found to bear intrinsic evidence of a common origin."

As to Templar work, "in 1764, Moses M. Hayes came to Boston with a large number of Masonic degrees, commissioned by Stephen Morin, as Deputy Grand Inspector-General of North America of the Scottish Rite. It is possible that he may have introduced the degrees conferred in 'St. Andrew's Royal Arch Lodge.' For, in 1769, the Massachusetts Grand Lodge was established at Boston by Gen. Joseph Warren, under the authority of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. In this Grand Lodge Moses M. Hayes became active—from 1788 to 1791 being its Grand Master. These degrees were introduced into Boston soon after his arrival, and as he was in possession of so many Masonic degrees, it is not improbable that he had those of the Templar and Malta orders; there are also other reasons for believing that Hayes introduced them, but your committee will not enlarge upon this branch of the subject.

"Whatever this ritual was which 'St. Andrew's Royal Arch Lodge' used, from whence it came, or by whom it was introduced, it is evident that there was no regular body to care for and preserve it, or save it from constant changes. The 'Templars' Degree' was considered an honorary degree only. It is so called in the records of 'St. Andrew's Royal Arch Lodge,' above quoted."

"In the interview at Philadelphia, in 1816, and in his reports concerning it, nothing can be found which tends to show that Webb received the order in that city."

"The essence of the English ritual is preserved in the new one. It is better adapted for the purposes of work, more effective, gives instruction in a much more forcible manner, and is more comprehensive than the English ritual. Its tone is more elevated, and it is better suited to our system of instruction.

"The Order of Malta, as early as 1797, as appears by Webb's 'Monitor,' was associated with the Order of the Temple. The English ritual, above referred to, retains a portion of what we include in the Order of Malta, viz., all that which relates to the unbelief of Thomas. It is evident that the distinguished Fratres who modified the Templar ritual did nothing in reference to this. It unquestionably stands just as it did in 1797. That portion relating to the shipwreck of St. Paul is peculiar to the Order. In this country it was associated with the Order of the Temple, and conferred in its Asylums. It was never known as a distinct ceremonial until very recently. In 1838, when one of your committee (Sir Charles W. Moore) was Commander of Boston Encampment, he prepared a separate ritual for this Order, for the use of his Encampment. His only purpose was to give a distinct form and ceremony to the few incidents of the Order, and it was not his object to have it adopted or used elsewhere. In 1840, this Grand Encampment approved of it, and directed its subordinates to make use of it. Since then, it has also received the approval of the Grand Encampment of the United States.

"As has already been stated, the Order of the Red Cross cannot be traced back further than to 1797, in this country, when it was found existing at Boston, Mass. Samuel Cole, in 'The Freemasons' Library and General Ahiman Rezon,' published at Baltimore, 1817, on p. 319, under the title, 'Knight of the Red Cross,' remarks: 'This order has not, until of late years, been practiced in America. I have, indeed, conferred with well informed Knights who received the degree in Ireland. Perhaps it may have originated there. Be that as it may, it has found its way into our books, and is practiced, though very imperfectly, in some of our Encampments, usually preceding the degrees of Knights Templar and Knights of Malta.' Sir Michael Furnell, Provincial Grand Master of North Munster, Ireland, in a correspondence with one of your committee (Sir Charles W. Moore) some years since, speaks of this degree as existing in Ireland. It is evident that this order had its origin in the Scottish Rite; and it is probable that it was introduced into this country, substantially in its present form, directly from Ireland."

NEW YORK.

Grand Lodge.—The report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence of the jurisdiction of New York has just been laid upon our table. It is excelled by no report that we have seen. It is not the merely stringing together of fragmentary doings and resolutions of Grand Bodies, but it is a thorough digest of the acts and opinions of American Masonic jurisdictions.

Its general summary is invaluable, embracing Masonic law, work, lectures, education, charities, history, obituary, and statistics.

Its sentiments, and well expressed too, will find response all over our land. Here are bricks which convey an inadequate notion of the architecture of the work.

In the midst of their (our) peaceful assemblies there have been great deeds done for God and humanity.

There has been no strife there such as the world presents, even when it aims to alleviate human woes, and which sometimes leave bitterness and discord rankling in many bosoms; but there has been that "noble emulation" which stirs the blood and flashes from the eye, and yet leaves no sting behind.

Not from one lone province in the wide world comes up the joyful intelligence of friendship brightened and woes relieved; but everywhere, from all lands, from divers kindreds and tongues, comes up the busy hum of gladness. The plaintive notes of sorrow sometimes strike upon the ear with their dirge-like music, but it is mainly in mourning for the toil-spent veterans whose labors have ended on earth, and who have passed away laden with fraternal blessings; or it may be that the young, and generous, and warm-hearted, have fallen, with the implements of the craft in their hands, in the early morning of their days; but these and the saddened tones of lamentations from the suffering and the grief-oppressed cannot drown the louder sounds of rejoicing which ring out, like the victor's shout, upon the won battle-field, and they even lend a softer charm to the choral melody.

It is no fancy sketch, nor have we fancifully painted it. It wears a quaint garb, it is true, and is surrounded by strange and peculiar laws and customs, amid which we love to linger; but these are but as the curtains and cords, the pillars and planks, of the tabernacle; the court of worship, and the altar, and the sacrifice, and the holy place are within.

* * * * * * *

When shall it be that the Masonic fraternity on this broad continent shall be linked together in a bond of union as strong and as firm as that which is estalished between brethren of the same jurisdiction, or of the same Lodge, and, forgetting all jealousies and rivalries about externals, combine to advance the great objects for which we are striving and laboring?

Respecting the drones in Masonry, the non-affiliated, Bro. Simons proposes the following remedy, suggested by a true philosophy:

Our advice would be to *let them alone*, most thoroughly and perseveringly; ignore at all times and on all occasions their pretensions to be regarded as Masons, and treat them as civilly dead to the craft. And this can better be done without legislation than with it, if Masters of Lodges will do their duty.

* * * * * * *

As long as we can keep the essentials correct, we fail to perceive what difference it makes what peculiar set of phrases we use to teach them to the neophyte. We all know, or at least ought to know, that the ritual of Symbolic Masonry has been constantly growing since its advent on this continent, and that a Mason made in 1721, if he could be brought back from the land of shadows and introduced into a Lodge in these days, would be ready to testify that he had never, while in the flesh, seen anything like it; and hence this everlasting argument about the *old work*, which, after all, is not old, fails to elicit our sympathy or awaken our enthusiasm. In the *old* work, on which our system is erected, the initiatory degree rarely occupied more than fifteen or twenty minutes, the others even less; and it may be judged how much we have *improved* the ritual in these modern times, and how futile are our endeavors to single out from the host of innovaters the one most nearly approaching the true work.

* * * * * * *

The admission of candidates will always be a source of danger until men come to understand that Masonry is something more than a system of degrees, that it has higher aspirations than mere increase of numbers, and that the duties of its adherents are not fulfilled in the process of receiving or conferring degrees.

* * * * * * *

Why not adopt the axiom that "Masonry is never in a hurry?" * * * If Masonry is to keep pace with the spirit of the age, she must heed her own device: "Let there be light!"

Reply.—Members of ancient Lodges were not eligible to be admitted members of modern Lodges in England before 1813. A brother, who had been initiated under the Grand Lodge of England, representing the "ancients," so-called, was not permitted to affiliate with the moderns. Dec. 27, 1813, the union was consummated, and from that time the craft organically has known no division, but have preserved the ancient landmarks in peace and concord.

Reply—Exposition.—Blanchard Jerrold, the son of the great Mason, Douglas Jerrold, is preparing the work you desire, a guide to Paris and the Exhibition, styled "Paris for the English, in 1867."

Reply.—No brother can be received to affiliation without producing a dimit, or showing sufficient cause for its non-production.

If the application is rejected, it may be renewed in the same Lodge, or presented to another, at any time, and as often as it may please the brother, so to do. This is New York law.

Bro. Saxe and lady will sail in the Scotia. He is the genial Yankee *Tom Hood.*

Rev. Bro. N. is ——. Don't know Lodge. He is at N. O.

Bro. Elwin Booth, by the destruction of the Winter Garden, lost $50,000.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON, *April* 5, 1867.

EDITOR NATIONAL FREEMASON: The delegates appointed from Columbia, Washington, and Mount Vernon Chapters, in this city, to the Convention to form a Grand Chapter for the District of Columbia, met in convention on the evening of the 3d instant, and organized by the election of Comp. Geo. C. Whiting as President and Comp. N. D. Larner as Secretary. In consequence of the absence of delegates from Potomac Chapter (the President having stated that a meeting of that Chapter had been called for the evening of the 4th instant for the purpose of selecting their delegates), the Convention adjourned to meet on Saturday evening, the 6th instant.

April 6. The Convention reassembled this evening. Comp. Whiting, President, being detained at home by indisposition, the Convention was opened by the selection of Comp. L. G. Stevens, H.·. P.·. of Columbia Chapter, as Vice-President. The proceedings of previous meeting were read and approved. Potomac Chapter having appointed delegates to the Convention, their credentials were presented and they admitted to seats. A committee, consisting of Comp. Holmead, Lockie and Daniels, was appointed to draft a Constitution for the government of the Grand Chapter. After some time spent in consultation, the committee reported a Constitution, which, after some unimportant amendments had been made, was adopted. The constitution adopted is the same as that governing the Grand Chapter of the State of New York, with such alterations as were necessary to make it conform to the wants of this district. The Convention then proceeded to the election of Grand Officers, with the following result: G.·. H.·. P.·., J. E. F. Holmead, of Washington Chapter; D.·. G.·. H.·. P.·., L. G. Stevens, of Columbia Chapter; G.·. K.·., C. W. Hancock, of Mount Vernon Chapter; G.·. S.·., E. D. Barrett, of Potomac Chapter; G.·. T.·., C. Smith, of Columbia Chapter; G.·. S.·., Geo. C. Whiting, of Columbia Chapter; G.·. C.·. H.·., W. Middleton, of Washington Chapter. A committee, consisting of Comps. Whiting, Middleton, Lockie, Larner and Jones, was appointed to make all the necessary arrangements for the constitution of the Grand Chapter and the installation of the grand officers, with instructions to invite Comp. A. G. Mackey, of Charleston, S. C., to be present and conduct the ceremonies on that occasion. The Convention then adjourned, subject to the call of the committee. From the discussions had in the Convention, it is very evident that all the Chapters in this jurisdiction, except Potomac, who, it seems to us, is determined to be satisfied with nothing unless they are permitted to go on in the old Maryland style with their work, are desirous of having the work conform to that now in use by all the States except Maryland and Virginia. The Council Degrees will be separated from the Chapter, and we hope the day is not far distant when Maryland and Virginia will do the same, and thereby fulfill the promise they made in the G.·. G.·. C.·. in 1853.

KENTUCKY.

Louisville.—The A. and A. S. Rite in Kentucky is increasing with great rapidity. Four new bodies were organized in Louisville in 1866, and another on April 1st, under the most flattering circumstances, and name in honor of our worthy P. C. of K. T., John H. Howe, G. Com.-in-Chief of Kentucky, "Howe Lodge of Perfection," and the following eminent Masons were elected and installed as officers:

R. V. Snodgross, T. P. G. M.; W. H. Golderman, S. G. W.; J. G. Truland, J. G. W.; Levi Slap, Sec.; John W. Cook, Treasurer; Ambrose Freeman, Orator; R. T. Clark, Almoner; William J. Maurt, S. Expert; Charles A. Handwerker, J. Expert; F. P. Johnston, M. of Cer.; John Gorbutt, C. of G.; R. C. Mathews, Tiler.

Comp. Rousseau has been confirmed as Brigadier-General in the regular army.

The Grand Master has just returned from his mission of charity to the South. He says the sufferings are too great to be relieved by private charity.

The Freemasons of Hickman have sent $75 to the Grand Master.

VERMONT.

Nathaniel Fullerton, President, of Bellows Falls, ninety-two years old, is said not to be the oldest Mason in the United States. Bro. Moses Wingate, of Haverhill, Mass., disputes his claim, being ninety-eight years of age and sixty-four years a Freemason.

VIRGINIA.

Reply—Ballot-Box.—Wrong, brother. The ballot-box is comparatively modern. It was provided by the primitive regulations of the Grand Lodge (E.) in 1717 that the brethren should give their consent, "*in their own prudent way*, either virtually or in form, but with unanimity."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Portsmouth, March 28th.—Grand Master Rowell dedicated our new hall, erected on the site of Congress Block, which was burned Nov. 30, 1865. St. John's and St. Andrew's Lodges turned out strong. Brother Shillabar (Mrs. Partington), of Boston, honored us by his visit.

The opening appropriate address was delivered by Bro. Mavin, of St. John's Lodge, and the opening prayer by Rev. Bro. Waterhouse. The D.·. G.·. Master's Address to the Grand Master was delivered by Bro. Christie, P.·. G.·. M.·. G.·. M.·. Rowell then dedicated the Lodge hall.

Bro. Albert B. Hatch gave the history of the fraternity in this jurisdiction, extending back to 1789, when St. John's Lodge was instituted.

The Lodge is elegantly decorated, the frescoing including the emblems of all the degrees.

Five hundred brethren and ladies spent the evening pleasantly in the large hall below the Lodge room. The fraternity is flourishing, numbering four hundred and fifty members.

Bros. Freeman, Lord, Fletcher, Gardner, Fernald, Adams and Palfrey deserve great credit for their energy and wise arrangements.

MARYLAND.

Easton.—Rev. S. B. Sutherland delivered a lecture on the "Tenets of Masonry," in the M. E. Church, a few days ago.

NORTH CAROLINA.

A Reply.—The whole subject of the reconsideration of the ballot is in the hands of the Master. If the Master is not satisfied that the ballot is a true vindication of the sense of the Lodge, he may, in his own discretion, repass it. The member casting the single black ball may have done so in the confusion of voting. A second ballot is not designed to change the mind of a brother, but to be assured that there is no mistake.

When the ballot has been regularly taken, and the Lodge has unmistakably decided for rejection, any effort at any time to renew the ballot should not be permitted.

This renewing or reconsideration of the ballot of course cannot take place at any subsequent meeting whatever.

There are two jurisdictions which once permitted a reconsideration on the same evening the candidate is blackballed; but the sentiment is almost unanimous that a ballot can never be reconsidered.

TENNESSEE.

Grand Lodge.—To complete our notice of the proceedings of the late Grand Lodge, we add the following:

Bro. Hamilton, the excellent Grand Master, who is not satisfied with a mere perfunctory discharge of his duties, in his annual address recommends the NATIONAL FREEMASON as of "great worth" and affording "much valuable information." He enlarges upon its value as to its opinions, and suggests that such reading would save much correspondence with the Grand Officers.

Bro. Hamilton suggests that a uniform code of By-Laws be adopted for all the Lodges. He urges the importance of an asylum. Speaking of the deceased of the year, he says:

> Others, too, who were eminent for their zeal, their charity and their long service, have gone. They sleep the deep and lasting sleep of death. So let them sleep; and when our brethren of the Mystic Tie make their pious pilgrimages to the graves of these our noble and devoted dead, let the solemn thought of death inspire them with renewed zeal to emulate their bright example, and, like them, to deserve the welcome invitation, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

He thus refers to Bro. Fuller:

> To R. W. Bro. Charles A. Fuller, especially, we would express our highest appreciation for the untiring zeal, patient care and unwavering promptness with which he has performed the arduous duties of Grand Secretary for the past year. Upon all occasions, and in all my official intercourse with him, he, too, has been zealous and attentive, and has justly won our personal regard and the warmest thanks of this Grand Lodge.

From the report of the Committee on Correspondence, Bro. Charles A. Fuller, Chairman, we extract:

> And yet these years of the past have not been altogether "unmixed evil;" noble deeds have been performed by noble men, who have freely responded to the frequent demands upon their charitable hearts. Prisons have been visited, and their inmates relieved of many pressing wants; the orphan's cry has been hushed, and the lonely widow's tears wiped away; and many a dying pillow has been smoothed by the tender hands of that brotherly love that knows no end save the end of life itself. All honor, therefore, to those of the brotherhood, and to all others, who have, in so many instances, performed the Good Samaritan's part in the midst of difficulties and dangers sufficient to appall even the stoutest hearts. But those trying times have passed away—we hope never to return.
>
> The brotherhood appear to be more zealous and active in the discharge of the various duties devolving upon them. The "old paths" are more earnestly sought after; a spirit of inquiry has been aroused, and the "why and wherefore" more frequently demanded. Books and periodicals have multiplied to a much greater extent than in former years, and Masonic literature received far more attention from the leading minds of the fraternity.

The proceedings are got up in good taste, and evince great ability in the classification of the matter.

MICHIGAN.

Grand Lodge.—Our report of the late meeting was so full that little remains to be noticed.

Resolved, That all brothers having Masonic jewels or mementoes in their possession, heretofore belonging to a Southern Lodge or brother, be, and they are hereby requested to forward the same to our R. W. Grand Secretary, with all information they may have of their former owners, in order that he may take proper steps to restore them.

COLORADO.

Nevada City.—Nevada Lodge, No. 4, in printing its By Laws, appends "Notes on the Ballot," by Bro. Mackey.

* * *

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

TENNESSEE.

The following are decisions of the Grand Lodge at its late meeting:

Subordinate Lodges are authorized to remit the fees for initiating, passing and raising a minister of the Gospel, when they are so disposed, and in such cases this Grand Lodge remits all charges.

That the jurisdiction of the different Subordinate Lodges of this State shall be regulated by distance, and no petition for the several degrees in Masonry shall be received by any Lodge except the one nearest to where the petitioner may reside, except permission be first obtained from said nearest Lodge.

No petition for initiation shall be acted upon by any Subordinate Lodge, unless such petition shall have been laid over for at least one month, or from a stated meeting in one month to a stated meeting in the month succeeding.

Any member of a Subordinate Lodge may object to the initiating, passing or raising a candidate at any time before the degree is conferred.

A candidate for initiation who shall be rejected by any Lodge under this jurisdiction, shall not be eligible to a second recommendation in the Lodge in which he was rejected, or any other Lodge under this jurisdiction, until the expiration of twelve months, unless the brother or brothers objecting shall, in open Lodge, withdraw his or their objection.

That the presiding officers of the Subordinate Lodges require a complete and satisfactory examination through the whole of the first section of each degree before balloting for promotion to a higher degree.

That all examinations of candidates in the different degrees shall be made at stated or called meetings.

That one stated monthly meeting shall elapse between the conferring of the Degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow-Craft and Master Mason.

That no Subordinate Lodge working under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge shall be allowed to initiate, pass or raise more than one candidate at the same time.

That each presiding officer of a Lodge in this State shall, in every case, give the lectures appertaining to all the sections in each degree he may confer, and no degree shall be considered fully conferred until such lectures are given.

That, in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, it is contrary to an enlightened spirit of Masonry to confer the three symbolic degrees at one communication on the same person; and that no dispensation be hereafter granted for that purpose.

That Subordinate Lodges within the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge shall ballot upon all petitions for the several degrees on the first day or night of their stated meetings; and no petition shall be received for initiating, passing or raising, except upon the said first day or night of their stated meetings.

No work or other business of the craft shall be performed in any Lodge under this jurisdiction, below the degree of Master Mason, except only lecturing, examination of candidates for advancement, and conferring the Degrees of Entered Apprentice or Fellow-Craft, or for the reception of testimony upon the trial of an Entered Apprentice or Fellow-Craft.

All Lodges subordinate to this Grand Lodge shall be opened and closed with prayer; and it shall be the duty of the Masters of Subordinate Lodges to cause the same to be observed.

That in the absence of a Master of a Lodge, all the duties of the chair shall devolve upon the Senior Warden, and in his absence, upon the Junior Warden; in the absence of both Master and Wardens, the oldest Past Master present of said Lodge shall take the chair; if none of the officers be present, nor any Past Master to take the chair, the members, according to seniority, shall fill the chair, and shall have all the rights of a regularly installed Master to fill the other vacancies.

That every Lodge issue to the widows and orphans of all contributing members, who are in good standing at the time of their decease, certificates of the standing of such brethren, with the seal of the Lodge attached.

BOOK NOTICES.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN: Catalogue of the Officers and Students for 1866–7, with a general description of the University. Ann Arbor. 1867.

This pamphlet, of 92 pp., gives a full exhibit of the various departments, Collegiate, Law and Medical. The number of students in collegiate department is 335; in medical, 525; in law, 395; total, 1,255. Abroad as well as at home, perhaps, there is no institution of the United States ranks higher than this. Among its thirty-two professors there is a majority of *reading* Freemasons.

The only charges are, to residents of Michigan an admission fee of ten dollars, to those from other States twenty-five dollars, and an annual payment of ten dollars.

We recommend the University of Michigan to our *Masonic young men of limited means*, because of its inexpensiveness, and to all for its superior intellectual and moral inducements. The Faculty all have their regular salary, and are not in any wise interested in fees. Our son has just graduated as a Bachelor-at-Law at the University, and a knowledge of its merits, personally obtained, makes us speak thus strongly in the interests of our young men.

At a Stated Communication of Iris Lodge, No. 229, Cleveland, March 25th, A. L. 5867, Bro. D. E. Field was expelled for unmasonic conduct.

GEORGE W. SHORT, *Secretary Iris Lodge, No.* 229.

Obituary.

[By request of Lodge.]

The deceased was the father of our friend and brother the Past Grand Master of Illinois, Bro. Bromwell, M. C.

Charleston Lodge, No. 35, Illinois, March 27th, 1867, unanimously adopted the following:

WHEREAS, T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·. has seen fit to remove, by death, from among us our venerable brother, H. B. Bromwell, who died on the 24th instant, full of years, and beloved by all who knew him; therefore,

Resolved, That we, as Masons, revere the memory of our departed brother; that we will cherish in our hearts the recollection of his many virtues, and, as a last solemn duty to him, we will accompany his remains to their last resting place, with Masonic ceremonies.

Resolved, That we sympathize and will condole with the aged widow, son and daughter, and all other relatives and friends of our departed brother.

Resolved, That the furniture of the Lodge be draped in mourning, and the brethren wear the usual badge for thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the record of the Lodge; that the Secretary give a copy thereof, under the seal of the Lodge, to the widow of the deceased, and furnish copies for publication to the editors of * * * * and NATIONAL FREEMASON, New York city.

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W. E. GINTHER, } *Committee.*
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Attest, J. I. BROWN, *Sec.*

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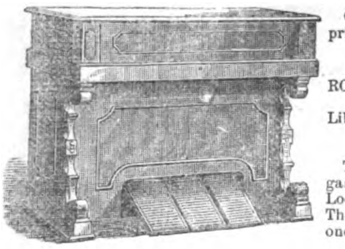

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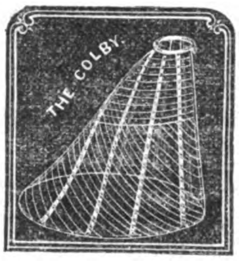

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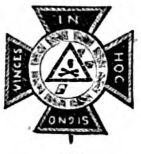

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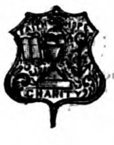

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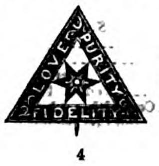

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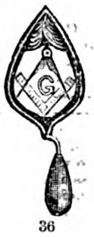

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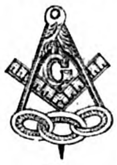

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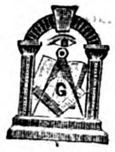

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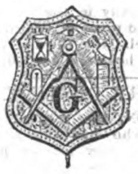

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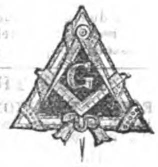

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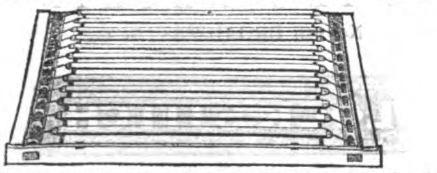

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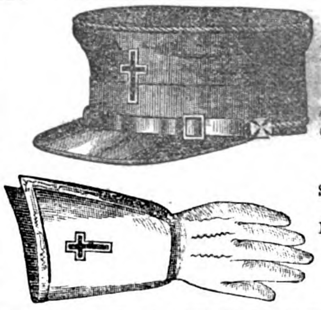

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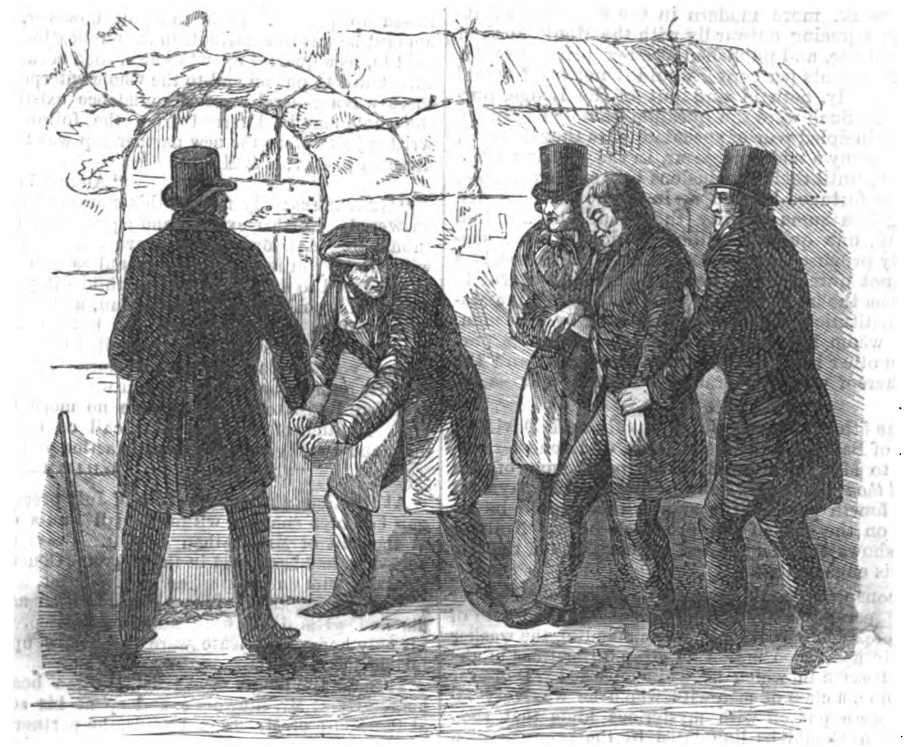

MORGAN PLACED IN THE MAGAZINE OF OLD FORT NIAGARA.

Life of Captain William Morgan—His Abduction—What became of him.—(No. 1.)

This old fort, in ruins, was the spot where the adventurous *La Salle* drove his palisades and launched the first vessel on this deep river, amid the *Te Deum* of Christians and the shouts of the Indians. Here *Denonville* built his fortress, where the feeble garrison suffered during that memorable winter. Here Sir Wm. Johnson defeated D'Aubre. Within these walls, in the unwise imprisonment of Morgan, commenced the contest, political, religious and civil, which settled the power of a catholic over a sectarian, and of a universal over a civil idea, which compelled the issue of the *Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man* as against intolerant religions and selfish politics.

The fort at that time was unnocupied, excepting by the keeper and his wife and another family, and there was a dwelling house near it, and a small ferry house directly on the bank of the river, occupied by Mr. Giddins, who then occasionally entertained travelers, and had charge of the fort from May, 1826, when the troops left it, until August 1st, 1826. The magazine was a very strong stone building, the entrance to which was secured by two doors; the first, or outside door fastened by an iron bolt, secured from being slipped by a padlock; the inside door, of white oak plank, cased on the outside with sheet iron, and originally fastened by a large stock lock, nailed to a large piece of white oak plank, which had been nailed to the inner side of the door with wrought nails of a large size. Directly opposite to the inside door a thick stone wall, forming one side of a stone portico, built around the inner door which opens into the portico, and finished with a large wooden handle spiked on to facilitate the pulling of it open. No light could enter the building excepting from two very small windows very near the ridge of the roof, elevated about fifteen feet from the floor.

William Morgan, who, in history, has made this spot memorable, the hero of anti-Masonry, was born in Culpepper County, Virginia, Aug. 7, 1774. His opportunities for early education were very limited, and his moral training was very deficient.

He was trained to the business of a stone-mason, which occupation he followed at intervals in a sluggish way until 1826. During the last war with Great Britain he was connected with the piratical band of Lafitte, in which service he united with Jackson's army at New Orleans, and, with the rest of his ruffianly compradors, rendered good service against the enemy. His only military title, if any he had, grew out of his connection with this company of free rovers.

At the age of forty-five, Oct. 7, 1819, Morgan married Miss Lucinda Pendleton, of Richmond, Va., a girl of fifteen, the daughter of a Methodist clergyman. Morgan was then employed in the small mercantile establishment of Mr. Gartney, at Richmond He was forbidden the house by Lucinda's father. He bribed the servants to contravene Mr. Pendleton's orders, and contrived to meet this young girl at church, where he made arrangements for an elopement.

Morgan, a man of forty-five, literally abducted this young motherless girl of fifteen, perjured himself in obtaining license of marriage, and, when pursued by one of Capt. Pendleton's friends, literally tore his wife away from sending messages of love and tenderness to her injured father. Morgan heeded not the appeals of his girlish wife when she exclaimed, "Oh! take me to my father, my dear father; let me go home." And that father, what was his anguish? Oh! the misery of that night. It beggars description.

Morgan won but to crush to earth the purest, most stainless affection. He got possession of Lucinda's property left her by her aunt, and soon expended it in an unwise mercantile speculation. He would not suffer his wife to have any intercourse with her father and sister. She was interdicted attendance upon her own church. Her sister Margaret's letters were intercepted by him, while he accused her to his wife of the heartlessness of not writing. Capt. Pendleton died of his grief at the cruel abduction of his daughter.

Morgan fell heir to half of Capt. Pendleton's estate, but it was soon dissipated by his extravagance and vicious life, and Morgan and his wife were hopelessly ruined. With aching, breaking heart, Lucinda found herself at eighteen destitute, with a husband of confirmed habits of dissipation and idleness, and with a babe clinging to her for support.

1812, he became a brewer, near York, upper Canada; his wife took in sewing and boarded the hands in the brewery, which he had rented. The brewery was soon burned, and then Morgan gave himself to continual intoxication. His neighbors offered him assistance, but he had become insensible to all appeals to a manly effort. He left his wife to the agony of desolation and hopelessness over the cradle of her child.

He stole away from Canada, pursued. In an affray on the way with one of his pursuers, whom he had maltreated, he shot him, and hastened to Rochester. In his poverty he wrought at his trade as a stonemason and received great assistance from kind hearted Masons, ever ready to help any distressed man.

Working for Mr. Warren, he wormed himself so deeply into that gentleman's confidence as to persuade him that he (Morgan) was a Freemason, and succeeded in entering the Lodge at Rochester in that capacity. No evidence has ever been adduced to show that Morgan acquired, in a lawful manner, more than one degree—the Royal Arch; and we are constrained to believe that, as to the rest, he was a base impostor. But, emboldened by his success at Rochester, he claimed, at Le Roy, to have acquired the six regular degrees up to and including that of *Most Excellent Master*. and was allowed, in the Chapter there, with a most reprehensible laxity, to receive the Royal Arch at their hands.

Thence he went to Batavia, and wrought at his trade till his unfortunate abduction in 1826. Upon establishing a Chapter at Batavia, in the petition to the Grand Chapter, Morgan was asked by a zealous Mason to sign the petition, but because of his intemperance and treatment of his wife the petitioners withdrew their names, and a new petition was forwarded. Morgan then applied to this Chapter, when in operation, for admission, and he was rejected. His zeal for Masonry was turned into hatred, and his habits became more reckless.

He deserted measurably his home and family, neglected his work, and threw off all responsibility of providing for his wife and children. It devolved upon her to meet the daily wants of the family, and it was a heavy task, for she had not known what it was to meet the ever recurring necessities of daily life. She could not stop to mourn over her hapless fate. Her children were around her crying for bread. Wise provision of a wise Providence! When our sorrows press upon us, the heart is oftentimes kept from breaking from the engagements that dire necessity imposes upon us.

He now desired to gratify his revenge, and secure a fortune by publishing to the world the secrets of Masonry.

Upon going to Batavia he had engaged the then Grand Lecturer, Mr. Blanchard Powers, resident at Batavia, to give him a course of Masonic instruction, by which means he was enabled to pass himself without difficulty as a Mason, and, in that capacity, to play whatever character might seem most profitable to a mercenary disposition. The room in which these lectures were taught was adjacent to the printing office of Mr. David Cade Miller, a printer of little standing, who had received the degree of Entered Apprentice many years before, at Albany, New York. Miller had been unsuccessful in life, lived hard, made but little money, and "being thoroughly tired," as he said, "of such a dog-trot life, was resolved either to end it soon or raise himself to riches and renown." These were his own declarations. The acquaintance between these two men, formed by their accidental vicinage, soon ripened into friendship. There was congeniality of temper, habits and views to unite them.

The partner of David C. Miller was John Davids, and at the outset of the undertaking to be presently specified, the following form of oath was subscribed to by them:

"We, and each of us, do hereby most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, upon the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, that we will never divulge, during our natural lives, communicate or make known to any person or persons in the known world, our knowledge, or any part thereof, respecting William Morgan's intention (communicated to us) to publish a book on the subject of Freemasonry, neither by writing, marking or insinuations, or any way devisable by man. Sworn and subscribed this thirteenth day of March, 1826. (Signed) John Davids," and others.

At this time William Morgan was about fifty years of age. There is no likeness of him extant, but it is remembered that he was five feet six inches in height, square in build, with a darkish complexion, and, when closely viewed, a fiendish eye. He had little depth of thought, was buoyant in spirits, in character versatile, and extremely illiterate. He cared little for the acquisition of property, save as a means of temporary enjoyment. He was much addicted to drink, as we have said, and, when intoxicated, very brutal and ferocious, taking his wife, who was small and feeble in person, by the hair, and dashing her furiously about the apartment, breaking his furniture, and committing many other outrageous acts. Although quite unlearned, he was loud in bar-room debates, and passed, in the lower sort of grog-shops, as an oracle. With the classes of men who throng the stove-rooms of taverns on winter nights, he might well be esteemed a paragon of learning, having seen much of the world, and being on common matters somewhat informed; but, by a discriminating observer, his true mark would readily appear—an egotist and ignoramus. His family consisted of his wife and two children, who, through his idleness and improvident habits, were often brought to extreme want, and became the subjects of common charity, and especially of the never failing beneficence of the Masonic craft.

As early as the month of March, 1826, and perhaps earlier, negotiations commenced between these two characters (Morgan and Miller) for a speculation at the expense of Freemasonry. A most exaggerated idea had taken possession of them as relates to the existing demand for expositions of Masonic secrets. Fourteen years before (1812) a work by the title of "The Anti-Christian and Social Conspiracy, an extract from the French of Abbé Baruel; to which is prefixed Jachin and Boaz, or an Authentic Key to the door of Freemasonry, Ancient and Modern" (8vo., pp. 438), was published at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, by Joseph Ehrenfried, printer, which professed to give all the mysteries of the craft, so far as Blue Lodge Masonry was concerned. But this being a large and costly book, it had not sold freely, having, in fact, fallen well nigh still-born from the press, and entailed heavy losses upon the publisher. Neither had the mysteries so boldly exposed in it met with general acceptance. The brethren positively declared they were *not* the secrets of Masonry, while non-Masons, struck with their puerility and insignificance, were in doubt, and inclined to suspect the publisher of having drawn upon his imagination instead of rehearsing the work and lectures of Masonic Lodges. The failure of "Jachin and Boaz" might be attributed, then, by Morgan and Miller, to two causes: *first*, its expensiveness; and *second*, its want of reliability. Yet a new work, more modern in the character of its contents, agreeing outwardly with the Monitors then in general use, and published at a low price (twenty-five or fifty cents per copy), would it not sell? would not everybody, both in and out of the Lodge, purchase it? Such were the questions mooted between that unprincipled pair of speculators, as they debated, through many a midnight hour, in the printing office of Miller, until their conclusions became irresistible. Immense fortunes loomed up in the not extreme distance. The sums of fifty thousand, one hundred thousand, one quarter million of dollars, were successively proposed and accepted between themselves as the not unreasonable profits that would accrue to them from the undertaking. The betrayal of the Masonic institution was coolly proposed by two men, one of whom had entered one step within its portals, the other had climbed over the walls; and the price thereof was deliberately weighted and ascertained.

On the 5th of August, John Davids and David C. Miller, of Batavia, and Russel Dyer, of Rochester, executed to Morgan a bond in the penal sum of *five hundred thousand dollars* conditioned for the payment of one fourth part of the sum which should be received on the sale of the proposed book. Nothing better shows the exaggerated expectations of the trio than this engagement.

The conspiracy could not long be concealed. Neither of these secret-breakers was a prudent man, and both of them were addicted to drink. In his maudlin, the weaker man, Morgan, soon began to drop intimations of the mighty treason in which he had embarked. Duns, for money due, a class of men with whom he was very familiar, were put off with mysterious hints that soon their claims should be liquidated by the proceeds of a great speculation in which he was engaged. The fraternal counsels from the brotherhood against the course of blasphemy, intemperance, cruelty and improvidence he was pursuing, were met by surly references to a plot, a mine that would soon be sprung under their feet. The rumor went abroad through the county of Genesee, and those adjacent, that Miller was preparing to publish a book, written by Morgan, in which all the secrets of Freemasonry would, finally and forever, be brought to light.

The indignation of the fraternity was not unreasonable, although in its depth and extent it was far greater than the occasion required. That such men should conspire against such a cause; that Morgan, whose children were fed almost daily by the bread of Masonic charity, should propose to sell his benefactors for a price; that two men, insignificant in their social relations, exempt from the debtor's prison only by the courtesy of their creditors, should plot the downfall of their neighbors; that unlettered ignorance and presumption should attempt to write down a society of which religion and morality were the foundations, and science the fabric—it was too much for human patience. The older members exclaimed loudly against such presumption and ingratitude; the younger rashly threatened unlawful pains and penalties upon the men who had engaged in the undertaking. It is sad to reflect that some influential counselor could not be found to show how such attemps at exposition had been made, from time to time, by unprincipled men, during the century preceding, and how totally all of them had failed when submitted to the cool and honest judgment of the world. The following imprudent notice was published as an advertisement in the *Ontario Messenger*, at Canandaigua, August 9, 1826:

"NOTICE AND CAUTION.

"If a man calling himself William Morgan should intrude himself on the community, they should be on their guard, particularly the *Masonic fraternity*.

"Morgan was in this village in May last, and his conduct while here and elsewhere calls forth this notice. Any information in relation to *Morgan* can be obtained by calling at the Masonic Hall in this village. *Brethren and companions* are particularly requested to observe, mark, and govern themselves according.

"☞ Morgan is considered a swindler and a dangerous man.

"☞ There are people in this village who would be happy to see this Capt. Morgan.

"Canandaigua, August 9th, 1826."

This notice was copied into two of the newspapers published at Batavia, where Morgan then resided, and, as may be supposed, excited much attention and comment among all classes of readers. The threats previously made were reiterated, and hints thrown out of a dark and murderous character, all of which tended to the disadvantage of the Masonic cause when the time of trial came.

A few days subsequently to this notice a third partner, one David Johns, was admitted into the company by Miller and Morgan, for the sake of the capital he professed to possess. It is thought, however, that the amount he was to contribute to the publication was never paid in, as a quarrel upon this head soon occurred, which threatened to put an end to the whole enterprise. That there was a general want of confidence existing among the whole may be inferred from the following letter, written just before the new partnership was formed, and directed to Davids & Miller:

"August 7th, 1826.

"Gentlemen: My note of this morning has not been answered. Further evasion and equivocation I will not submit to. Acknowledge you are not gentlemen, or I will expose you in twelve hours, unless you do as you have agreed to do. I am not a child—if you suppose I am you are mistaken. I am a man, and will not suffer myself to be imposed on; you have not acted as gentlemen. I am sorry to be compelled to say it. Every part of your conduct has been mysterious, and why so? My first impressions were that you were not honest men; therefore I wish to settle and have no more to do with you. If either of you feel hurt, call on me as gentlemen, and I will give you any satisfaction you wish.

"(Signed), William Morgan."

At this time, and since the 25th of July preceding, Morgan had been confined within the jail limits of Batavia at the suit of Mr. Nathan Follett. Previous to this period he had been sued in the Supreme Court for a considerable sum due to parties in Rochester, and Messrs. Nahum Loring and Orange Allen had been accepted as his bail. His debts were numerous and pressing, and his only hopes of release were based now upon the nefarious job in hand.

Through the month of August, Morgan boarded with his family at Mr. Stewart's, and spent his sober hours at the house of Mr. John Davids, the partner of Miller, in the suburbs, where, with David Johns, he occupied himself in revising the sheets already prepared for publication. Here he was arrested by a constable from Pembroke, on Saturday, the 19th of August, and taken with his papers to jail. This was upon an execution sued out by Mr. Thames McCully. Bail was procured, and he was released on Monday morning the 21st of August, and remained within the limits until Sunday, September 10th, following.

On that day, ——— of Canandaigua, obtained a warrant against Morgan upon the charge of stealing a shirt and cravat in the month of May preceding, from a hotel keeper there, Mr. Ebeneezer C. Kingsley. The warrant was directed to Mr. Chesebro, as coroner of the county of Ontario, and delivered by him to Hollaway Hayward, a constable of Canandaigua, who took with him six others from Canandaigua (including Mr. Chesebro), viz.: Henry Howard, Harris Seymour, Moses Roberts, James Day, and Joseph Scofield, and proceeded the same day to Batavia. On the road they were joined by Mr. Nowlen, John Butterfield and E. G. Smith. On the next morning (the 11th), Morgan was arrested under the writ, which had been endorsed by a magistrate at Le Roy, in Genesee county, and conveyed on that day to Canandaigua, where he was conducted before a magistrate and discharged. The charge of larceny not being sustained, a claim for debt, however, was instantly sworn out against him by ———, as assignee of Aaron Ackley, a hotel keeper at Canandaigua, and he was conducted to jail about ten o'clock that evening under the writ.

On the next evening, about eight o'clock, September 12th, Mr. Loton Lawson, a citizen of Canandaigua, called at the jail and had an interview with Morgan. Morgan saw his folly. He now felt that the "way of the transgressor was hard." He reproached himself bitterly for suffering himself to be duped by one who had made a tool of him for his own benefit. He thought of the disgrace he had brought upon his wife, and the infamy he had entailed upon his children. He frowned and maddened under these goading reflections, but he did not repent.

He looked round upon his forlorn situation. and a chill dread seized his soul. We doubt not that at this time he consented as the best thing to be done to go to Canada quietly.

The misguided Masons said also:

We have borne with him long enough, and we all feel we can bear no longer. We can put him beyond the reach of troubling us any more, and, at the same time, do him no injustice. We propose that we send him out of our State, if it is necessary, to some foreign country. It will be a good thing for his wife and children; for he is a poor drunken creature, who will bring disgrace on all associated with him; society will be benefited, and it may be the means of making a better man of Morgan. We feel that the circumstances of this case demand that he should be put beyond the power to trouble the Masons any further, and we propose that he be sent away as soon as he is let out of jail."

One said, "And where shall he be sent to? That's the question. Yours is a first-rate plan; but where shall we send him after we get him out of jail?"

All eyes were directed to the speaker.

"I know of no better place than Canada, by way of Niagara river. It is the shortest and least public route of all others.

"There will be persons in waiting for him, who will put him out of the power of doing harm, and out of harm's way. All we want is to prevent Morgan's book from coming out. It will be nothing but a parcel of falsehoods, which will lead men astray, and prejudice them against our Most Ancient and Honorable Order."

Mr. Lawson proposed to Mrs. Hall, the jailor's wife, (the jailor being temporarily absent) to pay the small amount (two dollars and costs) for which Morgan was confined, and release him. The woman at first refused, having heard that Morgan was a dangerous fellow; but upon the assurance of Mr. Edward Sawyer and Mr. N. G. Chesebro, both citizens of Canandaigua, and gentlemen of excellent standing, she consented. The amount was paid and Morgan left the jail in company with Mr. Lawson, joined at the door by a man who has never since been perfectly identified.

He entered without opposition a coach which had been brought up for the purpose, and was driven off in a northwesterly direction, toward Rochester.

The subsequent movements of the party are clearly given in the evidence judicially taken of the coach-driver and others. Hiram Hubbard, keeper of a livery stable in Canandaigua, was engaged by Mr. Chauncey E. Coe, on the 12th of September, to take a party to Rochester. He selected a two-horse carriage and acted in person as driver. He started about nine o'clock, P. M.; took in five persons a short distance east of the jail, turned round and drove toward Rochester. He heard no unusual noise and observed no opposition from any of the party upon entering the coach. Six miles from Canandaigua, at Brace's, he stopped to water his horses, again at Victor, and then at Mendon and Pittsford.

He arrived at Rochester about daylight, and after remaining a few minutes went on by request to Hanford's, three miles north of the town, where his services ended, and he turned back after discharging the party near a piece of woods a short distance beyond the house. He testifies that he heard no unusual noise, and observed no opposition or desire to escape or appearance of alarm upon the part of any one, either upon entering or leaving the coach, or during the journey.

A carriage from Rochester took up the party at Hanford's, and proceeded west. By nine A.M. they had reached Clarkson (fifteen miles), and the horses were changed two and a half miles further west, at Mr. Allen's house. By noon they had reached the village of Gaines, and proceeding a mile further west, to the house of Mr. Elihu Mather, the horses were again changed. Mr. Mather now took the reins and drove to Morehouse's tavern. At Ridgway, Murdock's tavern, Mr. Jeremiah Brown put his own horses to the carriage and drove on. About sundown the party had reached Wright's tavern, three and a half miles north of Lockport, where they were joined by Mr. Eli Bruce, who accompanied them the rest of the way. By nine P.M. they had arrived at Molyneux's tavern, six miles from Wright's, Mr. Brown still acting as driver.

Corydon Fox, a resident of Lewiston, lived with James L. Barton as a stage-driver. On the 13th of September, about ten P.M., he was ordered by Mr. Barton to go to Youngstown with a hack. Mr. Bruce got upon the box with him, and they drove to a back street, where they found a carriage without any horses attached to it. Several persons were standing near it, one or two more got out of it, and, with Mr. Bruce, got into his hack. He then drove to Col. King's house at Youngstown, about six miles distant. He witnessed no coercion as applied to any of his passengers. Arrived at Col. King's, Mr. Bruce got out and went into the hall, where Mr. Bruce and Col. King conversed together. While they were so doing he heard some one in the carriage ask in a whining tone for some water, to which Mr. Bruce answered that he should have some in a moment. Col. King and Mr. Bruce got into the hack, and he drove the party to the graveyard, a short mile from King's, and half a mile from Fort Niagara, where, by Mr. Bruce's directions, he stopped. Four men got out and went toward the fort. By Mr. Bruce's orders he then returned to Lewiston, and arrived before daylight. The next day he saw Mr. Bruce at Lewiston. He observed nothing unusual in the manner of any of the party getting in or out of his hack, or during the journey.

On the night of Sept. 13th, as detailed, the party arrived at Lewiston, on the Niagara river, and the same night to Youngstown, to the mouth of the river. From thence they went without delay to Fort Niagara, about a mile below the town, and to the ferry, kept at the time by Mr. Edward Giddins. The party crossed the river in the ferry-boat, remained a short time, and returned before daylight. Morgan was then accompanied to the magazine of the fort, and detained there under lock and key for some two or three days; and here closes all authentic information concerning him.

Bro. Morris adds:

Our own surmise, which, after a careful perusal of all the testimony, and much questioning of the remaining actors in the abduction who still survive, may perhaps be as good as any other, is that Morgan was abundantly supplied with money by those who had expended so much, and run such risks to separate him from Miller and his confederates, and that he was assisted to pass into Canada, the scene of his former adventures, where, among a rough and lawless population, he met the fate likely to befall a drunken, boasting fellow, whose pockets were sufficiently well lined to render him a desirable prey.

Certainly, there is no evidence to show that he was murdered by the Freemasons. The facts that they took him openly from the jail at Canandaigua, that they left a broad trail behind them, for more than one hundred and fifteen miles through a thickly settled country, and that so many were admitted into the secret of the abduction, forbid such a supposition; the character of all the actors, from Mr. N. G. Chesebro, the earliest, to Col. William King, the latest, forbid it even more strongly. That the abduction was a consummate piece of folly, from first to last, it is easy at this period to affirm; but those who affirm it the most loudly, had they felt the provocations the brethren of Western New York experienced, might have committed the same error.

(Concluded next week.)

Gen. Morris—Letter and Poetry from P.·. G.·. M.·. Templars, U. S.

WASHINGTON, *April* 6, 1867.

MY DEAR BRO. MCMURDY—

* * * * My interest in our sublime and glorious Order cannot be expelled from my mind by any thing the world may do. You know the deep interest I manifested in the success and prosperity of the NATIONAL FREEMASON while located here (at Washington). I have *fell* no less interest in it since it was transferred to the commercial metropolis.

Your notice of my old and beloved friend and brother, *General George P. Morris*, interested me very much indeed.

I became personally acquainted with Bro. Morris in April, 1847—twenty years ago—when on a visit to New York for the purpose of receiving the Encampment Orders, which were conferred upon me at Clinton Encampment, No. 14, Brooklyn, Thursday evening, April 8, 1847. General Morris dined with me on that day at the Astor House, and it was arranged that he should accompany me to Brooklyn in the evening; but some unlooked for emergency prevented his doing so (so Bro. Morris must have been a R.·. A.·. M.·.). I had known Bro. Morris for years by reputation, and found him the kind-hearted, genial and interesting gentleman that I had pictured him in my mind to be. From that day we became personal friends, and I seldom, if ever, visited New York afterwards, when he was in the city, without passing more or less happy and pleasant hours with him. I had known N. P. Willis a long time by sight, having seen him in Washington, but was introduced to him at that time by Morris, and am happy to say that, to his death, we were personal friends. I had written occasionally for the *Mirror*, and became a writer for the *Home Journal* at the commencement of its publication, which I continued at long intervals up to, perhaps, two summers ago.

Soon after my return from New York, in April, 1847, I received a letter from General Morris, and its cordial and friendly tone induces me to copy it here. I keep it as a reminiscence of a man and a brother whom I loved.

Office of the *Home Journal* 107 Fulton st.,
NEW YORK, *April* 19, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:

It is well you went away when you did. I began to find that you supplied a *want* which I felt more than ever when you left. Had you remained longer, I should have found it difficult to let you go at all. This would have been great injustice to Mrs. French.

Remember your promise when you come this way in the summer. I wish to show you the Hudson river, and have a great desire to make Mrs. French and Mrs. Morris acquainted. They will like each other, or I've no skill in prophecy or rhyme.

I thank you sincerely for presenting my little ballad to Mrs. Polk and the other ladies. Your letter to the lady of the President (who was a Freemason) is most felicitous. Was that the only letter you wrote? You forgot to say.

I write you this in a mob. My office is crowded with scores of people. Therefore, take a line now and expect a letter by and by.

God bless you for a good fellow, as you are.

Yours, in all sincerity,
GEO. P. MORRIS.

B. B. FRENCH, Esq.

I had the pleasure of an introduction to Mrs. Morris afterwards at West Point, when the General's noble son was a cadet there.

But I am running too much into my own reminiscences, while writing only to *express my great pleasure at your published notice.*

Perhaps it will not be out of place for me to add here some of my own thoughts expressed in rhyme at the death of Morris, and also of Willis.

GENERAL GEORGE P. MORRIS.

WRITTEN BY B. B. FRENCH, JULY, 1864.

The harp of the Patriot, the lyre of the Bard
  Lies tuneless, and broken, and still;
No more—oh, no more its sweet notes shall be heard—
  There's a void that no music can fill!

His pureness of life let each act of it tell—
  His pureness of thought, every line
From the heaven of his heart that, like crystal drops, fell,
  Bright, and sparkling with beauty divine.

Let the land of his birth put on sackcloth and mourn,
  For her song-son has gone to his rest;
'Mid the chorals of angels his spirit was borne
  To its home in the land of the blest.

Never more—never more—oh, sad the refrain—
  Never more shall the tones of his lyre
In the soft breath of song, or in war's pealing strain,
  Burst forth with a patriot's fire.

Brave heart, always true—alas, now thou art still!
  Rest, soul, with thy Maker above,
Till Nature's reveille the universe fill,
  Then join in the choral of love.

The names of "Morris & Willis" have been so many years united in the annals of literature (although Willis was not a Freemason), that I shall be pardoned for annexing some dithyrambic rhymes, written when the news of Willis's death reached me.

ON THE DEATH OF N. P. WILLIS.

WRITTEN BY B. B. FRENCH, JANUARY 25, 1867.

"WILLIS IS DEAD!" The sad announcement
Is read in tears. A harp-string broken,
Whose music shed its thrilling tones
Through many a household. Words are spoken
In smothered tones of grief and sorrow
Of him, the poet, who has left us
For that Eternal that knows no morrow!

Before me lies that household treasure,
Voiceless of him, that dear "Home Journal,"
Through which, for years, in words of pleasure,
He has conversed of things supernal;
The sad, black lines between its columns
Speak to the eye of each beholder—
Speak, sharper far than many volumes—
"WILLIS IS DEAD!" Never, no never
Shall the bright scintillations,
Thrown from his pen, like sunbeams from the sun,
  Again delight us! "Passing away"
Is writ on all that's human;

Our friend has gone—the world shall miss him!
"Man that is born of woman"
Is doomed to go—but, oh, tis hard, tis hard,
To part with such! Farewell, but not forever;
For those who dearly loved the accomplished bard
Shall meet him in that blissful world, where never
Shall be more parting—but where soul with soul
Holdeth communion sweet forever and forever!

There, my dear doctor, I have whiled, or wiled—which is it!—away a few hours of a cold, windy day, in writing to you. I will add, that I noticed Rob Morris's beautiful lines, expressive of so much truth, "Leaning towards each other," with no credit given to their author.

I sat at Rob's side at the banquet in Richmond, when he read them for the first time, and then told him they would live as long as any thing he had ever written. And they will!

Ever truly and fraternally yours,
B. B. French.

◆

THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT —LOVE—CHARITY.

BY M. H. COBB.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory;
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song and story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If more relied on love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If Love's work had more willing hands,
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine" would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheathe its knife
Till good became more universal;
If custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talent shone for truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when wrong beats down the right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If right made might in every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

◆

WHAT MAKES A MAN.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A spirit firm, erect and free,
That never basely bends the knee;
That will not bear a feather's weight
Of slavery's chain for small or great;
That truly speaks from God within—
That never makes a league with sin!
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God, and him alone,
And bows no more than at his throne;
That trembles at no tyrant's nod;
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at curse or ban—
This is the soul that makes a Man.

◆

MASONIC DIRGE,

Composed by the Rev. Brother T. M. Harris, and set to music by Bro. O. Holden, at the request of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, as performed in Boston, Feb. 22, 5800, at the celebration of the funeral obsequies of Bro. George Washington.

While every orator and bard displays
The *hero's* glory and the *patriot's* fame,
And all the *guardian of their country* praise,
Revere his greatness and his worth proclaim—
We mourn the *man*, made ours by tend'rest ties;
Their honored *chieftain*, our loved brother dies!

Come, then, the mystic rites no more delay;
Deep silence reigns, the tapers dimly burn;
Wisdom and *fortitude* the requiem pay,
And *beauty* strews fresh garlands round the urn.
A *Mason*, brothers, a *Grand Master* dies!
The Cassia sprig designates where he lies

As *love fraternal* leads our footsteps there,
Again to weep, again to bid adieu,
Faith views the soul, released from mortal care,
Thro' spheres empyreal its blest course pursue,
Till it the Lodge of perfect light attain;
There may we meet our *Washington* again.

◆

[THE PRIZE STORY.]

THE SQUARE.

BY MAURICE.

CHAPTER III.

"Chill falls the rain,
Night winds are blowing."—Moore.

Darkness o'er earth and sky reigned supreme; not even the lurid flash of the summer lightning lit up the heavens; nature seeemed to withhold God's first gift to the universe; here and there a friendly lamp-post stood, for which the few pedestrians who minded not the steadily falling rain sent up a thanksgiving.

Two men, traveling in different directions, jostled against each other, the one uttering a simple "I beg your pardon, sir," the other gruffly accepting it. Each pursued his way. We propose to follow one of them. As he comes under the light of the lamp we discover him to be a remarkably pleasant-looking person, of medium height and size, with a frank, open countenance that would put one at ease in his presence. He may have been thirty, but it was easy to see life had never dealt hardly with him, and time had left no visible trace upon his face. If we may trust to physiognomy as an index to the inner man, then there is no need of hesitation in saying that this stranger's mission in the world is a good one; he is one who would extend a hand to help a brother up the hill of difficulty, and who would see a brother in any one who needed his aid. Why, then, is he abroad upon such a night as this? it seems a fit time for some dark deed to be done. Step by step he pursues his onward course till he reaches a large building, which is divided into various halls and offices. This building we know well, and feel quite relieved when our unknown knight stops here. The doors, which are closed, give way beneath his touch as though there were magic in it; a stillness which might be felt seems to pervade every recess, not even are the footfalls echoed back. The last door is opened, and our wanderings are over. Through the opening we catch a glimpse of familiar faces. There is Judge Merriwell, looking graver than usual; and there, too, is Mr. Waughb, with his silver hair and venerable aspect; but the door suddenly closes over the partner of our walk, and we are shut out, upon the threshold. The secrets of that chamber we may not penetrate. We know, from those whom we have seen, that there is no treason, that shall move the Government to its centre, plotting there; nor are we detectives, empowered to force an entrance into their councils; we *know* that they are linked in a fraternal bond; therefore, only good can come of their communings. And why need we trouble ourselves about them? We receive God's daily gifts to us—yea, all that we have—and while we are eagerly enjoying them rarely ever stop to thank Him for them, or to inquire by what hand they are sent; and nobody can expect us to evince more concern in this *unseen* though still visible influence; visible, because constantly felt; unseen, because not paraded.

A place in the Lodge for me;
A home with the free and bright;
Where jarring chords agree,
And the darkest soul is light.
Not here, not here is bliss;
There's turmoil and there's gloom.
My heart it yearns for peace—
Say, brothers, say, Is there room?
A place in the Lodge for me, etc.

My feet are weary worn,
And my eyes are dim with tears;
This world is all forlorn,
A wilderness of fears;
But *there's one green spot below*,
There's a resting-place, a home—
My heart it yearns to know.
Say, brothers, say, Is there room?
A place in the Lodge for me, etc.

I hear the orphan's cry,
And I see the widow's tear;
I weep when mortals die,
And none but God is near;
From sorrow and despair,
I seek the Mason's home
My heart yearns to share.
Say, brothers, say, Is there room?
A place in the Lodge for me, etc.

With God's own eye above,
With brother-hands below,
With friendship and with love,
My pilgrimage I'll go;
And when in Death's embrace,
My summons it shall come,
Within your heart's best place,
O brothers, oh, give me room!
A place in the Lodge for me;
A home with the free and bright;
Where jarring chords agree,
And the darkest soul is light.

Our investigations thus summarily put an end to, there is nothing left for us now but to retrace our steps as best we may. Once more upon the landing, a sudden impulse seizes us to find out where that other wanderer is. We have seen canines that could take up the scent and track the person out, although some time had elapsed. We possess no such instinct as nature seems to have bestowed upon this animal; but the gruff tones of that voice, which we know, are still ringing in our ears, and we can guess to where it will lead, so again we start in pursuit. This time it is not in front of some well known hall we pause, dedicated to God and man, and brotherly love, relief and truth, but in an out-of-the-way place, of less inviting aspect; but we are bent on following, and therefore contrive an entrance through the passages, and at length reach a brightly lighted apartment, and at the doorway we again stand and make observation. This room is a very long one, with rows of tables, upon which are piled great banks of shining gold. Flushed, eager faces bend over it. We spy him for whom our eyes are searching. He does not seem inclined to take part in what engages the others so closely, but appears to be urging one to come away with him who yields reluctantly; and as they pass, we hear him say, "I tell you what, Ned, there was a rare chance of luck there!"

"Oh, hush! and come along," the other rejoined.

We don't often recommend eavesdropping, but we are singularly interested in these two, and are therefore determined to follow them like their shadows.

The person addressed as Ned says to the other, "Weighton, I want you to keep very quiet for the present. The scheme might fail, and involve us in ruin; and, beside, I have something else on hand at present that will be profitable, and not occasion so much risk."

"Let's hear what it is, old fellow. I'll stick to you, come what will."

"Nonsense, Jack. I shall not be likely to require your aid in this"——

"And so, with your accustomed generosity, leave me out a share of the profits; but we'll see all about that, my fine fellow!"

"Who said anything about leaving you out?" the other quickly responded.

"Well, let's hear all about it, without further parley."

"It is a matrimonial scheme, in which I hope to be one of the actors. I mean to win the fair daughter of a very wealthy old fellow, and, of course, get the money. You shall be well paid, I tell you, for silence as to the past."

"But how long shall I be kept waiting!" said Weighton, with evident signs of dissatisfaction.

"Oh, I expect to have the affair speedily arranged; and then, no risk. Think of that! But it will be best for us to see very little of each other in the meantime."

With much of the same sort, they continued on their way. We would fain have left out this last walk through the darkness if we could have foreseen what it would reveal; but one thing it shows—of what common clay the idols of society are sometimes made. O Edward Pendegast,

"Dreary and dark is the way
Thou art going."

CHAPTER IV.

"Sweet is the smile of home.
When hearts are of each other sure"

"Chippè, my daughter," said Mr. Waughb, one morning, about ten days after the party, as he was preparing to go out, "I shall bring a friend home with me this evening, to whom I shall wish you to be very attentive. He is from H———, and has come to reside among us. His father is connected with some of the happiest events of my life, and for the son, as well as the father, I cherish the highest regard."

"But, papa, I promised Mrs. Chatterton to spend this eve with her, and was about to mention it, when you spoke."

"I am very sorry, Chippè, as I have made the appointment, and don't know how we shall get along without you, particularly as it is my wish that he should not remain a stranger in the community, and, of course, thought to introduce him into my own family first; but, as you have made other arrangements, I suppose I shall have to forego the pleasure anticipated;" and Mr. Waughb looked very disappointed as he spoke.

"O dear papa, don't think of putting it off. I will send a note of apology to Mrs. Chatterton, and promise some other evening; or may be you will not object to my asking her to come here?"

"Certainly not, my love. You have gratified me by your ready acquiescence to my wishes."

"Which I shall make you pay for by giving me a description of this personage, whom I am to see at so great a sacrifice of my will;" and the cherry lips put on a very injured expression, which soon gave place to smiles, as she asked, archly, "Is he handsome and dashing, or plain and witty?"

"If to be handsome, Chippè, is to resemble your hero of the ball, then he is not handsome, for no two persons could be more totally unlike; but, to me, Burr Gerrish can never be plain. I know him to possess a right to the grand old title of *gentleman;* and when you, my dear, have seen as many phases to life and character as I have. your inquiry will not be. Is he dashing? but, Is he honest, is he honorable, a good man and true?"

"Oh, if you talk to me so, papa, you will invest me with such an awe for this friend of yours that I shall fail in making the favorable impression you desire."

"By no means. I trust it is only to impress upon your mind the true standard (that which our ancient institution affords) by which to judge of the respective claims of people to your favor; but I must be gone, lest, in much talking, the effects of my remarks should be lost." And Mr. Waughb kissed the bright face held up to him. No shadow had ever marred the perfect love and confidence of father and daughter. Their mutual sympathy for each other had rendered obedience to her father an easy thing on the part of Chippè; consequently, she had not to reap the bitter though deserved punishment of the broken law. And Chippè was very happy as she stood in the doorway watching him off, and saw the sun of that glorious October morn fall caressingly about him, as if in testimony of respect, *she thought*. She was not given to musing. She accepted life as she found it. Did not even *borrow* trouble, and had no real ones, so with a heart at rest and fully contented she sat down to write the note to Mrs. Chatterton. While she was writing, the remarks of Col. Drake Trumpeter to Captain Pendegast occurred to her, which was not very strange, as Mrs. Chatterton happened to be the Colonel's companion at the time; but why should she think of it at all? she asked herself. Captain Pendegast was nothing to her, and why should she be interested in his love affairs? It is true, he had pleased to attach himself to her that night, and had assured her he should continue the acquaintance, with her permission, which she had granted at once; but, so far, no step had been taken to that end, and things were just as they were before that eventful occasion, notwithstanding her aunt's efforts to convince her that Captain Pendegast was ready to offer her his hand and heart whenever suitable opportunity should render it advisable, she positively asserted that, when she last saw him, he suffered her to talk of nothing else but her "bewitching niece." However the case might be, she concluded that the *debonnaire* captain and his engaged affections were not a subject for wholesome reflection, so she wisely sought to banish it from her mind; and by way of rendering her efforts effectual, she furnished herself with some active employment. The day wore away without any great degree of tedium. In the evening her father brought Mr. Gerrish, whom we recognize as the stranger we surveyed under the lamp-light. He soon dispelled all the awe which her father's words excited by the genial smile with which he greeted her, as he extended his hand, saying, "We shall be friends; I know we shall."

In due time, Mrs. Chatterton arrived, and with her lively and versatile manner soon broke up the sober talk into which they were drifting.

"By the by, my little friend, do you know anything of a Miss Philipa Coad?" inquired Mr. Gerrish.

Chippè remembered that the colonel, in speaking of the captain's *fiancée*, had called her Philipa. There was nothing in that. Though Philipa was an unusual name, she had no reason to suppose this one the same, and replied that she didn't think she had ever heard of her before. Mrs. Chatterton, however, said she knew the lady slightly; and as she lived with an aged grandparent, who required much of her attention, she did not often go out. She believed the lady would, ere long, change her position with regard to society, as she was known to be engaged to a certain Captain Pendegast.

A close observer might have detected a look of awakened interest on the part of more than one of the listeners. Mr. Gerrish interrupted the momentary silence by saying that he had met Miss Coad about a year before, while she was on a visit to his city, and that he found her to be a young lady of much more than ordinary attainments, and a most agreeable companion; but there was one thing about her which even an entire stranger would notice and remember—her voice was music itself. "Every word, no matter how commonplace, if, indeed, she ever said anything commonplace, fell upon the ear like the notes of an Æolian harp awakened by the passing breeze. Many a time since I have seemed to hear those low, sweet tones thrill through me."

"We must seek her out," said Chippè, visibly impressed by the speaker's enthusiasm. "I should, indeed, like to know such a rare person as this. I have known persons who sing to possess great power, but never have I before heard of one who, by the mere tones of the voice in conversation could make such a marked impression as she has evidently done upon Mr. Gerrish; but I reckon, after all, *what* she said had something to do with it."

The gentleman slightly smiled, as he answered, "Possibly."

At this moment a servant appeared to announce Captain Pendegast.

"I am very happy to meet you again, Miss Waughb," the captain said, softly, to Chippè, in his own peculiarly bland manner. "Why, Mrs. Chatterton! I did not expect to see you. Wasn't aware that you were a friend of Miss Waughb's."

"Ah, captain, probably not; but what occasions your surprise, now that you see I am?"

The captain looked very much as if he did not wish to know that it was the case; however, he was spared further remark upon the subject by Chippè suddenly remembering that she had not introduced the gentlemen to each other. When one is a trifle excited by the occurrence of any little unexpected event, the requirements of the occasion are apt to be passed over. Now this visit was quite unforseen, and perhaps she felt more pleasure at it than she would have been willing to own.

Seating himself beside her, the captain and she soon engaged in a conversation which would have consigned Mrs. Chatterton to total oblivion, so far as they were concerned, had he not occasionally overheard her mention his name, in connection with that of another, which startled him; and, at last, he received quite a shock when she turned and said she had no doubt that Captain Pendegast would take great pleasure in aiding Mr. Gerrish to revive a friendship on the part of the lady, which had endured, on his part, during a whole year of separation. The captain answered that he would render any assistance quite heartily. But who was the lady in question? Had they forgotten they had not informed him of her name?

"Oh! true enough," Mrs. Chatterton replied. "It is Miss Coad that Mr. Gerrish desires to seek out. He was very fortunate in making his inquiries at this time, for I know of no one that could answer them more satisfactorily than yourself."

He did not like the way that Mrs. Chatterton hinted at his private affairs, whenever opportunity presented itself; but he was far too prudent to offend her, and thereby make an enemy of her; so, smothering his vexation, he said that he thought Mr. Gerrish was equally lucky in finding such a ready helper as herself; but as regards the lady, he was quite happy to do all in his power to promote the happiness of the gentleman by securing a meeting with her as quickly as possible.

"I assure you," Mr. Gerrish interrupted, "you attach too much importance entirely to the affair. I am a stranger here, knowing no one at all outside of Mr. Waughb's family, except this lady, and it is only natural that I should wish to find her out."

At this, Chippè added that she should also like to know her, "For I assure you," she went on, "I am much interested in her already, and I hope we shall not be disappointed in her."

"Miss Coad," said the captain, "is not one likely to disappoint you upon acquaintance, unless you have heard her lauded very extravagantly. I will see her, and arrange the day for us to call upon her."

Shortly after this, they all took leave, and Chippè was still very much in doubt as to the relation of Captain Pendegast to Miss Coad. If he really was in love with her, it seemed very strange to her that he could speak of her so indifferently, and suffer her to be discussed in that way. She had not yet learned that it was easy for a man of his stamp to appear not to feel an interest where he did, and so to the contrary; nor had she learned that some circumstances in life rendered it quite plausible.

Now Captain Pendegast certainly did love Philipa Coad, as well as his sordid nature would allow, but, at this time, he especially desired to keep the fact a secret from Miss Waughb; consequently, he affected to take great interest in Mr. Gerrish finding her out. What this finding out amounted to, we shall see anon.

(To be continued.)

* * *

There are lovely days when field and wood are like a lofty cathedral, when the birds are the choir, and the wind stirring the censers of the forest perfume is the organ.

Masonry, a Uniting Principle for North and South—What can Masonry do?—Spoils—A Bible—Two Vases—Our Southern Brethren.

BY THE GRAND MASTER OF MICHIGAN.

At the present juncture of events in our country it may be considered that our Order stands in a most responsible position. A war has terminated, leaving many of the ties and bonds which once united the people dissevered and broken. There is no power, or effort of power, which can exert so successful an effort in reuniting these ties and bonds as the offices and influences of Masonry. We are not politicians. The political issues which have separated and still in a measure separate the North and the South, we ignore. With these, as Masons, we have nothing to do. All we can see as our duty in this most interesting crisis of our common country, is the humanitarian duty of diffusing brotherly love, peace, and harmony, and a restoration of our union to its former strength and integrity. It is our duty, by this means, to give strength, where political issues weaken the bonds. The offices of Masonry are fraught with harmony and peace; political questions and their discussion harass the mind, create discord, and arouse animosities. It is our duty to pour in oil and wine to soothe the rankling heart-aches of a disappointed, a conquered, and a submissive people.

If they have been in the fault, a reopening of the wounds by retrospections will but keep alive the animosities and widen the breach which separates us, thus defeating the great object, an affectionate re-union, upon which, alone, can a political re-union be successfully founded. To re-establish these bonds of affection rests with the Order of Freemasonry, North and South, and if through this element they cannot be re-established, then is our confederacy for ever broken, for the tendency of every other effort is to fan the fires of discord between us.

But you ask, what can Masonry do? It can, in the true spirit and genius of its original design and its sublime lessons, forgive the past where it sees a fault; it can, in the superabundance of its charity, sympathize with our unfortunate brethren of the South; it can mourn with them over their devastated plantations, their razed mansions, and the smoking ruins of their cities and villages; it can drop the tear with them over their bloody battle-fields, and the graves of their sires, their sons, and their brethren, albeit they fell in arms against the North. This last, it is human to remember, but not to cherish is Masonic. To forget it is noble—to forgive it is divine. Perhaps if, in the pure spirit of Masonry, we were to put ourselves under the same stringent rule of accusation and condemnation to which we subject others, we might, in many respects, become supplicants for forgiveness. Have we all so far satisfied our own consciences, individually, as to enable us to look up to the throne of God with confidence and with hope of forgiveness, and say, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us?" Then let us not reprehend too severely our brethren of the South. It will be remembered that they acted, doubtless, according to the convictions of their consciences, not ours, and, that although that action was in open opposition to our national government, they justify themselves, or attempt at least to do so, by the argument that it was their Masonic duty to submit with patience to the government under which they lived, although that government was but a government *de facto*.

The object in alluding to this subject at this time is simply to impress upon Masons their duty, in the broad, the liberal, and the charitable exercise of the Masonic virtues towards our brethren in the South, with a view of conciliating friendship, establishing harmony and confidence between us, and thereby a perfect and complete restoration of fraternal relations, which may lead in the end to a harmonious political reunion. The former of these are the elements of the latter, and without them the latter can never take place.

But how are we to cultivate these harmonious relations? What facilities are presented in circumstances? We rarely meet, and by what means are we to open with strangers that intercourse which is to lead to these happy ends? Should we meet, let us avoid those subjects upon which it is well known we will disagree, and dwell upon those only upon which we cannot disagree. Let us look around us, and we may find the means and facilities in our very households. Almost every one of our soldiers have brought home from the South their respective trophies. Let us gather these and return them to their proper owners. Even though they were lawful spoils according to the iron rule of war, many of them are of so interesting, nay, even sacred a character, that there is an inhumanity in retaining them, while their return opens those avenues to the heart and its affections through which the sweet waters of gratitude flow, and inspire the soul with a faith and a confidence that lead to the harmonies and amenities which it is the office of Masonry to cultivate, and which, as we have remarked, is a paramount object in restoring our political union. I could note many instances of this kind which have fallen under my own observation. One soldier brought home a costly Cottage Bible, containing the family register of a distinguished Southern family. It was purchased by a brother Mason, and, after much difficulty in finding the members of the scattered family, was restored to them. Another had a group of photographic portraits, which were likewise bought and restored. These drew out of the beneficiaries letters of most affectionate gratitude, and the establishment of the most pure and perfect friendship between the parties interested.

Permit me to ask your indulgence while I relate a circumstance, the delicacy of which touched my feelings deeply.

In the house of a friend and worthy brother, in Goshen, in the State of Indiana, my attention was directed to two elegantly bound volumes and two large French vases of elaborately cut flint glass. These vases were of great value, being from twenty-five to thirty inches in height. My friend said that he felt unpleasantly every time he saw them, and informed me that they were sent to him as trophies of war by his nephew, who was a lieutenant of a company of volunteers from Indiana. He informed me that his nephew had saved these valuable articles at the razing of a mansion of a rebel officer, near Baton Rouge, in the State of Louisiana, and that his nephew was killed in battle a few days after having forwarded them to him. My friend informed me that he was very anxious to return them to their proper owner, if living, and, if not, to any surviving member of his family. He had, however, no trace of their former ownership. He requested me to take some measures to find the owner, or some member of his family, and to bring about a restoration of the articles in question.

I immediately addressed a letter "To the Master of any Lodge of Masons in Baton Rouge," giving a history of the circumstances, expressing a wish to return the articles, and instituting inquiries for their owners. My letter was soon answered by Bro. James Asher, W. M. of St. James Lodge, No. 47. He informed me that the articles in question were relics that had long been cherished in a distinguished family, and that they were all that remained of a once princely mansion that was now leveled and scattered. The articles were duly returned to their proper owner. But what touched me most deeply in the interesting correspondence with Bro. Asher was the following, which I extract from one of his letters to me:

"Please inform Bro. S——— that, recently, while visiting the (so-called) old American grave-yard, I found the grave of his nephew, with a tombstone bearing the following inscription: 'Charles C. Seely, First Lieutenant, Company A, 21st Indiana Volunteers, killed in action, August 5th, 1862.' 'Honor to whom honor is due,' and those of the adjutant of his regiment, a sergeant of his company, and another officer. These graves require some attention, which I will cheerfully give, from time to time, if Bro. S——— will, by letter, authorize me to do so; for, as the work was done by United States authorities, it may require a written authorization and consent of the commanding officer here."

Here we find one of our Southern brethren standing sentinel over the ashes of the honored dead, although the deceased came as a stranger and enemy to the spot where those honored ashes lie. How beautiful, how delicate, how affectionate! What higher testimonials can Masons ask than this of the effect produced by its kind offices? Where is there a brother who is not anxious to participate in this work of brotherly love and harmony?

This duty Freemasons owe to their time-honored Order and to humanity—this high, this holy mission they owe to mankind, to dry the widow's tears, to protect the fatherless. In the discharge of this duty, Masons know no North, no South, no East, no West. The limitations of our humanity are universal—from East to West, between North and South. In the exercise of this unlimited charity and philanthropy, so far from it being one of our duties to inquire into the antecedents or errors of the subjects of its application, it is our duty to ignore them. The fact that our sons, our brothers, or our fathers fell gloriously on the bloody field of Chattanooga or of Gettysburg, is no reason why the widow of Alabama should still bow her head and weep, ignorant of the fate of her husband imprisoned in Camp Douglas; or why the orphan of Georgia should make a pilgrimage in vain to the islands of Lake Erie to learn the fate of his sire. They may cry in vain to history, "Where is my husband?" "Where is my father?" History will not tell—her lips are silent in relation to these touching incidents of the great war of the rebellion. She makes no note of these little incidents, which have had but little influence on the great result, but which, in truth, are the master-strokes of the Death-Angel and the Demon of Devastation, which tears out the heart of affection and casts it all bleeding into the dust, and tramples it under foot. It is only Freemasonry that will ever reply to these piteous cries. Freemasonry, in the spirit of peace and good will, through its mystic telegraph, will whisper Fort Sumter into the ear of the widow who mingles her lamentations with the deep tones of Niagara, and say, "Your husband lies buried on the Southern sea-shore." And it will whisper back from Chicago to the orphan of New Orleans, "The ashes of your sire mingle with the sands of Lake Michigan." These are the offices that Masenry can do. Our Southern brother will find where the Northern hero fell, and he will mark the spot. He will gather up the sacred ashes of the honored dead, and he will send them home. We will receive these ashes, moisten them with a tear, and bless our Southern brother of the mystic tie.

The "Peer."

BY BRO. BROWN, PROV. GRAND MASTER OF TURKEY.

The profound Masonic philosophy of the following will not detract from its interest to the general reader:

This is a word but little known to most of your readers. It belongs to the Persian language, but has been admitted into most of the Oriental tongues, on account of its religious signification. In Redhouse's "English and Turkish Dictionary" it is said to mean "an old man; the patron saint or superior of any order or guild;" and in Breinchi's dictionary it is stated as meaning, "*le superieur de moines*," and it is in this sense only that the following account is connected with it. As used in English, it denotes an "equal," and is derived from the Latin. It would be interesting to trace it back into the Sanscrit, that mother of the oldest languages now in modern use.

A peer is the founder of an order, or "Path," of any of the Oriental Dervish sects. In common parlance, the master of such an order is known as the *sheik*, which word signifies the "elder." The head of a tribe of Arabs is also called by the same title. In the phraseology of the various orders of Dervishes the head of a *Tekeh* (a Lodge) is called the *Murchid*, a "spiritual director," and all of its members are *Murids*. Both of these words are Arabic. *Râshâdâ*, from which the first is derived, signifies to *direct* or *guide;* and *Ariâdâ*, to *will*. They are past participles or nouns—*ergo*, one is the "director" and the other the "willed." As Arabic is derived from the Hebrew, it is very probable that both of these words are of frequent occurrence in the Old Testament. Those who then assumed the character of prophets or seers, and to direct men in the true path of light and salvation, were *Murchids*. and their followers were *Murids*. St. John the Baptist fully admitted that Christ was his *Murchid*, and himself but a *Murid* of the divine Saviour.

Among the Dervish orders, each one has its *Peer* and a Grand Lodge. The latter is called the *Assitam*, also a Persian word, signifying a "threshold" or "august hall," and this is, in most cases, erected near the tomb of the *Peer* or founder. The *Murchid* or *Sheik* is the representative of the departed *Peer*, and rules over his particular Lodge with absolute power. Strict obedience to his will is one of the firmest principles of the order. Indeed, any departure from it would be an act of disloyalty and treason which would expose the *Murid* to the severest spiritual punishment, and lose him the respect of the whole fraternity. He has it impressed upon his mind, from the day of his initiation into the order, that, in all that concerns his connection with it he must have no will of his own, and give himself up entirely to that of his spiritual director. His every thought must concentrate in him. His wakeful thoughts and even his dreams must be submitted to him. If he has any doubts, any wanderings from the principles of his path, he must hasten to submit them to the *Murchid* for correction and guidance. He must be the object of his meditations, his affections, almost of his adoration, all because he is the visible representative of the *Peer* of his order. On the other hand, the mental attainments, the character, and the conduct of the *Sheik* must be of an eminent nature, and his decisions be both entirely just and strictly fraternal. He must both merit and possess the devoted *love* of the disciple. The author of a small work on the subject of the affection which is borne by the *Murid* for the *Murchid* says:

"How meaningless are the words in frequent lines of the poet to him who has never experienced the love-passion which their lyrics breathe! How can the heart know the extent of the words, 'drunk with love,' which has never been drunk with love? How can a soul be entranced with feelings which it has never felt? Who can appreciate the beauties of the green and flowing meadow which has never been beheld? Deep, impressive enthralment, its is not like the love of an ordinary character. When the heart is truly occupied by love for the *Murchid*, his form and presence is deeply impressed upon it, so that it unwillingly permits any other to supplant it. It deems it a sacrilege to permit any other to intervene. How it clings to the unseen figure of the spiritual director, and follows it in imagination, just as the shadow made by the sun follows the object of which it is the image. The smile of appreciation of the *Murchid* binds the heart of the *Murid* as with the strongest of chains. In his *Murchid* he beholds a spiritual father, and in each *Murid* a beloved brother. The proud heart of man humbly bows before the slavery of love and affection, and seeks no greater boon of liberty than the happiness of such a connection. The heart is thus bound by a 'mystical tie,' which knows neither time nor space. When really absent from the sight, the heart still beholds the form of the *Murchid*, though thousands of miles away. Deep in its recesses is his beloved figure impressed. Time may not tarnish its freshness. Distance is overcome by it, as by the swiftest flash of lightning."

Such is the connection existing between the Dervish and the Master of his Lodge, or *Tekeh*, and the love which the former entertains for the latter is evinced by the respect which he shows for him when in his presence, and when speaking of him from a distance. But all this exists in a much more eminent degree with regard to the *Peer* or founder of the order. This person is held to be one of the "happy" in the "World of Spirits," and though no longer visible to the material eyes of the disciple, he is supposed to continue there that same paternal care for him which is the duty of the Sheik in this "World of Living Bodies." To him, therefore, are directed his prayers and supplications in the hour of need or danger, with a firm conviction that they will be heard and answered by him.

As an illustration of this, a Dervish lately narrated to me an occurrence which serves to prove the unceasing love of the *Peer* for his disciples and followers.

"Together with a brother of our order" (the *Kaderee)* he said, "I made a pilgrimage to the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and thence across the plains of Arabia to the tents of our Peer at Bagdad, and of the Imaums at Kerbelay, near to the Persian frontier. I had long suffered from a disease in one of my feet, and it baffled all the remedies prescribed by medical advisers. My Sheik therefore recommended me to go and pray at these holy places. We therefore set out from Constantinople, in the spring of A. H. 1273 (1857), and after passing through Egypt, continued our way, by water, to Jeddah, on the eastern shore of the Red Sea. We then traveled, by land, to both of the holy cities, where we performed all of the ceremonies prescribed for the *Hadje* or pilgrimage there. We next joined a large caravan of returning pilgrims to Bagdad, and rode on camels the whole of the way. The greater part of the country over which we traveled, under the protection of Arab Sheiks, is rich in fertile meadows and irrigated by numerous streams of water. There are also lofty mountains and large cities, unknown to geographers. We had taken with us, at Constantinople, various articles of merchandise for sale and barter on the way, but had very little money. On our arrival at Bagdad, our stock-in-trade was quite exhausted, and we entered that city with only some eighty piastres ($4) in our purses. We frequently visited the tomb of our *Peer* at Bagdad, and even enjoyed the hospitality of the venerable *Sheik* who presides over the *Tekeh* connected with it; but, day by day, our small means became diminished. One night, when much distressed in mind, I fixed my thoughts firmly upon the ideal form of our *Peer*, who, I believe, is among the blessed and happy in the world of spirits, and, with a heart filled with love and respect, devoutly implored his spiritual aid. Whether I fell into a momentary slumber or not I do not know, but I had a clear and distinct impression that he answered my prayer, and bade me visit the holy tomb of Aali, the fourth direct Caliph, situated a short distance from Bagdad, and that there we should both find succor. I hastily called my companion and told him what I had seen. He never, for a moment, doubted the truthfulness of the vision, and that we should find its proof at the tomb aforesaid. We procured a couple of asses, and in the early morn set out for the *Meshed Aali*. We took up a position outside of the door of the edifice, and, whilst sitting there, both prayed again to our beloved *Peer*. Thus engaged, an Arab chief passed through the door, and offered up his devotions near to the tomb of the martyr, and we overheard him say, 'Bless my plans, O holy martyr! and I vow to bestow alms upon those who are seated at thy portal.' On passing out, he came first to me, and dropped a small package in my lap, and then, turning to my companion, did the same for him. He neither spoke to nor seemed to otherwise notice us, but went on his way. After we had finished our own prayers we arose, and, as we left the premises, opened the packages given to us by our beloved *Peer*. In each were 1000 piastres in gold. Proceeding on our way, the governor of a neighboring province arrived at the Meshed, and, on seeing us, called to us to be so good as to become his guests, which we accepted; and on our telling him that we had made the *Hadje* to the holy cities, and were returning to Stamboul, he also presented each of us with 1000 piastres more. Can it be doubted, for a moment," he added, "that these gifts came from the ever existing care of our beloved *Peer* for his *Murids ?*"

On the initiation and acceptance of the *Murid* by the *Murchid* of a *Tekeh* or Lodge, the latter confides to the former certain secrets of the order, called the *Esrar* (plural of *sir)* or "secret." These refer only to the peculiar belief of the *Peer*, and are never to be divulged.

It is related that an Oriental sovereign desired very much to learn the secrets, or "mystical ties," which united a Dervish fraternity, and having had one of its members brought before him, held a long conversation with him, but without being able to arrive at the object which he had in view. He begged him, under an oath of secrecy, to make them known to him, but the Dervish explained the impossibility of divulging them to any one. He then offered him a sum of money which would render the Dervish rich, and a post of honor so high that it would secure him against the indignation of his Murchid—but in vain. At length, he threatened him with death, and gave him but a few hours in which to decide. The Dervish begged to be allowed to depart and commune with his *Murchid*, and gave a security for his return within the period prescribed. The sovereign now felt sure of effecting his purpose, and granted him permission to withdraw. In a short time the Dervish returned, and having been admitted to the presence of the sovereign, greatly to the surprise and indignation of the latter, again stated that he could not possibly, under any circumstances, even that of the penalty of death, divulge the secrets of his *Peer*. He added, however, that he had brought with him a small book, in which, after his death, the sovereign would find what he sought after. On hearing this, the sovereign commanded his executioner to lead the obstinate Dervish to the place where criminals were usually decapitated, and to bring him, after striking off the man's head, the book which would be found upon his person. In a few minutes the faithful Dervish had paid the penalty of his fidelity; and the executioner, having searched his person, found a book, carefully folded up and addressed to the sovereign. The latter now believed that he would arrive at the "mystery" which he so strongly desired to penetrate, and taking the book in his hands, turned over its leaves, all of which were blank, and closely attached to each other, often putting his finger to his tongue, so as to moisten it for that purpose. Before reaching the middle of the book he became seriously ill, and, at length, letting fall the work from his hands, expired in the arms of his courtiers, a victim to his curiosity and the poison with which the leaves of the fatal book had been impregnated by the Dervish—faithful, even in death, to the secrets of his *Peer*. JOHN P. BROWN.

Constantinople, Feb. 28, 1867.

The Wandering Jew.

The legend of the Jew ever wandering, and never dying, even from the crucifixion of Jesus to the present day, is spread over many European countries. The accounts, however, as in all fable, do not agree. One version is this: When Jesus was led to death, oppressed by the weight of the cross, He wished to rest Himself near the gate at the house of Ahasuerus. The man, however, sallied forth and thrust Him away. Jesus turned towards him, saying: "I shall rest; but thou shalt move on till I return." And from that time he has had no rest, and is obliged incessantly to wander about. Another version is that given by Matthew of Paris, a monk of the sixteenth century: When Jesus was led from the tribunal of Pilate to death, the door-keeper, named Cartaffiious, pushed Him from behind with his foot, saying: "Walk on, Jesus, quickly; why dost Thou tarry?" Jesus looked at him gravely and said: "I walk on, but thou shalt tarry till I come." And this man, still alive, wanders from place to place in constant dread of the wrath to come. A third legend adds that this wandering Jew falls sick every hundred years, but recovers and renews his strength; hence it is that, after so many centuries, he does not look older than a septuagenarian. Thus much for the legends. Not one of the ancient authors allude to this wanderer. The first who reports such a thing is a monk of the thirteenth century, when, as is known, the world was full of pious frauds, even to disgust. However, the story has spread far and wide, so that it has become a proverb, "He runs about like a wandering Jew."

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MOUNT HOREB.—This mountain is remarkable for seven memorable transactions: the burning bush; the striking the rock by Moses; the sustaining of Moses' hands by Aaron and Hur, which produced the slaughter of the Amalekites; the delivery of the Law; the forty days' fast of Moses; the destruction of tables of the Law on sight of the golden calf; and the supernal vision of Elijah.

The Family Circle.

"NO ONE TO LOVE."

"No one to love!" 'Tis a sad, sweet song—
No one to love, 'mid the world's gay throng;
Never to find a heart whose truth
Fills the hopes of our earnest youth.

Never to love—there came a dream
Pure as the lapse of lilied stream—
"Never to love," it seemed to say—
"Never to love, thro' life's long day."

But a voice 'mid the breathless air,
Stirred the heart in its calm despair—
"Him to love, is to love aright,
Whose yoke is easy, and burden light."

"I DID AS THE REST DID."—This tame yielding spirit—this doing "as the rest did"—has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or the gambling-room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What ruined him? Simply "doing what the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situation of life do so and so, are indulged in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow up idlers, triflers and fops. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent so much money on their education, has given them great advantages; but, alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man! he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother strives hard to bring up her daughters genteelly. They learn what others do, to paint, to sing, to play, to dance, and several other useful matters. In time, marry; their husbands are unable to support their extravagance, and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished. "Truly," says she," "I did as the rest did."

MASCULINE ETIQUETTE. — 1. Gentlemen walking should keep their hands in their pockets. It shows their figure to advantage, keeps their hands warm, and out of other people's pockets.

2. In the afternoon congregate in front of the hotels and saloons. Then, upon ladies passing, set up an equine cachination (translated "horse laugh"). This will give them an exalted opinion of your taste and refinement.

3. Keep the centre of the sidewalk. By this means, others, in meeting you, will know which side to pass; when they attempt it, step in the direction with them. This affords an agreeable variety in a promenade.

4. If you see a person on the opposite side of the street you wish to interrupt, cry as loud as possible, "Ho! Jones!" Of course, Jones will "Ho!" and you will show passengers that you take a great interest in the state of Jones.

5.. When turning a corner, walk rapidly, with your eyes in another direction. You may meet somebody and give them an opportunity to study "astronomy by daylight."

MEN OF FEW WORDS.—Some men use words as riflemen do bullets. They say but little. The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk, and guide with their eye and face, on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they launch out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. Your conversation falls into their minds as rivers into a deep chasm, and is lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words, that go to the mark like a gunshot, and then they are silent again, as if they were reloading. Such men are safe counselors, and true friends, in every case where they profess to be such. To them truth is more valuable than gold, while pretension is too gauzy to deceive them. Words without point, to them, are like titles without merit, only betraying the weakness of the blinded dupes who are ever used as promoters of other men's schemes.

OCCUPATION.—Occupation! What a glorious thing it is for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the wave—wrestle not with the torrent—rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you in a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that they may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine that penetrates to the path of duty. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is he who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion that brings no joy to his fellow-man.

MORAL COWARDICE.—There are people who never will say good-by, or encounter a parting, because they cannot stand it. Now, we do not want scenes to come into fashion, and should be sorry to see the world turn maudlin and sentimental; but still there is a view of this horror of scenes, and this extreme solicitude to avoid them, which seems to us more in accordance with probability than the one thus readily acquiesced in. Men imagine they are afraid of any expression of feeling because they might risk exposing themselves by some unmanly excess of vehement emotion; but have they not also other grounds for evading the trial? We greatly suspect, that under this superficial belief that we should be too deeply moved in certain situations—perhaps, torn and convulsed by tragic and pathetic passion—there is a lurking, unacknowledged misgiving that possibly we should not be moved enough for our credit, or even for our self-esteem; for to discover that the crust is impenetrable—in fact, no crust at all, but just nether millstone inside and out—would be by no means gratifying to our self love. Yet, people whose feelings are never reached, who carefully keep themselves out of the way of having them tried, are much more likely to have too little feeling than too much. After all, people generally lose more than they gain by avoiding anything painful that comes naturally in their way. No decent man can feel comfortable while in his heart he knows himself a coward.—*Essays on Social Subjects.*

THE BIBLE.—It is the book of Laws, to show the right and wrong. It is the book of Wisdom, that makes the foolish wise. It is the book of Truth, which detects all the human errors. It is the book of Life, which shows how to avoid everlasting death. It contains the most authentic and entertaining History ever published. It is a perfect book of Divinity. It is a book of Biography. It is a book of Travels. It is a book of Voyages. It is the best covenant ever made—the best ever written. It is the young man's best companion. It is the schoolboy's best instructor. It is the learned man's dictionary. It promises an eternal reward to the faithful and believing.

The True Mason's Duty.

What can be more divine than the moral precepts of Masonry? What more sublime than Charity—the soul and essence of Masonry? To love your neighbor as yourself; to love your Creator without reserve; to love even your enemies; to forget injuries; pardon offenses; conquer evil with good; to be joyful with those that are happy; to weep with those in affliction; to enlighten those who are in darkness; to reclaim those who have strayed; to judge not rashly, lest ye be judged; and to assist the unfortunate, are among the duties we are called upon to fulfill by the action of our Masonic vows. We are not to measure the riches or talents of our neighbor, but to dispense our gifts to those who lack them. Not to advance our own interests, but rather to sacrifice them to the general good of humanity. We are to be good, true, compassionate, affable, generous, merciful and clement. To be a faithful subject in the country where you live, respect the laws, a constant friend, a worthy husband, a good father, a tender, respectful and submissive son, a careful and vigilant master, full of charity towards all, and favor and countenance all honest intentions. Show me a world of true Masons, and I will point you to the peaceful abode of innocence and happiness.

Every Man his own Measure Maker.

By the following rules every one who can saw and nail boards can make his own measures:

A barrel contains 10,752 cubic inches. A box 24 inches long by 16 inches wide and 28 inches deep—that is, on the inside—will hold just a barrel.

A half-barrel. A box 24 inches by 16, and 14 inches deep, contains 4,376 cubic inches.

A bushel—2,150 4-10 cubic inches. Box, 16 inches by 16 8-10 inches square, and 8 inches deep.

A Half-bushel. A box 12 inches long by 11 1-10 wide and 8 inches deep.

Peck. A box 8 inches by 8 4-10 inches square, and 8 inches deep.

Half Peck, 8 by 8 inches square, and 4 1-10 inches deep, or 268 cubic inches.

Half Gallon, 134 4-10 cubic inches, box 7 by 4 inches and 4 8-10 inches deep.

Quart, 4 by 4 inches square, and 4 2-10 inches deep.

The National Freemason,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, APRIL 20, 1867.

R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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On Editorial Business, address Dr. McMurdy, box 5903; for Subscriptions and Advertisements, Ezra L. Stevens, box 5903, N. Y. City.

Dr. McMurdy is always ready to welcome his friends at his office, during business hours. It is second floor, room 10, 39 Nassau street, opposite Post Office.

Change.—On and after May 1st the National Freemason will occupy the second floor of the building corner of Broome and Crosby. This location is more central and convenient to our friends from the South and West and East, who generally patronize the hotels in its vicinity.

The Secretary of the Mutual Relief Association will also have a room on the same floor. The Masonic Publishing Co. are all around us.

Letters will be addressed to box 5903 as usual.

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Enlargement.—We have also made arrangements to open an office in Washington city. The location will be announced in a few weeks. It will, probably, be in the vicinity of the New York papers, opposite Willard's.

This is appropriate, as the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, by a unanimous resolution, approved of the National Freemason, and recommended it as a weekly to the whole fraternity.

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If any brother has paid an agent, and has not received the paper, let him send the receipt to this office, or a copy of it, or reasonable evidence that he has paid for the paper, and to whom he has paid, and he will be certain to have the National Freemason, although we may lose the money.

Brethren should promptly advise us of their changes of residence.

Toleration, Truth and Light, not Victory—Rites.

Toleration in opinion, religious and political, lies at the foundation of Freemasonry in theory. Is this great principle carried into Masonic practice? Is there not much intolerance among us, an indisposition to hear and examine candidly Masonic suggestions and theories?

Intelligence and cultivation, in the Masonic as in the religious world, produce toleration. The preposterous tone of some of our partially informed Masons is in the way of progress. This childish habit of angrily denouncing those with whose opinions they differ, as if there was a moral wrong in expressing them, must be checked. If their frame of mind may be inferred from their words and writings, they, instead of loving, would burn at the stake, had they power, those who oppose their theories, mode of work, or authors they are interested in.

This overbearing insolence is offensive and unmasonic, and needs rebuke and reformation. Truth is the object of criticism and controversy. Light, not victory, should the Mason seek. We must diminish the dogmatists among us, those who are mercenary, and who are Masons from selfish considerations. We need more among us pleading for the truth, dispensers of life, light and joy wherever they go.

One brother is rampant for Rebold's theory and ridicules Oliver's. Another brother regards Oliver's as the proper theory of the origin of Freemasonry, and discards every brother who differs from him.

There is much wrong spirit, the spirit of bigotry, existing in portions of our American Masonic heritage about rites. One brother thinks the Royal Arch ought to be restored to its place in connection with the Lodge, and Chapters should be abolished. Another, that the Scottish Rite should not be encouraged. Another, of the New York East, villifies the Boston East; and, in return, he of the Boston villifies the New York East. Then many feel like crushing any brother who ventures to think there is any good in the Memphis Rite. Then there are others who are abusive of the Adoptive Rite.

Freemasonry teaches that, in all these things, there must be exercised the spirit of charity. All harmonize on the first three degrees of symbolic Freemasonry. They who stop here, and think what is beyond superfluous, let them rest satisfied and be content. Let our brethren of the Scottish Rite pursue their functions undisturbed. Let the New York East and the Boston East quietly work out their results, without giving any heed to the transactions of the other. Whenever there is any allusion, let it be in the direction of peace, and fraternity and union. If the Memphis Rite is a modern invention, let it quietly work out its destiny. Let it alone; if it has no mission and no verity, it will die.

The Memphis Rite permits no one who is not a Mason in regular standing to take its degrees. Suppose the Sons of Temperance or any church should admit only third degree Masons to their fold. What then? Would you abuse them. By no means. It is abuse and opposition that give spasmodic life to sickly and worthless institutions. Others say, "Templarism is not Freemasonry." Then let it alone. Others pronounce the Adoptive Rite a humbug and condemn the side degrees. While we think them numerous, generally puerile, they can only obtain importance by opposition.

The Masonic principle and policy is always safe, indulging in no attack upon a religious, political or charitable body. She knows only herself as a Masonic body and ignores all else. There is no danger of competition; and again if a thousand bodies start up advocating our principles, and be they ever so modern—let them alone. They will do their work and expire, while original, positive Freemasonry will abide, being founded upon that rock of philosophy and truth, which are *the same for all nations and in all ages.*

In the last month we have had sent us attacks upon the Scottish Rite, the Memphis Rite, Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, Sons of Malta, &c. We think so much of Freemasonry that we do not think it necessary to attempt to destroy any organizations to save its life. The best way to oppose all error is to maintain the truth. The best way to prevent other societies absorbing the energies of our members is to fill their hands, their heads and their hearts with Masonic work, so that there will be no room for aught else. Again, whatever society called Masonic, whether we approve of it or not, while it is recognized by any Grand Lodge or by any considerable body of Masons, shall be noticed in our columns as an item of news. We take it for granted that our readers wish to know what is going on in the Masonic world, and do not need our *expurgating* pen to keep them from wandering into strange Masonic pastures.

The sooner some of our brethren get over their contracted and illiberal notions the better, and rely more upon the intrinsic, essential life of Freemasonry. *Nothing can destroy it.* Worldliness, selfishness, drunkenness, mercenery considerations, scramble for office, demagogueism, and the schemes of novices can and do mar, but they cannot destroy. Let the symbolic degrees and Lodges be well watched; let a high, moral, religious, virtuous, charitable standard be set up here, attracting the good, the generous, the noble, and sympathetically repelling the vicious and the unworthy, and all that is superfluous and wrong in the higher degrees and rites will die out for want of fuel, for only through the Blue Lodge can the other bodies be reached.

In a quiet way, then, permeate the whole mass of Masons, and the outer world, indeed, with our principles, and purity, unity and love will reign in all our borders

Services—Hospitals—Sick Brothers—A Proposition.

Of the three services of last Sunday, perhaps those of the hospitals were the most profitable.

Bellevue Hospital is at the foot of Twenty-sixth street, facing East River. Upon entering the building, we read the following inscription, under an antiquated railing: "*This railing formed part of the balcony of Federal Hall, over which General Washington delivered his first inaugural address, April* 30, 1789."

In the hall of the main building we find quadrilateral stone, in the side-wall, bearing this inscription: "*While standing on this stone, the oath of office was administered to George Washington, by Chancellor Livingston*" (his Masonic brother, and Grand Master of New York), "*when inaugurated President of the United States, April* 30, 1789. It was removed to this institution from Federal Hall, Wall street, in 1813, and placed in its present position by the Commissioners of Public Charities."

We found Masons at the gateway and among the directors, and ready and courteous access.

We found Bro. Nichols, referred to in our last number, who had broken his foot, in a fair way to improve, with his Bible open upon his bed. No brother had as yet visited him, except Bro. Brown, of Grace Church, who is a member of Puritan Lodge, and who had paid his board for one month. I could not but reflect that while Masonic festive meetings are crowded, the hospitals containing brethren, who would be cheered by a fraternal visit, are sadly neglected.

We met another brother in this hospital, Charles A. Sullivan, of Palestine Lodge, No. 204. He fell from a loft and hurt himself very seriously. We dropped a word of prayer and comfort, and repaired to another post of duty. Bro. G. B. Wood, the Master, and Bros. Evans and Stiles, of Palestine Lodge, were at Bellevue on a Masonic mission, attending assiduously to their injured brother and member, and were gladly welcomed by ourselves as colaborers.

There is a most worthy brother in our city, formerly a Major in Napier's celebrated Peninsular Regiment. He has been very destitute, but has received fraternal aid from Bro. Walker, and Independent Royal Arch Lodge. He became so prostrate that he sought admission, and was received into St. Luke's Hospital.

Friday last I received a note, saying: "Here I am (at St. Luke's Hospital), feeling as if I were *an outcast* from the world, not a brother to converse with. Dear Dr. McMurdy, come and see me, if you will. Visiters every day, also Sundays at 3 P. M. Rev. Dr. Muhlenburg is a noble spirit and good man. Yours, &c.,
———, late Major in H. M. Army."

We found our brother better. He is receiving every attention, and says that he (and all bear the same testimony) does not know anything to be improved in the hospital, and it is just the place to be sick in, next to a luxurious home. He only wants to see the face of a brother occasionally.

* * * * * * *

We do not believe that the suggestions below will, if acted upon, interfere with the project of the Hall and Asylum to which the Masonic fraternity of New York is committed, and which in all honor should be prosecuted to its final and perfect consummation, without hazard and without incurring any debt.

The Lodges of New York are supporting, for a longer or shorter period, perhaps not less than sixty persons, at a great disadvantage, at an unnecessarily high cost, sometimes very unsatisfactorily located, in unsympathetic families, and deprived of many things which cannot be secured in an isolated situation.

To build an asylum in New York city of sufficient size to do honor to the fraternity would involve an enormous expense; and, somehow or other, Masonic funds, perhaps because under popular control, have generally been wasted.

Is there any way for Lodges to avoid putting their funds into mere brick and mortar, which would not be remunerative? (This cannot apply to the Hall and Asylum project, as the grand feature of this is the remuneration to be used in a country home. A part of its funds or its income might be used in the manner hereinafter suggested, so that one idea may aid the other.) Is there any way by which the wants of immediate pressure can be met, and so met as to throw upon others the responsibility of taking care of funds? We think so. Take St. Luke's Hospital. This is an incorporate organization, composed of the first financial and moral gentlemen (some of them Masons) in New York city. Their fine grounds are paid for. Their commodious and grand building has no debt upon it, built by the free gift of large-hearted men, who are many of them Freemasons. It has a sufficient amount of money in Government stocks, the interest of which will keep it in successful operation in perpetuity. It is, therefore, as permanent as the Government itself. They can now afford to increase their number of patients at a moderate expense, just as a few more boarders may be received into a house without much additional cost. Churches are now taking "*beds,*" by the payment of $3,000; that is, by the one payment of $3,000, the church or Lodge making the payment *obtains the right forever* to keep any patient it may designate in the hospital without further charge, and when its patient dies or recovers, to put in another, and so on. This includes every expense of nursing, medical attendance, board, washing, lights, fuel, etc. Now, take the sixty persons supported by Lodges in New York. One of them, coming under my observation, costs, for board, $6 per week; then there are the doctors' bills, those of medicine, etc., amounting, in all, perhaps, to $600 a year. The interest on $3,000, for a bed at St. Luke's, is, at 7 per ct., $210; thus there will be a saving by the bed system of $390. The one also has all the perfection of neatness, society and comfort. Again, there are many Lodges that give to transient persons money and care, at serious inconvenience. How agreeable to all parties to have a home to which such persons could be sent at all hours! Again, if, by any mismanagement, any portion of the investment of the $3,000 should be lost, the trustees and property are responsible to the full amount, and the Lodge thus safely invests its funds. Several Lodges might unite in the purchase of beds.

We ask our brethren to examine this whole subject, and act for the best interests of the fraternity. We will be pleased to accompany any officers or committee of a Lodge to St. Luke's to inspect the buildings and accommodations, and secure all facts necessary to reach a wise conclusion.

* * *

Boasting.

They who boast in general terms of their prosperity frequently thereby generate a suspicion in reflecting minds about the truthfulness of their averments. We, therefore, seldom refer to the prosperity of the NATIONAL FREEMASON. We let Independent Royal Arch Lodge, sending a copy to each member, our paying a bonus for a lease, for four years, on our new rooms; the opening an office in the midst of the New York paper offices at Washington; orders for thousands of extra copies, and such facts, tell their own story.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS, P. G. M.

Quotations in Havana.

In our article on the subject of the Havana College, in last week's paper, we frankly stated our objection to the scheme, and gave our reasons. It occurred to us, at the time of writing that article, that we might possibly be mistaken as to some points stated therein, as we were obliged to infer them from such premises as were at that time in our keeping. Since then, a committee, or several brethren acting as a committee, have made a lengthy report on the subject to the Grand Master, a copy of which is before us. From it, we find the most ample confirmation of every assertion in our former article, and we now deem it our duty to warn the brethren against this Havana scheme as being, in fact, a white elephant of colossal dimensions, which, once in their keeping, will eat them into a pecuniary famine, and entail the disgrace which is more keenly felt after a beginning heralded by an immense flourish of trumpets. It seems proper to add that we are dealing with the proposition, and not with the men who make it. We do not and cannot suppose that they would knowingly and willfully lead the craft into temptation; but we propose to show, by their own facts, that they are sailing into a difficulty which it will be a difficult matter to sail out of, and, as one of the lighthouse-keepers of the institution, we trim our lamp and turn its blaze on the danger to be avoided. Let us first understand how matters stand now, and then we shall be enabled to judge of the prospect before us. The land upon which the college stands and the buildings upon it was given by the late Hon. Charles Cook, a wealthy brother, now deceased, for the purpose of founding a People's College, and conditioned *that, in the event of its being converted to other purposes*, then it was to revert to his heirs. A board of trustees, twenty-eight in number, was incorporated by act of the Legislature to carry into effect the will of the very liberal giver. Under this act the trustees proceeded to business so far as to incur liabilities "for labor done and materials furnished to the property, to an amount variously estimated at from three thousand to fifteen thousand dollars, and is, *probably*, about eight thousand." The legal representatives of Bro. Cook have a little claim, also, in the shape of a judgment for $50,000, which the committee say "the heirs will surrender"—a proposition which strikes us as eminently reasonable—over the left.

It appears, further, that there are stockholders who have contributed money and hold certificates of stock, and, by the charter, elect *twenty-four* of the twenty-eight trustees.

These parties, the committee say, are willing to transfer their stock to the Masonic fraternity, to avoid further liability, which we are fain to believe is likely enough, and which fact we commend to the brethren as one of the peculiarly attractive features of this *donation*. We remarked last week that the liabilities were likely to be twenty or thirty thousand dollars; but, from the statement of the committee, who are warmly in favor of taking the animal, and therefore put the best possible face on the matter, it will be seen that they may amount to one hundred thousand dollars, about the full value of the property. This reminds us of the man who offered to let people into his show free, gratis, for nothing, on payment of twenty-five cents a head.

It is very easy to say that the heirs will abandon their claim, and that the stockholders will cheerfully bid good-bye to their money; but one does not need to be a Philadelphia lawyer to know that, if one heir refuse to sign off, or one stockholder insist upon holding his stock, he must either be allowed to be a participant or be bought at a price to be agreed upon.

Let us now give the wheel a half turn, and view the subject from another point of view. The idea is held up to the brethren that they are going to acquire, for a mere nominal sum, a magnificent property, which will enable them to realize their grand idea of an asylum for the aged and indigent craftsmen, without further delay. We quote, on this point, from the report of the committee, the proceedings had at a meeting of the actual trustees, when it was resolved that, "we are in favor of transferring the control of the said People's College to the said fraternity, *provided* that satisfactory arrangements can be made that all just claims against said college shall be honorably adjusted; *that they shall open and maintain the People's College as a college*, retaining the main features set forth in the charter of said institution so far as practicable; and shall, in connection therewith, establish an asylum for the care, maintainance and education of the orphans of Masons and the care of 'decayed Masons.'

"That a committee of five of this board be now appointed by the Chair, with powers to negotiate with the representatives of the Grand Lodge of Masons of the State of New York *for a legal and complete assumption and execution by that body of all the lawful trusts and responsibilities of the Board of Trustees of the People's College.*"

Now it will be seen that, so far from acquiring a splendid property, at a merely nominal price, the craft will, in fact, assume liabilities equal to every dollar the property is worth, and which the holders of those claims can lawfully enforce to the uttermost dollar.

Secondly. That, so far from obtaining an asylum under their sole control, they will, in fact, be assuming the places of the original trustees, and be bound to carry out the original trust, which is the opening and maintaining a college for the people in general.

Thirdly. That the asylum, if opened at all, will be subsidiary to the college, which must first be provided for, and then, if there be any thing left, it can go to the "decayed Masons," like the crumbs from the rich man's table to Lazarus, sick and smitten beneath it.

Fourthly. That it involves a separate Board of Trustees and a separate fund for its maintainance from the lawful trustees, and the regular fund gathered through so many years and with so much toil *for Masonic purposes only,* and not a dollar of which can go towards this hybrid arrangement.

Fifthly. That it will be a direct and permanent stumbling block to the progress of the hall and asylum; will delay its consummation for years by the waste and extravagance of an outside project not germain to the purposes of the institution in this country, and not contemplated by the founders of the fund.

We, therefore, earnestly renew our objections to the whole scheme, so far as Masonry is concerned. The opening of the college will involve the hire of professors, teachers, assistants, cooks, scullions, servants, and all the people necessary to the work of the institution, which the Lodges will be expected to pay for, and which they will be continually called upon to maintain by subscriptions, appropriations from Lodge funds, etc. Are the brethren prepared to give their money as Masons for the support of a public institution of learning, because there is a *quasi* asylum attached to it, which, under the Charter, must give precedence to the college, and which can only hope for what is left after the legal demands of the college are satisfied? Are the brethren willing to send aged craftsmen and the widows and orphans of the dead to be the servants of a public institution, and thus earn the pittance that may be doled out to them in the lower hall at the hands of some Bumble invested by Masons with authority to throw up his hands in holy horror when they ask for more?

Are the brethren prepared, after a quarter of a century of labor and perseverance in building up the hall and asylum fund to almost completeness, to now throw away that labor, and indefinitely postpone its results for the pleasure of assuming other people's liabilities, paying other people's debts, and giving their money for public education where it is not needed?

We think not, and we feel certain that whoever will carefully examine the whole matter, will agree with us that we cannot consistently have any thing to do with it, and that the sooner we let it drop the less we shall burn our fingers.

We are guilty of no egotism when we say that we are enthusiastically in favor of the Hall and Asylum fund. We have devoted to it the best energies of our life, and have labored for it in season and out of season, with no hope of fee or reward, at great cost of time and means, and, God willing, we will continue to labor till success is achieved or death calls us to refreshment. We know that, as an humble instrument in the hands of the Master, we have done our full share toward making the fund what it now is, and we cannot, nay, we WILL not, allow the work of so many years to be swept away without at least warning the craft, who thus far have so nobly seconded our labors, of the danger impending in this Havana scheme.

Recollect that the explicit condition of this proposed Havana trust is that the People's College shall be maintained in accordance with the will of the founder and the terms of the Charter, and that in accepting it we bind ourselves honorably to carry it out.

Recollect, also, that the founders of the Hall and Asylum Fund, intended to raise means for the perpetual endowment of a *purely Masonic* Asylum, with no entangling alliances, not a poor-house with stone soup and brimstone and Molasses for diet, but a HOME where the aged and the needy of our craft should find such food and shelter as brother would give to brother or father to child. Whoever is willing to aid this design must give what he has to give outright, or it cannot be accepted, and hence the conditions of this Havana trust are an insuperable bar to its acceptance by the craft through the regular trustees; and, lastly, that the undertaking, if carried out as proposed by the committee, will be an individual matter, for the success of which they must provide, and for the ultimate failure of which, even if it come into their possession, they must bear the odium.

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Answers to Correspondents.

Hope Lodge.—We have received certified copy of resolution, but as we have since been informed and believe that the party is about to change his headquarters, and that in his new place he will make an entirely new beginning, we think no harm can ensue from waiting for a few days to see what the new programme is. If that is not satisfactory, there will be nothing to prevent the action contemplated by the resolution.

Non Nobis.—We have been in the habit since arriving at manhood of doing our own thinking and talking and taking the responsibility. In most cases, where we have allowed our own deliberately formed judgment to be overruled by the persuasions of friends, we have made a mistake. We are not so silly as to claim infallibility, or anything approaching it, but we are just as apt to be right as folks are who don't know any more than we do. Therefore, we generally take our own advice, and, making due allowance for errors and omissions, as the book-keepers say, we find ourself about as well off in the long run as if we followed other people's advice and shouldered their mistakes. We have, as you say, a very decided way of expressing our opinions, but you need not mind that, because we mean just what we say.

L. V.—We have your favor, and also a somewhat different statement from the other side. We have, therefore, concluded to lay the matter over till next week, when you may look for an answer.

Don Alexis.—"Can you direct me to some reliable account of the ancient mysteries? Not the fact that such mysteries existed, but an account of the rites practiced?"

Answfr.—You will find plenty of reading on the subject in Oliver's Landmarks and other works, as well as in Mackey's Lexicon. In the American Quarterly Review, formerly published in this city, there is a series of articles, by Albert Pike, containing much information in the desired direction.

Q. E. D.—"A friend, lately returned from California, informs me that they do not allow any one to visit their Lodges unless he affiliates with one of them, or at least pays annually a sum equal to the regular dues. I told him I thought he must be mistaken, and we agreed to leave the matter to you. How is it?"

Answer.—Your friend is mistaken. The California law forbids non-affiliated Masons from enjoying the privileges of the craft, on the principle that the bird that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing. But it makes no difference to them where a man belongs, so that he can produce evidence of his affiliation with a regular Lodge somewhere. It is a first rate law, and we wish it were more generally fashionable.

Client.—"Do you think it right and proper for a Masonic lawyer to charge a brother a professional fee for assisting him in a case where charges are preferred against him?"

Answer.—Of course we do. A lawyer gets his bread and butter by giving advice to people in difficulty, and we can imagine no reason why a Mason should command his professional service gratis, any more than he could expect a Masonic baker or a Masonic butcher to furnish him bread or beef for nothing. A lawyer, before entering on his calling, has to undergo a long and expensive training, which is, in one sense, his capital to begin business. To ask him to give you a portion of this for your advantage with no return to him, is like asking the first man you meet to give you twenty-five dollars, because you want to buy something.

Warden.—In former times the Junior Warden performed a portion of the work now allotted to the Senior Deacon. We have been present in a Lodge where the Warden thus officiated. We cannot be more explicit in this place, and commend you to the assistant Grand Lecturer.

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At a regular conclave of Columbian Commandery, No. 1, held April 8th inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Sir Knights James A. Reed, E. C.; John Martin, Generalissimo; Henry E. Gilbert, Capt. General; Jaac Simonson, Prelate; Wm. F. Evans, S. Warden; Henry Bischoff, J. Warden; Joseph S. Peacock, Treasurer; William J. Holborow, Recorder. Appointed officers: William B. Timberman, Warder; Wm. Davis, Sword Bearer; John Daily, Standard Bearer; Theodore Reeves, 1st Guard; M. Munson Finch, 2d Guard; Frank Carroll, 3d Guard; Wm. Boardman, Sentinel. By order, J. A. Reed, E. C., Wm. J. Surre, Recorder.

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If Not, Why Not?

The governing body of Knights Templar in Massachusetts assumes to be wiser than its neighbors, and has some means of convincing itself that it is perfectly correct to promise certain things and then do exactly the contrary. The ground on which they base their conviction is that they are the oldest body of Knights Templar on this continent, and hence that they have an immemorial right to do as they please. Last year Sir Alfred Creigh, of Pennsylvania, undertook to show that the Grand Commandery of his State was by some years the senior of that of Massachusetts. This year Massachusetts responds and shows that, admitting the Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania to have been founded in 1797, yet, as proved by Sir Knight Creigh himself, the original body died, and remained dead until 1854, when the Grand Encampment of the United States established the legal body which now governs the Templars of the Keystone State, in which, it strikes us, Massachusetts gets a little the best of Pennsylvania. But the Massachusetts Committee, in the course of their argument, say this:

"It is not necessary to argue the proposition that, when the General Grand Encampment of the United States was established, in 1816, the State of Pennsylvania immediately became part of its jurisdiction, and that every body of Knighthood, claiming an existence in that State since 1816, which did not derive its existence through this grand body, or yield allegiance to it, was an illegal and unauthorized organization. The plain statement of this proposition is sufficient." Just so. There can be no doubt of it, and it is equally true in regard to Massachusetts, for that commonwealth took part in the formation of the National Body, and by that act so far waived whatever exclusive rights it may have previously enjoyed as to bind itself to maintain the Constitution and the constitutional acts of the General Grand Encampment. Ever since the formation of the National Body, Massachusetts has been represented in it, and at the present time one of her most gifted sons holds the second office. Nevertheless, since 1859, when the Constitution was amended in accordance with its own provisions, the Massachusetts body have persistently refused obedience to it. They excuse themselves on the ground that their body being the oldest, has an imprescriptible right to override the Constitution of the National body which they have promised to support, and to establish which they gave up a portion of their rights. But a committee of their ablest men, including the second officer aforesaid, very correctly lay down the doctrine that every subordinate body in Pennsylvania owes allegiance to the Grand Encampment of the United States. The same allegiance that is due from Pennsylvania is due from Massachusetts, for both are within the acknowledged jurisdiction of the Grand Encampment. Hence it appears to us that the Massachusetts committee should apply their doctrine to themselves. Or if not, we should like to know why not.

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At a regular conclave of Morton Commandery, No. 4, K. T., held at their Asylum, Odd Fellows' Hall, Monday, April 8th, 1867, at 8 o'clock P. M., the following officers were elected and appointed: Sir Kt. Thomas C. Cassidy, E. Commander; Sir Kt. Jerome B. Gardner, Generalissimo; Sir Kt. John Lowe, Captain-General; Sir Kt. Rev. Samuel J. Corneille, Prelate; Sir Kt. William Edwards, S. Warden; Sir Kt. Arthur G. Smith, J. Warden; Sir Kt. Josiah Shove, Treasurer; Sir Kt. Stephen E. Gardner, Recorder; Sir. Kt. Henry Glosser, Warder; Sir Kt. Joel A. Gordinear, Standard Bearer; Sir Kt. Thomas Gregg, Sword Bearer; Sir Kt. David M. Cooper, 3d Guard; Sir Kt. Benj. G. Cordray, 2d Guard; Sir Kt. George Parker, 1st Guard; Sir Kt. Johnson Fountain, Sentinel.

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Pacific Lodge, No. 233, held a Lodge of Sorrow in memory of the fraternal dead of their Lodge, on Saturday evening, 6th inst. We regret our inability to respond to their kind invitation, and learn with great satisfaction that the affair was most successful. The oration of Bro. Anthon is spoken of as very fine, but that is a matter of course. He has a fashion of doing it that way.

◆

REPLIES.

Hereafter all replies to correspondents will be found under the head of the jurisdiction whence they emanate. This will promote the perfect classification of our matter.

R. McMURDY.

A Masonic Temple in Washington City.

Who does not go to Washington? What Lodge at some time or other does not send a brother there? What jurisdiction does not receive, through its members, some aid for its worthy needy brothers, without any reasonable probability of reciprocity? Is not the fraternity of the whole country interested in a suitable place for Masonic intercourse at the capital of the nation?

The brethren of New York, Philadelphia and other places may say, let the fraternity of Washington build their own temple, as we furnish our own accommodations for Lodge purposes. We say so too, if they are able. If they are not, we say it is the interest of the whole American Masonic family to help them, and to do it speedily.

The Methodists have organized a grand arrangement for the Methodists of the country to put up a large church at Washington, costing one hundred thousand dollars. The Congregationalists have already secured in the North nearly fifty thousand dollars for a church near the patent office. The Roman Catholics are building two churches with contributions from abroad. The Episcopalians have sent out a stirring appeal all over the land for churchmen to assist in the cause of church extension in Washington.

Why is this? It is found in the nature of the population of Washington city. It is transient, and composed of those who, generally, are indifferently paid, in a city where living has always been high. The salaries of clerks are barely adequate to a meagre support.

The need of a Masonic hall is very urgent for the Masons of nearly every city and town in the country. They remain but a few years at furthest. While here, the hallowing influence of the Lodge should surround them, and preserve them from the gaming table and from drinking. The banner of Masonic love should be over them, that when they depart they may carry with them to their distant homes and Lodges an augmented charity of disposition and purity of life.

So the poor, the disabled soldiers from both armies, go there for employment and relief.

There is no jurisdiction in the world called upon so much. There is no jurisdiction does so much for charity. There is none where the doing causes so much sacrifice to the donors as in that of the District of Columbia.

We write from years of actual working with these brethren. We know that they are almost exhausted in their means for doing good. Last year they gave away to pure, unmixed charity six thousand dollars as Lodges, and thirty thousand dollars as individuals. They gave it not to their own sufferers and needy, but they gave it to those from every jurisdiction, from Maine to Georgia.

They have raised fifty thousand dollars for their temple. They have done what they can. They ask for thirty thousand more. They do not wish it as an absolute gift. They ask our brethren here in New York and elsewhere—they ask our Lodges to take stock in their enterprise, and themselves thus take care of their own invested funds.

There are Lodges in New York, Philadelphia and other cities who could take one thousand or five hundred dollars of stock and not feel any inconvenience. If each Lodge in this vicinity were to take a share of one hundred dollars, it would insure the speedy completion of the temple.

Brethren in our fraternity, all over the land, what say you? We know the numerous calls upon your bounty, but will you not spare something for this great and good and national Masonic work?

Read what a leading officer of the Grand Lodge and the efficient spirit of the temple and its committee says:

It is with peculiar gratification that we are now able to announce to our brethren throughout the country that Washington City will shortly have a Masonic Temple. The Board of Directors of the Masonic Hall Association have purchased a very fine lot in a central part of the city, upon which to erect the same, and have given the occupants of the building at present on the lot notice to vacate the same on the 17th inst., at which time it is the intention of the Directors to remove the old buildings preparatory to laying the foundation for the new. It is not the intention of the Directors to erect an extravagant building, *for show*, but to erect a handsome and substantial *Masonic Home*, one which we will not be ashamed of, and which our brethren from abroad will find pleasant to visit when temporarily sojourning in our city. It is proposed to devote all of the building above the first floor to Masonic purposes. *Restaurants and ball rooms are to be discarded*, as we do not think such places should be allowed in a building where Masons meet. It has been determined that the cost shall not exceed $100,000, which amount a great many will think small, and ought to be raised very easy. *Such is not the case.* The brethren of Washington are not "blessed with much of this world's goods." Our expenses for the various objects which present themselves to us are large, and I may say, with safety, larger than any other jurisdiction of its size in the country. The calls upon us for assistance, by brethren from all sections of our country, are very numerous, *and we deny none*, no matter from whence they come, if they prove themselves worthy. Our expenditures for charity have increased very much since the commencement of the war. The amount expended by us the year preceding the late war being $905.37, while for the year just closed, it amounted to the large sum of $5,744.91. We do not mention these things by way of boasting, but to show to our brethren abroad what amount a small jurisdiction like ours is compelled to expend in carrying out the fundamental principles of the fraternity; and as we do not feel justified in turning the cases from our door, it keeps our *treasury low*, and, as a consequence, we find ourselves without sufficient funds to finish our Temple, and under the necessity of appealing to our brethren elsewhere for aid. We have raised by subscriptions from the Masonic bodies in this city $50,000. We want $30,000 more to insure our success, which we hope our brethren throughout the country will help us raise. We appeal to our sister Lodges to come to our aid. A small appropriation from each Lodge will soon raise the amount. Some can give us (without feeling it) $5, some $20, and some $100. We hope our brethren will remember us and send in their donations, that we may be able to go ahead with our Temple, and thereby secure a home that will not only be an honor to the fraternity of the metropolis of the Nation, but the fraternity at large. *Let us not appeal in vain.* Any sum sent to the Secretary of the Masonic Hall Association, Washington, D. C., or to the Editor of the National Freemason, will be duly acknowledged in the National Freemason. Companion.

Manhattan Commandery.—By especial invitation, we installed the following officers: Sir Knights John Hoole, E. C.; John Young, Gen.; A. Phillips, Capt.-Gen.; H. F. Phillips, Prelate; Thos. H. Edgar, Senior Warden; Philip Doyle, Junior Warden; C. V. K. Ackerman, Stand. Bearer; Jas. Bogie, S. B.; R. Jones, Warden; H. C. Parke, Rec.; D. S. Hoff, Treasurer; three Gaurds, Harris, Olwell and Gedney; Morrison, Phillips and Cook, Trustees. Sir Knight Taylor acted as Marshal.

The additions of initiate and affiliate the last year were 27; number of affiliate Sir Knights, 117.

Saturday evening, by special request, we opened with prayer and closed with a benediction the meeting held at 594 Broadway, for the purpose of installing the officers, grand and constituent, of the A.·. A.·. A.·. M.·. R.·. The hall was filled to overflowing, and a multitude went away unable to gain admission. The exercises were pleasantly and impressively conducted by Bros. Seymour, Hill and others. Refreshments, of a simple and delicate character, followed the exercises.

Bro. the Baron de Bulow, of the Supreme Council of France, lent presence to the occasion.

Bro. Crutchfield.—We have before expressed our great regard for Bro. Crutchfield of Kentucky, who has been making friends for himself and the National Freemason. He is a gentleman of ability, a Mason of strictest integrity, and a brother worthy of admission into any household.

A Hard Case.

In the month of November, 1865, the Masons of Taylor Lodge were dislodged by a fire, and April 5, 1867, again by the same fatal element, were turned adrift without a roof to shelter them or means to rebuild their temple, and there is no suitable room they can obtain without building. Whilst they are numerically strong they are financially weak, and unless they can obtain assistance from their more favored brethren elsewhere the Order must cease to exist there. In view of this state of the case they appeal to the charity and generosity of the craft, trusting that the bond which unites all Masons, wheresoever dispersed throughout the globe, will not allow a Lodge to become extinct when it lies in the power of Masons to preserve it.

They call for aid, even though to a small amount, and they say:

> We may yet live to thank you for your kindness, and return to others, whom we may find in the poor and distressed condition we now are, the favor you extend to us, and thus add to the usefelness and glory of Masonry.
>
> We would say that it is our desire and purpose, with aid, to erect a Lodge-room upon the most economical plan possible to meet the wants of the fraternity here.

Subscriptions can be sent to the W. M., D. C. Shanks, or Secretary, R. W. Page, at Salem, Roanoke Co., Va., or John R. McDaniels, Lynchburg, Va., which will be acknowledged in the National Freemason.

Bro. Hunt, calling at our office, says that no more meritorious appeal can exist than the above; that as an officer of the U. S. army, assigned to duty in the Freedmen's Bureau, and stationed at Salem, Va., and that notwithstanding his position, which is obnoxious to the Southern people generally, he has ever been received as a brother Mason in every sense of the word by the Masons of Salem, thus showing that, true to the precepts of the Order, they have entirely buried their politics and prejudices where a brother Mason was concerned. He says:

> Their condition is such that unless they receive assistance there is no chance for the Order to remain in existence in Salem, as there is no place they can get to hold their meetings in, and from their unusual misfortunes (having been not only impoverished by the war, but twice rendered houseless by fire since the war), they are really an object of charity to the fraternity at large.

Is there a Lodge in the South that cannot supply itself with the articles enumerated below? If so, address Dr. McMurdy, National Freemason.

They are the gift of *Lodge of Antiquity*, No. 11, New York City, Bro. A. W. Miller, W. M. These articles are in good condition and have cost a great deal of money. If the Lodge is unable to pay express charges, the Lodge of Antiquity will do the same.

1 dozen each, officers' collars and aprons, material blue silk velvet, fringed and ornamented with emblems of jewels.

1 dozen of moire antique collars, and one dozen of lambskin aprons for officers.

40 linen aprons, marked with India ink, St. John's Lodge, No. 1; also a few singing books for Lodge use.

What Lodges and Brothers will help the Orphan?

Read the following from the Master of a Lodge. We can vouch for the character of the writer of this letter. If this brother and Master of a Lodge is willing to teach orphans, without compensation, can we, brethren, not furnish the clothing? These orphans were, before the war, supported by the State.

Wallhalle, S. C.

Dear Brother.

* * * * * *

We have finished our new Masonic Hall, and I may say, in truth, that Blue Ridge Lodge, No. 92, A.·. F.·. M.·., is in good condition *morally*, and increases in *strength* and *influence*.

I am again honored with a seat in the E., but really I thought the brethren might have rested me this year, as we have some of the best materials in the district in our Lodge.

I had thirty-seven orphan children in my school *last* year, and I have twenty-one orphans with me now in school, and some with no father nor mother, on short rations, half clothed, old shoes, no socks, and not one cent to pay tuition fees, living in a State bankrupt, and now drinking the bitter dregs of her condition, with no means to *dry* up the widow's tears or *hush* the orphan's cry.

We are ruined! I am forty-six years old. My wife has been in bad health for five years. I have nine children—five sons and four daughters. I do not own a foot of land, and scarcely any other property. We have had an awfully severe winter, and I believe the severe sickness of my family was brought on by not being able to *keep our bodies sufficiently warm, day nor night, for the want of clothing*.

Must I quit teaching? What will become of these orphan children? I love them. Brother, please hand this hasty note to some worthy brother, or to some just and lawfully constituted Lodge of A.·. F.·. M.·. Tell them what you know of my situation, and that I ask, as a "Mason in distress," that they send to me and my wife and each one of my children a *suit of clothes*, or material to make them, not fine nor costly, but moderately, decent and substantially. Please put all together in a box or cheap trunk and send by express as soon as possible, and I hope to be able to pay all expenses on the reception of the articles.

Let this be done in the spirit of Masonry, and I pledge myself that we will *receive* and *appreciate* the favor in the *same* spirit.

Fraternally yours.

Blue Ridge Lodge, No. 92, A.·. F.·. M.·.

Raymond Lodge, U. D., give another concert in aid of their Lodge, Saturday evening, April 20, 18 t 594 Broadway.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

A.·. AND A.·. RITE FOR NORTHERN JURISDICTION U. S. A.

Supreme Council.—The Sov.·. G.·. C.·. in his late address says:

"In the year 1863, and for many years previous, there were two Supreme Councils; the Raymond Council, whose Grand East was in Boston, and the Hays Council, with its Great East in New York, both claiming jurisdiction.

These two Councils, to a certain extent, were antagonistical and hostile to each other. Much of the strength of both parties was wasted in finding fault and aiming blows at each other, and their power for good was thus paralyzed.

This condition of things could no longer be endured, and it became a subject of absorbing solicitude and inquiry, if not checked, what would be the result?

The affections which the Order inculcates were being alienated, and the fountains of social happiness poisoned. To obviate these evils, the exercise of the best faculties of the mind were put in requisition; negotiations were commenced, and prosecuted with indefatigable industry, to their completion. The fruit of those negotiations was the merging of the two Councils into one, and their constituting a "Union Council."

Exceptions were taken to this union, especially by the Southern Council, who, after a long and deliberate consideration of the subject, were of the opinion that it was irregular, and, therefore, decided not to recognize the Council.

Ill.·. Bro. Pike, whose researches, Masonic intelligence and familiar acquaintance with whatever pertains to the A.·. and A.·. Rite gives to his opinion almost the authority of law, concurs with the Southern Council, and he is also of opinion that the Raymond Council is not *dead*, but its vital energies suspended for the time being; and the Lt.·. Commander, under the late E. A. Raymond, succeeds to the office of Gr.·. Commander of the only legitimate Council of the Northern jurisdiction.

To place ourselves within the pale of legitimacy, and secure fraternal relations with the Southern Council and all other regular Councils, induced the brethren to dissolve the "Union Council," which has been done by the unanimous consent of every member.

The Union Council being dissolved, its members are consequently absolved from the oath of fealty, and may lawfully resuscitate the Raymond Council and exercise all the rights, privileges and functions to which it was entitled previous to its union with the Hays Council.

This resuscitation has been consummated as provided in the 2d Section of Art. III. of the Constitution of 1786, and proclamation has been made that the officers have been regularly appointed and installed, and the Council is now ready to proceed to the consideration of business that may regularly come before it.

And now, Ill.·. brethren, permit me to congratulate you upon the success of your efforts in the business for which the present meeting was called: You have resuscitated this Council from its dormancy, breathed into it the breath of life, and restored all the vital energies with which it was originally invested.

The report of South American Freemasonry has been anticipated in our columns of Foreign Masonic Intelligence from time to time.

The organization shows 31 Lodges of Perfection; 11 in New York; 1 in New Jersey; 3 in Massachusetts; 1 in New Hampshire; 4 in Illinois; 1 in Connecticut; and 9 in Indiana.

There are 18 Councils of Princes of Jerusalem; 8 in New York; 1 in Massachusetts; 1 in New Hampshire; 4 in Illinois; 1 in Connecticut; and 4 in Indiana.

There are 17 Chapters Rose Croix, H. K. D. M.; 10 in New York; 2 in Massachusetts; 1 in New Hampshire; and 4 in Illinois.

There are 27 Consistories; 7 in New York; 1 in New Jersey; 2 in Massachusetts; 2 in New Hampshire; 5 in Illinois; 1 in Michigan; 1 in Rhode Island; 2 in Connecticut; 6 in Indiana.

NEW YORK.

Reply.—A Lodge, like a family, may have some private business which visiters should not know. For instance, there may be some explanations about character which should not be spread beyond the members of the Lodge, and a spirit of charity would enjoin the least publicity possible. Of course, no Lodge would send visiters out for a trifling cause.

A brother in good standing has a right to visit all regular Lodges; but a Lodge may refuse the visit if, in their opinion, the peace and harmony may be thereby disturbed, and the Master has the power to direct the withdrawal of visiters. He may err, may act arbitrarily, or even spitefully, but this evil soon cures itself.

New York City.—Eastern Star.—The members of Doric Lodge and their friends had a very pleasant re-union March 27, 1867.

The rooms were crowded with those desirous of an acceptance into the holy circle of the "Sisters of the Eastern Star," and the honors of the evening were gracefully won by R. A. Bro. R. McCoy.

PP.·. MM.·. Harry Bremer, J. G. Beck, and B. G. Bean, on behalf of the Lodge, deserve credit for the success of the affair.

Palestine Commandery.—Past E.·. C.·. Breed installed the following officers for the current year:

John A. Lefferts, E. C.; John F. Baldwin, Gen.; John C. Lefferts, Capt.-Gen.; R. J. Johnston, Prelate; David Graham, S. W.; Jos. F. Waring, J. W.; Albert Terhune, Treasurer; Thos. S. Crump, Recorder; Jos. Wilson, Sword Bearer; Alex. Evans, Standard Bearer; J. W. Axford, Warder; Geo. Groencke, Capt. of Guard; E. B. Edwards, W. B. Drummond, Guards; Richard England, Sentinel.

TENNESSEE.

Grand Commandery.—At the late meeting, Sir Knt. McClelland was installed Grand Commander, and Sir Knight Fuller Grand Rec.

The *form of service* of G.·. Encampment of United States was rejected neither in fact nor form. Formally it was not adopted. It was formally accepted. It had the clear and undoubted support of the Grand Encampment; but its originator never desired its adoption as an exclusive form; but preferred to let truth and facts find their way with gradual certainty. In whole or in detail it has been used at every public religious Templar service since. To call it Episcopal or Roman Catholic only shows an ignorance on the part of those asserting it. Specially it ignores all Romish errors, and plants Templarism upon the ground occupied in its palmy days. That there are some things in common with the Episcopal service is true, proving that ours and it went to a common source. There are some who object to all forms. They can neither be consistent Masons nor Templars.

As for going to the Bible only for Templarism, that is absurd. Where is there any Bible "*ipse dixit*" for drills and crosses and our identical banners and our ceremonies as we have them? True, there is nothing in conflict and much in harmony. So with the form of service. It is all harmony.

IOWA.

Cedar Falls.—A Commandery of Knights Templar, named in honor of Baldwin, the first Crusade King of Jerusalem, was instituted a few days ago. Siloam Commandery of Dubuque, headed by the V.·. E.·. Dep. G.·. Com. of Iowa, assisted.

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria.—The trustees of the "Peabody Fund" are considering the propriety of reviving Gen. Washington's endowment of the Washington Free School of Alexandria. Our great American Masonic exemplar was the earliest friend of free schools. He originally founded this in 1785, endowing it with $1,000 to educate orphan and indigent boys. This money was invested in the stock of the Alexandria bank, and lost by its failure.

KENTUCKY.

Reply.—"Convocation" and "Communication" are both applied to Chapter meetings. The former, perhaps, is more used. "Meeting" is a generic term, and may be applied to all the bodies collectively. We would suggest that "session" be applied to the Lodge, "Communication" to the Chapter, "Convocation" to the Council, and "Conclave" to the Commandery.

It is the requisition of Grand Chapters generally that the G.·. H.·. P.·. must have been a H.·. P.·. of a Chapter. The eligibility to the office of H.·. P.·. is indefinite in both usage and written law. The tendency in Chapitral Freemasonry is strongly to the closest analogy to symbolic or Lodge Freemasonry in all these matters.

INDIANA.

New Albany—Masonic Testimonial.—Saturday, March 30, New Albany Lodge, No. 39, presented to their W.·. M.·. (also Past Grand Master of Indiana) a splendid gold watch, in appreciation of his long and faithful service. A meeting for conferring the Degree of Eastern Star had just been held, in which Dr. Austin had conferred it upon sixty ladies and a competent number of brethren. Following this, the presentation of the watch was made at the hands of Bro. Frank Devol in an elegant address, of which this is the opening passage: "Your zeal and devotion as a Mason, not only in the Lodge-room, but also out of it, in that broader field where Masons find so much to do, has won not only the admiration, but the affections of the members of your Lodge." Bro. Austin's reply was an affecting expression of gratitude and reciprocal love for the craft with which the best days of his life have been spent.

We learn from our correspondent that Dr. Austin is removing a few miles in the country, where he has built a beautiful residence, "Domus Serena," as he terms it, in which he hopes to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* to which he is so justly entitled.

TEXAS.

Hempstead.—This Lodge laments the death of Bros. Wm. O. G. Wilson and George Cloud. Usual resolutions were passed.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago.—The corner-stone of the new water works was laid with usual Masonic ceremonies and procession. The grand tunnel under the bed of the lake, extending a distance of two miles, furnishes Chicago with pure water. It was meet on such occasion that the Grand Lodge of Illinois should turn out in full force. Mayor Rice was the orator of the day.

Cairo.—Hon. William A. Hacker, an earnest Freemason, died April 9, at Cairo, Ill. Born May 20, 1826; was at West Point; became a lawyer; was editor of the *Cairo Gazette;* a member of the Legislature 1859 and 1861, and President of Constitutional Convention, 1852. A good husband, father, citizen, friend and lawyer.

OHIO.

Akron mourns Bro. Wm. R. Neal, aged 73, one of the Charter members of the Lodge of this place.

MICHIGAN.

Detroit.—Brethren making inquiries must send their names in full, that we know that they are in good faith.

Reply—We can recommend no work on the historical part of Freemasonry as satisfactory. Oliver comes nearest to the truth, but is faulty. The history of Freemasonry is yet to be written.

We believe that its origin is with the creation of separate civil governments. Philosophically writing, whenever there is a demand there will be a supply. Freemasonry exists now because there is a demand for it. It existed long before the building of Solomon's Temple, because there was a demand for it—for an association which would bind men together of different nationalities. Solomon's Temple was an effect, not a cause. It was a Masonic result, not an agency. If there had been no antecedent Masonic causes there could have been no temple. The workmen must first exist and then the building. The craftsmen first and the temple afterwards. The temple was the occasion of Masonic development. There have been many occasions since, and as many developments. Freemasonry will cease when there shall be but one country and but one form of religion.

Detroit.—The corner-stone of the Michigan Soldiers' Monument will be laid by the Masonic authorities of Michigan on July 4. The Lodges of the jurisdiction are promptly responding.

Saginaw.—In a livery stable of this place is the coach which Gen. Cass, P.·. G.·. M.·., Ohio, bought in France. Gen. Cass went in it twice from Detroit to Washington.

VERMONT.

Bennington.—Mt. Anthony Lodge laments the demise (March 29) of Bro. H. W. Ransom.

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

TENNESSEE.

It is the opinion of this Grand Lodge that no question can arise in a Subordinate Lodge, requiring a unanimous vote, except that of balloting for degrees or for membership.

That the proceedings of the Grand Lodge shall be read in all the Subordinate Lodges working under this jurisdiction, in open Lodge, at the first regular meeting after their reception, or as soon thereafter as possible; and the annual returns to this Grand Lodge shall state the night on which the same were read.

The Grand Master, Deputy Grand Master, and Grand Senior and Grand Junior Wardens of this Grand Lodge shall be entitled, in any Lodge under this jurisdiction, to all the rights and privileges which the members of said Lodges respectively possess, except the privilege of voting. This privelege shall only extend to the time they may be officers of the Grand Lodge.

That the Lodges working under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge be and are hereby instructed not to receive a lecture on any of the degrees of Masonry from itinerant lecturers, except such lecturer present proper authority from the Grand Officers of this Grand Lodge.

That this Grand Lodge freely concedes to the Lodges in all the adjoining States, upon our borders, the right and privileges of receiving and initiating into their Lodges citizens of Tennessee residing on our borders, whose residences shall be nearer such Lodge than any Lodge in Tennessee, or who may choose to apply for the same, in as full, free and ample a manner as they receive the citizens of their own States respectively.

That the Grand Secretary issue Grand Lodge certificates to any brother wishing the same, providing such brother exhibits sufficient evidence of his good standing in the Lodge to which he belongs; and for issuing such certificates on parchment he shall be paid one dollar and twenty-five cents; for certificates on paper, one dollar; one-half of said fees to be appropriated to the expense of engraving and printing.

That this Grand Lodge does not deem it expedient to require Lodges subordinate to this jurisdiction to demand Grand Lodge certificates as a necessary and indispensable prerequisite to the granting of charity to distressed brethren, if such Lodges are otherwise satisfied that such applicant is worthy, although such certificate may be required when the Lodge is not otherwise satisfied.

Every Subordinate Lodge possesses the inherent right of suspending and expelling any of its members for unmasonic conduct, or a violation of its particular rules and By-Laws, and every brother suspended or expelled may be reinstated by the Lodge which suspended or expelled such brother.

Subordinate Lodges also possess the power of calling to account for unmasonic conduct any brother who may reside or be in the vicinity of such Lodge, whether he be a member of such Lodge or not, and of dealing with him accordingly; provided, always, that such brother shall be duly notified, and furnished in writing with a copy of the charges against him.

That no Lodge shall restore a brother who has been expelled until due notice shall have been given as in the foregoing resolution, to all the members of said Lodge, of the time at which the question of restoration is to be determined.

That after a brother is legitimately expelled, he has no further claims on the fraternity, and that in no case shall he be restored to the privileges of Masonry without a unanimous vote of the members present when the question of restoration is acted on.

That this Grand Lodge does not possess the power to force any Subordinate Lodge, or any member thereof, to receive any person to membership, although it is to be regretted that it sometimes happens that good men are rejected without sufficient cause. The Grand Lodge holds that every member is responsible alone to his own conscience for the reasons governing his vote.

(To be continued.)

BOOK NOTICES.

Mackenzie's One Thousand Receipts, on Agriculture, Horticulture, Cements, Blacking and Dyeing, Brewing, Cookery, Carving, Confectionery, Fish Culture, Farriery, Medicines, Oils, Paints and Varnishes, Metallurgy, Perfumery, Preserving, Tanning, Photography, &c., &c. Pp. 500. 8vo. Philadelphia: T. Elwood Zell, 17 and 19 South Sixth street, Philadelphia.

This work is a condensation of all the most valuable works on all the subjects mentioned above, so as to make the information valuable in a practical way to all minds. It is the cream of useful knowledge. This is destined to supplant the trash so long before the American public. No housekeeper, nor mother, nor farmer nor mechanic, can do without it.

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Washington, April 1, 1867.

NEW YORK

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ST. CECILE LODGE, NO. 568, F. & A. M.—Regular Communications 1st, 3d and 5th Tuesdays of every month, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the Lodge Rooms, corner of Fourth and Greene streets.

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DAVID GRAHAM, Secretary.

PROGRESSIVE CHAPTER, 196, R. A. M., meets in Ninth Street, near North First Street, Brooklyn, E. D., on the first and third Fridays in each month.

COUNCIL—M.·.E.·.S. S. Crane, H. P. E.·.H. Ewen, K. E.·.J. H. Mott, S.

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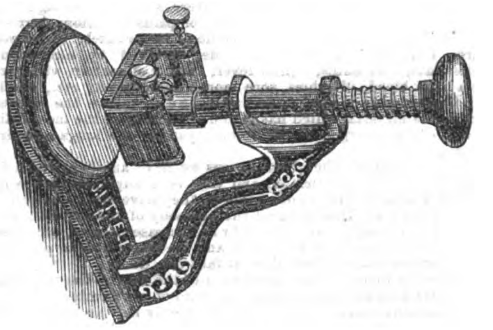

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The Immense Profits of the Tea Trade.

The Proprietors of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized The Great American Tea Company, to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much Tea or Coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete, send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post Office money-orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

☞ For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see the edition of this paper of April 6, 1867.

After the first club, we send blanks.

Direct your orders plainly, The Great American Tea Company, 31 and 33 Vesey Street, Post Office Box 5,643—as some parties imitate our name as near as they dare to.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

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YOUNG HYSON (Green), 80c., 90c., $1, 1.10, best. 1.25 ⅌ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1.10, best, $1.25 ⅌ lb.
MIXED BLACK AND GREEN, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ⅌ lb.
JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1.10, best, $1.25 ⅌ lb.
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ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black), 80c. 90c., $1, $1.10, best, $1.20 ⅌ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1.25, best, $1.50.

BEWARE

of all concerns that advertise as "*Branches*" of the Great American Tea Company, or copy our name, wholly or in part, as they are *bogus*, or *only imitations*. We have no *branches*, and do not authorize the use of our name. We have no connection with any other house.

P. S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, they can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third, by sending directly to the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

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☞ We call special notice to the fact that our Vesey St. store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St.—LARGE DOUBLE STORE.

PRO BONO PUBLICO! A WONDERFUL RECORD!

It is manifest from what the great wheel of progress brings to light from day to day in its unerring revolutions, that there are true, noble, and great minds continually striving to solve the deep-hidden mysteries of human life and its ultimate destiny, minds who have the welfare and happiness of all mankind in view, and exert their utmost powers to accomplish that end.

Human life! What is it? and what the grand purpose of its creation?

Endowed with all the attributes of Deity, it is destined to accomplish its heavenly mission in love, wisdom, and eternal progression. Not one sacred pearl shall be lost to dim its bright lustre, as time rolls on through the vista of centuries. The accumulated evidences of the past have solved the great problem that life in this world is but the school-house designed for the unfoldment of the Divine germ planted by Deity, and protected and nourished by his bountiful hand.

How sublime, how beautiful the thought that the researches and developments of the Nineteenth Century have added fresh and glorious laurels to the great temple of fame and science; in every department and phase of progressive development, the hand of the sage and philosopher is ever busy—ever ready to devise means for the amelioration of human woe and the prolongation of life.

Think you his is an enviable position—an existence without stern obstacles and perplexing cares? Nay, far from it, for he plucks the lovely rose in peril of the thorn, he climbs to eminence and renown, and every step he gains is planted on a prostrate foe. He digs the gold and tries it; another and a bolder hand must strike the blow that stamps its worth, and gives it currency as genuine.

It must be admitted by every rational mind that the man who contributes the most towards promoting the happiness and welfare of the human race must of necessity be the most highly esteemed by his fellow-men; and, acting upon this principle, it appears that Prof. R. L. Hamilton, of No. 546 Broadway, New York, has by patient investigation and vast experience solved the uncertain question in relation to the vexed and important subject of Liver complaints and other chronic diseases.

The Doctor having been very extensively engaged in the treatment of Liver diseases for a whole lifetime found a class of those cases that invariably, in spite of the most positive treatment, proved fatal—showing that there were yet some remote, hidden causes that medical science had not fully and perfectly demonstrated. In view of these uncertainties, and for the purpose of benefiting the human race to the fullest extent, Prof. Hamilton set about a series of experiments and scientific investigations which has been crowned with complete success, proving the fact which he had suspected, that in all of those lingering Liver complaints the ordinary remedies used by Physicians were of no avail, or *worse* than useless, by destroying the constitution, and hastening the unfortunate victim to a premature grave.

Dr. Hamilton's valuable discoveries consist mainly in his having perfected a combination of remedies which are PURELY VEGETABLE *and perfectly safe in any case*, no matter how delicate the constitution or feeble the person may be; in fact, after having stood the test for years, it is positively proved that they cannot fail in any case to cure where there is sufficient vitality left in the system to respond to the specific action of any human agency whatever—so many thousands having been saved by their use, after everything else had been used in vain, these natural remedies may with safety be looked upon as SPECIFICS, in the full sense of the word. For the benefit of the sick who may wish to know positively when they have derangements of the Liver of more or less severity, a combination of the usual symptoms found in such cases will be found below.

Symptoms of Liver Complaint.

A sallow or yellow color of the skin, or yellowish brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; bitter or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart; in many cases a dry, teazing cough, with sore throat; unsteady appetite; sour stomach, with a raising of the food, and choking sensation in the throat; sickness and vomiting; distress; heaviness, or a bloated and full feeling about the stomach and sides, which is often attended with pains and tenderness; aggravating pains in the sides, back, or breast, and about the shoulders; colic, pain, and soreness through the bowels, with heat; constipation of the bowels, alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhœa; piles; flatulence; nervousness; coldness of the extremities; rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs, especially at night; cold chills alternating with hot flashes.

Another very prominent and common symptom is the peculiar lowness of spirits and gloomy forebodings of the unfortunate sufferer. Persons of naturally buoyant and cheerful dispositions are often changed to dull, morose, and desponding hypochondriacs. Those before amiable and sprightly, become pevish, irritable and unsociable, in short, undergo an entire change of manner and character.

IMPORTANT FACTS.

Dear reader, if you have any or all of the above mentioned symptoms, Professor HAMILTON has remedies that will strike at the root of them as by magic. There is no such word as fail in his treatment. By them the Liver and Stomach are speedily changed to an active healthy state, the appetite regulated and restored, blood and secretions thoroughly purified and enriched, and the whole system renovated and built up anew.

It depends much upon the length of time the difficulty has been existing, organization of the particular system affected, climate, general habits, occupation, sex, &c. Of course, the longer the derangement, the more numerous the symptoms of internal discord. If nature, in her salutary struggles to relieve the blood from its poisonous qualities, throws or deposits the greater portion of it on the Lungs, there is at once more or less cough, with eventually all the long train of symptoms of Consumption. It is a law of the animal economy that, to be natural and free, the body must throw off all worn out and poisonous irritating materials by the process called secretion and excretion, as fast as it takes on new particles by assimilation and nutrition. Now, I have ascertained by experiments that the majority of all this wornout billious matter, taken up by the blood from the system, is separated from it by the liver when in a healthy condition, and then thrown into the bowels and passed off with the excretions. By this you see the moment the liver becomes affected, from any cause, it fails to separate the offensive matter from the blood and fluids, to an extent proportionate to the torpidity or disorder of the organ; consequently nature seeks other outlets, through which she can rid the blood of its unhealthy mass, when it is thrown to the surface through the pores of the skin, which it irritates, and if the unnatural process is continued long, various forms of rashes, blotches, eruptions, sores, ulcers, boils, swellings, etc., are induced, such as are seen in different persons and localities of the globe.

So with all kinds of fits and nervous diseases. The same poison matter that is naturally and should be taken up by the liver, is left in the blood, and if the brain and nervous system are weakened by over-action, or any cause, they are thrown into a negative position which renders them incapable of resisting the accumulation, and the consequence is, irregular action of the brain and nervous system takes place, and in their efforts to free themselves of the offending substances, convulsions or fits of various kinds are produced, in all degrees of severity, from the slightest fainting-fit to the most dangerous cases of apoplexy or epilepsy. Should the irritation settle, and be confined to the general nerves of the system, neuralgia and all grades of nervous affections supervene, from the most intense pains and irritability to the simple restlessness so often found in females of a delicate and imperfect organization. Restlessness at night is produced from this cause; and nervous headache, drowsiness, heaviness, dizziness, roaring, buzzing and singing in the ears and head, dimness of sight, deafness, throbbing or darting pains in the head. If the bilious matter should settle upon the mucous membrane that lines the stomach, throat and bowels, then we find the following symptoms or manifestations of the internal disarrangement, viz.: waterbrash, heartburn, sickness and vomiting, colic, pains in the sides, stomach, bowels, back or breast, sick headache, palpitations of the heart, wind in the stomach, with distress and fullness, choking spells, heat and dryness in the throat, bad taste in the mouth, canker in the mouth and throat, bad breath, thirst, cold chills, alternating with hot flashes, dysentery, diarrhœa, cholera and cholera morbus, sour stomach, with raising of the food, unsteady appetite, constipation of the bowels, all-gone feelings, etc.

PART SECOND.

CONTINUATION OF PROF. HAMILTON'S THEORY.

Hoarseness, spitting blood, bronchitis, asthma, or phthisic, and consumption are produced by the same cause. The bilious material is thrown upon the delicate membaane that lines the air-passages—irritation, with cough; more or less severe soreness through the throat, breast, sides, back or shoulders, or pains of various degrees of severity, and unless something is done immediately to relieve nature, inflammation will supervene, followed by ulceration, night sweats, cold chills, hectic fever, raising of matter, with perhaps a little blood, diarrhœa, sore mouth and throat, etc., which are indications of a powerful effort of nature to relieve the system of poisonous material which has fastened itself upon the most delicate and sensitive organs of the human system—the lungs and air-passages.

In connection with the above causes we have another, which is not understood by physicians, and that is a superabundance of action of the lungs; or, in other words, they have been compelled to labor too hard. That moment the harmony of the system is destroyed, and the organ, overtasked by its increased action, becomes, as a natural consequence, enfeebled, and, no longer able to perform even its ordinary amount of work, it falls into decay.

Suppose, for instance, that the action of the heart—the tiny seat of life—has become impaired, and instead of performing its customary amount of labor, it now performs only half as much as it should do—what is the result? In all cases where there is a lack of action in the liver, digestive organs, and heart, the lungs are necessarily brought into powerful action, and are obliged to perform the work of their neighbors as well as their own proper functions. The labor imposed upon the lungs is, therefore, greatly in excess of what it should be in a normal condition, producing irritation, inflammation, and ultimately ulceration, general prostration and consumption. In brief, the above are the causes that produce all cases of lung diseases, throat affections, and catarrh. Now, the natural and proper treatment for the full and permanent cure of all such complaints is simple, safe and reliable. Instead of applying remedial agents to the lungs exclusively, we have, by vast experience, learned that other organs should be aroused to action at once, and be compelled to perform as much exertion as the lungs have been compelled to perform.

IT IS WELL KNOWN THROUGHOUT THIS CONTINENT.

Prof. Leonidas Hamilton, M. D., having for many years given his whole time to the treatment and investigation of Chronic Diseases, more especially of the Liver and Blood, and having been long and favorably known in every State and Territory in the Union as the most skillful and successful physician in the cure of Chronic Diseases, being formerly Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Pharmacy, Medical Botany, and diseases of Females and Children, in Central Medical College—also Physician to the New York College of Health and the Central City Hospital, etc.—has placed opportunities within his reach of no mean importance, and have added largely to his skill and experience.

Remember, Prof. R. L. Hamilton is the only physician in the world that has made Liver, Lung, and Blood diseases a specialty for a whole lifetime, and the only one that has written a full and true theory of the origin and certain cure of such complaints. Prof. H. has now perfected a class of New Specific Remedies that do not fail to cure, speedily and permanently, where the system has not entirely broken down.

HAS TREATED MORE CASES OF THE KIND THAN ANY OTHER MAN.

After having successfully treated over ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND CASES OF LIVER, LUNG, AND BLOOD DISEASES throughout the United States and British North America, the people can have no excuse for doubting the skill and ability to cope with all diseases to which the human family is subject. THE NAME AND FAME OF PROFESSOR R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M. D., HAS BECOME A HOUSEHOLD WORD THROUGHT THIS CONTINENT, and the mere mention of his name is sufficient guaranty that the public may place full confidence in its worth and reliability. By the new system of treatment adopted by PROF. HAMILTON, all chronic diseases are FULLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED with more speed and certainty than any other known method. In a majority of cases, CURES ARE MADE IN ONE-QUARTER OF THE TIME usually required by other treatments; and there is also another advantage to be gained, which is of great benefit to the laboring classes, in that NO MINERAL OR POISON REMEDIES are given. Consequently, patients are in no danger of exposure, and need not be kept from work, or compelled to change diet or general habits of every-day life.

REMEMBER THIS!

All sick persons must remember that if they wish to be put upon a course of treatment which will cure them, they can write and answer the above questions. I can, in every instance, prescribe for them just as well as though I saw them, for I have constantly thousands under my treatment in various parts of the world whom I never see, all of whom I cure as speedily and safely as those I see in person; in fact, some of the best cures I ever made I have perfected in cases I never saw.

All I wish to know in any case is the most prominent symptoms, and they can just as well be written as told to a Physician, and he can treat the case as easily as though the patient were present. Have no fear of this.

Please write to me at once, all ye afflicted, when you read this, and I will answer you promptly and to the point, and state fully the facts, as they appear, and whether you can or cannot be saved. Do not give up, even though your family Physician has done you no good, for I have saved thousands after *all* hope was fled, and the grave was nigh.

In your letter do not fail to give your proper Post-office, County, and State, and your own name in a plain hand, so there will be no mistake in sending my answer. Also, if you expect a full and specific reply, always enclose ten cents, for "time is money," and postage must be paid in advance. Remember this! I am always in attendance, and attend to all cases in person, and the afflicted public may rely upon my responsibility, and that they will be dealt with justly and honorably. Now, in closing, I will again say

READ THE GLAD TIDINGS.

If any person thinks these testimonials are bogus, write to the parties and they will speak for themselves:

"DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD THAT OTHERS SHOULD DO UNTO YOU."

NEW AND WONDERFUL TESTIMONIALS IN FAVOR OF PROFESSOR HAMILTON'S GREAT SUCCESS IN CURING CHRONIC DISEASES.

Mr. Joseph Little, of Thompson, Pa., writes, September 5th:

"Last January I received a package of medicines from you. It is with much pleasure and thankfulness that I can now state that my health is fully re-established. The asthma and bronchial difficulties are entirely removed, with the other numerous complaints before specified. I now feel as well as any one can expect to be at my age—67 years."

Mrs. John B. Parmenter, of Hammond Creek, Tioga co., Pa., writes, October 11:

"Language is inadequate to express in a fitting manner my deep and most heartfelt gratitude to you for having restored me to health by your medicines (which I took from time to time as directed), after I had been severely afflicted for many years with a general debility of the whole nervous system, liver complaint, indigestion, and all their attendant consequences. I was much of the time unable to be about my house, but feel that I am now well and in a condition to attend to all my domestic duties.

"I am so thankful to you for the great benefits derived from your treatment, that I cannot speak too highly in your praise. I rest as well and sleep as good nights as ever I did, and every one who knows me is greatly astonished to find my health so greatly improved, and say that they, too, must try your remedies."

Miss Anne P. Colby, of Candia Village, N. H., writes, March 18th, 1866:

"I cannot find language to express my grateful thanks to you and to a kind Providence for his blessings on your invaluable remedies. They have truly acted like magic on my system, in removing ills to which I have been subject for many years. My friends and neighbors begin to see and tell me how much better I look. I call my health good now. It has not been so good in more than thirty years. I do not know that I shall need any more medicine. My appetite is good, and everything I eat sets well. Nothing seems to disagree. I think you will have patients from this vicinity soon, as I am recommending your treatment to the afflicted, and they know how I have improved. I have taken a great many kinds of pills, but never took any equal to yours—so easy and so efficacious. They have relieved my head greatly, and I really feel like another person.

"The pressure and rush of blood to my head, the soreness and pain in my right side and shoulder, and the swelling and bloat, are all gone. I really did not believe it possible that I could be cured of so many ills, of so long standing, in so short a time. Long may you live, and great success may you always have in relieving the afflicted, and may Heaven's choicest blessings ever rest upon you."

Mr. Franklin Flora, of Pierce, Stark county, Ohio, writes, June 19th:

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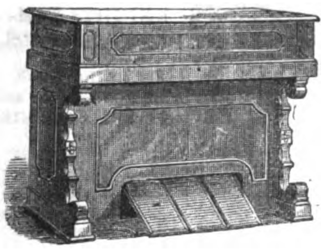

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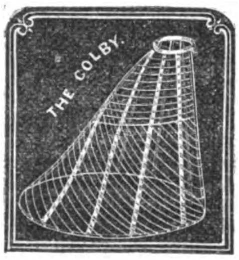

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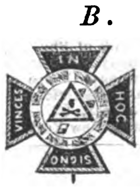

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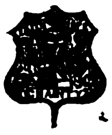

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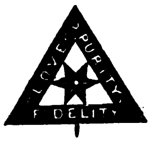

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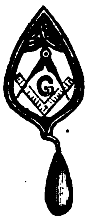

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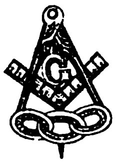

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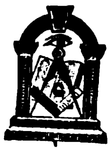

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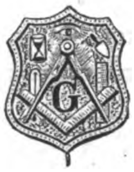

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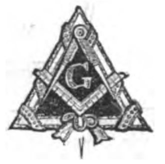

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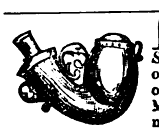

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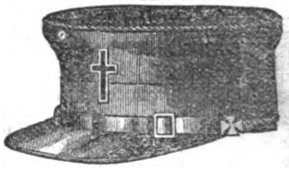

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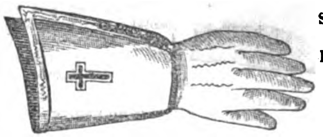

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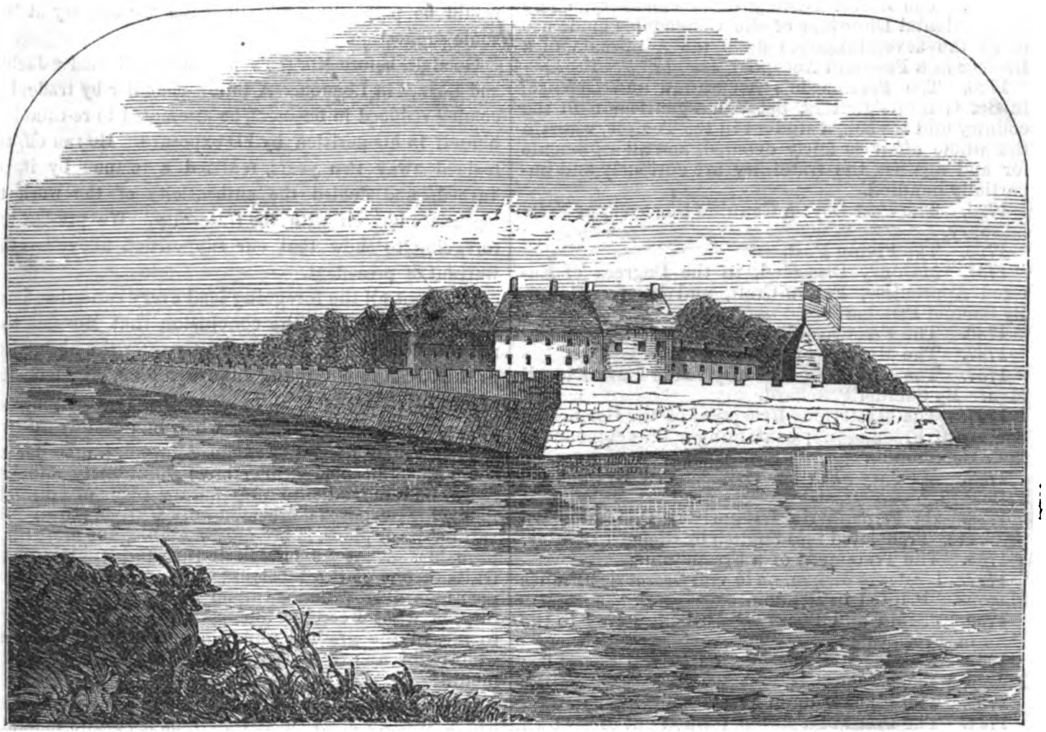


FORT NIAGARA (1826) WHEN MORGAN WAS CONFINED IN IT.

Life of Captain William Morgan—His Abduction—What became of him.—(No. 2.)

Morgan's seizure (if there was a seizure) cannot be justified upon legal, moral or Masonic principles. It was a gross outrage. The conviction and imprisonment of the parties were required. Their moral guilt was another question. If Morgan was conveyed to the Niagara frontier for the purpose of Masonic vengeance, the parties were guilty of murder; if conveyed for the purpose of being delivered to the Canada Masons, or to Brant, or to be put on a British vessel, then the parties were guilty of an heinous offense, and should have been punished, but they were not guilty of murder.

If there had been design upon Morgan's life, the conduct of all concerned is strange and unaccountable, on any known theory of human motives and conduct.

He was openly and continuously persecuted for various offenses. The parties who were said to have been his abductors were well known to the community for their persecutions of Morgan. With the public eye thus upon them, it is preposterous to suppose that they had designs on Morgan's life.

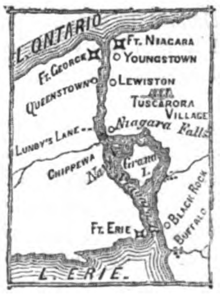
Mr. Hubbard, who drove the coach containing the Morgan party from Canandaigua to Hanford's Landing, on the night of September 12–13, 1826, always averred, and stoutly maintained, that Morgan's entrance into the coach was voluntary on his part, and that he manifested no signs of uneasiness or desire to escape during the journey of ten hours.

Mr. John Whitney testified that he knew of no restraint upon Morgan. He did not hear him threatened. He was not gagged, nor blinded, nor, to his knowledge, was he intoxicated. He heard some fault found with Morgan about the course he had pursued. Morgan manifested regret, and he (witness) understood from the company, and from Morgan, that Morgan was going West, secretly, for the purpose of preventing Miller and his associates from knowing where he did go, with the object in view to stop the publication of the book they were about to publish, and he (witness) verily believed this was the real object. Morgan complained of Miller and his associates. Said they had led him astray, and he was sorry for it. He appeared perfectly satisfied in going off, and spoke of an arrangement to go. On the ridge road they stopped at two public houses, and at an orchard they got out, gathered and eat apples, Morgan among the others, each walking about at pleasure. Don't recollect that any one had hold of Morgan when they got out of one carriage into the other. Got out and in like the rest. No scuffle, or any force used. Had a talk with Morgan on the road. Expressed a willingness to go, if his situation could be made to suit him, and he was assured it should be so. The object of keeping him secret was that Miller, and those with whom he had been engaged in printing the book, should not know where he was gone, so as to follow him. Said Miller had misused him, and he did not want him to know where he had gone. Appeared as anxious as any one to keep his journey secret. Saw no bandage over his eyes, nor vail. No threats used. Was told he could not expect friends unless he used his friends well. Said he had done wrong, and was willing to get out of the scrape. He knew they were going to Lewiston.

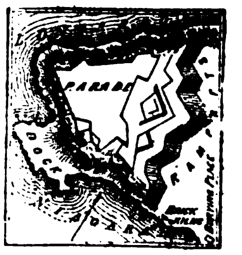
Mr. Eli Bruce testified that Morgan was described to him as a man who wanted to get away from Miller and go West. Made inquiry whether he was coming peaceably or whether there was a fuss. The answer was that he was coming peaceably. Asked him if he was disposed to ride. Said he was. His arms were not tied. Is confident of it. Must have known it if they had been.

The stage in which he was conveyed to the frontier stopped at Victor, three miles from Canandaigua, one whole hour (and all parties partook of refreshments), and then at Brace's Meadow and Pittsford. It entered the city of Rochester in daylight, and the horses were watered at the public reservoir near the centre of the village, the party conversing with citizens for one half hour. Six other stops were made the same day at public places. The party also stopped in New Fane, Niagara County, three miles from Lockport, and the coach was unguarded. Three hours were passed here at rest and refreshment. *The driver of the coach was not a Freemason.* When the party arrived at Lewiston, one of the proprietors of the stage line, not a Freemason, was called on to assist about the harness, and he, in turn, called upon a driver, who was also not a Freemason, to help him. No coercion nor concealment was noticed anywhere.

NIAGARA FRONTIER.



FORT NIAGARA.



[To illustrate fully the subject of this and other articles, we present the topographical sketches above.]

It was also proved that arrangements had been made for the reception of Morgan in Canada, and that he was actually taken to Canada, but that there was no place in readiness; that Morgan was in the Magazine from Sept. 14, 1826, until Sept. 20, 1826.

It was also proved, by the testimony for the anti-Masonic party, that, when in the Magazine, he was asked where he wished to be sent, and he replied to England.

The anti-Masonic party proved (as a violent party can prove almost anything) that 3,000 persons, more or less, knew of this abduction, and that 300 actually participated in it, and that thirty or more persons visited Morgan while at the Fort.

There are statements that, while at the Fort, time was given and opportunity to hear from Miller, and that Miller was more desirous that Morgan should go away than the Masons, and a few unwise craftsmen unwittingly played into the hands of Miller.

The party first concerned in the public excitements were not Freemasons. Some proved themselves to be violent anti-Masons, and were undoubtedly in the secret with Morgan and Miller. No reasonable man, fifteen years ago, doubted that the burning of Miller's office was the work of his friends and himself.

Once, upon going to jail, Morgan exclaimed,

"Why did I suffer myself to be made the dupe of a cunning man, whose only aim is money? I have acted the fool, and no mistake."

A crowd followed him from the court-room to the jail, hissing out their contempt of him.

"Break his solemn pledges," said one, "for the sake of gold."

"Sell his soul for money," shouted another. "Unprincipled villain!"

"Dastardly coward!" exclaimed a third.

"See how mean he looks," yelled a fourth.

Those who bore him to jail made every endeavor to suppress the yells of the crowd, but their efforts had but little effect. The meanness of Morgan's course was generally known, and the community was incensed to the highest degree. Yells and shouts followed him to the jail, and the exasperated crowd were only satisfied when they saw Hall, the jailor, show the prisoner to his cell, and lock the door of the jail after him.

It is beyond controversy that Morgan left the jail at Canandaigua of his own free will; that he was transported to Niagara without constraint, and by previous arrangement.

For months Niagara River was raked, but no Morgan was found.

Oct. 7, 1827, about forty miles from Fort Niagara, lying at the water's edge, was found the body of a stranger. The coroner's inquest pronounced the body to be that of a stranger, and not Morgan's. As an important election was approaching, some of the committees of Batavia and Rochester re-examined the grave, and reported they discovered resemblance between the body and that of Morgan.

They examined no witnesses that knew Morgan; they paid no attention to the fact that neither dress, size, shape, color, pointed it out as Morgan's. Mrs. Morgan was wrought upon so that she thought it might be Morgan; yet she admitted "that she sees no resemblance."

The body was taken to Batavia with great parade. A funeral discourse was preached for this martyr to truth and the anti-Masonic world was in great excitement, but a voice from Canada suddenly dispelled the joy. A widow and fatherless children claimed the body as theirs. The anti-Masons first treated it with levity, but were compelled to yield to the evidence and an insulted community.

The body of Timothy Munroe was disinterred and taken to Canada, as the result of legal and formal investigation. This was the greatest of the anti-Masonic outrages. While they claimed that the body was Morgan's, they were preparing indictments against sixty or seventy Masons as murderers, whom they thought ought to be hanged.

A man by the name of Hill, a carpenter, of Erie County, avowed himself as one of the murderers. He was arrested and put in jail. (He was not a Mason.) The anti-Masonic Grand Jury pronounced him insane. It is said that they wished to reach higher game.

After this, Thurlow Weed, a prominent leader, under Miller and Southwick, in the anti-Masonic party, who took an active and efficient part in smothering the truth, made complaint against the editor of the Monroe *Republican.* The editor charged Weed with having shaved or stripped off the hair and whiskers of the body found in Carlton, to which we have referred, in order that it might resemble Morgan's.

A number of slander suits arose out of the Morgan affair.

There was also the greatest motive upon the part of Miller to create an excitement, for without it he felt assured that there would be no sale for the book. To show that this had been the case, we give the names of these swindling impositions and so-called exposures, from 1676 to 1845, which had fallen dead from the press:

1676. A Short Analysis of the Unchanged Rites and Ceremonies of Freemasons.

1685. The Paradoxical Discourses of Mr. Mercur Van Helmout concerning the Macrocosm and Microcosm of the Great and Better World, and their Union.

1686. An Account of the Freemasons. By Dr. Plot.

1698. A Short Charge, O. D. A. A. M. F. M. R. O.

1709. The Secret History of Clubs, with their Origin.

1712. Observations and Inquiries Relating to the Brotherhood of Freemasons. By Simon Townsend.

1724. The Grand Mystery of the Gormagons.

1724. The Grand Mystery of Freemasons Discovered; wherein are the several Questions put to them at their Meetings and Installations, as also their Oaths, Healths, Signs and Points to know each other by.

1725. Observations and Critical Remarks on the New Constitutions of Freemasonry.

1725. The Secret History of Freemasonry, being an Accidental Discovery of the Ceremonies made use of in the several Lodges upon the Admission of a Brother as a Free and Accepted Mason.

1726. The Freemason's Accusation and Defense; in Six Genuine Letters, between a gentleman in the country and his son, a student in the Temple, wherein the whole affair is fairly debated, and all arguments for and against the fraternity are curiously and impartially handled.

1726. The Post Boy: a Genuine Discovery of Freemasonry.

1728. The Flying Post.

1731. Masonry Dissected, in the Degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow-Craft, and Master Mason. By Samuel Pritchard.

1736. The Freemason's Vademecum.

1737. The Mystery of Masonry.

1737. The Secrets of Masonry made known to all Men. By Samuel Pritchard.

1737. The Mysterious Reception of the Celebrated Society of Freemasons; containing a True Account of their Ceremonies.

1738. Masonry Further Dissected. By Samuel Pritchard.

1738. La Friponnerie Laique des Pretendus Esprits, etc. Translated into English by Richard Bentley.

1745. The Testament of a Freemason.

1747. L'Adepte Maçon, ou le vrai Secret des Francs Maçons. Printed in London.

1750. Jachin and Boaz: an Authentic Key to the Door of Freemasonry.

1752. La Maçon Demasqué, ou le vrai Secret des Francs Maçons.

1752. The Thinker upon Freemasonry.

1754. The Point of a Mason, formed out of his own Materials.

1754. The Mason's Creed.

1754. The Ghost of Masonry.

1755. Manifesto and Mason's Creed.

1755. Discovery of the Secrets of Masonry.

1759. The Secrets of Masonry Revealed.

1760. A Master-Key to Freemasonry.

1763. Allegorical Conversations Organized by Wisdom.

1764. An Institute of Red Masonry.

1764. Hiram; or, the Grand Master-Key to the Door of both Ancient and Modern Freemasonry.

1765. Shibboleth; or, Every Man a Freemason.

1766. Solomon in all his Glory; or, the Master Mason.

1767. The Three Distinct Knocks.

1767. The Secret Mysteries of the High Degrees of Masonry Unvailed; or, the True Rose Croix.

1768. Masonry the Way to Hell: a Sermon wherein is clearly proved, both from Reason and Scripture, that all who profess the Mysteries are in a State of Damnation.

1769. The Freemason Stripped Naked. By Charles Warren.

1770. Art Royal du Chevalier de Rose Croix.

1778. Les Jesuites Chassés de la Maçonnerie, et leur Poignard brisé par les Maçons.

1792. Freemasonry of the Ladies; or, the Grand Secret Disclosed.

1792. The Vail Withdrawn; or, the Secret of the French Revolution Explained by the Help of Freemasonry.

1799. Abbe Barmell's Works.

1799. Proofs of a Conspiracy. By Prof. Robinson.

1801. Letter in "The Age of Reason" against Masonry. By Thomas Paine.

1826. Illustrations of Freemasonry. By William Morgan.

1827. Leroy Convention Proceedings, containing the Degrees of the Chapter and Encampment.

1829. Light on Masonry. By David Barnard.

1829. Allyn's Ritual.

1831. Letters on Masonry and Anti-Masonry. By Col. W. Stone.

1832. Six Letters of John Quincy Adams to E. Livingston.

1835. Origin, History and Purport of Freemasonry. By John Fellows.

1845. A Manual of the Degrees, in three parts. By Richard Carlisle.

Morgan felt this as well as Miller, and therefore, for purposes of gain, would be likely to consent to departing from the country at Miller's request.

Then, from fear of subsequent outrage—having been inattentive to his family, and having no real love for them, without property, without esteem in the community, with loss of self-respect and of Masonic confidence, and without motive to return to his home, so far as his anti-Masonic partisans were concerned, as their party could only thrive upon the story of his murder—he would be perfectly ready to leave the country at Masonic suggestion.

Goodall, before Morgan's publication, issued "Jachin and Boaz," in London. A tallow-chandler by trade, becoming reduced in business, he attempted to re-establish himself in his position by his exposure. He ran off, remained away two years, realized a fortune by it, returned, and denied the authenticity of the work to ingratiate himself with the fraternity. We present the foregoing to show that our supposition above has the warrant of precedent.

Does not all the foregoing lead every candid and unprejudiced mind to the conclusion that Morgan was not murdered? Even as recently after the abduction as 1829, Nahum Capen, June 24, 1829, at Dedham, Mass., uttered the sentiment of the reasonable and unprejudiced of the country when he publicly said:

> That a man named William Morgan, a member of some Masonic society, may have voluntarily submitted to be removed into a temporary place of concealment, for purposes connected only with his own private affairs or plans, is not only possible, but more than probable. That he is still living, and enjoying the fruits of one of the most extensive and deep-laid impositions ever practiced upon an intelligent community, is what I cannot undertake to affirm, although to me, in the gradual unfolding of future events, it would not afford matter of extraordinary astonishment.

But we are able to give the name of the vessel in which Morgan went abroad, and, as we verily believe, the name of the country in which he lived and died a natural death. There is still living proof of the most undoubted character.

The vessel in which Morgan sailed from this country to Smyrna was the brig *Minerva*, owned by Ezra Weston, of Duxbury, Mass. The captain's name was Martin Waterman. Several of our brethren, when in Smyrna, received from the American residents there such accounts as fully satisfied them that it was William Morgan.

Bro. Joseph Alexander Bloom is a gentleman of high scientific attainments, who has traveled much, resided in the East for many years, was made a Mason on the same evening and at the same time with Alexander of Russia and Prince Joseph Ponietowsky (who was killed in the battle of Leipsic), in the city of Paris, during the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte, in Amitie Lodge, on the 7th of September, 1805. He is now in the eightieth year of his age, in the full vigor of his intellect, and a gentleman of more than ordinary information. This brother states that he resided for some time in the city of Smyrna; that, in 1831, he became acquainted with an American gentleman who professed the Mohammedan faith, who went by the name of *Mustapha*, and was engaged at that time in teaching the English and French languages, the latter of which he understood but imperfectly.

That this man was no other than William Morgan, who with his own lips communicated the fact to Bro. Bloom, with many circumstances which our informant has, since his arrival in this country, found to be true.

The Bro. Goodall referred to in our anti-Masonic sketches and below is a member of the American Bank Note Company.

BRO. GOODALL'S STATEMENT.—Bro. Goodall, while in Smyrna, had several interviews with two persons, now living in that city, who informed him that they were *personally acquainted* with Morgan, one of whom was ☞ *a pupil of Morgan* ☜ *who taught him English and French.* The confession Morgan made to this person leaves no doubt of his being the veritable Morgan, the supposed abducted; who, while the hue and cry of his having been killed and cast into the Niagara was in full blast, he (Morgan) was quietly luxuriating in a quiet, dreamy life among the Turks. He confessed that he had sailed *direct* from the United States to Smyrna, where he adopted the Turkish dress and the name of *Mustapha*, and applied himself to acquiring a knowledge of the Turkish and French languages. He is well known in Smyrna by the name of Mustapha, and as a teacher of the English and French languages. He was very reserved in his manner and conversation, and no clue could be obtained to his history, except that he was obliged to leave the United States, but for what purpose none ever knew, only those to whom he made the statement that he was the *Morgan* who occasioned so much excitement throughout the United States among the members of the Masonic order. The last seen or known of him was five or six years ago, when he was still in Smyrna, had quit teaching, and was living in habits, manners and costume as a Turk.

The chaplain of the frigate Brandywine, which brought, in 1825, Lafayette to France, and who was stationed in the Mediterranean, in one of the reports of his voyages, published subsequently, says: "I saw Morgan in Smyrna, Turkey, and talked with him." Ezra Sturgis Anderson, in the "Hallowell Advocate," declares that he saw Morgan in April, 1829; that he knew him well, and that he had assumed the name of "Harrington;" that Morgan was in good health and robust, and boasted of having realized $20,000 from his work, and that greater interest was secured for it from the belief that he (Morgan) had been murdered.

If such testimony is not to be credited, all belief is at an end.

* * * * *

Before closing this article, there are a few suggestions proper to be made, premising that, in future sketches of our brethren who suffered from anti-Masonry, many facts omitted now will then be supplied.

No Lodge, Chapter, or other Masonic body in the entire country participated in the proceedings against Morgan. No grand body had been in session from the time of the announcement of Morgan's intentions till long after his abduction.

The Grand Royal Arch Chapter, at its first meeting thereafter, in February, 1827, one hundred and ten Chapters represented, adopted the following preamble and resolutions:

To the most excellent the Grand Chapter of the State of New York:

The committee appointed by resolution of the Grand Chapter, on the affair of Wm. Morgan, respectfully report:

That they have attended to the duties assigned them, and that, from the highly agitated and inflamed state of public feeling on this subject, and from the false and undeserved imputations which have been thrown upon Freemasons and the Masonic Order generally, your committee deem it proper that this Grand Chapter should make a public expression of its sentiments in relation to the affair alluded to. Your committee, as expressive of their views on the subject embraced in this report, would offer for the consideration of the Grand Chapter the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, The rights of personal liberty and security are guaranteed by the free Constitution under which we, the members of this Grand Chapter, in common with the rest of our fellow-citizens, have the happiness to live; and whereas, we esteem the preservation of those rights of vital importance to the perpetuity and full enjoyment of the blessings of our republican institutions; and whereas, the community has lately witnessed a violation of the same, under the alleged pretext of the Masonic name and sanction (in the case of Wm. Morgan); and whereas, the principles of our ancient and honorable fraternity contain nothing which, in the slightest degree, justify or authorize such proceedings, but, on the contrary, do, in all their tenets and ceremonies, encourage and inculcate a just submission to the laws, the enjoyment of equal rights by every individual, and a high and elevated spirit of personal as well as national independence;

Therefore, Resolved, By this Grand Chapter, that we, its members, individually and as a body, do disclaim all knowledge or approbation of the said proceedings in relation to the abduction of Wm. Morgan, and that we disapprove of the same, as a violation of the majesty of the laws, and an infringement of the rights of personal liberty, secured to every citizen of our free and happy republic.

Resolved, That the following report, preamble, and resolution be published.

A true extract from the Minutes of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of New York. John O. Cole, Grand Secretary.

The Lyons Royal Arch Chapter, in the County of Wayne, on the 15th of March, 1827, adopted the following preamble and resolutions:

At a meeting of the Lyons Royal Arch Chapter, held at Chapter Hall, March 15, 1827, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, The abduction of Wm. Morgan has given rise to much excitement in the public mind against the fraternity of Freemasons, and as efforts have been made, both in public newspapers and in private circles, to charge the outrage committed upon his person against the whole body of Masons, as such; and whereas, many pretend a belief, and endeavor to inculcate that belief in others, that the Masonic fraternity claims a right to inflict corporal punishment, and even put to death such of its members as reveal its secrets or violate its laws; therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby declare unto the world that Masons acknowledge no laws which contravene the Constitution and laws of this country, and that the Masonic institution claims no right to inflict corporal or other punishment upon its members, except suspensions and expulsions, and that the exercise of any further or any greater power than this would be in violation of the most sacred principles of our Order.

Resolved, That we view with deep regret the gross violation of the laws of our country, and the rules and principles of Masonry, by members of our institution in the late affair of Wm. Morgan, and that we utterly disclaim all knowledge of, or participation whatever in the abduction of said Morgan, and that we will, as Masons, have no communication whatever with those persons who were engaged in the perpetration of this horrid outrage.

I certify the foregoing preamble and resolutions to be a true extract from the Minutes of the Lyons Royal Arch Chapter. Dated March 15, 1827.

GRAHAM H. CHAPIN, *Secretary.*

Similar resolutions were adopted at the meetings of different Lodges and Chapters in various parts of the State. All united in the belief that a wrong had been committed; all disapproved of the same, except a few inconsiderate men of both parties; and so long as the attention of the several committees was confined to the discovery and punishment of its guilty perpetrators, so long the considerate of all parties agreed in sentiment and wishes.

If Miller and Morgan had been permitted to print their book without notice, the work would have fallen quietly from the press. Masonry, like Christianity, must have her indiscreet champions.

The proceedings respecting Morgan's indebtedness were all regular and formal, and such as, at that day, frequently annoyed and distressed better men. We rejoice that the progress of Masonic truth and principles has led to the abolition of imprisonment for debt.

* * * * * *

Thurlow Weed has lately purchased the *Commercial Advertiser*, a New York evening paper. In his salutatory, a few days ago, Mr. Weed entered into a review of his past political history. It contains many of his personal reminiscences, but it omits the principal incident of the beginning of his success—his connection with the anti-Masonic excitement in 1826. Thurlow Weed's little paper at Rochester was about expiring, when he jumped aboard the Morgan excitement and changed the name of his paper to that of the *Anti-Masonic Inquirer.* It omits the handsome donation, through pious motive, to aid his Washington project; it omits the receipt, August 22, 1828, of $193.55 for pursuing Elisha Adams to Vermont and bringing him back to New York; it omits another, of $150.82, for pursuing to Vermont and apprehending Orson Parkhurst; it omits many reminiscences of this kind. While Thurlow Weed may have used the corpse of Tim Munroe as "a good enough Morgan until after election," and, by his reputed operation upon the corpse, may have deserved the title of *State Barber*, it is strange that he should omit all reference to this part of his history, and, stranger still, that he has not embraced this opportunity to apologize for the past, and leave a more satisfactory record for posterity. Masonry can afford to be generous, and forgive the men who would have destroyed our institution and ruined many an innocent family.

TAKE ME BACK TO THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

[Composed by a brother who is indisposed to have his name made public. Is it not very delicate and touching ?]

Take me back to the spot where I lived in my childhood,
To the fields where I then used to roam,
And there lay me to rest in the shadowy wild-wood,
In the church-yard in sight of my home.

Let me sleep 'neath the oak whose branches outspreading
Wave over our loved one. at rest,
Chanting winter's hoarse anthems—its leaves gently shedding
Like tears o'er the graves of the blest.

Let me lie in the wood where the golden five-finger
Wakes early in Summer to bloom,
And the last rays of sun-light the longest shall linger,
Ere night wraps its mantle of gloom.

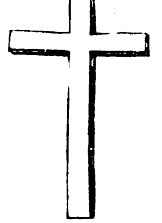
Where the wood-pink and violet bright chaplets are weaving,
And shedding abroad their perfume,
And the soft gentle south-wind sings sweetest ere leaving—
There, there is the place for my tomb.

Let me dream my last dream near the home of my mother,
Where my infant eyes first saw the light;
Where I sported in childhood with sister and brother,
Is the spot where I'd bid them "Good night."

'Mid the scenes where my darling and I have oft spoken
The heart-words of love's magic spell,
Is the place where life's ties by death should be broken,
The spot where I'd bid her "Farewell."

Then let me go back where I dwelt in my childhood,
To the fields where I then used to roam,
And there make my bed in the shadowy wild-wood,
In the churchyard in sight of my home.

NEW YORK, *January 20th*, 1867.



R∴ A∴—(No. 1.)

BY BRO. WHITFIELD.

Supreme High Priest! from Heaven look down
Upon the chapter gathered here;
Our labor with Thy blessing crown,
And be in love and mercy near.

May fervent zeal our hearts inspire
While kneeling at this holy shrine,
Kindle in us the sacred fire,
And fill our hearts with love divine.

When foes prevail, oppress, enchain,
Conduct us captive and enslave,
On Thee we call, and not in vain,
Whose mighty arm hath power to save.

Thy voice can from his prison call
The captive forth, and set him free,
To help erect the temple's wall,
Where men again shall worship Thee.

When, led in devious, unknown ways,
The rugged paths we fainting tread,
Still may we utter prayer and praise,
Though gins and snares are round us spread.

Help us to pass the vails which hide
Thy glories from our inward sight;
The selfishness, and lust, and pride,
Which vail from us meridian light.

When bowed and humbled in the dust,
When searching for the mystic Word,
Jehovah God, in Thee we trust,
Oh, hear us, and exalt us, Lord!

And as the sacred Word we search
To find the promise Thou hast given,
Help us to raise this Royal Arch,
Symbolical of Thee and Heaven.

ANTHEM.

ALTERED FROM ORIGINAL, BY H. D. S.

When earth's foundation first was laid
By the Almighty Artist's hand,
'Twas then our perfect laws were made,
Established by His strict command.

In vain mankind for shelter sought,
In vain from place to place did roam,
Until from Heaven he was taught
To plan, to build, to fix his home.

Illustrious hence we date our Art,
Which now in beauteous piles appear;
And shall to endless time impart
How worthy and how great we are.

Nor we less famed for every tie
By which the human thought is bound—
Love, truth, and friendship socially
Unite our hearts and hands around.

Our actions still by virtue blest,
And to our precepts ever true,
The world admiring, shall request
To learn and our bright paths pursue.

[THE PRIZE STORY.]

THE SQUARE.

BY MAURICE.

CHAPTER V.

> "Could we but think with the intensity
> We love with, one might do great things."—FESTUS.

Philipa had suffered a few doubts to cloud the sunshine of her trust, but they were soon dispelled by the rainbow tints of hope. Captain Pendegast had come to her, with the wonderful power which he possessed over her, the power whose mainspring was love, and lulled her doubts to rest. She knew only exquisite happiness in his presence; why she loved him so she could not tell. It is evident she saw not the blots upon him, for no sensible woman would expend her love on an unworthy object if she knew of its unworthiness. What there was about this man that seemed to draw all women to him we cannot make out. Philipa was not one to be won by mere personal appearance, else we might account for his influence in this way.

To-day she had received a most beautiful cape jessamine, which would serve to keep him always in remembrance, but she needed it not for that purpose; still such little delicate attentions from the man she loves are very dear to every woman.

We have seen that it was Captain Pendegast's intention to cast off Philipa and win the rich Miss Waughb, if possible, a thing which he believed he could do quite easily, but he had not yet found it even in his wicked heart to let his inconstancy be known to her; her love was so pure and beautiful that its hallowed effect was not entirely lost upon him. Nevertheless, he was resolved to give her up, but he said to himself, it shall not descend like thunder upon her; I will do it very gently, get out of it gracefully, so that she shall not be hurt by it.

The note that accompanied the flower said that Miss Waughb, Mr. Gerrish and himself would be to see her punctually at five, P. M. She was already waiting to receive them; she was dressed in a light-green merino, which seemed to make the delicate paleness of her complexion more palpable; her collar was fastened with a pin of unique design—it was a family ornament, that had descended for generations—it was in the form of a stag's head, with a sheaf of wheat placed between the horns; the head and wheat were composed of gold, the horns of pearls, and the eyes of amethysts.

They all came presently, and Philipa welcomed them in her own cordial, simple way. She thought Chippè Waughb very lovely and sylph-like, but for this she was prepared by what the Captain had said of her.

Mr. Gerrish told her that he had looked to this visit with impatient longing, for, said he, "I have often, very often, thought of you since we last met. I assure you, Miss Coad, the few hours we spent together I regard as some of the brightest of my life."

"It is very pleasant for me to know that I have been the means of making any one happy, if for only a few hours," said Philipa, "and if I have succeeded in securing a friend out of one whom, I supposed, regarded me in the light of mere acquaintance, I am truly glad. I have but few relatives, and am, therefore, the more dependent upon the affections of others." As she ceased a look of sadness came into her face, which made Mr. Gerrish internally resolve that she should never feel that dependence if he could prevent it.

"Miss Philipa, I have been trying to convince Miss Waughb that you could be induced to part with one of the blooms from this flower, over which she has been indulging in such ecstasy," broke in the Captain.

There was a slight pang at Philipa's heart caused by this request, not that she was at all selfish; but *he* had given her that flower, and, therefore, it was priceless in her sight. She did not quite like that the proposition to part with even one blossom should come from him. There was a little shade of jealousy in her disposition which she tried hard to control, be it said, to her praise, and, therefore, walked to the window by which the flower stood, and breaking one of the fairest buds handed it to her with a smile, saying, "if it possesses the power of making you as happy as it has me, Miss Waughb, then it has performed its mission."

Chippè thought Miss Coad must find peculiar force in the meaning of everything around her, that she should attach so much importance to the giving of a simple flower-bud. In their conservatory at home they had numerous flowers, which it would not occasion her a thought to part with; she had admired this one, and only suffered Captain Pendegast to request it so that she might have it through his influence. She merely replied to Philipa's remark by saying, that she thought the flower exceedingly pretty, and she should keep it in remembrance of their meeting.

Thus had Philipa made the first sacrifice of her feelings for this girl; so trifling it was that she did not perceive it herself, but, like the pebble cast into the sea, whose waters are slightly disturbed at first, but afterwards whose ripples extend so far that the eye cannot behold them, so this sacrifice was to cost all that her heart held most dear.

"Miss Philipa, have you forgotten the conversation which we had together in reference to traveling," said Mr. Gerrish, "and is the desire as strong upon you as ever."

"I certainly have not," she replied, "nor do I expect to relinquish the desire, except with my life. To visit those spots rendered sacred by their association with such names as Scott, Burns, Schiller, Goethe, Shakspeare, Chaucer, and Spencer, has ever been my absorbing desire. To me the reading of their poetry has ever been a sweet communing with their spirits, and I reverence the exquisite sensitiveness of their natures, which must have met with so many jars in a world which had not then learned to appreciate them, and who sometimes so fiercely criticized their sublimest thoughts, and to whom their thrilling, leaping, beautiful harmonies were, at best, but an unsolved problem." As she spoke the magic light shone from her wondrous eyes; the attention of all was enchained.

Mr. Gerrish broke the apparent spell by saying, "that he hoped she would not have to wait long for the fulfillment of her wishes;" and Captain Pendegast remarked "that he had never seen Miss Philipa more enthusiastic upon any subject. I declare," said he, "most ladies would never think of bestowing so much feeling except upon their lovers."

Not long after this Chippè arose to go, saying, "she was afraid they were not paying due attention to the flight of time"—"which one was not likely to be aware of in Miss Philipa's presence," the Captain added.

"I shall hope to see you quite often, if I may be allowed," said Mr. Gerrish, as he gave her his hand at parting.

The Captain went off without a special word for her ear, but this she did not much mind, though, perhaps, she would have liked him to be a little less taken up with Miss Waughb; but then, she said to herself, again I am nursing groundless fears, and she thought of her grandmother's warning.

And what thought Mr. Gerrish of this visit? It is certain, he said, on his way home, this woman has a wonderful power of fascination about her.

CHAPTER VI.

> "He saw young Clara's face more fair,
> He knew her of broad lands the heir,
> Forgot his vows, his faith foreswore,
> And Constance was beloved no more."—SCOTT.

What is more beautiful than to look out upon this sin-darkened world of ours, and see the earth covered with a mantle of pure snow over which the sun glistens? And the sleigh bells too, how they tinkle so merrily, reminding one of the cheery laughter of innocent childhood—that laughter which is the universal language of the heart, known and felt by the rudest as well as the most polished.

Chippè Waughb pressed her bright face to the window pane one December morn, and beheld the snow, which she thought so fair to look upon ere the foot of man or animal trampled it into the mud of the street. Right joyously she greeted it, for she knew it had pleasure in store for her, and sure enough; before she had been up a great while a note came from Captain Pendegast expressing a hope that she would join him in a ride that evening—so when the time arrived they flew away, away, under the sparkling moonbeams.

Slowly and surely was Captain Pendegast winning this girl's love. He had not yet told her that he loved *her;* he wished to be quite sure that the prize was within his grasp, and now that he had satisfactory evidence of the fact he had made up his mind that the day's record should not close without noting the decisive step. He would sometimes experience a little compunction when he thought how much more strongly and with how much deeper pathos that other one could love; but then she had no broad lands, which were more to him than all else beside, so he cast away the goblet of love held out to him by such *precious hands*—but, alas! upon them glittered no jewels. He had paused for a moment upon the brink of a river whose waters were doubt, but *now* he was safely upon the shore of determination, and the waves which might have borne him back had flown from him for ever. So when they reached home again he said to Chippè, as he was taking her out of the sleigh, "My little fairy! do you know that you have grown very dear to me? I cannot thank Mrs. Merriwell sufficiently for having been the means of bringing me near to the one whom most on earth I prize."

How Chippè's heart beat at this! He did indeed love her then without doubt, and she now might think of him just as much as ever she wished. Involuntarily she drew nearer to him, and the hand which he took perceptibly trembled. They went in together, and the same old story was told over again—that story which has been sacred in every clime where young hearts dwell, throughout all time.

Did no thought of the pale girl waiting, patiently waiting, for his coming haunt him? No. Philipa was no longer beloved; by a sudden wrench he had thrown her from his heart, and now he would break off the engagement.

"But, papa," said Chippè, as he was about to go, "what will he say?"

"Oh, have no fears, my pet; I shall gain his consent, and then all will be well."

But the consent was not so easily obtained, as he afterwards found out. Mr. Waughb did not feel inclined to give up his daughter to the keeping of another so soon; moreover, he did not approve of her choice. He knew nothing against the Captain, Chippè would urge, and at such a time he would almost yield to their wishes. Once he had thought of another, whom he fondly desired to be her husband, when the time came for him to give her up; but things had not gone favorably in that direction, and he endeavored not to be disappointed. But he would not resign her yet, and Captain Pendegast and Chippè were forced to wait.

Everybody, at some period or other of their life, has felt the pain of waiting; in any event it is trying. If only for an hour at a railway station symptoms of manifest impatience arise. And in the great struggles which agitate earth, God only can know with how much anguish the true lover of his race waits for the news of the issue. How often, ah, how often, are thin hands stretched eagerly forth for the reward of their toil, and receive, instead, "You must wait!" when for them waiting is death.

CHAPTER VII.

> "Humanity is the fairest flower
> Blooming in earthly breasts, so sweet and pure,
> That it might freshen even the fadeless wreaths,
> Twined round the golden harps of those in heaven."

Five months since the opening of our story have flown on the wings of events, one of the most important of which was the making of Mr. Gerrish president of the bank of which Captain Pendegast was the cashier. It may be well to state here that the Captain had at one time been in the regular army, but although the government rewarded him munificently for all his labors, he was far from being satisfied with the pittance which he received, so resigned, with the hope of obtaining some more lucrative employment. Nothing better offering he accepted the place of cashier, procured him through the influence of Judge Merriwell. The Captain had done the Judge some trifling service at some time or other, which had secured that gentleman's favor.

It had not taken the community that he had come to reside among long to find out the sterling traits of Mr. Gerrish. More than once he had been the public benefactor, and as he possessed much wealth friends quickly multiplied.

Like a true Freemason he had come to consult Mr. Waughb as to the best means to be adopted for the establishment of a home for widows and orphans. The two gentlemen were cosily seated in Mr. Waughb's library discussing the matter. Mr. Gerrish proposed that it should be for the relief of all widows and orphans who needed its sheltering protection, while Mr. Waughb thought it best to restrict its benefits to only such as should have peculiar claim upon their favor, by reason of their parents or relatives having belonged to their Order, at some period of their life. "By no means," said Mr. Gerrish; "does not our love extend to all mankind, and does not the wail of countless orphans, from miserable homes of squalor and vice, ascend to us on every hand, and shall we take some of them in the arms of our pity and leave the rest to perish? And widowed mothers, with black despair in their hearts, send forth their little ones in the pitiless storm to beg or steal; and those little innocent ones, with innocence soon gone, tread in the miry, slippery paths of ruin. Can we, in our comfortable homes, behold such a scene unmoved? Oh! talk not of discrimination; my heart sickens at the very thought. In the name of humanity we will work, my friend, and I doubt not the reward we wish for will be reaped in the establishment of virtue and truth."

"You have my hearty co-operation," said Mr. Waughb. "I shall no longer interpose a word to discourage the great work."

After much thoughtful and careful scrutiny of the different plans suggested for the accomplishment of their purpose, they decided that they should invite donations from all charitably disposed persons for the erection of such a building or buildings as should be required. Mr. Gerrish, with the Masonic munificence of olden days, then proposed to endow it with one hundred thousand dollars, and Mr. Waughb would add twenty-five thousand; they would then lay it before other brothers, and induce them to pledge themselves to do as much as they individually could to perpetuate it. Having come to this satisfactory conclusion they separated, with augmented happiness to themselves at the prospect of doing good to others.

Thus do we find one instance of individual wealth employed to the helping of mankind; thus is Satan driven back for a rich man to enter the "kingdom of heaven." "For as much as ye have done it unto one of these little ones, ye have done it unto me." Thus an example is afforded to rich craftsmen to do something more than talk about charity.

(To be continued.)

THE BROKEN TESSERA.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

"Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labor."

When Philadelphia was about to be evacuated by the British army, under Sir Henry Clinton, June 18, 1778, there was a merchant, one Hubbard Simpson, largely engaged in the sale of English goods, who had become highly obnoxious to the American residents, for supplying the British commander with mercantile facilities, and with information that had been used to the detriment of the American army.

This man was in high repute with Sir Henry, and his immediate predecessor, Lord Howe. From the former, he now received a notification in time to enable him to sell his goods, and depart under the protection of the British army.

It was not possible, however, to dispose of so large a stock at short notice. To sell upon a credit was impracticable, so far as any of the American merchants were concerned, and as for those in the Tory interest, they were not to be trusted. To make a cash sale, in the present state of the funds, was impossible. Thus Mr. Simpson revolved the matter in his mind till the very day preceding the evacuation. A final notice from Sir Henry found him undecided, sitting in his crowded warehouse, soon to be devoted to spoliation and fire by the incensed Americans.

Now, this man was a member of the Masonic Fraternity. Before the breaking out of strife, he had held a distinguished place in the provincial Lodges. Although his understanding of right and wrong, in the present war, differed from that of the majority of his countrymen, yet the most zealous patriot could not accuse him of inconsistency or turpitude. What he had professed to be from youth—a warm loyalist—he still maintained; and this had led him to adopt the unpopular side in the revolutionary struggle, and to follow the British army, even at the expense of a large part of his property.

As things now stood, he was likely to lose more. Already he had begun to contemplate the idea of throwing open the doors and departing, when a rap was heard without, and, in answer to his invitation, an old friend, Mr. Jonas Lee, entered, and asked for a conference.

This gentleman, come at so critical a moment, was a person of note in the city—one who had suffered more than most others for his attachment to liberty—and a zealous Mason.

For three years and upward no intercourse had been held between the pair, once fraternally intimate; they had only acknowledged each other's acquaintance by a nod of recognition when they met in the streets.

The object of the present call was stated in a few words.

"My old friend and brother, I have heard of your approaching danger, and am come to offer you a service. We have taken opposite sides in politics; but you have sustained your choice, like myself, at great sacrifices; and while I can but regret that you are arrayed against our common country, I yet respect your honesty of purpose. Masonry knows no principle but duty, and this is your hour of depression; therefore am I come. My influence is now in the ascendant, and I hereby offer it to you in brotherly truth. For old time's sake, I will take charge of your property, otherwise the spoil of our soldiers, before to-morrow morning, sell it for you at the best time and advantage, and hold the proceeds subject to your order."

The grateful merchant was profuse with his thanks.

"None of that, Bro. Simpson. My own heart is a sufficient reward. You can say all that when we meet again. Time presses. You are in immediate and great danger."

A clear sale was forthwith made of the whole property, amounting to more than fifty thousand dollars. No documentary evidences relative to the debt were retained by Mr. Simpson. Prudence pointed out this as the only course that promised a successful result.

At parting, while yet the boat was waiting at the pier, and the drums of the American advanced guard were sounding in the suburbs of the city, Mr. Simpson took a gold piece from his purse, broke it in two parts, and handing one to his noble-hearted friend, observed: "You and I used to debate the purpose of the ancient *tessera;* now we will make it a practical question. Whoever presents you with this fragment of gold, to him I authorize you to render up whatever in your hands belongs to me. Farewell."

Years rolled by, and Jonas Lee heard no more of his old friend. With great difficulty, and by the aid of powerful friends at head-quarters, he had succeeded in disposing of the property without much loss; and by a judicious use of the money, he had become rich. Old age then crept upon him. His daily walks about the city began to be shortened. The almond-tree flourished. The grasshopper began to be a burden. From year to year, he drew nearer to his own mansion, and finally confined himself within his retired apartment, to wait for the summoner of all flesh.

One day, as he was reclining in the listlessness of old age, with but the Word of God and the person of his good wife for companionship, and the voices of his grandchildren ringing from the next room in happy harmony, he was accosted by a beggarly looking young man, who prayed a gift of money, "for a poor shipwrecked foreigner, who had lost his all, and barely escaped with life itself."

Jonas Lee was not a person to refuse such a demand. He made him a bountiful gift of money, clothes and kind words. But when the foreigner was about to depart, he walked up to Mr. Lee's couch, and pressing his hand with thankfulness, he dropped into it a worn and ragged piece of metal, and asked him if he would accept that piece of gold as a token of a poor beggar's gratitude?

There was something peculiar in the foreigner's tone, which led Mr. Lee to draw out his spectacles, and examine the offering intently. What was the surprise of his wife to see him rise from his chair, draw a similar fragment from his bosom, where it had been suspended by a ribbon for a long time, and applying the pieces together, to hear him triumphantly declare: "They fit! they fit! The broken *tessera* is complete! the union is perfect! Thank God, thank God, my brother is yet alive!"

The foreigner turned out to be the youngest son of Mr. Simpson, who had been shipwrecked, as he stated, to the great hazard of his life. Preserving the golden fragment, he had landed at Philadelphia, ragged and poor, charged by his father with a message to Mr. Lee. Why the former had so long delayed his claim does not appear. The history informs us, however, that he had followed the British army through the remainder of the war; amassed a large fortune by some successful government contracts; gone to England; embarked in extensive speculations there; and finally, retiring from business immensely wealthy, was made a baronet for his loyal services.

His son was received with open arms, and introduced into the first circles of Philadelphia. Report, concerning the Masonic part of the transaction, became public, and gave a new impetus to the Order.

But when a full account of his stewardship was prepared by Mr. Lee, and the property, both principal and interest, tendered to the young man, the proffer was met by a letter from Sir Hubbard Simpson, just received, in which he declined receiving a shilling of it, and presented it, with his warmest regards, to his old friend and brother, Jonas Lee.

Jacob's Ladder.

Isaac had two sons, Esau and Jacob. When, in his old age, Isaac was about to bless his eldest son, and so to communicate to him the blessings and the promises which he had received from T.G.A.O.T.U., Rebekah, by an unworthy stratagem, taking advantage of the dimness of Isaac's eyes, succeeded in getting the blessing given to her younger and favorite son Jacob. The history of this, the deceit practiced on the old and infirm Isaac, is very touching. In consequence of this, however, Jacob had to flee from his brother Esau for his life. He went to Padanaram to stay with Laban, his maternal uncle. On his road, one night while asleep, he saw a vision—"a ladder set up on the earth and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it." God from above the ladder deigned to make a covenant with Jacob, and in the morning Jacob took one of the stones, which he had used for a pillow, and set it up as a pillar, and called the name of the place Bethel. This ladder is the original of the ladder depicted in our Lodges. It rests upon the volume of the Sacred Law. It has innumerable staves around, of which there are three principal ones, Faith, Hope and Charity, and its summit is concealed in heaven, symbolized by the cloudy canopy.

We find this symbol universally adopted, but with seven steps. There is much doubt as to whether Jacob's ladder is the universal antetype, for the Mexicans believed in an ascent to heaven by seven steps. "In the midst of a dense forest called Tazin, near the Gulf of Mexico, was the pyramid of Papantla." Humboldt tells us: "It had seven stories, was built of stone, and was beautifully and regularly shaped." When, however, we remember that the Mexicans certainly had traditions of the exodus of the children of Israel, it is perfectly possible that, though we cannot now trace how, they originally knew of Jacob's vision.

In the Persian Mysteries, the ladder had seven gates, which were symbolical of the soul's approach to perfection. In the initiation the candidate had to pass through seven caverns, each of which terminated in a narrow orifice, which also formed the entrance to its successor, and through which the candidate had to squeeze his body. This was called the ascent of the ladder. Each round was supposed to be of metal increasing in purity, represented a state of existence, and was called by the name of a planet. In the table at the end, copied with slight additions from Oliver's "Signs and Symbols," will be found the names of these. The mythological history of Rustam also contains references to this ladder, for we find him on a certain occasion going along the road of seven stages, during which he passes through six trials.

In the Gothic Mysteries the neophyte met with seven obstructions.

In the Scandinavian Mysteries we have the great tree Torasil, which is supposed to be similar to the ladder.

The Jews believed that the ladder had fifty gates. Moses ascended to the forty-ninth. Joshua could not get beyond the forty-eighth; and even Solomon could not open the fiftieth, which led directly into the presence of T. G. A. O. T. U. There was also an old tradition that the ascent to the Paradisaical Mount of God was by a pyramid of seven stages.

The Essenes reduced the steps to seven, and called the ladder the Sephiroth. There were afterwards added three more, called Intelligence, Wisdom and Crown, the original seven being named Strength, Mercy, Beauty, Victory or Eternity, Glory, the Foundation, and the Kingdom.

There are several theories as to what was the universal origin of this seven-staged ascent. One is that it arose from the sevenfold divisions in the creation of the world. This is supported by the fact that each step or stage was assigned to a day in the week and to a planet. We know that in almost every country the seven days of the week and the seven planets corresponded. A second theory is that they referred to Noah and his seven companions, in support of which is the fact that many nations worshiped seven hero-gods. A third theory is that they represented the seven stories of the Tower of Babel, which were completed before the dispersion. My own theory is that the idea arose simply from believing that God was above us; that reception into heaven would be the reward of the righteous; and there were seven steps given to the means of ascent, whether pyramid, pagoda or ladder, from the general belief in the sacredness of the number seven. A general account of this number and of its universal adoption as sacred would stretch this paper beyond the limits I have proposed to myself.

In our Lodges this ladder is shown as resting on the volume of the Sacred Law, having innumerable steps, the three principal of which are called Faith, Hope and Charity, and its summit concealed in the cloudy canopy.

In the church of St. Maria Maggiore, in Rome, is depicted a geometrical staircase having three gates, one at the bottom, one half way up, and one at the top. This is, in fact, the equivalent of our ladder.

An explanation of our ladder, as given by Fellows, I quote from Bro. Oliver, and I add his remark at the the end; and I am sure most, if not all, of my readers will cordially concur in his protest: "Faith is the genius of spring; Hope of summer, and Charity of autumn. Faith of spring, because faith and work must always come together; Hope of summer, because from that point the sun looks vertically down upon the seeds which have been committed in faith to the fertilizing bosom of the earth; Charity of autumn, because then the sun empties his cornucopia into our desiring laps. Faith is the Eastern Pillar; Charity is the Western; and hope the Key-stone of this Royal Arch." To which Bro. Oliver adds: "It will be unnecessary to say that I differ *in toto* from the above author in his appropriation of those sublime virtues, and solemnly protest against the principle of making Hope instead of Charity the key-stone of the Arch."—*Ind. Freem. Friend.*

Freemasonry in the "Orient."

BY HON. BRO. JNO. P. BROWN, OF TURKEY.

"*Ex Oriente Lux*" is a proverb peculiarly applicable to Freemasonry in the Orient. Its re-establishment there, however, is like the return of the wanderer to "His beloved native land"—to the "Home of his childhood." The Orient is the birthplace of Masonry—all its legends, its traditions, its history, emanate from thence. It is the scene of the creation of mankind, and with it is connected its earliest steps in the acquisition of knowledge, called "light." Its "symbols," mysteries," and "truths" all refer to the Orient, and are fully explained and authenticated by revelations contained in the Old Testament.

The primitive idea of the Creator, or "Great Architect of the Universe," is the basis on which Freemasonry is constructed. It is, therefore, familiar to all the religions of mankind which recognize the existence of the Supreme Deity. It comprises the whole of that vast expanse which contains not only the little globe which we inhabit, but the entire creation, down to the smallest and most insignificant atom and creature. Its magnitude is so widely extensive as to be almost as incomprehensible as the greatness of the Creator. The origin of Freemasonry must, therefore, be sought for in the earliest history of man, before his clear intelligence became deprived of "light" and obscured by human passions—the real antagonist of his spiritual powers. The farther we recede in this history, the nearer do we find man connected with his Creator, and the more intimate his communings with Him. Though mortal eyes have never been able to behold the spirit of his Maker, his organs of hearing have permitted him to *hear* His voice, and, by his spiritual powers, to *feel* that He was near. At such times, the Deity condescended to approach man, and, in a direct manner, to make known to him His commands. At others, when the human faculties and passions were lulled into repose and inertness, in that semi-state of ordinary existence of slumber, man, through the medium of spiritual powers only, had perceptions of another life, attainable only through the death of his mortal body. Whilst the latter only belongs to earth, his spirit possesses faculties peculiar to itself, greater and more applicable when purest, and feeblest when farthest from the supreme spirit of the Creator, of which it would seem to be an emanation. How difficult it is to attain to a proper knowledge of man's original spiritual powers—of that intelligence possessed and exercised by him in the earlier periods of his history! What was probably clear to Adam and the other primitive prophets, or pious and benevolent men, is now vailed from our mortal vision. It is, nevertheless, still known to us through "symbols," which are regarded as so many "mysteries." Everything connected with spiritualism is mysterious; and this remark is applicable to religion, even in its outward or external forms, all of which are only so many symbols of what is unseen, but are, nevertheless, matters of faith and truth, over which is shed the "light" of revelation.

Masonry, it is well known, is peculiarly composed of *symbols*, each one containing a *mystery*, and each one of these containing a *truth*. Like the light of the sun to the new-born child, these cannot be beheld by the neophyte, or newly initiated brother, who for the *first*, or even the *second* time, is presented at a Lodge, when he finds himself in a condition of ignorance and obscurity. He then possesses neither any knowledge, or "*light*," nor any worldly goods, and therefore resembles man in his primitive state, which condition he then personifies. There is nothing, however, between his heart and the just source of light and science, and he has come, in the humblest form, to accept of and retain, *forever*, in this life as well as in that of the vast, unknown and mysterious future, such impressions as he may there receive. He advances in his new research after knowledge just as all men have done before him, commencing with the one who received it directly from his Creator, that is, with hesitating steps, doubtful of his own powers, and ignorant even of his own faculties and means of seizing it. As it was with his first progenitor, who, though of a mature age, received the knowledge given to him as a child, which *feels*, *hears*, and *believes*, yet without being able to see or comprehend the verities before him. He, nevertheless, learns some indubitable facts even in his entrance into the Lodge, which calls for serious reflection on his part. He is, also, unable to answer for himself, and depends upon the assistance of others.

How forcibly this reminds us of the primitive condition of man! He there received his light from the Great Master and Architect of the Universe, of which the Lodge is a "symbol," and the Master a humble teacher of its "*mysteries.*" As the neophyte advances, he hears much of what he possesses—as yet, no knowledge whatever. To him all is dark and obscure. His mind is filled with awe; he knows naught of what surrounds him; and his most ardent desire is to receive the blessing of "light," so as to be able to comprehend what is so mysterious.

It is even thus with the student who sets out in search after knowledge or science—of the works of that great Omniscient who knows all things, and directs all of the vast universe with so much supreme wisdom. How much must he accept as a matter of truth until the darkness which obscures his vision is withdrawn, and the "light" of practical knowledge shines out upon his comprehension! The sublime truths of the spiritual life of mankind; of the creation of the vast universe; the history, even, of the insignificant planet on which we dwell; of the phases through which it has passed previous to its present condition—aqueous, burning and glacial—just as is now perceptible in those of the sun and moon, and perhaps in myriads of others of the heavenly bodies, down to the more recent and still perceptible one with which the knowledge of Adam commenced, and has been recorded by Moses, often in allegories, symbols and mysteries, are the subject of his study. If the knowledge, or "light," possessed by Adam of the "creation," and which he handed down through his descendants, was a more direct "revelation" of his Creator, science is not less a revelation to those who seek for it, proceeding from the Great Architect of the Universe, and breaking upon the obscure mind of man like the effulgent rays of the sun, as they burst through the mists of the distant horizon.

It is thus with the "mysteries" of Freemasonry. Those who are cemented together by its "mystical tie" are in search of this "light," which originally proceeded from the "Orient."

The celebrated philosopher, Humboldt, in his work entitled the *Cosmos*, a "Universe," which every Mason should read and reread, and treasure up the sublime truths which it contains, says, that the book which he proposed to write was not only the history of this little globe (which is but an insignificant atom of the whole creation), but of all the vast universe, swarming with the most distant objects, scarcely perceptible save with the aid of the most powerful telescopes, through that incalculable space which bounds it. Thus he speaks, in the first instance, of "light"—the term which Freemasonry has adopted as its mystical symbol for knowledge—and says that in that space may be seen revolving spheres, having the form only of a "shining vapor," with a light of their own as fine as the smallest thread. He next states that there are small spots of a "nebulous character," of various dimensions, united at times by "threads of light." He calls them "starry dust"—so small are they in appearance to our vision—but all in movement, passing through continual changes, opening and developing themselves more and more, and which, in the course of myriads of centuries, become worlds!

In these terms does that great man, by the revelations of science, sustain the most sublime "mysteries" of Freemasonry. Even during his mortal career, he seems to have attained to clear perceptions of what is beheld only through the wisdom of spiritual vision. The knowledge or "light" which he acquired in this life, small as it may have been, elevated him above millions of his fellow-creatures, and fitted him for a superior position in that spiritual existence where the great universe about which he wrote was unfolded to the sight.

It is thus that a study of the works of the Great Architect of the vast Universe communes with "luminous dust," and with the smallest atoms of creation. According to the Oriental idea, our own globe had its origin in a nucleus of light; and that, in the course of time, opened by degrees to a substantial form. Such may, indeed, have been its appearance to those other remote bodies which so seem to us at the present period. All this is perceptible to the Freemason who properly comprehends the construction of his Lodge, and, as he advances in its degrees, more and more light breaks upon his sight.

The acquisition of "knowledge" is one of the great "mysteries" in the life of man. In the beginning it was, evidently, not acquired, but possessed through divine revelation. Light did not, as at the present time, break gradually upon his mind, nor did he then possess any of the mediums through which it is now attained. It is, therefore, to be supposed that his spiritual powers were far greater than they now are. With their decrease his human passions grew in strength, and obtained an undue influence over his intelligence. He, therefore, lost much of the light which he originally possessed, and his mission has since then been to regain it by his own endeavors, or, in the language of Revelation, by "the " sweat of his brow."

From his childhood, man is destined to learn not only the knowledge possessed by those who preceded him, but also, if possible, to add to it. An invisible and mysterious impulse presses him onward in such a destiny, and he is compelled by necessity, as it were, to learn. He breaks through, from time to time, the symbols of theoretical knowledge, and arrives at what is practical. He, however, with study, is enabled to reduce the perceptions of his senses to fixed and unalterable principles. As in "speculative Freemasonry," much of what is still theoretical in the study of the universe, will, in the course of time, become positive knowledge.

The true spirit of Freemasonry is to preserve in our Lodges as in our hearts the point of departure of that knowledge, vailed beneath the symbol of "light," and to shed its rays among our brethren. It inculcates also the preservation of those humane virtues, the absence or loss of which obscure the spiritual vision, and retain man forever in darkness. It was to such a loss that must be ascribed the fall of mankind from the happiness and knowledge which it originally possessed. With this indubitable fact before our eyes, Freemasonry urges upon brethren the necessity of obeying the divine command, and of rejecting all temptations which tend to obscure the vision and darken the powers of the spirit. From general rules of benevolence towards all mankind, it descends to individual cases, and charity to the suffering is one of its chief obligations. "The best of men is he who benefits mankind." This is applicable not only to the instruction of the ignorant, to the dispersion of light among those who are in darkness, but also to the succoring of those who, from any cause whatever, are poor and miserable. Such acts approach nearer than any other to the providence of the Great Architect of the Universe, all of which are benevolent and merciful, even to those of His creatures who merit it the least, and who, by their sinful lives, would seem to have but small claims upon His goodness. The remembrance of an act of benevolence, of charity to the afflicted, bears with it its own reward. Though wholly unknown to the public, it never ceases to be a source of gratification, and is one of the sublimest of human virtues. It even accompanies us to the inevitable hour of death, and offers a consolation which sheds a gleam of "light" over the dark passage from this life into eternity.

From the preceding, it may scarcely be necessary to add that no Freemason can possibly be a pagan or an idolator. Freemasonry firmly recognizes the existence of one God, who is, in its symbolical language, the "Great Architect of the Universe," the Heavenly Father of all men; and thus all of these are His children, over whom He rules with fraternal solicitude. Such, also, is humbly imitated by the Master of a Lodge. Though no one may see Him, still we seem to hear His voice, and to feel that He is ever near to us. Our spirits are again reunited with His Holy spirit when we commune with Him in prayer, and invoke His blessing upon our labors both in and beyond the Lodge. Masons are, therefore, all peculiarly brothers, without admitting the distinctions of creed or color, of the external forms of worship or of nationality. Worldly interests have no place in the Lodge, except those of benevolence and charity, and then they only remember that they are brethren united together by a "mystical tie" referring to one universal faith.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *March*, 1867.

Family Circle.

"GO IT ALONE."

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There's a game much in fashion, I think it's called euchre,
Though I've never played it for pleasure or lucre,
In which, when the cards are in certain conditions,
The players appear to have changed their positions,
And one of them cries, in a confident tone,
"I think I might venture to go it alone."

While watching the game, 'tis a whim of the bard's,
A moral to draw from the skirmish in cards,
And fancy he finds in the trivial strife,
Some excellent hints for the battle of life,
Where, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The winner is he who can "Go it alone."

When great Galileo proclaimed that the world
In a regular orbit was ceaselessly whirled,
And got not a convert for all of his pains,
But only derision, and prison and chains—
"It moves for all that," was his answering tone,
For he knew, like the earth, he could "go it alone."

When Kepler. with intellect piercing afar,
Discovered the laws of each planet and star,
And doctors who ought to have lauded his name
Derided his learning and blackened his fame—
"I can wait," he replied, "till the truth you shall own,"
For he felt in his heart he could "go it alone."

Alas for the player who idly depends
In the struggle of life upon kindred and friends.
Whatever the value of blessings like these,
They can never atone for inglorious ease,
Nor comfort the coward who finds with a groan
That his crutches have left him to "go it alone!"

There is something, no doubt, in the head you may hold,
Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and gold,
The fortunate owner may fairly regard
As each in its way a most excellent card—
Yet the game may be lost with all these for your own,
Unless you've the courage to "go it alone!"

In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love it is ever the same,
In the struggle for power or scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto—"Rely on yourself!"
For, whether the prize be a ribbon or throne,
The victor is he who can "go it alone!"

GREAT OR GOOD.

"Oh, how I wish I were a man!
What wondrous things I'd do!
I'd write such books that all the world
Would read them through and through."
The fire flashed from his eyes, as if
He thought it hard to wait;
His mother whispered, "First be *good*,
Then, if you will, be *great*."

The boy sprang from his mother's side
With footstep light and gay;
But dreams of fame were with him still
Amid his childish play.
Years passed away, and he had grown
At length to man's estate:
Alas! he cared not to be good,
But only to be great.

He wrote; men read; the world around
Was ringing with his name;
His early dreams had never reached
To such a height of fame.
Yet would he sigh as if within
His heart felt desolate,
As if it were a weary thing
To walk amongst the great.

"Ye humble ones," he cried, "who tread
The path of duty well,
The peace of mind I may not find
Stoops down with you to dwell.
I would that I had lived like you,
Content in low estate,
Oh, could I live my life again,
I would be *good*, not *great*!"

THE SECRETS OF HEALTH.—The secrets of health are six: First, Keep warm. Second Eat regular and slow. Third, Maintain regular daily bodily habits. Fourth, Take early and very light suppers. Fifth, Keep a clean skin. Sixth, Get plenty of sleep at night.

AN EMBLEM OF CHARITY.—The Egyptian hieroglyphic of charity is very striking—a naked child, with a heart in his hand, giving honey to a bee without wings.

1. A child, humble and meek. (Matthew, xviii. 2.)
2. With a heart in his hand, because the heart and the hand of a charitable man must go together; he must be a cheerful giver.
3. Giving honey to a bee—not a drone.
4. To a bee without wings—help only such as would work, but cannot.

"CAUCUS" is a corruption of caulkers' meeting, and originated a long time ago in the shipping part of Boston. In Gordon's History of the American Revolution it is stated that about the year 1738 the father of Samuel Adams, and twenty others who lived in the shipping part of Boston, used to make a "caucus," as they called it, and lay their plans for introducing certain persons into places of trust. Each distributed the ballots in his own circle, and they generally carried the election. In this manner Samuel Adams himself first became Representative of Boston.

MISS LESLIE ON SLANG.—"There is no wit," says the author of the Behaviour Book, "in a lady to speak of taking a 'snooze,' instead of a nap—in calling pantaloons 'pants,' or gentlemen 'gents,'—in saying of a man whose dress is getting old, that he looks 'seedy,'—and in alluding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting incident. to say that it is 'rich.' All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies. We are always sorry to hear a young lady use such a word as 'polking,' when she tells of having been engaged in a certain dance too fashionable not long since, but, happily, now it is fast going out, and almost banished from the best society. To her honor, be it remembered, Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a genteel girl bring herself to say, 'Last night I was polking with Mr. Bell,' or 'Mr. Cope came and asked me to polk with him.' Its coarse and ill-sounding name is worthy of the dance. We have little tolerance for young ladies who, having in reality neither wit nor humor, set up for both, and having nothing of the right stock to go upon, substitute coarseness and impertinence (not to say impudence), and try to excite laughter and attract the attention of gentlemen by talking slang. Where do they get it? How do they pick it up? From low newspapers or vulgar books? Surely not from low companions? We have heard one of these ladies, when her collar chanced to be pinned awry, say that it was put on drunk; also that her bonnet was drunk, meaning crooked on her head. When disconcerted, she was 'floored.' When submitting to a thing unwillingly, she was 'brought to the scratch.' Sometimes she did things 'on the sly.' She talked of a certain great vocalist 'singing like a beast.' She believed it very smart and piquant to use these vile expressions. It is true, when at parties she always had half a dozen gentlemen about her, their curiosity excited as to what she would say next. And yet she was a woman of many good qualities, and one who boasted of always having lived in society."

BUSINESS INTEGRITY.—The very existence of commerce and trade depends on the integrity of the people who engage in it. Men must trust each other somewhat, even when business transactions are carried on upon the strictest cash system. There must be confidence between man and man even then as to what may be said of the quality of goods, and what may be promised as to the delivery of them, etc. But when there is any latitude, and a running account is kept, either in wholesale or retail trade, to be paid at stated intervals, then honesty and confidence between the parties concerned is an absolute necessity; and any man who by deliberate fraud does that which impairs the confidence which men have in each other, and on which depends the prosperity of trade, is guilty of a great crime to the community, as well as to the individuals whom he robs. Every honest man, and every man who values honesty, and desires to see business concerns prosper, and rest upon a sure and stable foundation, should combine to reprobate and bring to condign justice every man who takes advantage of the confidence men repose in each other to defraud their creditors out of their property. Of course, men would have consideration, sympathy, and respect for a man who should be unfortunate in his business, and should, by unforeseen changes in the market, be compelled to sell his goods at so low a figure that he could not pay all his debts.

But when a man deliberately plans to cheat and rob those who trust him, who buys goods on credit, with the clear intent in his own mind to sell them out for cash and put the cash in his own pocket, and then runs away from the scenes of his fraud to escape the legal deserts of his crimes, we can have no words too strong to express our condemnation and our utter loathing of such a man's character. Such a man robs us not only of our money, but, what is worse, robs us of our confidence in our fellow-men. Such a man helps, as far as his influence goes, to upturn the very foundations upon which society rests. Such conduct is far meaner than highway robbery. It is meaner than sheep-stealing or pocket-picking, for men are generally on their guard against villains of this sort, and may with proper precaution protect themselves. But against these meaner cheats and sneaks, who put on the semblance and profession of honesty that they may gain our confidence only to betray it and to rob us of our money by the betrayal, we have no adequate protection. We can only all heartily unite in doing what we can to bring upon them the legal deserts of their crimes, and to put them under such a social ban that they will have no opportunity to repeat them. Such a man is not worthy of trust again, and men should shun him as they would shun a viper or a rattlesnake. If there is any class which should be made utter outcasts, it is, above all others, this class of cold-blooded, deliberate scoundrels.

MONEY.—Our Norman brothers brought into England the word "money." It is from the Latin *moneta*, signifying primarily the *mint*, the place where money was coined, then transferred to coin. The Romans thought they had reason to be grateful to their goddess Juno for certain *monitions* which she had given them in crises of their history, and they accordingly built a temple to *Juno moneta*, Juno the Monisher. In the said temple it chanced that, for reasons of State convenience, of which no one is now cognizant, the Roman machinery for stamping money was set up; it was made their place of coinage, their *mint*. Hence the names for mint and coin and money in most of the tongues of modern Europe. They go back to a bit of popular superstition, and to the accidental location of a machine for stamping metal, in a community which was at the time one of the most insignificant in Europe.

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

FORGIVENESS.—My heart was heavy, for its trust had been abused, its kindness answered with a foul wrong. So turning gloomily from my fellow-men, one Sunday, I strolled among the green mounds of the village burial place. There I pondered, where all human love and hate find one sad level. I thought how, sooner or later, wronged and wrongdoer; each with meek face and cold hands folded over a still heart, should pass the green threshold of our common—whither our footsteps tend, whence none depart. Awed for myself, and pitying my race, our common sorrow, like a mighty wave, swept all my pride away—and, trembling, I forgave."

TRUE HEROISM.—In a lecture delivered by Grace Greenwood, in Boston, on "Heroism," she referred to an incident that took place at the burning of a steamer on one of the western lakes. Among the few passengers whose courage and presence of mind rose superior to fright, was a mother, who succeeded in saving her two children by means of a floating settee. While they were in the water the mother saw a man swimming towards the settee, and as he was about to grasp it, she cried, "Don't take it from the poor children!" The man made no answer, yet the appeal struck home; for, by the light of the flaming vessel, she could see that his face was convulsed by the struggle between the mighty primal instinct of Nature and something much better and holier. It was but a moment. He threw up his hands with a groan of renunciation, flung himself over backward, and went down.

One of our best Lessons.

For a man to think that he is going to do the work of his life without obstacles and opposition, is to dream in the lap of folly's self. What should we amount to, were we not compelled to feel our way, to fall down and get up again, and to learn that our theories are never according to the laws of nature, but nothing more than the projection of our limited perception upon the untried and unreal? We are, however, not to be discouraged on this account; we are rather to be the more satisfied of its being good and right for us. For in adversity and opposition we are tried; and trials are nothing more than tests of the nature. Up from below do we go above. We are but the products of lower conditions. The material comes to its highest, in this life, and is gradually refined and got rid of after natural laws. Our experience is merely passing through these changes, which would be just no experience at all if we could manage to escape them altogether. We ought not to make complaint, when we see how all these things work together for our good.

BRO. COOPER says: What Christianity would be without Jesus Christ, that Freemasonry would be without the Great Architect of the Universe.

The National Freemason,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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Dr. McMurdy is always ready to welcome his friends at his office, during business hours. It is second floor, room 10, 39 Nassau street, opposite Post Office.

Change.—On and after May 1st the National Freemason will occupy the second floor of the building corner of Broome and Crosby. This location is more central and convenient to our friends from the South and West and East, who generally patronize the hotels in its vicinity.

The Secretary of the Mutual Relief Association will also have a room on the same floor. The Masonic Publishing Co. are all around us.

Letters will be addressed to box 5903 as usual.

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Enlargement.—We have also made arrangements to open an office in Washington city. The location will be announced in a few weeks. It will, probably, be in the vicinity of the New York papers, opposite Willard's.

This is appropriate, as the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, by a unanimous resolution, approved of the National Freemason, and recommended it as a weekly to the whole fraternity.

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If any brother has paid an agent, and has not received the paper, let him send the receipt to this office, or a copy of it, or reasonable evidence that he has paid for the paper, and to whom he has paid, and he will be certain to have the National Freemason, although we may lose the money.

Brethren should promptly advise us of their changes of residence.

The College Scheme.

Some communications on this subject we reject because they are personal, and others because they reflect upon the motives of its originators. This is a very serious subject, and one of great moment to New York Freemasonry. It calls not for declamation, but for consideration from the wisest and most experienced in our Order. It should be considered without reference to a party or its effect upon any individual. We had not designed to write a word, but esteemed craftsmen have asked for our opinion, and as it is of interest to the craft, universally, let this question now be so thoroughly canvassed that the effort will not be repeated in the present generation.

The question is, is a college needed? Do our present church and state schools meet all the wants of the community? The almost universal answer is, "Yes." Then there must be a demand for something especial, which is Masonic, which cannot be taught in our public schools and church colleges. What is it? If there is no want, then the only motive must be Masonic pride, to have an institution called *Masonic*, teaching just what others teach. Are the means at our disposal for this purpose? Can we have such an institution as Harvard, or Yale, or Union?

Nearly a million of dollars will be required to commence successful competition with our best institutions Then there will be trouble in obtaining students, for mothers and the clergy generally control the College to which the boys go. There the internal regimen will be full of embarrassment. Our Jewish friends will object to Christian influence, and our Christian friends will insist upon it. Then some will favor forms of prayer, and others oppose. How much more good would be accomplished in using the interest of such a fund to send promising Masonic orphans to schools already established, and in conformity with the religious views of their deceased parents!

Why is it that nearly every jurisdiction in the country, as such, has steadily refused to have anything to do with scholastic institutions? Why is it that there is not one Masonic College in the Northern States? And the efforts Southward have been miserable failures and abortions, and originated, too, under much more flattering auspices than the present scheme promises.

That eminently wise and exemplary Grand Master, Hon. Bro. Dawson, of Geogia, spoke like a Masonic statesman and expressed the sentiments of the craft when he said to his Grand Lodge:

> I recommend to your consideration the propriety of establishing one preparatory school in each Masonic district, *if the means of education cannot be otherwise provided; but, wherever schools are already established, I would deem it unwise to establish another, but prefer to send the children under our care to those already in existence. The number of colleges in Georgia is so extensive,* and the opportunity for a collegiate education so easy of access, I do not deem it proper to recommend the establishment of a Masonic college, but most earnestly recommend appropriations sufficiently large to commence a system for the education of the children of the needy brethren of our fraternity, with a determination to persevere to the end. Thus shall we lay an early foundation in the minds of those under our care for usefulness and respectability, and thereby discharge, at least partially, this part of our duty.

It is a universal sentiment among the friends of education that we have too many collegiate institutions at present, more than are demanded, and it is also regarded as unwise to attempt any such institution, except under the sheltering wing of a religious denomination. The State institutions, finely endowed, how meagre their roll of students, and even their scanty supply comes through a concession to some religious *regimen*. Our Jewish friends are, themselves, originating a university. Whether right or wrong, it is the current idea that education must be associated with some specific religion. So much so is this, that if an institution, liberally endowed, with all appurtenances, were presented to the Grand Lodge, the experience of the past would decide, "Touch it not."

Again, our religious bodies have learned that a college should be placed under the control of the donors and their wise friends, the denomination merely patronizing it. They who desire to get up a Masonic college, let them do so by furnishing the buildings, endowing it, and then asking the patronage of the Grand Lodge and the Masonic public on the grounds of its merit.

Again, can the funds of the hall and asylum given for a specific purpose, and to be employed in a specific way—can these be diverted? If they can legally, can they morally?

Again, if the legal condition of this property has been wisely submitted to legal experts, how much more important, as an educational project, that it should be submitted to educational experts.

To show that the National Freemason acts from well settled convictions, we reprint, *verbatim*, the following, on page 74 of the October number of the National Freemason for 1865:

MASONIC COLLEGE—THE MASONIC MISSION.

We cannot favor the proposition of our friend for a Masonic College.

1. Because Masonic Colleges have not prospered. They have been an incubus upon, and no credit to, the Order, wherever established.

2. If there were a disposition in the fraternity to encourage and sustain Masonic Colleges, they are unnecessary. The religions denominations and the commonwealths of our land have certainly provided a sufficient number. We need fewer colleges, and those more worthy of the name.

3. If the Lodge has done its duty to widows and orphans, and wishes, as is proper, to educate highly a son of a Mason, poor and of promise, it is cheaper and better to send to a college already in existence.

Poor and fatherless children especially are the care of the Masonic fraternity. The children of the poor are an inheritance. By plainly clothing them and fitting them decently to attend the public schools, by furnishing them with books, by securing employment to them, by selecting proper trades and homes for them, by watching over them by day and by night as the sponsors for the poor, how much good may be done. This should not be done patronizingly, but as to younger brethren. That the poor and destitute may not be dangerous to society they must feel that they are of our humanity, that they are of our brotherhood. We can best illustrate this by a few incidents:

> A gentleman passing one day through the streets of Edinburgh, saw a boy, who lived by selling fire-wood, standing with a heavy load upon his back, looking at a number of boys amusing themselves in a playground. "Sometimes," says the writer, "he laughed aloud, at other times he looked sad and sorrowful. Stepping up to him, I said, 'Well, my boy, you seem to enjoy the fun very much; but why don't you lay down your load of sticks?' * * * 'I wan't thinking about the burden—I wan't thinking about the sticks, sir.' 'And may I ask what you were thinking about?' 'Oh! I was just thinking about what the good missionary said the other day. You know, sir, I don't go to church, for I have no clothes; but one of the missionaries comes every week to our stair, and holds a meeting. He was preaching to us last week, and among other things he said: "Although there are rich folks and poor folks in this world, yet *we are all brothers*." Now, sir, just look at these lads—every one of them has fine jackets, fine caps, with warm shoes and stockings, but I have none. So I was just thinking, if those were my brothers, it doesn't look like it, sir—it doesn't look like it. See, sir, they are flying kites, while I am flying in rags—they are running about at kick-ball and cricket; but I must climb the long, long stairs with a heavy load and an empty stomach, whilst my back is like to break. It doesn't look like it, sir—it doesn't look like it.'"
>
> Or take the following: "Can you read or write?" said a visitor to a poor boy. Marty hung his head. I repeated the question two or three times before he answered, and the tears dropped on his hands, as he said despairingly, and I thought defiantly: "No, sir; I can't read nor write neither. God don't want me to read, sir. Indeed, so it looks likely. Didn't He take away my father since before I can remember him? And haven't I been working all the time to fetch in something to eat, and for the fire, and for clothes? I went out to pick coal when I could take a basket in my arms, and I have had no chance for school since."

Here is genuine humanity, not the base metal It is from the common mint, having upon it, perhaps, a faint scar of the divine image. The coin pitched into the fire of appetite and blasphemy comes out a cinder.

The Masonic society is well calculated from its principles, leaving the sons of the wealthy to colleges, to become the *alma mater* of the children of the poor; to have a Masonic mission like that of New York in every city, to support women of Masonic faith, devoted through their whole lives to Masonic care of the fatherless, to be a grand nursery and educator, in its true and broad sense, of the young ready to perish, to find a remedy for the vast amount of young life running to waste, sweeping through the sewers of the social fabric, this under current of taint and desolation, to find a remedy for the tens of thousands shivering on straw, cradled in reeking filth, drinking in blasphemy and obscenity and cunning policies of sin.

The remedy is not surely in multiplying Masonic degrees, in mere additions to Masonic number, in processions and grand display, and sumptuous dinners and expensive funerals, in show and form, and titled officers. These children need words of healing and works of power. They need, first, the hand of temporal relief, the atmosphere of a true home, with the true charity which teaches them to assert their own manliness, by supporting themselves by the honest labor of their own hands; and, secondly, religious and intellectual training. We are pleased that many Masons encourage the industrial schools of the cities, combining education and labor, in which multitudes are educated, taught to work, supplied with a warm dinner daily, and with such clothing as they learn to make. There are stores in this connection furnishing partial work for forty or fifty boys each.

My Masonic brother, have you not a call to work? Is there not a place around you white with a harvest awaiting your effort?

Masonry—Union—Conservative, yet Progressive.

Masonry, while favoring a healthy and safe progress, exerts a conservative influence. We find a striking illustration of this in our country since the close of the war. Politicians, lawyers, preachers and churches are too often elements of discord, division and strife, and through the press, pulpit, synods, conferences, legislatures and courts, may have retarded, on both sides, union, delaying construction, and rendering reconciliation more difficult.

If the question of reconstruction had been submitted to a body of Freemasons, governed alone by the promptings, impulses, and practical wisdom of the craft, it would have been decided long since, and the Union restored as firmly as before the war. The churches have been divided, the pulpit prostituted, literature poisoned, justice prevented, legislation corrupted, the judicial ermine soiled; but Freemasonry has not been deranged, nor the wonted courtesies and intercourse interrupted.

The country has been divided, churches parted, families and brethren separated, congregations scattered, the strongest ties of society broken; but the Masonic family and relationship remain in their integrity. When men will hold intercourse in no other way, when they will not speak when they meet, nor sit in the same pew in the house of God, nor kneel at the same altar of prayer, approach the same sacramental table, nor worship in the same temple of Christ, they will and do sit in the same Lodge-room.

Freemasonry is the most catholic and yet the most exclusive institution in the world—its benevolence seen in its general, and its self-love in its personal aims—bringing into union all nations and races, harmonizing all discords, adjusting all differences, and uniting in one work all conflicting elements; knowing no sectarianism, recognizing no bigotry, tolerating no sectionalism, speaking a universal language, its life-blood beating and throbbing in the universal heart, the conservative power of government, the attracting force of society, and the mighty lever of universal progress.

What would be the moral and social condition of the United States, at present, but for the restraining and conservative influence of Masonic truth, and principle and organizations? It brings men and holds them together in union. It is moral stimulus, prolonging the life of the patient, sick from the miasms without, beginning at the lower and advancing towards the higher principles of moral, social, and spiritual development.

Do not forget, brethren, the complimentary concert to Bro. Widdows Saturday night.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS, P. G. M.

Lotus Eating in Havana.

Having stated in two articles, and at some length, our objections to the proposed purchase of land and buildings in Havana, under the supposition that we are going to get ten and sixpence for a dollar, we proposed to let the matter alone for a while, or, at least, until there was some new development in the affair, and we depart from that resolution only to briefly notice an article from the pen of the Masonic editor of a secular contemporary, by which the writer no doubt fondly imagines he has taken out our spinal column and whistled through it. The first and most striking point in the article is a remarkably novel joke about "Simon says, up," and which, on account of its novelty, the first paragraph is devoted to explaining. The other is this:

"But you say that 'the success of the Hall and Asylum is on the point of being realized.' It is, eh?

"Just this near: You have a sight for a Hall bought and paid for; you have, or ought to have, money enough on hand to commence building it; and you dare not say that you, if you had a million—enough to complete five Halls—*will use that site*, nor that you won't use it; you have just reached that point so near success that you cannot take another step without risking a riving of the Grand Lodge of the State. In short, you are so near a happy conclusion of your labor that you cannot take one step more without imminent risking of absolute destruction. *That's what's the matter with you;* and it is idle to cry peace, honor, glory, when every right-headed and hearted man in the fraternity sees, knows and feels that there is no peace, but great danger of dishonor and disaster are right ahead."

There is a good deal of sound argument in both of them. The first shows a fitting contempt for the practice obtaining among gentlemen of confining discussion to the subject in hand and avoiding silly references to persons. The second demonstrates that the writer is an ardent friend of the Hall and Asylum, sincerely anxious that it should proceed, if for nothing else, that the Grand Lodge might be "riven," but laying himself open to the suspicion that he is anxious to get hold of the Havana property that he may throw it into the breach when it takes place. We can afford to let the slur pass for what it is worth, but we are glad that the brethren should know that the reward of honest and earnest effort is but too often in the venom spewed out in the paragraph above quoted.

In stating our objections to the proposed acquisisition of the People's College, we specially avoided all reference to persons or motives and treated it as a mistaken venture, which, if successful, would saddle the fraternity with somebody else's white elephant, and we merely remark, in passing, that saying smart things or crying down the Hall and Asylum and their friends won't go a great ways towards making proselytes to the Havana undertaking.

One of our chief objections to the proposed acquisition is that it requires the Masonic fraternity to accept the original trust and go into the public education business. The special advocate of the measure now admits that the public school will have to be maintained, but claims that there is a positive advantage in that, because the public will thus get the benefit of Masonic instruction. Be that as it may, the objection holds good, and as we have previously remarked, the school or college will hold the first place and the Asylum the second, and the Asylum will not be a purely Masonic Home for the care of the aged and indigent, but a College with an Asylum tacked on. If the trust is accepted, it must be honorably carried out, and, therefore, our trustees cannot accept it, because they are bound by the act of incorporation to the endowment of a Masonic Asylum only. There must then be a separate organization and a separate fund to carry on the college.

But, if it shall appear from the investigation and report of M. W. Bro. Lewis and his coadjutors that the property can be lawfully transferred to the Trustees of the Hall and Asylum Fund without other let or hindrance than the payment of say $10,000, then, of course, we could not oppose the proposition. We do not yet see it in that light, however, and retain our neutrality until we hear from the Investigating Committee.

Put on the Brakes.

One of the apparently inevitable consequences of work in a Lodge U. D., is that all the brethren become possessed with the idea that there is only a certain amount of material left in the world to make Masons of, and that they must hurry or they will fail to get their share. Every member therefore bestirs himself to bring up his friends and acquaintances, and the friends and acquaintances of his friends and acquaintances. Necessarily they are all good fellows, hence the committee of investigation is a mere matter of form, which must be allowed because it is the fashion, but not because there is the least need of it—oh, no. Special meetings follow, as a matter of course, for how otherwise would these good fellows ever get through? Why, some of them might have to wait a whole month for a degree, a state of affairs too shocking for contemplation—hence the steam is turned on with forty locomotive power, and away we go, drums beating, colors flying, and after us the deluge! We are of the number of those who dislike to injure the feelings of others, and hence we would not say anything, if it were not that duty compels us, and we therefore mildly whisper in the ears of some of our Lodges U. D., not more than four thousand miles from the City Hall, that they are traveling too fast. The pace is killing, in a literal sense, as they will find when they come before the Grand Lodge for a warrant. We have heard of one case where the brethren feel sure that there can be no doubt of their getting a warrant because they have increased their membership nearly fifty in less than two months; surely the Grand Lodge will not hesitate to confirm such prosperity, and by its warrant confirm the working of this smoothly running grist mill. We counsel our brethren not to be too sanguine, at all events to put on the brakes, and if possible initiate no more candidates for the present. The judgment of the Grand Lodge will incline to those who have gone slow and sure, and if any warrant be refused, the 2.40 chaps will most likely find themselves on that list. Little by little will in time lead us a great way, and we shall thus get to our journey's end with greater satisfaction to ourselves and greater profit to the craft than by putting on seven league boots and attempting to get there at a single stride.

Favorable Symptoms.

We have received the usual notice of the meeting of the Supreme Council, N. J., of which M. P. Simon W. Robinson is the chief, and note with pleasure that it is to be convened in Boston on the 15th May. We see, also, that the other body, of which K. H. Van Rensalaer is the presiding officer, is called to meet at the same place and on the same day. The committees will thus have a favorable opportunity to meet, and the bodies will be at hand to ratify what may be agreed upon. Under these circumstances we indulge a strong hope that there may be a cordial and permanent union, and that henceforward the Ancient and Accepted Rite, moving as an unit, may continue its existence without opposition from any source, and free from the dangers to other organizations of the craft which now attend it. Under a single Supreme Council for the Northern Jurisdiction Scottish Masonry would command respect, and the distinctions of its higher degrees and offices would be worth striving for and maintaining. We, therefore, trust that the bodies will not adjourn until a complete fusion has been effected, and the past officially obliterated. Should this happy consummation be effected, we offer our services to do a share of the shouting and fireworks.

More Nice than Wise.

Our friend Gouley, of the St. Louis *Freemason*, which, by the way, is a capital paper, and extremely creditable to the tact and industry of its editor, seems disposed to run a muck against such of his cotemporaries as have the misfortune to contain advertisements. In a recent issue he calls special attention to the objectionable features, and indicates the exact line in each paper which excites his ire, threatening at the same time that if his suggestions are not attended to he will be compelled to make some further remarks, like the Speaker of the House of Commons, who, when the ordinary appliances fail to bring the members to order, threatens to name names, whereupon the most unruly are cowed. We have not verified the lines objected to, and for aught we know they may be within the rule of things not proper to be written; but while we presume that the uninitiated would not take the trouble to wade through a long Masonic advertisement, and if they did would not discover the things to which Bro. G. objects, we submit that his careful analysis, as published in his paper, will have the effect of particularly drawing attention to the articles in question, and the proprietors, following the bent of human nature, will let the lines stand. We commend to our brother editor the old saying about one man leading a horse to water, but a hundred being unable to make him drink.

Answers to Correspondents.

L. V.—"Please give your opinion on the following state of facts: A candidate having petitioned the Lodge, and the petition having been received and the usual course followed, a majority report of the investigating committee was presented, which the Master declared sufficient, and the ballot was therefore spread. The result not appearing satisfactory, the Master ordered a new ballot; but the result being still unfavorable, the Master so declared it, and that the petition was rejected. A few moments after the Master was notified that there was a brother present who had not voted. The Master proceeded to verify this result by counting the ballots in the box, and ascertaining that some brother had refused to vote. He then ordered the ballot spread a third time, when the candidate was elected. Please say whether—

"1. The Master could accept a majority report of the investigating committee.

"2. Could a brother be obliged to vote when he desired not to do so on account of the report not being unanimous?

"3. Is the ballot-box inviolable for all except the Master?

"4. After official declaration of rejection, can the ballot be lawfully spread the third time?"

Answer.—1. It is the province of the Lodge to accept the report; if, however, the Master proposes that it be accepted, and no one objects, that is usually held to be sufficient, without the formality of taking a vote.

2. Every brother must vote, unless unanimously excused by the Lodge.

3. Inviolability applies to the ballot rather than to the box which contains it; that is to say, that when we say that the ballot is strictly secret and inviolable, we mean that no measures can be adopted to ascertain how any brother has voted, or his reasons for his vote, be it favorable or otherwise. As a part of this plan, the ballot-box is not usually submitted to the general inspection, as thus the members are left in doubt as to the number of black balls cast against a candidate, and the difficulty of worming out the secret, supposing any one to be thus inclined, is greatly increased.

4. When the state of the ballot has been officially declared from the East, that is the end of it for six months.

Trial.—"A brother belonging to the same Lodge with myself was made the subject of charges for unmasonic conduct, and, after due trial, was indefinitely suspended. He gives notice of appeal, and demands of the Lodge a full copy of the evidence, for his use in prosecuting the appeal. Are we obliged to furnish him the copy demanded?"

Answer.—No. Your duty is to deposit with the Grand Secretary a certified copy of all the proceedings in the case as soon after receiving notice of intention to appeal as possible. The appellant can then, if he chooses, go to the office and take a copy for himself.

Momus.—There is no place in the proceedings of a Lodge where the laugh properly comes in. It is true that we are sometimes obliged to smile metaphorically at the way things are conducted; but in the ordinary acceptation, there is no more room for laughter in Lodge proceedings than in the service at church. Light and frivolous conversation in the ante-room, and especially joking with candidates when about to be initiated, is highly reprehensible. After the Lodge is closed, if the hour be reasonable, half an hour might be spent in getting off the bottled-up jokes, and giving vent to the suppressed "lafture," without detriment; but in the Lodge let us be serious.

P. C. L.—What is called parliamentary law obtains to a greater or less extent in all associations of men assembled for deliberative purposes where the English language is spoken, but it has less influence in a Masonic Lodge than probably in any other place, for the reason that it is the prerogative of the Master to conduct the labors in the manner which to him seems most judicious. For his own convenience, however, as well as that of the Lodge, the Master usually observes the well known usages of deliberative assemblies; but if he should think proper to step aside from them, the Lodge would have to submit. The by-laws of your Lodge cannot be temporarily suspended under any circumstances. A suspension practically amounts to an amendment, which can only be had in the usual way.

Junior.—According to the old Constitutions a petition for initiation had to lie over for one month before it could be acted upon. Under the letter of our Constitution, however, a petition received one week is balloted on the next, and the result being favorable the candidate initiated. This is pretty good progress, and it will not take more than another generation or so to arrange matters in such shape that a man will be initiated a month before he sends in his petition. If ever another storm overtakes us, much of its power will be due to the weak-kneed vessels taken into our Lodges without probation or preparation, and who will be sure to warp out of place at the first exposure to the weather.

M. D.—It does not follow that because a petition is presented to your Lodge that it must be taken up any how. The Lodge has a perfect right to receive or reject any paper, except one from the Grand Lodge or Grand Master, or his Deputy; but if received and referred to a committee, then the whole form must be carried out, to and including the ballot, at a stated communication.

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Affiliation.—"The Grand Lodge of this State, at its last Annual Session, passed a law that Lodges U. D. can affiliate members. In Bro. John W. Simons' Masonic Jurisprudence it is affirmed that inasmuch as Lodges under dispensation are inchoate bodies they cannot affiliate members. Notwithstanding the law on the subject, we are of the opinion that it is not advisable to do so."

We clip the foregoing from the *Mail Bag*, and would feel indebted to its editor if he will be good enough to point out where it is affirmed in our jurisprudence that Lodges U. D. cannot affiliate members. Our copy takes the opposite view.

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At the Annual Conclave of Palestine Commandery, held on April 15, 1867, at their asylum, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Sir John A. Lefferts, E. C.; Sir John F. Baldwin, Geno.; Sir John C. Lefferts, Capt. Gen.; Sir Robert J. Johnston, Prelate; Sir David Graham, S. W.; Sir Joseph F. Waring, J. W.; Sir Albert Terhune, Treas.; Sir Thomas S. Crump, Recorder; Sir Joseph Wilson, Sword Bearer; Sir Alex. Evans. Standard Bearer; Sir J. W. Axford, Warden; Sir George Grovencke, Capt. of Guard; Sir E. B. Edwards and W. B. Drummond, Guards; Sir Richard England, Sentinel.

——:o:——

At the Annual Conclave of Indivisible Friends' Commandery, No. 36, held Friday evening, April 5th, the following officers were elected and installed:

Sir James H. Redfield, E. C.; Sir Charles C. J. Beck, Geno.; Sir William H. Peckham, C. G.; Sir Stephen Haff, Prelate; Sir Peter Martin, S. W.; Sir Richard Hurley, J. W.; Sir Edward P. Fox, Treas.; Sir A. P. Moriarty, Recorder; Sir C. C. Greenough, Standard Bearer; Sir W. Ver Hoeven, Sword Bearer; Sir Gideon S. Kinsy, Warder; Sir C. Peyton, Sentinel; Sirs S. Pearsall, J. R. Auld, F. Young, Guards; Sirs John Hanna, M. Stewart, G. H. Raymond, Trustees.

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Extracts—Letters.

Fort Valley, Ga.

My wife prizes the National Freemason above all other papers, and keeps the numbers with as much care as she does her Sunday bonnet. She reads everything, even the advertisements. Let me know when I am indebted to you and I will remit, even if I have to dispense with coffee.

The following, from an esteemed lady who got up a club in Pennsylvania, will be read with interest by our friends:

April 11th, 1867.

I heard one of my club say that "his wife, Mrs. S., would know as soon as he received his paper, as he would be both deaf and blind to all else." I look for my paper each week. Of course there are many things I cannot understand, but I feel that if I profit as I should by what I do understand, I shall be much the gainer at the end of the year, by being one of the readers of your paper, and think my needle well employed when it earned my subscription. Already I have found some beautiful things which are perfect gems in themselves; not only that, but also comforting and encouraging, and giving my thoughts a higher and better range. I know not why it is, but I feel that I must tell you that in the last number I found a song, which carried me back in memory to my childhood's home, and placed me again at my father's knee, and I fancied I could hear that father's voice again as he repeated "Woodman, spare that Tree" in tones which were music to my childish ears.

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We invite the especial attention of our Ohio readers to the "Virginia" column of Masonic intelligence for a most gratifying evidence of fraternity to one of their Masons.

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REPLIES.

Hereafter all replies to correspondents will be found under the head of the jurisdiction whence they emanate. This will promote the perfect classification of our matter.

R. McMURDY.

Envy and Strife.

Envy is a restless and tormenting passion, darkening the mind and perverting the judgment. When our own consciences suggest a contrast between our defective Masonic morality and the moral excellence of another; or when the splendor of superior talents casts our abilities into the shade, drawing away from us the regards of those by whom we were once admired, it is natural that we should feel pain, and that this pain should lead to alienation of heart. This will be the more likely, if the rival candidate for popularity treats us with contempt or studied neglect, or if he should seem to *enjoy* our mortification, and seek occasions of triumph. Such conduct, however unmasonic and barbarous, is not uncommon in the world; nor is it unknown in the Lodge. Brethren who are the favorites of the fraternity are too apt to forget what is due to their humbler brethren—too apt to assume airs of importance—to be aprupt, unequal and uncourteous in their demeanor, and from their elevation to look down on men equal to themselves in all Masonic virtue, and perhaps superior in solid attainments. Like Diotrephes they love to have the pre-eminence. They form themselves into cliques—into a kind of Masonic aristocracy. This may not often be the case, but it sometimes occurs.

On the other hand, there are some men of an unhappy constitution, of weak minds, disordered nerves and irritable tempers, whose conscious feebleness renders them excessively sensitive, and liable to take offense where none is intended. The interests of Masonry require that they should be frequently passed over—that they should not be put forward prominently—that great interests should not be imperiled by committing it to feeble management. But frequently the pride of such persons is extremely morbid, their ambition being in the inverse ratio of their abilities. Deeming every successful brother a rival, there is, for every laurel placed on his brow, a thorn planted in their pillows. They feel depressed by his elevation, and insulted by his honor. His presence is a grievance. Daring to soar above them, he committed an unpardonable offense, for which they are determined to "*humble him*"—that is, to tarnish his reputation or injure his usefulness. His character now becomes the object of most jealous scrutiny. His indiscretions are sharply rebuked. His activity is set down as the working of ambition; his plans of usefulness as schemes of self-aggrandizement. All his conduct is misinterpreted. The jaundiced eye of envy reads his action backwards. The smouldering fires, which the efforts of Masonic charity had hitherto repressed, at length break out in their fury—envy has grown into hatred, and hatred has assumed the hydra form of faction. There is a rent—a *schism* in the body; and the forces of Freemasonry, drawn off from their war upon vice and ignorance, are summoned to the internal conflict, where friend meets friend, and brother encounters brother, in the exterminating strife.

In Lodges, occasionally, there are some brothers in whom the qualities of the drone are combined with those of the wasp; whenever they stir, they are sure to sting. They will neither work themselves nor suffer others to work.

All their efforts are obstructive. Their slumbers are broken by the hum of Masonic activity, and then they rise to rebuke the unwelcome disturbance.

Or, perhaps the Masonic discipline has been exercised. Instead of submitting humbly to a just penalty, he deems himself injured, and labors to stir up the sympathy of his friends and raise a party in his favor. When he succeeds thus far, he retaliates, and presumes to discipline the Masonic body by which he has been dealt with.

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The anti-Masonic world feels hatred for its best, its Masonic benefactor.

Worthy of Imitation.

A brother, who had been wealthy in California, by legal legerdemain was rendered poor, and on his way to this city, two years ago, met with a railroad accident which crippled him for life, and incapacitated him for labor. His poor relatives were not able to meet his necessities. He called upon Bro. G., who presented the matter to Stella Lodge, Brooklyn, which voted him fifty dollars. Bro. S., acting as chairman of the committee, gave him the $50, but, impressed with his helpless condition, added another $50, and with tearful eyes the blessing of a brother ready to perish was given to Bro. S.

Is it not more blessed to give than to receive? Try it, brethren!

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Before church service on Sunday morning, we made an early visit to Bellevue Hospital. We found Bro. Nichols improving. Bro. Sullivan, in a lower ward, anxiously awaited our call. He feels that he cannot recover, and wished the services of the church, which were freely given. It was a solemn communion scene. As we were leaving, the dying man whispered, "I thank you, brother, for this service, and also for the National Freemason. It has been of great moral, Masonic and spiritual strength to me."

This is the test of our journal. A brother, in his closing moments, values that most which has fitted him for his long future. This commendation from the dying chamber cheers us in our work.

Major P. (referred to in our last), at St. Luke's, is improving. Our brother, Admiral Farragut, found time to visit St. Luke's last Sunday, talk to the patients, and admire the arrangements of this perfect hospital.

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Our late brother, Dr. Simeon Abrahams, made the following bequests by will: His body disposed of for scientific purposes or for burial, according to wish of his family; his debts to be paid immediately; to his brother Benjamin, during his life, the income of $50,000; to his sister, Mrs. Dyer, during life, the income of $30,000; to the Hebrew Benevolent Society, $25,000; to the Jews' Hospital, $25,000; to the Lying-in Asylum, Marion street, $3,000; to the American Female Guardian Society, $5,000; to the Orphan Asylum, Bloomingdale, $5,000; to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, $3,000; to the Firemen's Fund Association, $1,000; to the Deaf and Dumb Institution, $3,000; to the Old Ladies' Home, Twentieth street, $20,000; to the Blind Asylum, Ninth Avenue, $5,000; to the Juvenile Asylum for the Reformation of Delinquents, $2,000; to the New York Dispensary, $1,000; to the Northern Dispensary, $1,000; to the Eastern Dispensary, $1,000; to the Demilt Dispensary, $1,000; to the Western Dispensary, $1,000; to the Northeastern Dispensary, $1,000; to the Northwestern Dispensary, $1,000; to the New York Ophthalmic Hospital, $2,000; to the Juvenile Asylum, $3,000; to the New York Society for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Medical Men, $5,000; to the Nursery and Child's Hospital, $3,000; to the Colored Home, $5,000; to the Association for the Benefit of Colored Orphans, $5,000; to each executor who shall qualify, in addition to his regular fees (three in number), $1,000 each, $3,000.

The use of house and lot is given to his brother and sister during their lives, with all taxes, assessments, water rents, etc., paid.

All the rest, residue and remainder of his property is given to the New York Hospital, to which institution he also gives all the property of which his brother and sister have the use while living (house included) after their death.

Why should not such Masons as Bro. Abrahams remember the widows and orphans of Freemasons specially? Let our charity be diffusive, but not so diffusive as to ignore Masonic claims. We should have been pleased to have seen among these donations one of $20,000 to the Hall and Asylum Fund.

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Some of the craft banners, under which the Scottish craftsmen fought in the troubles of the 17th century, are still in existence. One bears this inscription: "*The perfect honor of a craft, or beauty of a trade, is not in wealth, but in moral worth, whereby virtue gains renown,*" and is surmounted by the words "Grace and Peace," bearing date 1604.

The American Colony at Jaffa.

Some brethren have thought us at fault in not joining in the paroxysm of misrepresentation about the colony to Palestine. While we have no sympathy with the prevailing religion of the colonists, we are not disposed to do them injustice. The most of them are Freemasons, and as such we feel a deep interest in their welfare.

We have patiently waited for the truth, and now we have it, and officially declared.

Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, under the pressure of an excited public, appointed as agent a gentleman in direct religious opposition to the colonists, Rev. Mr. Bidwell, to visit Palestine. Mr. Sanford, who accompanies Mr. Bidwell, reports:

The colony numbers about 169 persons, old and young. The majority of the members express themselves entirely satisfied with their situation and prospects. But a very respectable minority are in favor of returning to America. At the meeting last night a vote was taken by Mr. Bidwell on these two questions: "1st. Are you satisfied in regard to your situation here?" The vote was a unanimous one in the affirmative. "2d. Do any of you wish to return?" All voted but one. This exception was a pale-faced and decidedly intellectual looking woman. She, in accents sad and plaintive, said, "I wish to go home to America." I confess the word home sounded strangely sweet to me, and my sympathies are decidedly with the lone voter. Mr. Adams and all with whom I have conversed, are of the opinion that the colony will be a success. Religiously, they believe that the whole land will enjoy a prosperity and glory unparalleled in history. They say that they have had an abundance to eat and drink during their sojourn here, and now have about three hundred acres under cultivation, which bid fair to produce a large yield of corn, wheat, potatoes, and the necessaries of life. Four adults and seven children have died since the colony settled here.

The colony have built quite a number of houses, having brought the lumber all the way from Maine. A three-story hotel is now being erected in the village, and is well under way. All the members speak in the highest terms of the kindness of the Turks and Arabs to them, and in very strong terms of the unkindness and unfairness of the American Vice-Consul at Jaffa.

A∴ and A∴ Rite.

We understand that the brethren of this Rite attached to the Supreme Council and Sovereign Grand Consistory for the Northern Jurisdiction of the United States of America, will hold their Annual Session on Wednesday, May 15, at Nassau Hall, in the city of Boston, Mass.

It is known to most of our readers that there are in this jurisdiction two bodies, each claiming to be a Supreme Council, and we learn that there is a very general feeling among the influential members of both organizations to settle all differences and misunderstandings which have so long existed. We heartily approve of this, and bid the brethren God speed.

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Garibaldi will appear soon in a new character, that of a writer of romance, in which the scene is laid at Rome, and priests are the principal actors. It is already in process of translation, and is to appear first in America. Garibaldi having been a naturalized citizen of the United States, it is supposed he can take advantage of our copyright law and thus aid his scanty fortune. Garibaldi is also engaged in writing a complete edition of his memoir.

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Raymond Lodge, U. D.—By especial invitation, in company with our Hon. Bro. Dawson, of Georgia, we spent a delightful evening, April 20, at the second concert of the Lodge. To say the music has seldom been excelled is a faint statement of the truth. Where all did so well it would be impossible to discriminate.

To Our Exchanges.

Messrs. Quinn & Chase, special advertising agents for National Freemason, request our exchanges to send them their advertising rates, and their net cash estimate for one-third of a column for one year. P. O. box 5780.

An Appeal.

Manhattan Chapter gave last night fifty dollars to the following object, to be sent to the Grand Secretary of Georgia, to be forwarded to the committee named below. Who will do likewise? We should write more, but we have for months made appeal upon appeal and first set in motion the relief movement.

Cherokee Lodge, No. 66,
Rome, Floyd Co., Ga.,
April 19, A. D. 1867, A. L. 5867.

Dear Brethren:

The Lodge has made it our duty to make known to you the destitute condition of a large number of indigent Master Masons, and the widows and orphan children of such, in our jurisdiction. These are now actually suffering for bread, and other common necessaries of life, and unless they get immediate assistance their sufferings will be intense.

In order to relieve them we have not only exhausted the funds of the Lodge, but have gone as deeply into debt as we dared to. Private contributions from our members also have been as liberal as their means would justify. Hence, we with confidence appeal to you individually, and collectively, for such assistance as you may feel able to send us for those unfortunate sufferers. Be it great or small, we assure you it will be gratefully received and properly applied.

There have been some provisions sent here for the poor, but the demand was so great they were soon distributed, and have long since been consumed.

Hoping that this appeal will be received with favor, and that we will hear from you soon, we are, most

Respectfully and Fraternally Yours,
Josiah I. Wright, W. M.
Thos. J. Perry, S. W.
R. V. Mitchell, J. W.

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The *News* of Texas says:

The National Freemason.—This meritorious publication has been changed from Washington to New York and from a monthly to a weekly. It is one of the most neatly printed and best conducted papers in the country, and, aside from its Masonry, is distinguished for its literary taste and adaptation to the wants of the family. One thing which has added to the interest felt in it at the South is its steady and entire disregard of sectionalism, nothing of the political conflicts of the day being ever admitted into its columns. Albert Pike, who is well known as one of the most active and advanced Masons in the South, commends its most heartily as the best publication of its kind in the United States. He says: "Every Mason who has four dollars left could not do better than to use it in subscribing for this truly National Freemason, which, knowing meanwhile precisely what we say, we hereby most heartily endorse."

The *Citizen* (Wis.) says:

If any of our Masonic friends want a sound, well printed, and in every particular a well gotten up and really a valuable weekly journal, for the benefit of the *craft*, send for the National Freemason.

The Baltimore *Telegram* says:

We have perused from week to week with the greatest interest the brief biographical sketches of eminent American Masons, as published in the National Freemason. Few of the inveterate enemies of our fraternity know or care to know of the bright array of distinguished names which the passing years are ever adding to our Masonic as well as our national galaxy. In the State and in the Church the preponderance of talent is or has been affiliated with Masonry, and its humanizing influences permeate society to a degree little suspected even by Masons themselves. The perusal of such biographies affords every rational man the best proof of the value of the fraternity to society generally and gives him the strongest reason to wish for its dissemination among good men of all nations and all creeds. We exhort our brethren to secure at least the numbers of the National Freemason which contain these brief but delightful sketches.

Intelligencer, of South Carolina, says:

The National Freemason.—Members of the ancient fraternity of Freemasons cannot invest a small sum to greater advantage than by subscribing to this choice Masonic weekly. Independent of its speciality as an organ of the craft, this paper is an unexceptional companion for the fireside and family.

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That truly wise Freemason, Sir Walter Scott, said: "Through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance."

Grand Secretaries.

BY COUNSEL B.

In my former letter, I intimated the desirability of turning Grand Secretaries into Grand Masters "*de jure;*" I meant that Grand Secretaries' powers should be established upon the same footing with similar prerogatives to those enjoyed by the Mayors of the Palace during the period of the imbecile Merovingian dynasty in France. The Grand Master's duties should be not only simple obedience to the dictates of the Grand Secretary, but he must be, during the term of his office, what the rod was in the hand of Aaron, a mute staff of support to his appointee, and a brazen serpent to all who in any way attempt to thwart the will and pleasure of the R. W. G. Secretary. For that purpose, it is absolutely essential that each and all the Grand Secretaries should maintain that Masonry is "*cosmopolitan;*" that we should continue to *take Jews in*, as we have hitherto done, with the time-honored promises and assurances. But it must not be understood that these promises, etc., ought to be literally fulfilled by us, for the cogent reasons given in the famous article "Universality." This action will tend to enlist many under their leadership, whom you can then easily induce to vote in every jurisdiction as follows:

1st. That the office of the G. S. shall be perpetual.

2d. That he shall appoint his successor; and,

3d. That the G. S. shall annually or otherwise appoint the M. W. G. M. and Wardens.

To make the reason for this change obvious, it is only necessary to state a fact which no one can dispute. When a G. S. has been in office, say five or six years, he, of course, becomes posted in the duties connected with his Grand Lodge. Let us even assume that he is imbued with a little *pardonable vanity*, which his position naturally engenders. As a consequence thereof, he is apt to chafe under the dictation of a superior—especially so when that superior or G. M. is a new hand—a struggle for mastery ensues, the result may be that the poor Secretary has to succumb, or, for self-defense, he is necessitated to surround himself with a staff of friends; they resort to modes of making the G. M. unpopular. These *combinations* are usually denounced by the troublesome, vulgar, or conscientious by the slang terms of the "*ring,*" "*cabal,*" "*clique,*" etc.; but, in polite language, they are properly termed the "Secretary's adherents." It cannot be denied that the motives of these "adherents," with few exceptions, are not based on respect or affection for their chief, but *each* one of them endeavors to use the others as a means to gratify his own ambitious views. Common interest will for a time induce unity of action, but the poor Secretary has often to humiliate himself by bowing to the will of a dozen or so, every one of whom he regards as his inferiors; he has, in fact, only changed his condition of being consigned from the control of one man to that of a dozen—for the moment an open rupture takes place in that "combination," from that moment his power is gone. Witness the outrageous conduct of a certain Grand Lodge to her Secretary, which Bro. Reynolds appropriately and biblically denominated "Crucify him!" Such unmasonic conduct as displacing a G. S. should in future be made an impossibility. It is true that some Grand Secretaries have been exceedingly fortunate in gagging, by means of some State law, their GG.·. MM.·. It is equally true that other GG.·. SS.·. have generally managed to get men after their own heart elected to fill the highest offices. But it cannot be denied that these experiments, though successful once, are too dangerous to be repeated often. This plan of government is very precarious. Large assemblies are proverbially fickle. Our Grand Secretaries are not always loved by the Masonic community, even their "adherents" are not always their genuine friends. Some in several jurisdictions are openly expressing dissatisfaction at the overbearing demeanor of Grand Secretaries, or what they consider so. Causes of various kinds, either simply or collectively, may produce a change at any subsequent election. Instead of electing King Log for G. M., who knows whether it may not be King Stork, a man of mind, with a will of his own? Grand Secretaries should be prompted by the duty they owe to themselves, and take time by the forelock. With the immense power they wield over the fraternity, with their well established reputation for bold courage and ingenious dissimulation,

> "Who the law with ease can explain away
> And can lead bewildered sense astray,
> Much to the credit of their brain
> Can puzzle the cause they can't maintain,
> Proceed, then, on their familar ground,
> And, where they can't convince, confound."

They can ride roughshod, "carriage and six," through Constitutions, charges and what not, and succeed to their hearts' content in establishing the powers of Grand Secretaries on a permanent basis.

A Call for Help.

Who will respond to the call of the widows and orphans of the South for bread? Yes, there are many such that are "actually starving" for want of food; from private letters, whose writers do not and would not exaggerate the cry of distress of those in want.

They call upon us for aid to sustain life; shall they call in vain? Can we, who are able to help these starving ones, let them DIE in want and misery? Can we look to God for his blessing if we do not as much as in us lays? Let us at once help these poor creatures, the victims of the wickedness of others. Shall we not verify the sayings of the Saviour while on earth, it is more blessed to give than receive? Can we violate the principles of Christian charity, to let those people suffer and die for want of food and clothing, when we are able to relieve them? Can we, as Masons, disregard the cry of the widows and orphans of our deceased brothers? God always hears the cry of distress, and He will not hold us guiltless if we do not aid them to the best of our ability, for He has said, "Inasmuch as ye do it to those poor *starving* ones, ye do it to me." We cannot disobey God's commands and expect His blessing. Will not those who are rich contribute at once to the relief of these poor people? Delay is death to them. Who will start in the matter first? The call is urgent, and admits of no delay. Contributions of money, clothing, or provisions, sent to Rev. Mr. WYN, of Savannah, Georgia, will be faithfully distributed to those most in need, or articles or money sent to Mr. H. H. SASNETT, will be properly applied; his P. O. address is Box 310, Savannah, Ga. Further information can be had by applying to Mr. R. C. ROGERS, 88 Jackson Street, N. Y.

Franklin's Electrical Dinner.

Several of our contemporaries are at fault in attributing to Professor MORSE the credit of sending electric messages across bodies of water without the aid of wire conductors. Our eminent brother, Dr. FRANKLIN, thus wrote Peter Collinson, of London:

"Chagrined a little that we have hitherto been unable to produce nothing in this way of use to mankind, and the hot weather coming on when electrical experiments are not so agreeable, it is proposed to put an end to them for this season, somewhat humorously, in a party of pleasure on the banks of the Schuylkill. Spirits at the same time are to be fired *by a spark sent from side to side through the river, without any conductor but water;* an experiment which was some time since performed to the amazement of many. A turkey is to be killed for our dinner by the electric shock, and roasted by the electric jack, before a fire kindled by the electrified bottle, when the health of all the famous electricians of England, Holland, France and Germany are to be drunk in electrified bumpers, under a discharge of guns from the electrical battery."

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK.

Little Falls Lodge, No. 181, laments the death of their brother, Jacob C. Groff.

Indivisible Friendly Commandery, No. 36, elected the following officers:

Utica Commandery, No. 3, K. T.—Officers for the current year were installed by P. G. M. Ezra S. Barnum: Zenas C. Priest, E. C.; Harvey Barnard, G.; Henry W. Pell, C. G.; Thomas Davies, P.; Abel B. Buell, S. W.; Alfred Walker, J. W; Ezra S. Barnum, T.; Rees G. Williams, R.; Thomas C. Latimore, S. B.; Charles Reed, S. B.; George Kincaid, W.; Henry E. Owens, 1st G.; Charles J. Fox, 2d G.; James H. Howe, 3d G.; Thomas R. Thomas, C.; Thomas L. Morris, S.

Sir James H. Redfield, E. C.; Charles C. J. Beck, G.; William H. Peckham, C. G.; Stephen Haff, Pr.; Peter Martin, S. W.; Richard Hurley, J. W.; Edward P. Fox, T.; A. P. Moriarty, R.; C. C. Greenough, S. B.; P. W. M. Ver Hoeven, S. B.; Gideon S. Kinsey, W.; C. Peyton, S.; S. Pearsall, J. R. Auld, F. Young, Guards; John Hanna, M. Stewart, G. H. Raymond, Trustees.

New York City.—Arcturus Lodge, 274, laments the loss of Bro. M'Donald. He was buried with full Lodge attendance on Sunday last. Usual ceremonies.

Replies.—1. A visitor may speak by courtesy and consent of the Master.

2. Certainly, by calling for a ballot. A previous endorsement does not take away from a brother a right to change his mind and action. Besides, it must not be known who casts the black ball. A brother has the right to demand a ballot for second and third degrees, without assigning any cause therefor.

3. If the ballot has already passed, a brother may present his objections to the Master, upon whom the responsibility of subsequent proceedings rests, as in some jurisdictions; or, as in New York, a second ballot, after *a first favorable one*, being demanded on a candidate, the Lodge cannot lay the balloting over, but must proceed forthwith to ballot, if the demand be made at a regular communication.

4. In a ballot but one black ball is ever necessary to reject, and in no case may the name of the objector be demanded or sought for.

5. In New York a rejection for advancement is a rejection only for that communication, and the application may be renewed whenever and as often as the candidate may think proper.

6. Answer to question five indicates that he may proceed farther, but could not on that evening. If the brother designs to make no farther application, he may apply for such a proportion of the money as he thinks right, and the Lodge may donate it to him.

7. If he ever thinks of re-applying for the second and third degrees, he should make no such application as suggested in 6.

8. The decision of New York is plain. The dues of each applicant for a new Lodge must be paid in his old Lodge, up to the time of the application for a dispensation, and the applicants must have cards of withdrawal, so that there can be no dues thereafter to pay to the old Lodge.

KENTUCKY.

Louisville.—A new and third Commandery of Knights Templar has been organized, called "De Molay Commandery." Rt. Em. Sir Charles R. Woodruff, Grand Commander of Kentucky, assisted by R. E. Sir Wm. C. Munger, P. G. C., and Grand Recorder, installed the officers, as follows: Sir Richard G. Hawkins, Em. Com.; Sir James A. Beattie, Gen.; Sir Charles G. Davison, Capt. Gen.; Sir William Ryan, Prelate; Sir A. H. Gardner, Senior Warden; Sir Henry B. Grant, Junior Warden; Sir William Cromey, Treasurer; Sir J. M. S. M'Corkle, Recorder; Sir Charles Russman, St. Bearer; Sir Joseph G. Wilson, Sword Bearer; Sir Samuel Russell, Warder.

Louisville.—Howe Lodge of Perfection, No. 2, A. and A. S. R.—R. V. Snodgrass, T. P. G. M.; William H. Golderman, S. G. W.; J. G. Truland, J. G. W.; A. W. Freeman, Gr. O.; R. T. Clarke, G. A.; Levi Sloss, G. S.; J. W. Cook, G. T.; W. J. Mount, G. S. E.; C. A. Handwerker, G. J. E.; Frank P. Johnston, G. M. C.; John Garbutt, G. C. G.; Robert C. Mathews, G. T.

NEW JERSEY.

Long Branch.—Washington Lodge, No. 9, mourns the death of their brother, William Chasey. Usual resolutions.

VIRGINIA.

Richmond.—Bro. H. H. Poe, a cousin of Edgar Allen Poe, of Napoleon, Ohio, died a few days ago, at the Spotswood Hotel, of consumption. He was on his way home from the South, whither he had gone for his health. So soon as the Masons learned that he was a brother they went to his relief, and remained with him until his death. They procured a handsome metallic coffin, and inclosed his remains. Metropolitan Lodge, No. 11, and Richmond Randolph Lodge, No. 19, escorted them to the depot on their way to Ohio.

Were all citizens Masons, and were all Masons as faithful as these Virginia brethren, what trouble could there be about reconstruction, either North or South. The *Examiner* says:

There is a melancholy pleasure in contemplating the noble workings of this grand, universal brotherhood, as exemplified in this case. They do not stop to inquire from whence he came, what his creed or country, or political sentiments, or whether he had been a friend or a foe; to them he was a Mason and a brother, and that was all they desired to know. The "mystic tie" which bound them to him and him to them was as sacred in death as it had been in life, and the "stranger in a strange land" was as tenderly cared for as if he had died in the arms of his mother.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Guernsey.—At Loyalty Lodge, *three visitors* were requested to withdraw until the minutes of the last meeting had been read. It was contended by one party that, while visitors should be dismissed during private discussions, the reading of the minutes were not such, but public property. The other party contended that the minutes of that meeting contained the embodiment of the result of the discussions in private business, and therefore visitors should be excluded until such minutes were read.

AUSTRIA.

Masonry still continues under the ban of the authorities. A Masonic letter, on its way to England from the

Ottoman capital, was stopped passing through the Austrian post.

EGYPT.

There is complaint that the Anglican Lodges are creating more Lodges than there is a necessity for, or actually sufficient efficient members to work.

TURKEY.

R. W. Bro. Sir H. L. Bulwer, G. C. B., has resigned the D. Grand Mastership of Turkey, as he is leaving the country, and Bro. John Porter Brown, of Constantinople, the eminent Oriental scholar and able Mason, is appointed his successor.

Bro. Brown writes the able articles from Turkey, which have delighted our readers for four years.

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MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE

TENNESSEE.

(Concluded.)

That the habit of drunkenness, unfortunately indulged in by too many Masons, is at variance with the tenets and teachings of our Order, well calculated to bring it into disrepute, and should not be tolerated among the members of any Subordinate Lodge; and that suspension for minor offenses and expulsion for a confirmed habit of drunkenness be invariably adopted.

That we hold the disgusting and unmasonic habit of profanity in great contempt, and that it is the duty of every presiding officer, on proper occasions, to admonish his Lodge, with deliberate calmness and firmness, and endeavor by his influence to produce a general Masonic condemnation of that odious custom.

That the despicable habit of tattling and slandering is unworthy any man or Mason; and that in every case of well attested slander, the calumniator be immediately expelled from all the benefits of Masonry.

That this Grand Lodge considers the practice of gambling as decidedly unmasonic and unbecoming in Masons, and in the opinion of this Grand Lodge should not be tolerated by any Subordinate Lodge.

That in case the M. W. Grand Master is satisfied that any Lodge is in the habit of tolerating said practice, it shall be his duty to demand the Charter of such Lodge, and suspend their work until the next Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge.

That, in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, it is inexpedient to grant any dispensation for the formation of a new Lodge, if such new Lodge is to be located within ten miles of an old Lodge, except it be in a town containing not less than two thousand inhabitants, and except in cases where the Grand Master may, in his opinion, think the interests of the craft require it.

No dispensation shall hereafter be issued for the establishment of a new Lodge, unless the prayer of the petitioners be accompanied by a recommendation from the nearest chartered Lodge in the vicinity of the petitioners, stating expressly that the brothers recommended to be W. Master and Wardens of such Lodge are well qualified to confer correctly the first three degrees of Masonry.

That when a Subordinate Lodge alters, amends or changes its By-Laws, a copy of the same shall be submitted to the next Grand Lodge thereafter for its approval.

That, in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, non-affiliated Masons are not entitled, as a matter of right, to the charities or honors of the Order.

According to the ancient Constitutions of Masonry, no brother can be a Master until he has acted as a Warden in some regular Lodge.*

That the Subordinate Lodges of this jurisdiction be required not to make a Mason of a man who has not resided within the jurisdiction of the Subordinate Lodge, to which he may petition, for the term of twelve months, or shall produce a certificate of good character from the Lodge nearest his former place of residence.

That the W. Master, Senior or Junior Warden of each Subordinate Lodge shall be required to deliver one of the three lectures at least once in each month, in open Lodge.

That, in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, it is inexpedient for any Mason to be an active member of more than one Lodge. That any brother, being a member of more than one Lodge, shall not take part in the proceedings or vote in but one.

That Subordinate Lodges within this jurisdiction be and they are hereby instructed not to confer any degrees in Masonry upon any individual who is physically or mentally incapable of earning a livelihood or of receiving and imparting the ritual of Masonry.

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* It has been a practice to elect Masters from those only who have served as Wardens; but the practice is not to be adhered to. Lodges should select their best men to fill the offices.—*Report on Jurisprudence*, 1866.

ST. CECILE LODGE, NO. 568, F. & A. M.—Regular Communications 1st, 3d and 5th Tuesdays of every month, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the Lodge Rooms, corner of Fourth and Greene streets.

GEORGE F. ILSLEY, W. M.
DAVID GRAHAM, Secretary.

PROGRESSIVE CHAPTER, 198, R. A. M., meets in Ninth Street, near North First Street, Brooklyn, E. D., on the first and third Fridays in each month.

COUNCIL—M.·.E.·.S. S. CRANE, H. P. E.·.H. EWEN, K. E.·.J. H. MOTT, S.

PRIMITIVE CHAPTER, No. 5, ROSE CROIX, A.·. & P.·. R.·. M.·., meets 1st and 3d Fridays, N. W. cor. Broadway and 34th St.

B. S. Hill, M.·. W.·.
Geo. Russ, J.·. Kt. W.·.
C. Latour, S.·. Kt. W.·.
H. Clay Lanius, A.·.

☞ ZETLAND CHAPTER, 141, R. A. M. Change of Place of Meeting.

COMPANIONS—The Convocation of this Chapter will be held at Masonic Hall, Nos. 114 and 116 East 13th Street, between 3d and 4th Avenues, after May 1st, 1867.

Companions of sister Chapters are fraternally invited to attend.

WM. DIXON, H. P.

S. E. GARDINER, Secʼt.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

"We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come;
But other men our land will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sun shine as to-day,
A hundred years to come."

One hundred years to come, those who now inhabit the earth will have passed away, and another generation will be springing up. All nature will seem to be changing from one mystery to another, and the great wonders of time will be going on, while Dr. Hamilton's new remedies will be, as now, working out the diseases from the human system, and promulgation of their wonderful effects will continue to be sent forth and heralded throughout the land. Onward will be their course, and thousands who have been borne down by disease will be expressing themselves as may be seen by reading the following letters.

ELBA, GENESEE Co., N. Y., *Feb. 27th*, 1867.

PROF. R. L. HAMILTON:

DEAR SIR: I feel that is due to you, as well as to all persons afflicted with disease, that I express my gratitude to you for the great benefit which I have received from the use of your medicines. For some fifteen or twenty years my liver was in a very bad state, and my whole system was generally debilitated. I had been troubled with dizziness of the head so badly that at times it was difficult for me to stand upright, and I had blindness periodically, with a continued headache. My feet and hands were cold and lifeless, and for about a year I had been greatly afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism. When I commenced taking your remedies I could not close my hands or raise them to my head. While in this condition, I saw your advertisement in a newspaper, giving the symptoms of a deranged liver. I had most all of those symptoms. I was, therefore, induced to write to you and state my case. I did so, and received your reply. You wrote me that there would soon be a change in my disease, and stated what effect it would have on me. I thought, at first, you were trying to frighten me, so that I would send you money; but I soon discovered that I was really in a critical condition, and that the change in my disease was taking place, and that it was affecting me just as you wrote it would. I was sensible of the fact that, unless I had help soon, there would be none in my case. In view of this, and by the advice of a friend, I ordered a package of your medicines, and took them as you directed. In two days I was very much relieved, and continued to mend. I sent you the money for and received a second package; and before I had taken all of it I felt well. In about three weeks I gained twenty pounds of flesh, and felt the vigor of youth. I had not felt that before in twenty years. Physicians here said I never could be cured of rheumatism; but it is now four years that I have not been troubled with it. I am now about fifty-four years old, and am able to labor hard every day. I have reason to thank God that I learned of you, for the cure of my case was a remarkable one. I can most cheerfully recommend you to the afflicted, and have on several occasions done so. Many of my acquaintances have been under your treatment, and been entirely cured by your remedies. I know of but one who has applied to you that has not been greatly benefited, and that one you wrote to that you could not cure.

Truly yours, M. HOLLISTER.

GENESEE COUNTY, ss.:

M. Hollister, of Elba, in said county, being sworn, says that the facts set forth in the above statement are true. M. HOLLISTER.

Sworn to before me, this 27th
day of Feb., 1867,
H. STILLWELL,
Justice of the Peace.

IS BENEFITED BEYOND ALL EXPECTATION.

Mrs. Abel Goodnough, of Shingle Creek, N. Y., writes, March 4, 1866:

"The medicines you sent me were received and have been taken as directed. I feel that it is but an act of justice to state (and it gives me great pleasure to do so) that I have been benefited by your valuable remedies far beyond all expectations, or the most sanguine hopes of my friends. I shall ever feel grateful to God that I was led to use the means with which He was pleased to bless me, and to you for your faithfulness in furnishing me with medicines that restored me to almost perfect health, after having suffered for years with diseases which were believed to be incurable. Indeed, I am well, and I think I need no more medicine."

A HUSBAND CURED OF RHEUMATISM.

Anna Hay, of Hunt's Corners, Cortland Co., N. Y., writes, August 8, 1866:

"Three years ago last spring I was in very poor health, and sent to you for a package of your medicines. I used them according to your instructions, and through them and the goodness of your Heavenly Father I was restored, and have been very well most of the time since. Besides doing the work for and taking care of my family and an aged mother, I have wove over 300 yards of cloth, and spun the material for 100 yards of it which I never could have accomplished were it not for the effects of your remedies, for which I feel under many obligations to you. I have so much faith in them that I recommend every sick person among my acquaintances to apply to you, and shall continue to do so. Inclosed I send for another package, which please send me, so that I may have the remedies by me in case I, at any time, should need them. I forgot to before mention that Mr. Hayes was so badly afflicted with the rheumatism in his knees that he was obliged to go about with a cane, and sometimes with a crutch. I prevailed upon him to apply some of your External Specific, which I happened to have in the house. He used it only three times, and was entirely cured. For three years before, his knees would pain him so badly that he could not sleep nights. After using the Specific, he slept as sound as a pig, and has had no more trouble with his knees since then."

THE MEDICINE HAS WORKED WONDERS.

Mrs. Gideon Barber, of Canton, St. Lawrence Co., writes, June 23, 1866:

"Your medicine has worked wonders with me. I am so much better since I took them that I can hardly realize the fact that it is so. I cannot feel grateful enough for your timely relief."

READ THE TESTIMONY OF MR. ZACHARIAH K. POST, CLERK IN THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

GENERAL POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY.

DR. HAMILTON,—After suffering long years with liver and blood disease in a severe form, and being dosed by physicians of different schools to no purpose other than an injurious one, I am now, after taking your remedies so short a time, perfectly healthy, and free, not only from all disease, but also from the effects of poisonous minerals with which my system has been drugged. In simple justice to your great professional abilities, and gratitude for your kind attention, do I furnish this statement, which I will promptly corroborate by letter if any doubt its authenticity. Most heartily do I recommend all afflicted with Liver, Blood, or Lung Disease to Prof. Hamilton. Very gratefully,

ZACHARIAH K. POST, New York P. O.

DYSPEPSIA AND CONSTIPATION CURED.

Mr S. S. Parker, of Alabama, Genesee Co., N. Y., writes:

"My wife has wholly recovered since using your medicines. Previous to applying to you she was unable to take the least food or drink, except corn starch and bread coffee. Her bowels would not move for eighteen days at a time, and then forced by the most unpleasant efforts. Since the third day after taking your medicines she has taken her ordinary meals of rationable food with very little inconvenience, and her bowels move regular and easy. Her feet and limbs, which previously required a jug of hot water, day and night, for a long time, to keep them warm, are now warm enough of themselves. Her nervous debility, which was past endurance, is much better, and she once more enjoys her nights in sweet sleep. She sits up all day, whereas she was only moved from one bed to another for making and change. May God bless and cause you to live long, and bless with your remedies the thousands of poor invalids that are suffering for want of proper medical treatment."

COULDN'T HAVE LIVED WITHOUT IT.

L. A. Messenger, of Sodus, Wayne Co., N. Y., writes:

"I feel very thankful to you for sending your medicine so prompt, for I do not think my husband *could have lived without it*. His food does not distress him as formerly, and he is gaining in every way. I do not know *how* to thank you. I have recommended your medicine to all the afflicted in this vicinity. May God bless you."

THE RESULT HAS BEEN MOST GLORIOUS.

Mrs. Rachael E. Banks, of Wilseyville, Tioga Co., N. Y., writes, July 14th, 1866:

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I received your medicines. When they came my face, arms, and limbs were so much swollen that it was impossible for me to bend them. Besides, I was suffering from salt rheum, sick headache, soreness of the stomach, tightness about the lungs, weaknesses, etc., etc. I have taken the remedies you sent, according to directions, and the result has been most glorious—far beyond my expectations. The swelling in my limbs has nearly all subsided, my salt rheum is much better, the disagreeable sensation about my head, sick headache, and pain between my shoulders are entirely cured In fact, my head has never felt better. My other difficulties are much relieved. Your specifics have done me the most good of anything I have ever taken, and I am unable to find words sufficient to express my most grateful and heartfelt thanks to you for the great benefits I have received from them."

A BROTHER RECOVERS AND ENJOYS THE SOCIETY OF HIS FRIENDS.

Miss Ada Lapham, of Perry Centre, Wyoming Co., N. Y., writes, January 24, 1866:

"It is some time since I received the last package of medicines from you. I feel very much better than I did last winter at this time. I have none of that languor and uninterested feeling that I experienced a year ago. Your remedies have very greatly benefited me, and I can thank God that they came within my reach. I am so much better, that I enjoy myself much more than formerly. My brother is better, and appears very different than before taking your remedies. He looks better—face not as thin, and countenance wears a different look. He does not shrink from society now, and seems to enjoy himself well when he goes among friends. We have the greatest reason to praise God for having heard of you."

A GOOD TESTIMONIAL.

Mr. R. L. Charles, of Hermitage, Wyoming Co., N. Y., writes:

"I have never taken any kind of medicine that has had so favorable an effect as your Blood and Liver Specific; it has exceeded my expectations."

A LONG CATALOGUE OF DISEASES CURED.

Rectina P. Chase, of Tully, Onondaga Co., N. Y., writes:

"Since using the medicines you sent last my health has gained very rapidly. The long catalogue of symptoms I sent you in my first communication are fast disappearing. May long life and Heaven's blessings attend you for healing poor suffering humanity."

A TRULY WONDERFUL CURE.

DENMARK, Oxford Co., Me.

MY DEAR SIR:—Believing a statement of my case would be a benefit to the public, or more especially to a person similarly diseased, I send you this certificate. One year ago last June, I was taken with a very severe pain in my right side; it continued to grow worse until I was obliged to stop all kinds of business, and finally took my bed the most of the time. The pain was so bad that I could get no rest night or day. I suffered beyond all description; I had the advice and counsel of the best physicians in the State, and they could do me no good; all they gave me was blue pills and morphine. I continued to grow worse until about the middle of August, when I had an abscess break on my liver; it discharged through the lungs, some pint and a half, or more, the first twenty-four hours, and then every twenty-four hours until December following it discharged from half to one point, and then commenced to fill up again for two weeks, when it broke again, and continued to do so every two weeks, all winter, till the middle of February, when they would rise and break every few days. It seems to me I raised a barrel of thick matter, or pus; it was about the color of blood—perhaps not quite as red. It reduced me so that I was a complete skeleton; the doctors all told me I must die, and that soon; they gave me nothing but morphine to ease the pain; they said I could not live more than two weeks, at most; I couldn't sit up at all—not long enough to have my bed made. I coughed and raised more than any person in a consumption; I tried all the patent medicines of the day, and everything that could be thought of, and grew worse all the time. My side was so sore (outside) I couldn't bear my clothes to touch it; and, to sum it all up, I was in a very bad fix, any way.

A friend of mine got one of your papers and brought it to me to look at; I read some of it, and thought I would *try you*—I could but die any way: I had but little hope, there was so much humbug in the world. I wrote you, I think, in March; your answer was you could cure me, and sent me some medicine. I commenced taking it the last of April; I commenced getting better from the first dose, and continued to until I was quite well. The sore never stopped discharging to fill up until after I commenced taking your medicine, and the discharge grew less every day until completely healed up, which was some time in August, since which time my health never was better. I can do as good a day's work as any other man, and stand it as well; and I *do know* it was your medicine that cured me, and I do sincerely and solemnly believe that any person that is sick (and their case is curable) that will get your medicines and follow your directions, they will surely get cured. My advice is, *friends all*, if you are sick, send to Prof. R. L. Hamilton, and he *will cure you*. I remain yours forever. God bless you,

J. B. Watson.

THE TESTIMONY OF A PHYSICIAN—A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

A Lady has a Snake in her Stomach, Causing Fits—She is Cured, and the Snake Removed.

Dr. L. W. Feuner, of Plainwell, Allegan Co., Mich, writes:

Dear Doctor—I am happy to say that you were right in your conjecture that the young lady's fits were caused by worms or some foreign substance in the stomach. It proved to be a small Snake. After using your medicine prepared for its removal, for a few days, the snake was expelled without serious results or any unnatural effects. Since that time she has not had a fit, or any symptoms. She has improved in strength and flesh rapidly, and is now seemingly well. She desires me to make known her grateful feelings for relieving her of this horrible disease, produced, as it was, by so unnatural a cause. I consider it one of the most remarkable cures on record. I will be greatly obliged if you will reply at length to this letter, and state to me what there was in the symptoms I gave you that led you to suppose the *true* cause—that there were worms or something of the kind that caused the fits. I am using several of your different specifics in my practice, and the result of their use has, in all cases thus far treated, been entirely satisfactory. I think your Blood and Liver Pills the best in use. If you will give me a receipt for preparing them, I will endeavor to benefit you as much in some other way. Very truly yours,

L. W. Feuner, M.D.

A LADY HAD A LIZARD IN HER STOMACH.

Milwood, Knox Co., Ohio, *April* 5, 1867.

Prof. R. L Hamilton:

Kind Sir:—I received your remedies, and commenced taking them the 25th ult. The eighth day after I commenced them, something, which looked like a lizard or snail, and more which appeared like the skin of a black snake, passed my bowels. Afterwards something, which appeared as though my inside had been guawed all up, passed away. I never saw anything like it in all my life. It was a curious looking thing. Was it a snake, lizard, or what was it? I have no bad spells as before; have gained strength every day, and my appetite is good. I am gaining my strength, and am able to walk a mile and to work again. I owe you a debt of gratitude I never can repay, and may the greatest blessings of Heaven ever be showered upon you for curing me of such a troublesome and terrible complaint. Your faithful patient,

Rachel McElroy.

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow or yellow color of the skin, or yellowish brown spots on the face, and other parts of the body; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; bitter or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart; in many cases a dry, teasing cough, with sore throat; unsteady appetite; sour stomach, with a raising of the food and choking sensation in the throat; sickness and vomiting; distress; heaviness, or a bloated and full feeling about the stomach and sides; which is often attended with pains and tenderness; aggravating pains in the sides, back, or breast, and about the shoulders; colic, pain, and soreness through the bowels, with heat; constipation of the bowels, alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhœa; piles; flatulence; nervousness; coldness of the extremities; rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs, especially at night; cold chills, alternating with hot flashes; female weaknesses and irregularities.

Another very prominent and common symptom is the peculiar lowness of spirits and gloomy forebodings of the unfortunate sufferer; persons of naturally buoyant and cheerful dispositions are often changed to dull, morose, and desponding hypochondriacs; those before amiable and sprightly become peevish, irritable, and unsociable; in short, undergo an entire change of manner and character.

REMEMBER THIS!

All sick persons must remember that, if they wish to be put upon a course of treatment which will cure them, they can write to me. I can, in every instance, prescribe for them just as well as if I saw them; for I have constantly thousands under my treatment in various parts of the world whom I never saw, and I cure them all as speedily and safely as those I see in person—in fact, some of the best cures I ever made I have perfected in cases I never saw.

All I wish to know in any case is the most prominent symptoms, and they can just as well be written as told to a physician, and he can treat the case as easily as though the patient were present. Have no fear of this.

Please write to me at once, all ye afflicted, when you read this, and I will answer you promptly and to the point, and state fully the facts as they appear, and whether you can or not be saved. Do not give up, even though your family physician has done you no good; for I have saved thousands after *all* hope had fled, and the grave seemed near.

In your letter do no fail to give your proper Post-office, County, and State, and your own names in a plain hand, so there will be no mistake in sending my answer. Also, if you expect a full and specific reply to your letter, always inclose ten cents, "for time is money," and postage must be paid in advance. Remember this! I am always in attendance, and attend to all cases in person, and the afflicted public may rely upon my responsibility, and that they will be dealt with justly and honorably.

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To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

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6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much Tea or Coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete, send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post Office money-orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

☞ For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see the edition of this paper of April 6, 1867.

After the first club, we send blanks.

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Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

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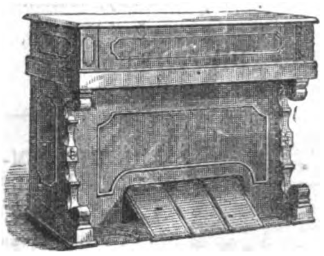

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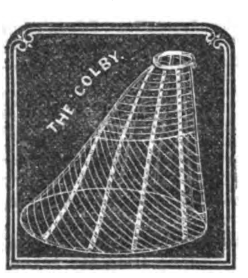

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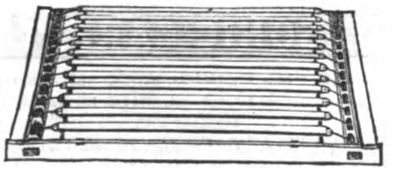

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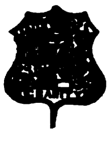

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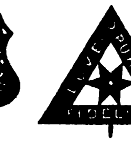

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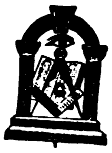

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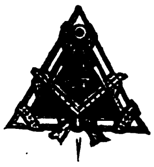

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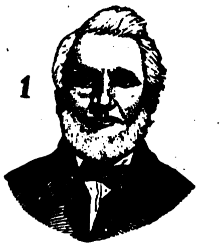

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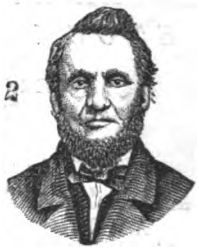

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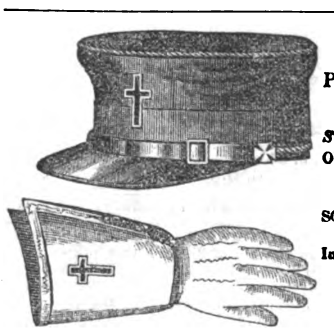

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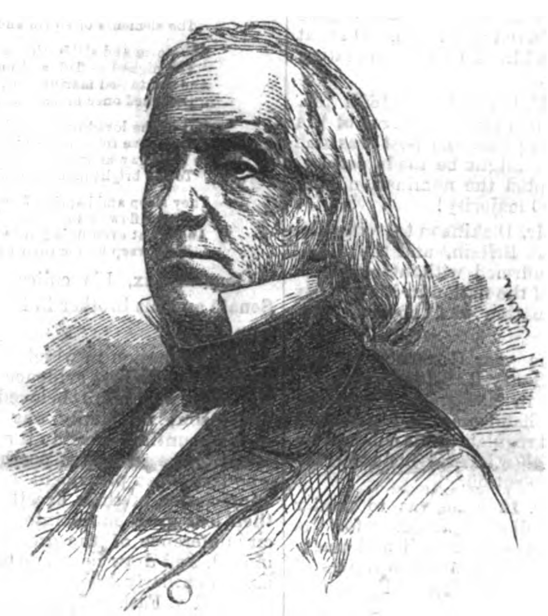

Hon. DANIEL S. DICKINSON, of New York—the Benevolent Mason—the Wise Counselor—the Able Statesman.

DANIEL STEVENS DICKINSON was born in Goshen, Litchfield County, Connecticut, Sept. 11, 1800. His father was a farmer of integrity and intelligence, and proud of the soil from which he sprung and which he cultivated. In 1806, he removed to the beautiful valley of the Chenango, New York, and settled in what is now called the town of Guilford.

Here young Dickinson went to the common school betimes, and became inured to the hardy duties of a struggling farmer's son. For a time he also worked at a mechanical trade, but, feeling the promptings of a higher destiny, improved the slender advantages presented by the common schools of those days by devoting his leisure to reading and developing himself in the pursuit of sundry branches of literature and science. Having an eager and a quick intellect, he rapidly accumulated knowledge, and in time became possessed of a very respectable and useful stock of accomplishments.

Choosing the law for a profession, he applied himself in that direction, being employed, at the same time, teaching in the common and select schools of the neighborhood, and about this time became a Freemason. In 1826, Mr. Dickinson was admitted to the bar, and soon became distinguished throughout the Chenango Valley for the readiness and point of his manner; his literary resources, as well as a rich vein of humor, standing his clients in good need before the justices of the peace. Of course, his business increased. In December, 1831, he removed to the thriving village of Binghamton. Politics had early attracted his disquisitious and illustrative powers, and he made himself felt not less effectively and successfully as a Democratic politician than as a ready lawyer. On his removal to Binghamton, his talents gave him, almost at once, a high position in the little world of politics and law of which the village was the centre. Thus he worked his way steadily upward to an undisputed professional elevation, and enjoyed a comfortable practice at the highest tribunals.

In 1836, Mr. Dickinson was elected to the State Senate of New York, for four years. During his service here, he was prominent in the discussions growing out of the topics of that eventful period. The General Banking Law, the Small Bill Law, the Bank Suspension Law, and the exciting financial measures resulting from the overthrow of the United States Bank and the establishment of the Independent Treasury, as well as questions touching internal improvements—the construction of the Erie Railroad, the extension of the Erie Canal, and other measures having, to some extent, national as well as local importance — were before the New York Senate, and brought Mr. Dickinson prominently forward. The State Senate was then the highest judicial body in the State; and frequent demand was made upon him for opinions relative to grave legal questions brought before that body as a court for the correction of errors.

So ably did he fill the term of his senatorial office that, at its close, the Democratic party nominated him for Lieutenant-Governor on the same ticket with the veteran William C. Bouck. He shared, however, in the general defeat of his party. It was the time of the "Hard-Cider" campaign. At the next election, in 1842, he was nominated for the same position under the same leader, and the ticket was elected. This position called forth fresh powers. Mr. Dickinson, as Lieutenant-Governor, was *ex-officio* President of the State Senate and of the Court of Errors and the Canal Board. The manner in which he discharged the arduous duties of these offices—duties which demanded a clear perception of the niceties of debate as well as a knowledge of the simple rules which govern it and the strictest impartiality—endeared him to his party friends and the public; and he was, in 1844, appointed a member of the Democratic Convention that nominated James K. Polk for the presidency. Subsequently, Mr. Dickinson was an elector-at-large for the State of New York, and, as such, cast his vote for his successful Masonic brothers, James K. Polk and George M. Dallas.

Such was the affection and trust entertained for him by the New York Democracy that, in December, 1844, he was elevated to the Senate of the United States. Governor Bouck selected him to fill the vacancy created by Mr. N. P. Tallmadge's appointment to the governorship of Wisconsin Territory. When the Legislature met, he was confirmed in his high position, and elected for the succeeding term.

During the seven sessions subsequent to Senator Dickinson's appearance in the chamber of the upper house of Congress, his name became thoroughly national from his prominence in the great questions brought forward. The Senate held a conclave of great and able men and Masons — Clay, Houston, Cobb, Benton, Cass, Crittenden, and, during the most exciting period, Foote, Douglas, Dallas and others were there of almost equal power. Yet, among those men of might, Daniel S. Dickinson made his mark—broad, national, and distinct.

On the Texas Annexation, the Oregon question, the Mexican War, the admission of California, the Wilmot Proviso, and the Compromise measures of 1850, he distinguished himself in an enviable degree, especially in the debates on the latter, the success of which was largely owing to his powerful exertions. Even his opponents admit that, "if he ever labored harder at one time than another, it was when his voice and vote could help to place the Compromise measures—so-called—upon our statute-books."

In the Senate Mr. Dickinson had great power and influence, from his readiness in debate. His speeches were seldom lengthy, but always pithy, bold, and to the point. Among other measures which commanded his ardent advocacy in the Senate were the establishment of a branch mint in the city of New York, the coinage of three-cent pieces, and the free circulation of weekly newspapers through the mails within the counties where they were published.

At the public banquet given in his honor at Tammany Hall, June 17, 1850, Charles O'Connor presided, and, with a suitable speech, introduced the toast of the evening, "*Our Guest*. By unwavering fidelity to the Union, he truly represents the Empire State; by according justice to every section, he has attained it for his own." Senator Dickinson, in reply, made a speech which commanded great attention at that time and may be perused with benefit even now. Mr. Dickinson was now the representative man of the New York National Democracy, and his character was happily summed up by the "Democratic Review" thus: "The high position of that Democratic senator; his truly national and elevated course; the intrepid and able manner in which he has at all times acted, and especially during the agitation of the exciting and most important questions of the sessions through which, thanks to his patriotic efforts and those of his coadjutors, the Congress of the United States has happily passed; his frank, direct, and firm adherence to his friends and to the cause and principles the maintainance of which has achieved so much for the country, the perpetuity of the Union, and the rights of the States; and his personal worth and high integrity of character; entitle him and his course not only to distinct approval, but to high encomium."

A letter addressed by Daniel Webster to Daniel S.

Dickinson, after the conclusion of the great struggle in which they had both participated, is such a strong and characteristic testimonial to the character of the writer, as well as to that of him who inspired it, that we must quote a striking passage:

"WASHINGTON, *September* 27, 1850.

"MY DEAR SIR: Our companionship in the Senate is dissolved. After this long and most important session, you are about to return to your home, and I shall try to find leisure to visit mine. I hope we may meet each other again, two months hence, for the discharge of our duties in our respective stations in the Government; but life is uncertain, and I have not felt willing to take leave of you without placing in your hands a note containing a few words which I wish to say to you.

"In the earlier part of our acquaintance, my dear sir, occurrences took place which I remember with constantly increasing regret and pain; because the more I have known of you, the greater became my esteem for your character and my respect for your talents; but it is your noble, able, manly, and patriotic conduct in support of the measures of this session which has entirely won my heart and secured my highest regard. I hope you may live long to serve your country; but I do not think you are ever likely to see a crisis in which you may be able to do so much, either for your own distinction or for the public good. You have stood where others have fallen; you have advanced with firm and manly step where others have wavered, faltered, and fallen back; and, for one, I desire to thank you and to commend your conduct out of the fullness of an honest heart.

* * * * * *

"DANIEL WEBSTER.

"HON. DANL. S. DICKINSON, U. S. Senate."

In this connection, a passage from a letter of Senator Dickinson's will be quite appropriate. It was written to the committee of the banquet to commemorate the seventy-seventh anniversary of Daniel Webster's birthday. After regretting that an important trial, in which he was counsel, would deprive him of being present, he writes—having in his "mind's eye" the cherished letter just given:

"It is one of the proudest recollections of a life familiar with interesting incidents that I was permitted to be long associated with one so eminent in the public councils, and more especially that I was honored by his confidence and cheered by his distinguished friendship. I cherish, with idolatrous devotion, the evidences of deep regard which his noble heart furnished, and, in harmony with his own suggestion, shall 'leave it where it will be seen by those who shall come after me.'

"Great as was Daniel Webster in his life, he was greater in his death. Great as he was in noble deeds, his memory is greater still; and when time shall have obliterated all traces of petty rivalries and disturbing jealousies which disfigure the surface of society, and have silenced the clamor of partisan jargon, he will 'still live,' with increasing admiration, as pure among patriots, eminent among statesmen, and eloquent among orators."

Mr. Dickinson was the last Democratic senator from New York. His term expired March 4, 1851. He then lived chiefly in retirement, devoting himself to rural and professional pursuits at Binghamton.

In 1852, he was brought forward for the presidency at the Democratic Convention in Baltimore. The influential vote of Virginia was cast for him, and his nomination might have been the result but for his own chivalrous and delicate sense of honor. Senator Dickinson withdrew his name, because, being a delegate to the Convention and pledged to his friend and Masonic brother General Cass, whose name was still before it, he thought it inconsistent with a manly friendship, not less than with a high sentiment of honor, to permit himself to be placed in competition with a man whom he had pledged himself to support. In declining the honor which, entirely unexpected to himself, so large and influential a portion of the convention was desirous to confer upon him, he delivered an impromptu address, the language of which proved most conclusively to the assembly that the demands of political integrity have a firmer hold upon the heart and intellect of the good man than the enticements of even a worthy ambition. He had been sent by the constituency of his State as a delegate in the interest of Mr. Cass (a prominent candidate for the highest office in the gift of the American people) and could not therefore be prevailed upon to stand in the way of the friend whom he had come to support, and peremptorily refused to permit his name to be used by the convention. His speech on the occasion (the one above referred to) was a gem of its kind, and was universally commended for its classic beauty and elevated tone. During the delivery of this address, the ladies in the gallery threw such a shower of bouquets towards the speaker that, when he resumed his seat, he seemed to have been transferred to a blooming *parterre;* he was literally surrounded by flowers.

This noble, self-denying act of Mr. Dickinson—his declining to permit himself to become the candidate of his party because of the technical obligations arising from his relations with General Cass—is proof of the justice of the high reputation which he has everywhere established for unsullied honor in both his public and private career.

In the same year (1852) Mr. Pierce nominated Mr. Dickinson for collector of the port of New York, and he was unanimously confirmed by the Senate without reference; but this honorable and lucrative position was declined.

In May, 1857, he visited Washington with his family. His hotel was crowded with the leading people; and, on the evening of the 25th, a serenade was given to him, at which he made a brief and touching speech, alluding to the memories and friendships called up by the occasion. The earnestness of his words, and the picturesque whiteness of his long hair, surrounded the theme "as with a halo." At the commencement of Hamilton College, July, 1858, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him. On that occasion, he delivered an address to the graduating class of the law department.

On the formation of the Union party in 1861, Mr. Dickinson was nominated for attorney-general of the State of New York. Believing that the post was one in which his ripe experience might be made serviceable to the country, he accepted the nomination, and was elected by about 100,000 majority!

Mr. Lincoln nominated Mr. Dickinson to settle the Oregon boundary with Great Britain, and the nomination was unanimously confirmed without reference—such was the confidence of the nation in his probity and patriotism. The nomination was, however, declined.

In December of the same year Governor Fenton (elect), learning that Hon. Henry R. Selden's resignation would leave a vacancy in the court of appeals, tendered the position in handsome and generous terms to Mr. Dickinson; but regulating his conduct by that high sense of duty which was ever his unerring guide, he also declined this position.

One of the last acts of Mr. Lincoln was to tender Mr. Dickinson the office of district attorney for the southern district of New York—unsolicited and unexpected—a post which was accepted, and the duties of which he discharged to the satisfaction of the entire community.

Mr. Dickinson was at his office until a day or two before he died. Sitting in his bed, April 12th, peacefully and calmly, fully aware of his approaching dissolution, surrounded by the members of his family, and in communion with the Episcopal Church, of which he had been a member for years, he entered upon his eternal rest.

The funeral was attended by our fraternity, and the remains of our brother were deposited in the New Spring Forest Cemetery, Binghamton, beside the graves of his daughter and son, in a family lot fitted up by himself. A little mound shaded by an adjoining hill, was the spot selected for the final resting place of this great and goodly man. A little fretful brook, whose wandering course leads along the base of this mound, sings gentle dirges on its rippling surface, as if to soothe the calm sleeper who rests so near its borders.

Mr. Dickinson was a man of great honesty, and no violent partisan opposed to him ever impugned his personal integrity. It was never said that Daniel S. Dickinson was a false or bad man. No one in New York ever kept, through thirty years, more general regard and good will. He was a public servant and an honest, upright citizen and Mason. In argument Mi. Dickinson was clear, profound, logical, and at times satirical. He spoke with ease, and embellished his addresses with graceful allusions to classic poetry and mythology.

His kind heart and genial manner drew around him a host of friends.

Five days before his death he wrote the following poetry, addressed to his wife, thus giving us an insight into his inner life:

TO LYDIA.

In youth's bright morn, when life was new,
  And earth was fresh with dew and flowers,
And love was warm, and friendship true,
  And hope and happiness were ours—

We started, hand in hand, to thread
  The checkered, changeful path of life,
And with each other trusting tread
  The battle-fields of worldly strife.

We ranged in walks obscure, unseen,
  O'er rugged steep, through vale and glen,
And climbed along the hillsides green,
  Unmindful of the future then.

We caught the song of earlier birds,
  We culled the loveliest flowers of spring.
We plighted love in whispering words,
  And time sped by on fairy wing.

And as it passed new joys were found,
  And life was gladdened by the birth
Of prattling babes, who clustered round,
  To cheer with smiles our humble hearth.

Fate thrust us forth before the world,
  And phantoms whispered earthly fame,
Where hope's proud banner is unfurled.
  And happiness too oft a flame.

Thus lured along, we rode the dark
  And foaming tide of public life,
And proudly dared, with splendid bark,
  The elements of storm and strife.

But storm and strife, thank Heaven! have passed;
  The night has fled, and morning come!
And we, tossed mariners, at last
  Returned once more to hearth and home

But of the loved ones God has given,
  Two have returned—two sank to rest,
In life's gay morning called to heaven,
  To the bright mansions of the blest.

They sleep amid spring forest glades,
  Where flows its streamlet's murmuring waves;
And oft at evening's gentle shades
  We'll weep beside their early graves.

General Dix, his colleague in the United States Senate and his brother in Freemasonry, thus speaks of him:

The estimation in which a man is held at his own fireside is the best evidence of his purity and worth. No man was more beloved by his family than Mr. Dickinson; no family was more blessed than his in the bountiful affection it received and returned. It is one of the greatest of posthumous triumphs for those who have been prominent in public affairs, which the appreciation of thier excellencies and the sorrow for their loss grow more intense as we recede from the circumference of the great circle within which they moved, and draw nearer to the centre, where they were most familiarly known.

The Rev. Father Hourigan, a Roman Catholic priest, spoke warmly of his unbounded liberality to the poor, with whom he would willingly divide the last meal upon his table; he said but a few knew as well what the lamented Dickinson had done for the poor and destitute of Binghamton, as the speaker; no person was ever turned from his door empty handed; he was a man that could not, from his very nature, refuse assistance to any person, whoever he might be.

It was meet and fitting that his brother, the President, should comply with his last wish to appoint his son-in-law, S. G. Courtney, his successor as United States district attorney.

Our late brother was a member of Oxford Lodge, No. 235. The following are the minutes of the Lodge, as kindly furnished by Bro. Newkirk, the Secretary:

"At a meeting of Oxford Lodge, held at the Lodge-room, July 3d, 5824, Lodge opened in due form; the Secretary proposed William Tarbell and Daniel S. Dickinson for the degrees of Masonry, who vouched for the usual deposits. Bro. Levi Sherwood and A. J. Hyde, appointed a committee. Lodge closed in due form."

"Oxford Lodge, No. 235, opened in due form at a regular communication, August 1st, 5824, Eleazer S. Fitch and Daniel S. Dickinson were balloted for and initiated. Received of E. S. Fitch, five dollars, and the same from Daniel S. Dickinson. Lodge closed in due form."

"April 6th, 5825. Oxford Lodge opened on the first Degree of Masonry. Lodge passed to the degree of F. C., proceeded to ballot for Bro. Fitch, Dickinson and York for the degree of F. C., and found clear, and passed to the degree of F. C. Lodge closed without ceremony." SAMUEL GURNSEY, *Secretary.*

"Oxford Lodge opened in due form, on the first degree of Masonry, June 14th, 5825. Lodge opened on F. C. degree. The degree of Master Mason was conferred on Daniel S. Dickinson. Lodge closed in due form." L. SHERWOOD, *Secretary, pro tem.*

◆

With the banner of Truth in his hand, the true Sir Knight marches forward to the battle of life.

MASONIC ACROSTIC.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF A DECEASED BROTHER.

A was the Applicant asking for light,
B the two Brothers, who vouched him "all right."
C the Committee who sat at his case;
D Deliberation, the usual space.
E the Enquiries made outside the door,
F five responses, just five and no more.
G the Great Name to be uttered in prayer,
H Heaven's blessings were showered down there.
I the Initiate is brought to the light,
J what a Joy fills his heart at the sight.
K he will ever Keep sacred the trust,
L till death's Level he finds in the dust.
M now the Master comes down from the throne.
N a Narration of Landmarks alone.
O Open-handed, like all of the band,
P the true Practice he'll seal with his hand.
Q should some Questioning rise him to bother,
R a Relief will be found in a brother.
S thus the Secret of Masonry found,
T should he Travel the wide world around,
U now in Union with good men and true,
V may his Virtue be every day new.
W inning in manners our Order to grace,
'X cellent in all things that make for our peace.
Y may the Youth whom to-night we receive,
Z to the Zenith of Masonry live.

◆

R.·. A.·.—(No. 2.)

BY BRO. WHITFIELD.

O Thou, our Scribe, High Priest, and King,
Jehovah, God of boundless might,
Accept the tribute that we bring,
And fill our darkened minds with light

From sin's dark cell the captive call.
Free him from superstition's chain,
Teach him to build that temple's wall
Where love and truth with Thee shall reign.

When bowed and humbled in the dust,
With gins and snares encompassed round.
Teach him in Thee to put his trust.
And feel he treads on holy ground.

Thy Word sustained us on the march
O'er rugged paths, through gins and snares,
Till, groping in the Royal Arch,
We found reward for all our cares.

Thou leds't the blind by paths untrod,
Into a road till then unknown;
Still guide our steps, O Lord our God,
Till all assemble round Thy throne;

Till Death shall bear us through the vail,
Where Faith and Hope are lost in sight;
While Charity shall never fail,
But dwells with Thee, great source of light.

A'l true companions then shall find
The Word they sought with anxious care,
With power in Heaven to loose and bind.
On earth has heard and answered prayer.

That he who tries with humble heart
To walk the paths Thy feet once trod,
Exalted to a nobler part,
Shall reign eternally with God.

◆

I'VE BEEN THINKING—OR "DO GOOD TO ONE ANOTHER."

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
What a glorious world were this,
Did folks mind their own business more,
And mind their neighbors' less.
For instance, you and I, my friend,
Are sadly prone to talk
Of matters that concern us not,
And others' follies mock.

I've been thinking, if we'd begin
To mend our own affairs,
That possibly our neighbors might
Contrive to manage theirs.
We've faults enough at home to mend—
It may be so with others;
It would seem strange, if it were not,
Since all mankind are brothers.

Oh! would that we had charity
For every man and woman—
Forgiveness is the mark of those
Who know to 'err is human."
Then let us banish jealousy—
Let's lift our fallen brother,
And as we journey down life's road,
"Do good to one another."

◆

THE MASTER'S TOUCH—BEAUTIFUL.

In the still air music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To wake the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skillful hand,
Let not the music that is in us die;
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke; do with us as Thou wilt;
Let there be naught unfurnished, broken, marred,
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord.

◆

[THE PRIZE STORY.]

THE SQUARE.

BY MAURICE.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A great fire often arises from a small spark."—MISS BREMER.

Mr. Gerrish's friendship had strengthened for Philipa each time he met her. There seemed to him something about her so perfectly irresistible; her purity of thought and felicitous way of expressing herself rendered her truly captivating. She was one, he thought, fitted to adorn any position in which she was placed, and their tastes were so entirely mutual, the oftener he was thrown with her the more he wished to be. There was an easy familiarity between them that took away the stiffness of mere acquaintanceship; there was no restraint, no bars whatever to their enjoyment of each other's society; he would talk to her of his daily affairs, the books which he read, the people he met—in all of which she would take a pleasing interest. He had communicated to her the plan for doing good, which was explained in the last chapter; she applauded his noble purpose, and gave him some hints in regard to it which he afterwards found of great service; and now he had come to think of her as a necessity of his happiness. He felt that if any circumstances should arise by which they would be separated, life would indeed be dark, with the charms gone that she had thrown round it; he could not even think of it without pain, which presaged what such an event would be to him. What then was left to him? But one course alone to pursue presented itself, and that was to place a bond between them which only death could sunder; but what if that bond could not be attained? Then he would forfeit even the blissful companionship of the present by trying for it, and that would be terrible. He possessed not such firm belief in his *own power of attraction* as appears to be almost inherent in the mind of some men. He did not see the smallest evidence of love on the part of Philipa; her manner towards him was too frank, and devoid of all shyness or reserve, for him to encourage such an idea for a moment. Could it be she loved another? He knew that upon the very first mention of her name he had heard she was betrothed to Captain Pendegast; but his own observation had not gone far to corroborate that report, and he thought it might be possibly the emanation of some such fertile mind as Mrs. Chatterton's. He had met the Captain several times at Miss Coad's, but the number of his visits or his demeanor toward the lady were not such as he thought would characterize an accepted lover; and beside the Captain's attentions seemed to be centred around one who was as different to Philipa as the day star is to the night—it warns of the coming morning. Thus reasoning, he sought her, at all risks. She received him much in the old way; he thought there was a subdued quietness about her a little unusual; but without stopping to inquire the cause, he opened the way for that which absorbed him most, and at length said, "Philipa, dear Philipa! you have bound my life up in yours; come to me, and be my own true wife! Make my happiness. Throw yourself into the one great blank, which, unfilled, would leave me in darkness. Give me a joy forever—the continual sunshine of your smile."

Philipa's face showed plainly that she felt keenly the pain she must inflict. "Oh! why must I grieve this friend so dearly prized," she said to herself; "could he not see that I had no heart to give him? I have not tried to disguise the fact of my love for another; what shall I do now?" Pausing to recover herself, Mr. Gerrish eagerly watched her countenance; he felt that he could not hope for much, for the signs, as well as her silence, were ominous. At last she stretched out her hand to him, saying, "My dear friend, I am so sorry—but I do not love you!"

"O Philipa," he said, "do not make me wretched; say that you will try to love me; think of the great good we might accomplish together; if my love cannot move you to pity, help me to work for others; your efforts will be abundantly blessed, I know."

"Mr. Gerrish," she replied, "you ask of me that which, if I granted, would force you to lose all respect for me. My faith is plighted to another; I must not listen to you, for I should be untrue to every teaching of my heart. I would have exerted myself to the utmost to have spared you this; I would have even given up those hours so pleasantly spent with you, could I have foreseen this; but now I am powerless to help you."

"Tell me," he said, "who is it for whom I am denied?"

"If the knowledge will be a gratification, then I shall not refuse it," she replied; "it is Captain Pendegast."

The strong man was bowed. Must he see this bright dream of happiness dispelled by clouds through which no rainbow tints could ever penetrate? When her presence was withdrawn, it was as though the great light of day was suddenly shut out at the very moment when the artist was trying to throw over his picture an expression of peculiar brightness. Night was indeed entering his soul.

"O Philipa," he cried "is there no hope, no comfort, none?"

The deep sympathy of her nature made her sorrow for him almost as poignant as his suffering; but she had no consolation to offer him; she knew that fate had separated them—irrevocably, she thought.

"Do not feel so," she implored; "forget that this has ever happened, and let us be the same to each other as before."

"Talk not to me of forgetting! Never till recollection shall have ceased its power to call back the past can I forget the agony of this moment," he answered.

She tried to soothe him by all the persuasive eloquence she could command, but he would only beg her to desist, that it made it harder for him to bear. Then came the bitter thought that he must leave her; he would not stay longer where his staying was only causing unnecessary pain to another, and that other the one whom he most wished to shield from the world's care. His magnanimity triumphed; and rising, he said, very sorrowfully, tenderly—"Philipa! we part; I shall strive to overcome this, and shall rejoice if fate deals out to you a brighter fortune than it has vouchsafed to me: but promise, should you ever stand in need of the assistance of another than your lover, that you will call upon me. I will answer that call, though oceans roll between us, no matter how faintly it is made. And now, may the great God bless you, and be to you a father—good-bye."

CHAPTER IX.

"Oh, my heart, my heart is sick, a wishing and a waiting."
INGELOW.

Captain Pendegast could not well brook this waiting; there seemed to be such a small space between his desire and its accomplishment, and yet he found it altogether beyond his reach, for the much importuned for consent had not been yet gained, and he knew Chippè was too dutiful a daughter to do anything without it; and beside, if they braved the father's displeasure, the great aim to be attained might possibly be lost altogether, though he believed Mr. Waughb was too devotedly attached to his daughter to cast her off, in the event of their taking any decided step without his knowledge. Still it was more than probable, that while he lived he would allow him but small opportunity for governing the much coveted fortune.

Poor Chippè believed herself more beloved than it often falls to the lot of woman; she, poor child, could only judge of his devotion for her by his persistent pleading; she could not penetrate into the secrets of his heart, and know that his motives were mercenary; she could not know that his proffered love was simply a speculation, which he expected to pay him in gold. What woman would have so little self-esteem, as to entertain the remotest idea that the money she possessed gained her a husband or a lover, and yet how very often is such the case? To all men who are base enough to allow such motives to govern them, may the treasure they obtain by the sacrifice of their manhood be to them the very gall of bitterness, the hidden asp that shall sting them unto death! and to all rich women we say, "Beware of such!"

And now Captain Pendegast had reached that point when to him patience was no longer a virtue; accordingly, he told Chippè that he should seek an interview with her father, and insist upon a final decision in the matter. So he was closeted with him, and Chippè was much agitated, for suspense is a burden grievous to be borne. Spring had now opened upon them, and under the influence of its inspiration they were looking forward with hopeful anticipations. And it was just as they wished—Mr. Waughb held out no longer, but told the Captain, as he could urge no reasonable objection, and if it was Chippè's wish to leave him he should be very selfish to interpose any further obstacle; but, said he, "May God deal with you as you discharge your trust to the precious charge I am about to confide to your keeping; she is my one treasure, dearer to me than all else; therefore, you must pardon an old man's feeling at the prospect of giving her up to another." It had come about at last, and he went back to Chippè with the good news written upon his face.

"The old gentleman has yielded at last," he said, "and we will soon be happy."

Yes, for a little time doubtless they would be happy. She, poor dupe, in her fancied love for her idol, which so soon as she came to know would be shattered, and he also would be happy, after a fashion, in the successful result of his speculation. Long they talked over their plans for the future, the minutest attention was paid to every detail, and it was finally arranged that the June roses should smile upon the youthful bride. Mr. Waughb insisted that he would not have such dispatch, but again he was overruled, and aunt Eugenia was to be consulted; and if it was possible that the *trousseau* could be selected and gotten ready by the middle of the month, why, then, all further delay was unnecessary. Doubtless Mrs. Merriwell's hands would be full, but that good lady would find a bustling pleasure in this employment of her time. There is nothing more charming to every woman than free intercourse with numerous laces and silks, and all the little delicate etc. of a lady's wardrobe; and if the lady should chance to be a bride elect, every body knows who has ever been in a house during that trying period, how everything else is made subservient to that. There is not a moment to be spared to papas and brothers, they can come and go *ad libitum*. The going is particularly agreeable for their teasings, and their minute inquiries into every little thing is especially troublesome at this time. But time stops not in all its ceaseless course, whether the hours chaunt the marriage bell or toll the funeral requiem, and so the hands traversed the dial steadily, though swiftly enough to the interested talkers, and Edward Pendegast was warned to depart; so the adieus were made, and Chippè retired to her couch in a blissful, dreamy state, and Edward Pendegast wended his way home.

"There is but one thing more for me to do now," he said, "and that is, to bury the ashes of my dead love; in order to do that there is a letter to write, that shall make an end of it for ever."

He had deferred writing this letter till it was all fixed. He thought in case he should not succeed, he would not break with Philipa. Perhaps if I should marry her, I would be a better man, he would sometimes think. But now, there was no longer any room for hesitation; before he could lie down to sleep the letter must be written, and as soon as he reached his rooms he sat down to do it. It would be well to recommend to every body who has a disagreeable duty to perform, to do it at once; for as soon as symptoms of wavering appear, then prepare to have some difficulty in getting through it, as Captain Pendegast found in this instance. He thought he would wait and see his quondam lady love; but he indulged the idea only for a moment, its impracticability soon presented itself. After inditing several notes, he at length got one with which he was tolerably satisfied. We'll look over his shoulder, and read with him as he again cons it over.

April, 186—.

Dear Philipa—I have absented myself much of late from your presence, as you must suppose I have had strong reasons for so doing. I have learned at length to know that we are entirely unsuited for each other; and, painful as I feel it is for both of us, it is better for us to know it now than to find it out when there would be no remedy. I repeat, it is better for us to be separate; be the pang ever so sharp at this time, it will heal after a while. Believe me to be sincere, when I assure you that no one can more highly appreciate those qualities that so eminently adorn your character; and that your life may be one of happiness is my ardent wish. Forget one who must now think of you only as a dearly prized friend, from whom it is his lot to be always absent.

Edward Pendegast.

CHAPTER X.

"Unless the affections have an object, life itself becomes joyless and insipid."—Rousseau.

Life had become joyless and insipid to Mr. Gerrish when deprived of the object he had fondly longed for; but he was a brave man, and battled with his disappointment manfully; he had a work to perform for those who would count themselves thrice blessed if it had been their lot to inherit an infinitessimal part of his good fortune, and he reasoned within himself that he had no right to waste his time and deaden his energies by useless repinings; so into the foul places of woe he plunged and brought out many a victim of the blasting effects of sin. One night as he was returning from his Lodge, he stumbled over a man who was lying upon the sidewalk; he stooped and helped him to rise; his first words were:

"Don't take me to jail," evidently mistaking Mr. Gerrish for some officer whose duty it was to look after such persons as himself.

"Don't be alarmed," said Mr. Gerrish; "I shall not take you to jail."

He did not seem to have sufficient control of his will to answer with any degree of clearness the questions put to him; so Mr. Gerrish, with the true feelings of a Freemason, took him to the nearest house that would furnish lodgings for so forlorn an object. He charged the landlord to detain him in the morning till he should come, as he would want to see him and try to do something for him. The next day he sought him; he appeared to be grateful for his kindness. His face was not one that gave evidence of being naturally vicious, but the marring effect of the life he had led was stamped upon it. Mr. Gerrish tried to awaken a cord of self-respect; he was visibly moved by the feeling shown for his misfortunes, and grew quite communicative; he gave his name as Weighton, and said that he had not had the advantage of being a gentleman that some men had; circumstances moulded him into what he was; but there was peculiar bitterness when he spoke of one with whom he had been an accomplice. After a time he seemed to lose all fear of the stranger, and spoke more plainly than before.

"This person," he said, "is a very highly respected gentleman, and engaged at one of the banks; he has indulged in a species of robbery, in which I have assisted him; it has not been of such magnitude as to excite renewed vigilance, and, therefore, we have escaped detection. But of late he has abandoned me, because he has given up his old practices, as he expects to marry a very rich lady, and he would not like to run such risks, you know. The name of this man is Pendegast."

We hardly know what to make of this man's revelation, whether he thought to cast himself upon the mercy of Mr. Gerrish, or whether he hoped to injure the person he had thus exposed; at any rate, Mr. Gerrish was much startled by the development. This, then, was the man for whom he was sacrificed; the one into whose hands the pure Philipa was to place her destiny. He was appalled! But Weighton had said the lady was rich, and Philipa, he thought, had no fortune; there seemed some mystery that he could not make out. He resolved to endeavor to unravel it, perhaps he might yet be able to do something in the matter. As an instructed craftsman, feeling that there is some good in the most abandoned, he told the man, if he would promise to give up his old ways he would obtain for him some permanent employment; but, in the meantime, he should not be left to go back to them for want of help to do better. He did not see his duty clearly defined in regard to Captain Pendegast; he was no longer violating the law, so the story ran, beside he did not know whether the statement was perfectly reliable, and then, too, the captain was under his own eye; so he concluded to be watchful himself, and leave things in that direction just as they were for the present.

The evening of the same day Mr. Gerrish was overtaken by Mr. Waughb, who greeted him with—

"Why, Burr, my dear fellow! what has come over you of late? You seem to have grown independent of your old friends. It is quite invigorating to catch a glimpse of you once more. Do you mean to forsake us? If so, do let us know to what influence we are indebted."

"I assure you I have no idea of giving up *you*, my more than friend, my dear brother; but I have been constantly occupied lately. But how is Miss Chippè? You know absenting myself from you has also deprived me of a sight of her."

"Why, my dear sir, she imagines herself to be supremely happy just at this time."

"Indeed! How so?"

"I believe you don't know that she is expecting to marry shortly."

"Well, I declare you do surprise me. But may I ask whom she is going to so bless?"

"Now, is it possible you can be so blind as not to be able to guess?"

"I must confess it, I'm sure; so pray tell me at once."

"Why, it is no other than Captain Pendegast."

"Now you have completed the surprise. I thought"——

But Mr. Gerrish did not finish the sentence; and, after some unimportant talk, they separated. As Mr. Gerrish walked on the events of the day came up before him. Twice had the mention of Edward Pendegast's name greatly astonished him, the last time more particularly. For the first intelligence he was not entirely unprepared, for from the estimate he had formed of his character, he thought it just possible for him to do some such thing. Again Philipa came into his mind, and he wondered how it had gone with *her*. Now was the insurmountable obstacle suddenly removed, and a gleam of happiness illumined his soul such as he had not experienced since that awful time. But then he asked himself, should he see the beloved daughter of his most revered friend consigned to a man so base, and not stretch out a hand to save her? Still, how could he give up the hope that had taken possession of him? If he broke off the match with Chippè, the captain might go back to Philipa, for he could not be indifferent to one so lovely, and Philipa, he believed, would be ready to forgive. Oh! he could not bear to think of it.

Night came on apace, and still he pursued his walk, still he wrestled with himself; it was so hard for him to determine to cast himself out of the issue. But at last he thought, "I shall be false to every principle I have pledged myself to maintain if I permit my own desire to come in the way of duty." So the right had conquered, and Mr. Waughb should be warned. It is not intended to convey the impression that this man was perfect. Ah, no! far from it. The good which he did was owing to those principles whose foundation was laid in boyhood; those principles which, in manhood, he had struggled to sustain; those principles which had been carefully instilled in the lessons of the Lodge; those principles which would yet crown his life with abundant success.

(To be continued.)

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Wallace and De Longueville.

Sir William Wallace, *the Scottish Hero and brother*, and De Longueville, *the French Pirate*, who recollected his obligations, although he forgot many Masonic lessons and trampled upon much of mystic teaching, —by Walter Scott, *also a brother.*

During the brief career of the celebrated patriot Sir William Wallace, and when his arms had for a time expelled the English invaders from his native country, he is said to have undertaken a voyage to France, with a small band of trusty friends, to try what his presence (for he was respected through all countries for his prowess) might do to induce the French monarch to send to Scotland a body of auxiliary forces, or other assistance, to aid the Scots in regaining their independence.

The Scottish champion was on board a small vessel, and steering for the port of Dieppe, when a sail appeared in the distance, which the mariners regarded first with doubt and apprehension, and at last with confusion and dismay. Wallace demanded to know what was the cause of their alarm. The captain of the ship informed him that the tall vessel which was bearing down with the purpose of boarding that which he commanded, was the ship of a celebrated rover, equally famed for his courage, strength of body, and successful piracies. It was commanded by a gentleman named Thomas de Longueville, a Frenchman by birth, but by practice one of those pirates who call themselves friends to the sea and enemies to all who sailed upon that element. He attacked and plundered vessels of all nations, like one of the ancient Norse Sea-kings, as they were termed, whose dominion was upon the mountain waves. The master added, that no vessel could escape the rover by flight, so speedy was the bark he commanded; and that no crew, however hardy, could hope to resist him, when, as was his usual mode of combat, he threw himself on board at the head of his followers.

Wallace smiled sternly while the master of the ship, with alarm in his countenance and tears in his eyes, described to him the certainty of their being captured by the Red Rover, a name given to De Longueville because he usually displayed the blood-red flag, which he had now hoisted.

"I will clear the narrow seas of this rover," said Wallace.

Then calling together some ten or twelve of his own followers, Boyd, Kerlie, Seton, and others, to whom the dust of the most desperate battle was like the breath of life, he commanded them to arm themselves, and lie flat upon the deck, so as to be out of sight. He ordered the mariners below, excepting such as were absolutely necessary to manage the vessel; and he gave the master instructions, upon pain of death, so to steer as that, while the vessel had appearance of attempting to fly, he should in fact permit the Red Rover to come up with them and do his worst. Wallace himself then lay down on the deck, that nothing might be seen which could intimate any purpose of resistance. In a quarter of an hour De Longueville's vessel ran on board that of the champion, and the Red Rover, casting out grappling irons to make sure of his prize, jumped on the deck in complete armor, followed by his men, who gave a terrible shout, as if victory had been already secured. But the armed Scots started up at once, and the rover found himself unexpectedly engaged with men accustomed to consider victory as secure when they were only opposed as one to two or three. Wallace himself rushed on the pirate captain, and a dreadful strife began betwixt them, with such fury that the others suspended their own battle to look on, and seemed by common consent to refer the issue of the strife to the fate of the combat between the two chiefs. The pirate fought as well as man could do; but Wallace's strength was beyond that of ordinary mortals. He dashed the sword from the rover's hand, and placed him in such peril that, to avoid being cut down, he was fain to close with the Scottish champion, in hopes of overpowering him in the grapple. In this also he was foiled. They fell on the deck, locked in each other's arms, but the Frenchman fell undermost; and Wallace, fixing his grasp upon his gorget, compressed it so closely, notwithstanding it was made of the finest steel, that the blood gushed from his eyes, nose, and mouth, and he was only able to ask for quarter by signs. His men threw down their weapons and begged for mercy, when they saw their leader thus severely handled. The victor granted them all their lives, but took possession of their vessel, and detained them prisoners.

When he came in sight of the French harbor Wallace alarmed the place by displaying the rover's colors, as if De Longueville was coming to pillage the town. The bells were rung backward, horns were blown, and the citizens were hurrying to arms, when the scene changed—the Scottish Lion on his shield of gold was raised above the piratical flag, and announced that the champion of Scotland was approaching, like a falcon with his prey in his clutch. He landed with his prisoner, and carried him to the court of France, where, at Wallace's request, the robberies which the pirate had committed were forgiven, and the King even conferred the honor of knighthood on Sir Thomas de Longueville, and offered to take him into his service. But the rover had contracted such a friendship for his generous victor and brother, that he insisted on uniting his fortunes with those of Wallace, with whom he returned to Scotland, and fought by his side in many a bloody battle, where the prowess of Sir Thomas de Longueville was remarked as inferior to that of none, save of his heroic conqueror. His fate also was more fortunate than that of his patron. Being distinguished by the beauty as well as strength of his person, he rendered himself so acceptable to a young lady, heiress of the ancient family of Charteris, that she chose him for her husband, bestowing on him with her hand the fair baronial Castle of Kinfauns, and the domains annexed to it. Their descendants took the name of Charteris, as connecting themselves with their maternal ancestors, the ancient proprietors of the property, though the name of Thomas de Longueville was equally honored amongst them, and the large two-handed sword with which he mowed the ranks of war was and is still preserved among the family muniments.

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Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

Robert Bruce.—The story of Bruce, when in sore straits, watching a spider near his bed, as it made repeated unsuccessful efforts to attach its thread, but, still persevering, at last attained the object, and drawing from this an augury which encouraged him to proceed in spite of fortune's hard usage, is familiar to the readers of Barbour. It was ever after held a foul crime in any of the name of Bruce, or inheriting Gentle King Robert's blood, to injure an insect of this tribe; but indeed it is well known that compassion towards the weak formed part of his character through life; and the beautiful incident of his stopping his army when on the march in circumstances of pressing difficulty in the Ulster campaign, because a poor *lavendre* (washerwoman) was taken with the pains of childbirth, and must have been left, had he proceeded, to the mercy of the Irish Kernes, is only one of many anecdotes that to this day keep up a peculiar tenderness, as well as pride of feeling, in the general recollection of this great man, now five hundred years mingled with the dust.

How Rothschild made his Fortune.—Rothschild's greatest achievement in over-reaching distance and his fellow-speculators was in 1815. He was near the Chateau d'Hougoumont on the 18th of June, watching as eagerly as Bonaparte and Wellington themselves the battle of Waterloo. All day long he followed the fighting with strained eyes, knowing that on its issue depended his welfare as well as Europe's. At sunset he saw that victory was with Wellington and the allies. Then, without a moment's delay, he mounted a horse that had been kept in readiness for him, and hurried homewards. Everywhere on his road fresh horses or carriages were in waiting to help him over the ground. Riding or driving all night, he reached Ostend at daybreak, to find the sea so stormy that the boatmen refused to trust themselves to it. At last he prevailed upon a fisherman to make the venture for a reward of £30. In that way he managed to reach Dover. At Dover and at intermediate stages on the road to London other horses were in waiting, and he was in London before midnight. Next morning, the mornng of the 20th of June, he was one of the first to enter the Stock Exchange. In gloomy whispers he told those who, as usual, crowded round him for news, that Blucher and his Prussians had been routed by Napoleon before Wellington had been able to reach the field; that by himself he could not possibly succeed, and, therefore, the cause of England and her allies was lost. The funds fell as they were meant to fall. Every one was anxious to sell, and Rothschild and his accredited agents scoffed at all who brought them scrip to purchase. But scores of unknown agents were at work all that day and all the next. Before the Stock Exchange closed on the afternoon of the second day, when Nathan Rothschild's strong boxes were full of paper, he announced an hour or so before the news came through other channels the real issue of the contest. Very soon the funds were higher than they had been during many previous weeks; and Rothschild found that he had made something like a million pounds by his quick traveling and clever misrepresentation. Other millions were collected rather more slowly, by other transactions of a like nature.

Dr. Franklin recommends a young man, in the choice of a wife, to select her "from a bunch," and gives as his reason that, when there are a number of daughters, they improve each other, and, from emulation, acquire more accomplishments than a single child spoiled by parental fondness.

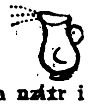
◆

Style of Masonic Correspondence Fifty Years Ago.

Bro. Andrew Cox thus wrote *verbatim et literatim* fifty-two years ago:

London may 15 1815

Dear Br.—I greet you well all is in health with me hope with you the same I am on the Black Checque the fould wind of adversity has drive me far from the white marks of prosperity but still I hope the wind one day or other the wind will shift and give me an oppertunity of getting into good anchorage again or perhaps our Universal and Great grand master will give me a tow my anchor of hope is still left but my Cable of Fortitude is nearly stranded an if it should give way I know not what I shall do for I have not a sail left.

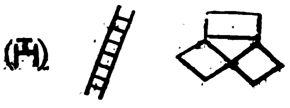
dag dazg blf ivyfxry 

nzwv feby 16th izrtvw gsvuribg gfvhwzb rm nzixr i ru blf xzm trev nv z orgov rmhgifxgrlmh lu gsv dliprmt hrmxv gsv fmrlm R hslfow yv nfxs lyorwlv gf blf uli rg zkkzrih gezgsoo gsv dlip rn zvgvi w gsv fszb R hslfow

yv olhg zg rg mld

Give my love to all the Brethern

Greet them for me

Andw Cox 

NB derect for me sign the angel to be left mr Castle Rotherbith Stairs

Bro. Anthony O'Neal Haye, the accomplished Freemason, in the *Freemason's Magazine and Masonic Mirror*, calls in this periodical for explanation.

Bro. Hughan thus deciphers:

"What you made Feb. 16th, raised the first Tuesday in March. If you can give me a little instruction of the working since the union, I should be much obliged to you, for it appears that all the work is altered, the why I should be lost at it to know. Give my love to the brethren. Greet them for me.

Andrew Cox."

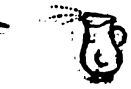
It is likely that the quart jug represents the sign of the house at which the writer was stopping at the time: the triple tau, the ladder, and the other hieroglyphic would no doubt indicate that Andrew Cox was a Royal Arch Mason, had taken seven degrees, and had appended his mark as a Mark Mason, it being the custom for the ancient craftsmen to sign their names with their distinguishing marks in accordance with the principles of Operative Masonry. There are many more letters than are required, and it is likely they are inserted to confuse the "cowan."

It seems to me probable that the letter was written to the noted "Finch," as he was traveling about the country at that date (May 15th, 1815), especially when I know the cipher to be one he used in his "Masonic Treatise, R. A., A. M., R. C., K. T., M. P., &c.," published in 1800, 1802, 1803, and 1812.

Another brother says the letter is written in one of simplest kinds of cipher, and conveys the following meaning, viz.:

"*As to* what request *was* made February 16th. Raised *on* the first Tuesday in March. If you can give me *a* little instruction in the working since the union, I should be much obliged to you, for it appears that all the work is altered *from* the *old* way. I should be lost at it now."

The hand points to the vessel from which a few drops are falling; this is probably meant to symbolize "the cup of poverty drained to its *last drops*." The hieroglyphics following the name probably imply the *urgent* necessity of assistance, to enable the writer to recover himself from his position of *reverse*.—P. M. Nos. 201 and 998, P. G. S. W. North Wales and Shropshire.

N.B. 

dsg dazg blf &c.

wht what you (rebucid ?)

nzwv, &c., &c.

made Feby 16th raized (raised) the first in March if you can give me a letle (little) instructions of the working since the union I should be much obldoe tu (obliged to) you for it appairs (appears) that all the work im aster-d (is altered) the whay (thereby) I should be lost at it now.

Give my love to all the Brn.

Great them for me,

Andw Cox, Ra &c., P. M.

NB direct for me to the sign of the Angel (to be left for Mr. Castle) Rotherhithe Stairs.

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Lotteries.

In the discussion about Lotteries at the present day it may be interresting to give, as a specimen, how Lodges did in olden days in 1796, showing progress in public sentiment.

"For many years, however, Holland Lodge, agreeably to the custom of the times, occasionally bought tickets in lotteries, instituted for benevolent objects. The minutes show only one prize drawn, which was £81/16, in 1796."

Bro. Elias Hicks noted the following prizes drawn by the Lodge, viz.:

2	Prizes	$1000,	$2,000
2	do	50,	100
95	do	10,	950
			3,050
15 per cent.,			457 50
			$2,592 50

◆

We endorse every word of the following from the *Voice of Masonry.*

We should not permit ourselves to be dazzled by any outward show whatever, but scrutinize carefully, and ascertain whether the applicant for admission to our Order has really a *heart* within his bosom—whether he has a *soul*, and is capable of sympathy. *If our association is ever ruined, it will be by the hands of unprincipled and selfish men who manage to get among us. We have quite enough of this class already*, and it is time now to commence closing the doors against all suspicious persons. The Order is now so popular that everybody is rushing toward it, and demanding admission, so that we may say, in the language of Scripture, "it suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." There is no safety for us but by imitating the example of our ancient brethren, in the rejection of all the unworthy, without hesitation and without fear. Brethren, let us think of this.

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Solomon was the first great naturalist the world ever saw.

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MASONRY IN TIME OF WAR.

I.

"LET THE WORLD OBSERVE HOW MASONS LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

Masonry may be a cabalistic clan, a fraternity of jolly good fellows, who have a marked fondness for social gatherings at unseasonable hours, and also love fine suppers; it may be a burlesque of human life, or a serio-comic drama; it may be an association of men whose deeds, being evil, love darkness more than light. In some such manner as this has public opinion spoken of it in ages past. It may be a charitable institution; there may be some honesty in it; there may be some reality and great pretense at mystery; there may be in it some grand allegory of good or of evil; it may be a binding together of men by fearful oaths for the accomplishment of specific or individual purposes; it is something difficult to comprehend, but a something which still commands our respect. In some such manner as this public opinion esteems it to-day.

It is something which throws an electrical chain of kindness round the world, and pulses brotherly love from the great heart of truth to the uttermost bounds of virtuous thought and conduct. If we can solve the mystery of a power which can accomplish this end, then may he or she solve the mystery of Freemasonry. If one doubts that the Order can do this, let him or her go with me and observe some of the wonderful deeds done in its name during the war of 1861–5, in the United States. If, of those who follow me through these sketches, there should be some who walk in paths they have not known, let them remember, when they behold the battle-axe suspended in mid-air, that "wisdom dwells with contemplation," and that the beautiful ways of virtue, and not any word which I may pen, can "make the darkness light before them, and crooked things straight."

If the very natural question suggest itself, How is it that the bitterest animosities and the fiercest passions give way, with the suddenness of a flash of lightning, to kindness and affection? the simple answer which I would give to the world is, Every Mason is especially taught, in the very first lesson which he learns as a Mason, that "Every human being has a claim upon your kind offices. Do good unto all. Recommend it *more especially* to the household of the faithful."

Thus far canst thou come, and no farther. It is enough for the world to know that Masonry can bless—has blessed—the human race. It is the highest glory of a Mason to know that, in the daytime and in the night season, in prosperity and in adversity, in war and in peace, in victory and in defeat, in prison and in the open world, in the heat of battle and in the calm of prayer, in the feasts of the victors and the wailings of the vanquished, in all places and under all circumstances, his conduct has been squared with the guage of moral and conscientious rectitude, plumbed by the unerring line of truth, and spanned by the compass of fidelity, to those obligations which make us all one vast brotherhood.

In the preparation of these sketches or narratives the author has to acknowledge his indebtedness, for much valuable assistance, to Bro. R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., of New York, Grand Prelate of the Grand Encampment of the United States; Bro. A. G. Mackey, M.D., of Charleston, S. C., P. G. G. H. P. of the General Grand Chapter of the United States; Bro. Lawrence Langston, G. S. W., of Maryland; Bro. John W. Raussus, of Warsaw, N. Y.; Bro. J. C. W. Bailey, of Illinois; Bros. R. W. York, J. M. Happold, M.D., Col. C. A. Cilley and S. B. Erwin, of North Carolina; Bro. W. H. Richardson, of Maryland; Bro. Chas. W. Moore, of Ohio; Bro. B. O. Austin, of Missouri; Bro. A. G. Levy, M.D., of New York; Bro. S. M. Dold, M.D., and Col. John Esten Cooke, of Virginia; Maj. H. D. Norton, of Massachusetts; Bro. R. A. Williams, of Tennessee; and many others.

War pulls down, devastates, destroys; Masonry builds up, adorns, perpetuates. It is therefore the design of these papers to gather and preserve, in appreciable form, the real facts and historical data of Masonic incidents which transpired during and in connection with the civil war of 1861–5 in America. It is purposed that whatever they may contain shall be catholic and just in its premises, authentic in statement, and scrupulously accurate in detail. It is designed, in brief, that they shall constitute a Masonic garner in which the author has labored to harvest the holy fruits of fraternal faith and practice, as developed in all the products of brotherly love, relief, protection, aid, counsel, influence and partiality, which came forth, both North and South, a golden but invisible fruit, in the tedious and trying days of a nation's terrible warfare, and in the long, dark nights of a people's prayers and sufferings.

II.

AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

Joseph Warren received on 7th May, 1772, from the the Earl of Dumfries, Grand Master of Masons in Scotland, a commission constituting him "Grand Master of Masons for the Continent of America." In the early summer of 1775, he was commissioned a Major-General in the little American army, which inaugurated the seven years' revolutionary war.

On the 17th day of June, 1775, an army of about twelve hundred American rebels lay behind the slender breastworks, which they had thrown up during the previous night, upon the heights of Breed's and Bunker hill, near Boston. General Ward had supreme command of our troops, with his headquarters at Cambridge, although Gen. Putnam was practically the Commander-in-Chief. Prescott was next in command. Putnam and Prescott were Masons.

Boston and its harbor were in possession of the British troops and fleet. Lord Percy, Generals Gage and Burgoyne, and a Major Small were with the invading forces. Major Small was a Mason, and had doubtless met Grand Master Warren in the Lodge, and felt for him a warm personal attachment.* What a misfortune that political differences and national wars should place in hostile relations those whose genial souls, under other circumstances,

"Like kindred drops, had mingled into one."

Yet such is sometimes the case, and was frequently in the war of the Revolution; but even under these embarrassing circumstances, Masons need not be forgetful of their fraternal relations; we shall see that some were not!

The long and painfully tedious drama was about opening—the desperate struggle was about to begin. In the early morning, General Gage had carefully scanned, by aid of his spy-glass, from Copp's hill, the new entrenchments of the Americans upon Bunker's Hill, and he had said, "The works must be carried."

About noon, while our little band were lying anxiously awaiting the onset, while the guns of the enemy's ships and floating batteries in the harbor were pouring a heavy cannonade into the face of the bold little redoubt, a horseman of slight make and fair form, (and here we again quote for the most part from Bro. Moore,) was seen advancing from Charlestown Neck at full speed toward the American works. He had to cross Bunker Hill, to reach the principal entrenchments, which were beyond it, on Breed's Hill. Putnam happened to be there; and as the horseman gained the crest of Bunker Hill, General Putnam rode forward to meet him. He at once recognized the young Major-Gen. Warren, who had come unexpectedly to Putnam, but, agreeably to his expressed determination, to take part in the engagement as a volunteer. On approaching the new comer, General Putnam exclaimed, "General Warren, is it you? I rejoice and yet I regret to see you. Your life is too precious to be exposed in this battle; but, since you *are* here, I will take your orders."

"General Putnam," replied the youtful hero, "I have no orders to give. You have made your arrangements; I came to aid you as a volunteer. Tell me where I can be useful."

"Go, then, to the redoubt; you will there be covered," responded Putnam.

"I came not to be covered," returned Warren, half reproachfully; tell me where I shall be most in danger,—tell me where the action will be hottest."

"The redoubt," said Putnam, "will be the enemy's object. If that can be defended, the day is ours."

He went accordingly. The troops at the redoubt knew him, although he was not in uniform, and greeted him with shouts of welcome. Prescott commanded these, and immediately proposed that Warren should assume his right to command, while he would serve.

Warren replied, "No, Colonel Prescott, give me *your* orders, give me a musket. I have come to take a lesson of a veteran (as Prescott was) in the art of war."

At three o'clock, the British, led by Howe and Pigot, made their first assault, and were repulsed; again the British, in serried ranks, dashed up the hill. Again the Americans reserved their fire until the enemy advanced within easy range, when they poured volley after volley into their very faces, and the attacking forces broke and fled.

Major Small and General Putnam had been fellow-soldiers in the former wars against the French. They had sat together in Lodge. After the fire from the American works, says the biographer before quoted, had the second time taken such terrible effect upon the advancing columns of the English, Major Small, who was in the advance, remained unhurt, but almost alone amid the hundreds that fell around him. His nearly solitary position and brilliant dress formed a conspicuous mark for our riflemen within the redoubt. They had already pointed their guns, and in another minute he would have been numbered with his bleeding comrades. At this moment Putnam recognized him, sprang forward, threw himself before the leveled muskets of his soldiers, saying: "Spare that officer, my gallant comrades, we are friends, *we are brothers!*" This appeal was sufficient, and Major Small retired unhurt from the scene of carnage.

But the British rallied again, and the next and third time they were successful. The Americans fought to the last, but they were outnumbered and overpowered. General Warren remained in the redoubt until the enemy had entered it. He was slowly retreating, and only a few rods from the work, when the whole British forces passed the breastwork, thus placing him in most imminent danger. At this critical moment Major Small, whose life Putnam had saved not an hour before, attempted in turn to preserve the life of Warren. Small knew him well, and seeing his imminently dangerous position, called out to him by name and requested him to surrender, at the same time ordering his men to cease firing.

Warren heard his name called, and turned his head, as if he recognized the voice, but it was too late. That moment a ball struck him in the forehead, and he fell to the earth dead.

Mrs. Adams, the wife of John Adams, thus wrote to her husband, then in Congress at Philadelphia:

"We heard from a deserter that our valued friend, Warren, (dear to us even in death,) was not treated with any more respect than the common soldier; but the savage wretches called *officers* consulted together, and agreed to sever his head from his body and carry it in triumph to Gage [the British General.] *What humanity could not obtain, the rites and ceremonies of a Mason demanded.* An officer, who, it seems, was one of the brotherhood, requested that, as a Mason, he might have the body unmangled, and find a decent interment for it. *He obtained his request*, but, upon returning to secure it, he found it already thrown into the earth, only with the ceremony of being first placed there, with many bodies over it."

The body of the illustrious Grand Master was three several times buried; first, on the brow of the hill, where he fell a martyr to his integrity and love of country; secondly, in the public burial ground, where he was laid with Masonic ceremonies; and, lastly, by his family and friends, near St. Paul's Church, the temple consecrated to the worship of the true God!

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* Moore's "Leaflets of Biography," p. 22.

Vestiges of Freemasonry among the Indians.

No. 3.

Judge Steele, P. H. P. of Mount Vernon R. A. Chapter of Washington city, now residing in Illinois, in a letter to the writer, says, "When I was among the Kiowas, Comanches, etc., at the mouth of the Little Arkansas River, in the fall of 1865, I one day met an old Comanche chief, named, I think, Sa-tank. As usual with these Indians, when friendly, he advanced to embrace me. As we met, I gave him my hand, and was surprised to receive from him the genuine grip of a M. M. I returned it, at which he manifested great pleasure, and, on releasing me, he gave the * * * * of an E. A. I could not talk Sa-tank's language, nor he mine; and, as we could not use an interpreter for the purpose, we could hold no conversation upon the subject."

I have quoted from the letter of Judge Steele for the reason that he is known extensively among the fraternity as a bright and intelligent Freemason, and one who is not likely to be deceived or imposed upon. Others, perhaps equally intelligent, though less known, have related to me similar incidents occurring not only among the Comanches and Kiowas, but also among the Apaches, the most savage and warlike of all of our Indian tribes. A Mason who has been much among the Apaches, during over twenty years, informs me that he has often seen unmistakable vestiges of Freemasonry among them, and that their tradition is that, once upon a time, thousands of moons ago, the Great Spirit gave them a "great knowledge and wisdom," by which they could know all things and do all things; but, through their wars and changes, they have lost most of that "great knowledge and wisdom," and that what is left is now kept by their chiefs and head men and the few found worthy to be admitted to their secret council; that they know one another by signs and tokens known only to those to whom is committed the keeping of the "great knowledge and wisdom," or what is left thereof. They say that, by this "great knowledge and wisdom," their fathers were enabled to build temples and fabricate many things which would astonish the pale-faces of the present day. The signs and tokens, and the tradition of the Apaches in regard to the "great knowledge and wisdom" once possessed by their fathers, their building temples, etc., savor very strongly of a Masonic origin, to say the least of it; and these facts are certainly worthy of consideration by the Masonic antiquarian. Certain it is that temples of solid masonry were built, earthworks for fortifications were thrown up, and articles of industry and use were fabricated, all of which indicate a high degree of civilization; but when or by whom these things were done, history furnishes us with no information, and all in relation to these mementoes of a former civilization which we are able to obtain is from Indian tradition, and this tradition is more or less filled with the vestiges of what seems unmistakably to have been, at one time, Ancient Craft Masonry. Their tradition of the creation is analagous to the Hebrew account thereof. Their tradition is that the whole human family sprang from two persons, who were originally innocent, and lived in a beautiful country, abounding with game, fruits, flowers, and everything that could delight the senses and promote their happiness; that they offended the Great Spirit, who, to punish them, sent disease upon them, created huge animals to destroy their game and hunting grounds, and great fishes and reptiles to spoil their fisheries; that they grew more and more wicked, until, at last, the Great Spirit was provoked to send a deluge of waters upon the earth, which, according to the Caddoso, destroyed all mankind except one Caddo family, who were placed by the Great Spirit upon a high hill, and from whom all the Indians have originated. They have their traditions of wars, conquests, subjugations, bondage, and wanderings, just as they pleased or displeased the Great Spirit; also of storms of fire, which made great destruction of life and property; of giants and mighty men, one of whom possessed strength greater than a hundred buffaloes; of cunning workmen in wood, stone, iron, copper and the precious metals, besides numerous other traditions of things and events strikingly analogous to those contained in Jewish history, which, in the absence of any authentic knowledge of the origin of our North American Indians, cannot fail to impress the mind that they are of Hebrew origin.

The lamented General J. J. Stevens, late Governor of Washington Territory, whose opportunities for observation of the characters, customs and habits of the Indians of Washington and Oregon were, perhaps, unequaled by those of any other man, was profoundly impressed with the belief that they must have been of Asiatic and probably of Hebrew origin. Governor Stevens some years ago informed the writer that he had observed enough of the habits, customs and traditions of these Indians to satisfy his own mind that they are not only descended from an enlightened and cultivated people, but that that people brought with them the arts and sciences known in their day, and also their religion and religious institutions, all of which they cultivated as far as possible under the disadvantageous circumstances incidental to an emigration to a new and distant country, and that their degeneracy is but a natural result of isolation from the rest of the civilized world. Governor Stevens also remarked that some of these Indians had traditions of altars, burnt offerings, and also of a band of brothers bound to each other by vows and obligations which nothing but death could dissolve, and that these brothers were pure and spotless men, whom the great spirit loved and honored. If these things be true—and the high character of Governor Stevens as a gentleman of truth and intelligence precludes any doubt as to its truth—then verily we find in these traditions what really seems to be vestiges of Masonry. But we have still further evidences that Masonry must have had an existance at some time among our American Indians, which we shall present to the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON in future numbers. A.

Washington, D. C., April 22, 1867.

Family Circle.

PLACING A DAUGHTER AT SCHOOL.

"I have brought my daughter to you to be taught every thing."

Dear Madam, I've called for the purpose
Of placing my daughter at school;
She's only thirteen, I assure you,
And remarkably easy to rule.
I'd have her learn painting and music,
Gymnastics and dancing, pray do,
Philosophy, grammar, and logic,
You'll teach her to read, of course, too.

I wish her to learn every study,
Mathematics are down in my plan,
But of figures, she scarce has an inkling,
Pray instruct her in those if you can.
I'd have her taught Spanish and Latin,
Including the language of France;
Never mind her very bad English,
Teach her that when you have a chance.

On the harp she must be a proficient,
And play the guitar very soon,
And sing the last opera music,
Even though she can't turn a right tune.
You must see that her manners are finished,
That she moves with a Hebe-like grace;
For though she is large and one-sided,
That's nothing to do with the case.

Now to you I resign this young jewel,
And my words I would have you obey;
In six months you return her, dear Madam,
Shining bright as an unclouded day.
She's no aptness, I grant you, for learning,
And her memory oft seems to halt;
But remember, if she's not accomplished,
It will certainly all be your fault.

THE CHILD ANGEL.

They made her a grave at evening,
They knelt by her side to weep,
They covered her o'er with flowers,
And left her alone to sleep!
Yet ever along their pathway,
O'ershadowed by tempests wild,
A beautiful new-born angel
Looked over the clouds and smiled!

They sit by the silent hearth-stone,
They weep in the twilight gray,
They mourn for the broken music,
The glory that fled away!
They gathered around the altar,
And over their sobbing prayer
The song of a new-born angel
Is rising in rapture there!

They sleep, and the air around them
By fluttering wings is stirred,
And streams of celestial music,
Low whispering strains are heard!
They wander in amaranth bowers,
And meet by the Eden streams
The beautiful, bright child angel
That blesses them in their dreams!

DO GOOD TO ALL.

Do good to every living soul,
Turk, infidel and Jew;
For he who truly loves the Lord,
Will love his brother too.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—Thousands breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; none were blest by them; none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote—not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished, their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your deeds will be ever legible on their hearts.

A SUBLIME TRUTH.—Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still miserable, if he has a grovelling, unlettered, undevout mind. Let him have his gardens, his fields, his woods, his lawns, for grandeur, plenty, ornament, and gratification, while at the same time God is not in all his thoughts. And let another have neither field nor garden, let him only look at nature with an enlightened mind—a mind which can see and adore the Creator in his works, can consider them as demonstrations of his power, his wisdom, his goodness, and his truth—this man is greater, as well as happier, in his poverty, than the other in his riches. The one is little higher than a beast, the other a little lower than an angel.

AN ELEPHANT AND A RAT.—A very extraordinary encounter between a rat and an elephant has recently taken place in the Garden of Plants, London, which was witnessed with interest by hundreds of persons. The keepers were engaged in destroying a great number of rats, when one of them escaped and ran to the spot allotted to the elephant. Seeing no other refuge, in the twinkling of an eye the rat suddenly ensconced himself in the trunk of the elephant, very much to the elephant's dissatisfaction. He stamped his foot and twisted his trunk around like the sail of a wind-mill. After these evolutions he stood suddenly reflecting on what was best to do. He ran to the trough where he is accustomed to drink, and placed his trunk into the water, then returned to his den, and raising his trunk, with the water absorbed, he dashed out the unfortunate rat, which was in a sheet of water like that issuing from a fire-engine. When the rat fell to the ground the elephant seized him, and made him undergo the immersion and projection four times. At the fourth throw it fell dead. The elephant, with a majestic air, but cool and placid, crushed his annoying little enemy with his foot, and then went round to the spectators to make his usual collection of cakes, sugar, and other dainties. The feat was received with vociferous applause, which the elephant seemed fully to understand and appreciate.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—In the great Pyramid of Egypt is a small opening at the top, the depth of which has never been sounded. Another aperture of the same size exists at the foot of the pyramid. It was long conjectured that these two openings communicated with each other, but no means could be devised to establish the fact, till the problem was solved recently by the ingenuity of an Arab. He took a cat and her kittens, placed the old cat in one aperture and the kittens in another, and stopped up both with stones. The next day he opened them, and found cat and kittens all together at the foot of the long passage.

AN ITEM WHICH EVERY MAN, ESPECIALLY EVERY MASON, SHOULD READ.—We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has been dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed, not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness, to speak lightly of ladies, we recommend these "hints" as worthy of consideration:

Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in a mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been for ever ruined and heart broken by a lie manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, for your mother and sisters are women, and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's bitter tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow-creature.

* * *

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

A MOST REMARKABLE INSTANCE of humane darin occurred at a neighborhood in South Plymouth, calle Manomet. The high impelling motive was the determination to save a crew of a vessel perishing befor the eyes of numbers of distressed spectators lining th shore. The life-boat was shoved off, containing eigh as strong-nerved and stout-hearted men as ever brave the elements to rescue persons trembling on the verg of destruction. The sea tumbled and tossed angrily the boat was upset, and four of the crew found a water grave in their self-sacrificing effort to prevent a fe strangers from meeting the same fate.

The gloom and grief this sad accident must hav caused among the friends who had watched every motion of the life-boat with solicitude may be imagined but not described. It must have seemed a most mysterious dispensation of Providence that four valuabl lives should have been destroyed on such an errand o mercy. Still, its object being unaccomplished, an the crew of the schooner remaining in the very jaw of death, as it were, eight more individuals voluntee to make a final attempt to bring them safely to land They launched the life-boat a second time, to encounter the dangers looming up in portentous proportions from the fatality which had thus transpired. But thi time better fortune followed the men on board th life-boat, and she accomplished her noble mission, an snatched the exhausted seamen from their doom. community embracing such specimens of the race a cheerfully manned that life-boat at the outset, an then furnished others to take the places of those wh had just perished before their eyes, may well boast the high type of moral courage.

The National Freemason,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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Dr. McMurdy is always ready to welcome his friends at his office, during business hours. It is second floor, 432 Broome Street, corner Crosby and Broome, one block from Broadway.

Enlargement.—We have made arrangements to open an office in Washington City, in the vicinity of the New York papers, opposite Willard's.

This is appropriate, as the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, by a unanimous resolution, approved of the National Freemason, and recommended it as a weekly to the whole fraternity.

∴

If any brother has paid an agent, and has not received the paper, let him send the receipt to this office, or a copy of it, or reasonable evidence that he has paid for the paper, and to whom he has paid, and he will be certain to have the National Freemason, although we may lose the money.

Brethren should promptly advise us of their changes of residence.

◆

We call attention to our foreign news, especially in the department of France. Visitors to the Exposition will find suggestions of great advantage to them.

◆

Masonry in Time of War.—This series of sketches promises to be exceedingly interesting, and will contain full accounts of the Masonic incidents of our late strife.

∴

The articles on Indian Freemasonry increase in interest, and we trust our brother will keep at this subject until it is quite exhausted.

◆

May First.—We fall into New York ways, and are moving to our new quarters, 432 Broome, corner Crosby and Broome, second story, which we have leased for four years.

During Monday and Tuesday we have had an unusual increase of subscribers from New York City.

◆

Solomon the Grand Master in Art—The Craftsman's Judgment.

(Let our lady friends especially read the conclusion of this article.)

The subject which inaugurates Solomon's character for wisdom is his judgment regarding the two mothers, placed in the "Biblia Pauperum" as a type of the last judgment.

Here the King on the throne is a youth, for Solomon is believed to have been not over 20 years of age. Before him stand two women, with eager gestures. A dead child usually lies on the ground, and a living one is generally held by one leg, head downwards, by an executioner, or by both legs, between two executioners, sword in hand. A very early version of this subject is seen in an ivory of the 9th century, of which there is a cast in the Arundel Society, and which is far more expressive than many of a higher class of art.

In Mantegna's drawing in the Louvre, Solomon sits on the throne in profile to the spectator, with an expression of sympathy not quite legitimate, while the child is held head downwards, between two men. The real mother seizes the one who holds the sword by the shoulder and arm.

Giorgione has left an unfinished picture, now at Kingston Lacy, formerly in the Marescalchi collection at Bologna. He has treated the incident in a Roman sense. Solomon is the Prætor, and next him is an elderly Assessor, which somewhat diminishes the force of the story. The two women are grand and beautiful alike, with too little difference in their action, as each points to the same object—one to save, the other to destroy. In another picture by him of the same subject, in the Uffizj—the companion to that of Moses choosing between the fruit and the coals—he has had more regard to humanity in the treatment of the children. The dead one lies peacefully on a cushion, and the living child is held by both its hands. Here, as generally, the true mother is on her knees, and the false one standing, urging the execution of the sentence.

Poussin has the subject. The two women kneel opposite one another with furious Italian gestures. The false mother, rather infelicitously, with her dead child hanging over her arm.

A German painter, George Pencz, has given a touch of the burlesque to the scene, for the false mother is holding out her robe to catch her half of the suspended child.

On the other hand, Coypel, the French painter, with a tender but incorrect sentiment, has made the child the real betrayer of the truth, for he is stretching out his little arms to his terrified mother. The voracity of the story is only maintained by making the children mere babes, as they doubtless were, so that no evidence of this kind was possible, but often a great blubbering boy is given, quite old enough to have told his own name.

The next chronological incident is Solomon placing his mother, Bathsheba, on his right hand when she came to him in the matter of Adonijah and Abishag the Shunammite. (1 Kings, ii.)

Solomon building the Temple has been treated by Raphael in his Bible. The King stands on an elevated terrace, looking at plans which an officer holds before him. Below are workmen sawing wood, and oxen drawing slabs of stone.

The visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon is the established type in art of the visit of the Three Kings to the Infant Christ, both being the prefiguration of the calling of the Gentiles. Painters, therefore, have kept up the analogy, by giving a conspicuous place to the presents she brought. The attendants carry vessels heaped with gold and precious stones. Raphael shows a man pouring out gold coins at the foot of Solomon's throne; camels are usually seen in the distance. There is no mention of Solomon having caused the Queen of the East to sit in his presence, which may account for the ungallant form usually given, the king being seated on his throne, while the beautiful woman stands before him. It may also have been adopted to distinguish this incident from that of Bethsheba's visit. At most, he slightly rises and bends forward as she advances. A beautiful design by Baldini is a refreshing exception to this arrangement. Here Solomon advances, like a gentleman from without his grand Italian palace, to meet the queen, and takes her by the hand. On the other side are graceful figures, with animals and dogs, and men with hawks on wrist, by way of the most acceptable present in the artist's eyes at that time.

Art has not scrupled to show the idolatry that mysteriously overtook Solomon in his later days. This was no rare subject in the 15th or 16th centuries, when it was treated chiefly by artists north of the Alps. Lucas Van Leyden represents Solomon under the garb of a burgomaster, with a gold chain round his neck, kneeling before an altar, on which is a hideous figure seated on a globe, holding a sheep's head, and with ass's ears; next him stands a tremendous Dutch woman, with seven high feathers in her cap, pointing to the idol, and evidently using intimidation. This master has left three designs of this subject.

The throne of Solomon, with its twelve lions personifying the twelve patriarchs, is a never failing subject in the types of mediæval art.

There are two fables in connection with Solomon which have found their way into Christian art. The one is a paraphrase of the judgment between the two mothers. It is as follows: A question is brought before Solomon as to who was the real son of a certain dead man. Three young men presented themselves as claimants of the inheritance. Solomon decreed that the body should be raised before them, and that whoever should hit the head with his arrow should be the heir. Two of them tried their skill in vain, but when it came to the turn of the third, he fell before Solomon's feet, and protested that he would rather forego the inheritance than thus insult his father's body. Then Solomon recognized him in whom the voice of nature spoke, and made him the heir accordingly. This subject is often seen in miniatures, and early German pictures also give it. Solomon, when seen among the prophets, is represented young, crowned, and with a scroll in his hand, inscribed *morte turpissima condemnamus eum*, from the wisdom of Solomon (xi. 20) or he appears holding a temple and the scroll from the passage in Proverbs, "Wisdom hath builded her house." (ix. 1.)

A Byzantine miniature of the 13th century shows Solomon crowned, and in the costume of a Byzantine Emperor with a book in his hand, and a grand angel seated by his side, assisting him with his counsels.

The craftsman's judgment is found also embodied in European art. It is this:

In the Jerusalem Targum it is recorded that during the building of the Temple, the illustrious Solomon, King of Israel, had frequent occasions to exercise his judgment in deciding cases of dispute, which occasionally arose between the workmen, and from the satisfaction which his decisions invariably gave, acquired the surname of the Wise, a title of which he became at last so vain that the Great Architect of the world, by whom, doubtless, he had been inspired, thought fit in His mercy and wisdom to reprove him; for, as the Rabbinical writer Tarasi justly observes, "Vanity is the serpent that devoureth the core of wisdom." One of the overseers, or men intrusted with the direction of the work and the payment of the men, being summoned to attend a meeting of his class, called to him two of the Craftsmen, and placed in their hands a sum of gold, directing them if he did not return by the appointed time, to pay the hire of their fellows in the usual peculiar and Masonic manner, a duty which they both promised faithfully to execute.

As several hours were wanting to the time of payment, the two Craftsmen agreed to bury the treasure which they had received, and proceed to their different occupations. They accordingly sought a secure place, and committed the gold to the guardianship of its native earth. About an hour before the hour of paying the people arrived, the overseer returned and demanded of the Craftsmen the treasure which he had confided to them. They told him what they had done with it, and conducted him to the place where it had been deposited. On their arrival they began to dig, and, after removing the soil, found that the treasure had vanished. The overseer immediately charged the two men with the robbery; the men each accused the other, and finally were carried by the soldiers whom the officer summoned, before the judgment seat of the King.

It chanced that on that day Solomon presided in royal state, in the midst of his counselors, to receive the embassadors of the different monarchs who, hearing of his fame, were solicitous of his alliance. He naturally wished, therefore, to distinguish himself before them; but it pleased the Architect of all that his pride should be rebuked. The two Craftsmen, on being questioned by the King, each declared his innocence, and answered every question with the utmost ingenuousness. They were examined with the most subtle skill, but nothing could be elicited. "They must have been watched," exclaimed their judge, half vexed at the difficulties which presented themselves, "and the treasure stolen by some robber. I see no other solution." This, however, the men both declared to be impossible. "Not a tree or a shrub was in sight," said Joel, the first of the Craftsmen. "Not shelter for a sparrow," said Iran, the second: and then they each began to accuse the other of the theft. Finding it impossible to come to a decision, the mortified Solomon hastily dismissed his council, after first remanding the men to prison, and then sauntered forth alone to enjoy an hour's reflection in the royal gardens.

It chanced that two old Craftsmen, who had been present at the examination, were seated under a cedar-tree discussing the affair, and not perceiving the approach of the monarch, heedlessly continued their conversation. "The judgment of the Ruler seems at fault," observes the first; "the wisdom of the King hath failed." "It is the Divine will, doubtless," replied his companion; "to reprove the vanity of Solomon, to teach him that his power and wisdom are but the gift of the Most High, or else he could scarcely have erred in so simple a matter."

The King, who had overheard the last speech, was highly incensed at their presumption, and commanded his guards to seize them. To their entreaties for mercy, he replied, "If thou canst decide this matter, not only will I give thee life and freedom, but a chain of gold, and a ring from the treasury of Israel will I add, and make thee a ruler over thy fellows. If not, by my royal word, thou diest."

"I accept the conditions cheerfully," answered the old man. "My trust is in Him who never failed His servants who sought Him in fear and humility. Call together, O King, thy council, and in an hour I will appear before thee and make known the guilty to thy justice."

Again was Solomon seated upon the throne of Israel, his brow sparkling with the diadem, his counselors and wise men around him, and the embassadors of his allies before his face. The old Craftsman entered, bearing in his hands a vessel covered with linen; bowing reverently before the throne, he said, "Behold, O King, I am prepared. Let the criminals stand before thy presence." They were led on by the guards, when the monarch, by the direction of his aged coadjutor, thus addressed them: "In the vase before you, which is half filled with sand, lies buried a serpent sent me from Egypt. It hath the peculiar property of discovering the guilt or innocence of the parties accused, who make trial of its virtue. Let each of you plunge in his hand and search for the reptile. To the innocent it is harmless as a child; but to the guilty its sting is death." Joel advanced, and his hand being first oiled, placed it under the cloth, and searched, but without effect. He declared that the creature either eluded his search or was not there. Iran now approached, and after a few moments' examination of the vessel declared the same.

"Hold forth your hands," exclaimed the King. They did so. That of Joel was black, that of Iran unsullied. Solomon looked doubtfully on the old Craftsman for advice; who, advancing before him, thus addressed him: "Behold, O Monarch, the test of truth—the conscience of the accused has decided between them. Joel, knowing his innocence, freely examined the vase; hence the ashes upon his hand: but Iran, made a coward by guilt, merely placed his under the linen vail, and pretended to do so, or his hand, which was oiled like his companion's, would have been black also; for the urn in truth contains nothing but ashes." As he spoke, he removed the vail, and exposed its contents to their gaze.

The guilty Iran, finding himself detected, fell on his knees and cried for mercy; but was removed by the guards for execution.

Solomon descended from the throne, and taking the chain from his neck, and the ring from his finger, gave them to the aged Craftsman, and raised him to the rank of overseer among his fellows. The old man would have declined the costly gifts. "Keep them, father," said the reproved King. "Thou hast indeed taught me the lesson, so galling to human pride, that all our wisdom is from God, and that man's best virtue is humility."

We sent a draft some time ago, in a letter addressed *Miss Helen Maurice, Washington, D. C.* The letter is returned from the Washington P. O. Will Miss M. send us more specific directions. So good a prize story merits prompt reward.

Bro. Widdow's complimentary concert was well attended, and great gratification was expressed with the music, instrumental and vocal.

Bacon and Greens.

The great change from the chills of winter to the genial and glowing heat of summer is seen not only in the tender leaves and opening buds of the vegetable world, but in the thoughts and acts of men; the difference between the men and the vegetables being that, while plants are merely objective and obediently follow the laws of nature, men under the influence of spring-fever set about improving the divine handiwork, mix more or less gammon with their spinach, and occasionally undertake to make trees grow with the roots in the air and the branches downward. There is nothing specially new in this, for men have been afflicted in the same way every spring since Adam left off gardening and took to general farming for a living. But it seems strange, nevertheless, that, after this long experience, some of us will continue the experiment, in the vain hope that water will not drown nor fire burn us as, in all time, they have drowned and burned our predecessors.

We are led to these highly philosophical remarks by the doings of some of our good friends across the river, who, in their anxiety to make Brooklyn the head-centre of Masonry for the State of New York, are doing the very things best calculated to thwart their design and to alienate from them the sympathy and assistance of all right minded and unprejudiced Masons.

Over there they have an association of Masters, Past Masters and Wardens, for the purpose of regulating Masonry in the Empire State, and they hold periodical meetings to consider the state of the canvass and to concoct such measures as, in their judgment, may tend to make the imperial city of Brooklyn the Mecca to which all Masons may reverently turn, the sanctuary whose drippings the less favored denizens of the State may eagerly strive for, the altar to the horns of which all may cling as the ark and anchor of Masonic safety.

At the meeting on the 13th April the following preamble and resolution were adopted:

"*Whereas*, In the judgment of the Lodges here represented, that article of the Constitution of the M. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York which imposes upon each subordinate Lodge a charge of three dollars for each initiate, to promote the erection of a Masonic Hall in the city of New York, and at some indefinite period an Asylum for Destitute Masons, is a source of widespread dissatisfaction, is in contravention of the principles of the Order, and should be repealed; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we will use all just and proper means to secure its repeal, and, to that end, we invite the co-operation of all Lodges in the jurisdiction whose opinions coincide with our own in this respect."

It was then moved and seconded "that it is the sense of this meeting that the name of some qualified brother should be presented as a desirable person from the Fourth Masonic District to fill the office of Deputy Grand Master of the State of New York."

The motion was adopted, and a brother was nominated as they do in the political conventions of the day—first by a majority vote, and then by motion to make the nomination unanimous, and then a committee was named to transmit to each Lodge in the State a transcript from the minutes, as also a copy of the preamble and resolutions, and solicit their co-operation.

Now this whole proceeding, from its inception up to the present time, is unfraternal, unmasonic, illegal, and, in every sense contrary to the spirit and intent of the Masonic institution. If persisted in, it will not only fail to accomplish the ends sought by its promoters, but will bring divisions and jealousies into the councils of the craft, and, making it a household wrangling for the distribution of offices, and neglectful of the great and sacred aims of the craft, deprive it of the unity which is its strength, and thus render it an easy prey to its enemies. What is proper to be done in Brooklyn is equally proper to be done in New York and Albany, and Buffalo and Watertown, and every other town in the State, and each one of the cities in the jurisdiction imitating the Brooklyn Council of Ten, forstalling the legitimate business of the Grand Lodge. Canvassing for its officers as if they were mere Congressmen would reverse the Masonic order of things, and make chaos the rule and harmony the exception. Instead of meeting in Grand Lodge as the representatives of the craft, with no other mission than the transaction of such business as might be lawfully placed before the assembly, we should have a crowd of men palpitating with excitement, divided into cliques, and eager only to carry out their own plans and clutch their own share of power. We cannot suppose that our Brooklyn friends have the least idea of producing discord and division in the Grand Lodge; but we beg most earnestly to assure them that they are on the road toward it, and that it needs only that their heedless example should be followed to produce results which Masonry has every reason to fear, the seed of which being planted will surely germinate and bring forth tares to choke and destroy the grain.

The fact that a gentleman living in Brooklyn was by means such as these successfully elevated to official station can surely be no compensation in the minds of right thinking Masons for the danger attendant upon the introduction of organized caucuses and the enginery of political manœuvering into the peaceful affairs of Masonry. Fortunately for Masonry, the craft have always been taught to regard these movements with aversion and distrust, and have always put them down with summary promptitude when brought to the crucible of a vote. Fortunately, for our Brooklyn brethren themselves, their unwise attempt carries with it its own condemnation, and its result ought to, and let us hope will, carry with it a salutary admonition to them and all who might be disposed to imitate them. We have said that the assemblage was illegal, and we remind the brethren that so long ago as when the M. W. Joseph D. Evans was Grand Master, an attempt being made in the city of New York to assemble a convention of Masters, Past Masters and Wardens for some purpose, which now escapes our memory, he promptly suppressed it by an edict, in which he claimed that no general assembly of the craft or their representatives could be lawfully convened without the authority of the Grand Master or his deputy, and his action was concurred in by the craft, including the promoters of the proposed convention. The Constitution authorizes the Lodges in each Masonic district to recommend a suitable brother for appointment as District Deputy, but it nowhere authorizes them to meet in convention for that purpose. The powers of a Lodge are enumerated in its Warrant, and they can only be exercised in the location chosen by the Lodge itself; the moment two or more Lodges meet in convention to legislate, they assume a part of the prerogatives of the Grand Lodge, and that is a power not reserved nor accorded by the supreme power; hence all such conventions are illegal. Being illegal, they are unmasonic, and they are unfraternal because they are of bad example, engender suspicions in the minds of brethren at a distance, and, because tending to awaken illusory hopes in the breasts of their participators, they, by their failure, bring about a needless feeling of pique and opposition apt to promote anything else but the feelings and principles inculcated in the ritual.

Look now for a moment at the preamble above quoted. It says that the tax upon initiates for the purpose of building a Hall and founding an Asylum *is in contravention of the principles of the Order*, and should be repealed! The work, then, that for a quarter of a century has enlisted the sympathies of the earnest and zealous of the craft throughout the jurisdiction, which has called to its aid the smile and the labor of women, which has steadily progressed upward and onward toward completion—to which the Grand Lodge and the Grand Chapter have repeatedly and *unanimously* voted large sums of money, for which the aged brother, the widow and the orphan have prayed, on which the Supreme Architect has smiled, and for which He has put it into the hearts of men and noble women to labor unselfishly and with fervent constancy—this work is in contravention of the principles of the Order, and it was left for the wisdom of this convention to find out that fact. Ah! brethren, see where your blindness is leading you, and note that in your mistaken zeal you are lending the weight of your influence to destroy the fairest work ever undertaken in the name of Masonry, and to blast the hopes not only of those who have devoted their lives to the cause, but of of those who, dying, find consolation in the moment when the vail is about to be rent in the reflection that their brethren are making sure a home for the little ones they can no longer labor for or protect. Suppose you succeed?

But, say our brethren of the convention, this charge for the benefit of the widow and orphan is the source of wide spread dissatisfaction. If the assertion were true, the genius of Masonry might weep for the degeneracy of its professors; but happily for the good name of the Craft, we know better. At the last Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge not a word was said about dissatisfaction, and not a word was offered about repealing the most righteous law ever enacted by our Masonic legislature, and there is no presentable reason why there should be. The tax is not upon the Lodges, but upon the profane. It says in terms to every gentleman who solicits the privilege of being made a Mason, You will be taxed three dollars, to aid in completing a fund, the benefits of which may, in your old age, accrue to you as one of its legitimate pensioners, or on which your widow, if in need, or your children, left homeless, may rely for a succor they will have a right to demand. Think you, brethren, that the announcement of that fact would deter for an instant the man who was prepared in his heart to be made a Mason—or if it did, brother reader, would you, could you vote favorably upon his application? Take another view: the fund has been established for many years; by the zeal, labor and contributions of the Craft and their friends it has grown to respectable proportions; every profane received into membership in a Lodge in the State of New York becomes, by that fact, a joint proprietor of this fund. Is there anything unfair, onerous or proper to give widespread dissatisfaction in the fact of requiring him to pay, at the time of his initiation, three dollars toward that fund?

But we shall be told that, practically, the Lodges pay the tax, from disinclination to add it to the amount of their initiation fee. Whose fault is that, pray? and, admitting the fact to be as stated, on what tenable ground do Lodges complain of an act of their own volition? They do not complain. Out of the six hundred Lodges in the State there are not fifty that have not cheerfully paid their contribution to this most laudable and Masonic undertaking. The fact is, and we state it with unfeigned regret, that the opposition is confined to a few Lodges in Brooklyn, and arises from a puerile jealousy of the city across the way, as if the erection of the hall in New York would make that city any larger or more powerful, or in any particular more notable than it is at present, and also ignoring the fact that by the terms of the Constitution, and the unalterable compact of 1827, the Grand Lodges must, perpetually, have its seat in the city of New York, and that where its archives and records are there must be the hall, which is to be the property, not of the city of New York, or the greater city of Brooklyn, but of THE WHOLE FRATERNITY OF THE STATE. And in this fact lies the key-note of our opposition to the doings of the convention. It is practically segregating the little knot of Brooklyn Lodges from out the whole craft, localizing and setting them up in opposition to the rest of the jurisdiction, concreting the idea that this, that, or the other locality must be specially attended to in the legislation of the Grand Lodge. We sincerely trust that our brethren will set this whole proceeding aside, identify themselves with the rest of the brethren, and legislate for Masonry in Grand Lodge instead of in unauthorized conventions.

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The Secrets of Masonry.

The public sometimes ask of us, "What are those signs, grips, passes and ceremonies which Freemasons prize so greatly and preserve so sacredly among themselves?" We reply, "These would be of no use to you even if we could communicate them, partly because you are not first prepared in heart understandingly to receive them, and partly because you would be under no pledges to answer or even preserve them. They have a special meaning to those who are *first prepared in heart*. The cry of the little one in its cradle, which to you, its mother, is so fraught with meaning, has little meaning to others. The love-look of the maiden, which to her lover is expressive of such a world of tenderness, conveys but little meaning to me. And so it is with these signs and other methods of Masonic recognition; they only serve a purpose to those who are prepared to *understand* and to *respond* to them, but would convey no meaning to you.

"Yet we will communicate to you some signs and passwords and a ceremonial form *full of Freemasonry*, and equally as binding upon *you* as they are upon *us*.

"1st. When from the lips of parent or Christian friend you hear the words of solemn counsel, warning, rebuke or exhortation, *answer those words*, we charge you in the name of God, by refraining from evil practices and drawing nearer to the cross of Him whose spirit has put it into the hearts of loving friends thus to do you good. Those words of counsel are the 'true words of Freemasonry,' ancient as the warning words which God addressed to our erring parents in Eden.

"2d. When upon the convulsed face of suffering humanity you perceive the tears slowly trickling down—when you see the hands painfully clenched under the agonizings of human sorrow, and hear the choking sob and heavy sigh, answer those signs, we charge you in the name of God, answer them quickly and give such sympathy and aid as it may be in your power to afford. These are the 'grand hailing signs of Masonry,' ancient as the day that Rachel sorrowed in her death-pangs and universally binding upon Masons and anti-masons, man and woman, to the last syllable of recorded time."

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Walter Scott's novels were termed "Waverly," from his being the President of the Waverly Club, instituted Feb., 1823, for the purpose of printing works illustrative of the history, literature and antiquities of Scotland.

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Home Journal.—Thank you for calling attention to what has been twice corrected.

Would it not do Now?

1811, in a Lodge in England it having transpired that some members had imprudently been conversing on Masonic matters with those who were not connected with the fraternity, they were severely reprimanded by the Master, and told that the conduct of which they had been guilty was a gross insult, not only to Masons generally, but to that especial Lodge in particular.

We have been told valuable Masonic information by non-Masons, about adverse ballots, discussions in the Lodge-room, etc. No Lodge should hesitate to take action in such cases, under any specious pretext.

Men who cannot keep "silence," or who cannot keep our charitable as well as our moral law, we have no use for. What say our brethren, shall there be a reform? and what Lodge will be the first to act upon the frequent and flagrant disregard of solemn injunctions?

At Falmouth Lodge, 1811, it was stated that a brother had been guilty of unmasonic conduct, and his discipline was determined upon. The Senior Warden delivered the following charge in laying before the Lodge the grounds for expulsion:

Right Worshipful Master and brethren, I am extremely sorry that I feel myself constrained, not only from the imperious duty imposed on me by filling the office of Senior Warden of this Lodge, but also from my attachment to our ancient and honorable fraternity, and a strong antipathy to see its valuable precepts, Constitutions and maxims violated, and its landmarks and usages encroached upon, to lay before your worship certain charges against a member of our respectable Lodge. It is very far from my wish or intention unnecessarily even to trouble your worship or the Lodge on any trifling or unimportant matter, and much less is it my object to state circumstances which may at all appear to interrupt the cultivation of brotherly love, the foundation and cope-stone, the cement and glory of this ancient fraternity, and which ought to subsist among us; but when the established Constitutions of our Order and the general regulations of the craft, which have stood the test of ages, are infringed, and our laws trampled under foot, I must confess that I feel an indignation which I cannot conceal, and in which case. indeed (to use the words of the Bishop of Landaff, who is, I believe, a member of our society), "coolness would be a crime." Before, however, I make my charge, I conceive it will not be improper to state the authorities on which I ground my proceeding, and which I imagine will amply bear me out. The first I shall refer to, and which is of the highest utility in our excellent "Book of Constitutions," in which are contained "The old charge of the Free and Accepted Masons, collected from their old records at the command of the Grand Master, approved by the Grand Lodge, and ordered to be printed in the first edition of the 'Constitutions,' March 25th, 1722"—the fourth section of which, under the heading "Behavior in presence of Strangers not Masons," I shall beg to state: "You shall be cautious in your words and carriage, that the most penetrating stranger shall not be able to discover or find out what is not proper to be intimated, and sometimes you shall divert a discourse and manage it prudently for the honor of the worshipful fraternity." I shall also beg leave to state a part of the sixth section, viz.: "Behavior towards a strange Brother." "You are cautiously to examine him in such a method as prudence shall direct you, that you may not be imposed upon by an ignorant, false pretender, who you are to reject with contempt and derision, and beware of giving him any hints of knowledge." Thus far our old charges, the spirit of which, and, indeed, very nearly the words themselves, are transfused into our very worthy, learned and indefatigable Bro. Preston's "Charge on the behavior of Masons to be rehearsed at closing the Lodge," given in his valuable and scientific "Illustrations of Masonry," of which I shall make further use. The first passage in this admirable work I shall refer to is contained in the charge given on initiation into Masonry, and is as follows: "In your outward demeanor you are to avoid censure or reproach, and beware of all who may artfully endeavor to insinuate themselves into your esteem, with a view to betray your virtuous resolutions, or make you swerve from the principles of the institution. Let not interest favor or prejudice your integrity, or influence you to be guilty of a dishonorable action, but let your conduct be uniform, and your deportment suitable to the dignity of the profession."

The next passage, in the charge given on the initiation into the second degree, in which the newly admitted fellow-craft is directed strenuously to support and maintain the laws and regulations of the Order, and in conclusion he is informed that the duties thereinbefore mentioned he is "bound to observe by the most sacred ties." But I now proceed to a much more important passage, contained in the charge relating to the third and highest degree of Craft Masonry, authorising a brother in the character of a Master Mason to correct the errors and irregularities of brethren and fellows, and guard them against a breach of fidelity. To improve the morals and correct the manners of men in society, he is told, should be his constant care, and with such view he should always recommend to inferiors obedience and submission; to equals, courtesy and affability; to superiors, kindness and condescension; to inculcate universal benevolence; and by the regularity of his own behavior to afford the best example for the conduct of others. The ancient landmarks of the Order entrusted to his care should be preserved sacred and inviolable, and never suffer an infringement of our rites, or a deviation from established usage and custom. "Duty, honor and gratitude now bind you to be faithful to every trust, to support with becoming dignity your new character, and to enforce by example and precept the tenets of the system. Let no motive, therefore, make you swerve from your duty, violate your vows, or betray your trust, but be true and faithful, and imitate the celebrated example of that celebrated artist whom you have represented. By this exemplary conduct you will convince the world that merit has been the title to our privileges, and that on you our favors have not been undeservedly bestowed."

I shall lastly refer to a very ingenious treatise of Bro. Hutchinson, entitled "The Spirit of Masonry." The first quotation I shall make from this treatise is included in a charge delivered by Bro. Hutchinson (who presided for several successive years over the Barnard Castle Lodge of Concord), to several initiated brethren.

"And this leads me to recommend to you a particular care and circumspection, that you betray not our distinguishing marks and characteristics to any stranger, nor to your nearest and dearest relation, nor most intimate and confidential friend. It will be prudent in you, at least for some time, not to exhibit them to a brother, except in a Lodge, or where you well know your company. Time and patience will fully evince to you the importance of this precaution. You will keep a strict guard over your discourse, so that the most piercing eye, the quickest ear, or the most penetrating observations may not possibly discover what ought to be concealed; and if you meet with prying, inquisitive people, endeavor to turn and divert the discourse; but beware of manifesting any offense or discomposure."

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Distinguished Visitors.

On Monday evening last, a delegation from the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, consisting of M. W. Lucius H. Scott, Grand Master, R. W. Richard Vaux, R. W. Peter Williamson, and several others, visited this city for the purpose of witnessing an exemplification of the standard work of this jurisdiction. They were received with appropriate honor and courtesy by the M. W. Robert D. Holmes, Grand Master, and escorted to the hall of Excelsior Lodge, No. 195, where the work was exhibited by the accomplished officers of that Lodge. The idea is a most excellent one, and will, we trust, commend itself to general imitation among sister Grand Lodges. The officers of our jurisdiction may always be certain of a courteous reception in any other they may choose to visit, and the kind feelings incident to such occasions cannot fail to act beneficially on all concerned, by drawing closer the ties of fraternity and assimilating our modes of work and legislation.

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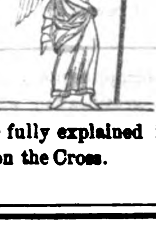
The *Labarum*, or imperial standard of the Order of Red Cross Knights, is used abroad now, by the foreign knights. This is its proper representation:



This will be more fully explained in the number containing our article on the Cross.

Answers to Correspondents.

Jay Sea.—"I bought two tickets at the late Masonic Fair, which read that the holder of each is entitled to one share in a grand seven-octave piano, held by ——— Lodge, No.—. I would like some information from you as to why that piano is not awarded, and if the money I paid has been appropriated to the Lodge or to the Hall and Asylum fund?

Answer.—The Lodge in question has not yet settled up its affairs, but promises to do so in a few days. It is understood that they still hold the piano, in the hope of selling the remaining tickets, and thus increasing the amount of their return to the fund. In your place, we should call on the Master of the Lodge, and thus obtain an explanation from headquarters.

Constant Reader.—The Constitution declares that dimission is the joint act of the Lodge and the member, or, in other words, that the Lodge must act by vote on an application for dimit to render the proceeding valid. The vote is only a majority vote, but once given it cannot be recalled, because by it the membership is severed, and the individual can only renew it by making formal application in the usual way.

Hurry.—The method of taking a vote is the same in a Lodge as in other bodies assembled for deliberation. That is to say, the presiding officer first asks for the votes in the affirmative, and then in the negative, and decides the question carried or lost, as the case may be. It sometimes happens that where a question is presented which seems to have general approbation, the presiding officer says, "If there be no objection, it will be adopted," and no objection being made, it is lawfully adopted. If, however, objection were made, then a formal vote would have to be taken. We have known several amusing instances of this short method of taking the question, as in one case, where a querulous member, incensed at not having his own way, jumped up and asked for his dimit. The Master said, Bro. Jiggs asks for his dimit; if there be no objection it will be granted. There being none, it is granted. My brother, you are no longer a member of this Lodge. So far as that Lodge was concerned, one unruly member was silenced on the double quick. All such matters can safely be left to the discretion of the Master.

Visitor.—On the second and fourth Fridays of each month, at the New Hall, at the junction of Fulton and De Kalb avenues. Come and see us.

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Right and Left.

The language used in our lectures corresponding with the Scripture use of the terms *right* and *left*, is calculated to mislead the reader, unless he refers them to their true position, viz., *facing the East*. It is to the Senior Warden's *right* and *left* that the terms belong—he alone, of all the Lodge officers, *facing the East*. Whiston, in his translation of Josephus, says, in a note to Antiquities, Book viii., chapter 3, section 6: "Here Josephus gives us a key to his own language of *right* and *left* hand, in the tabernacle and temple, that by *the right hand* he means what is against our left when we suppose ourselves going up from the east gates of the courts towards the tabernacle or temple themselves, and *vice versa*. Whence it follows that the pillar Jochim on the right hand of the temple was *on the South* against our left hand, and Boaz *on the North* against our right hand."

In that passage used in the *Order of High Priests* (Genesis xiv. 15), in which Abram is described as pursuing the Messopotamians "unto Hobah, which is on *the left hand* of Damascus," the same rule is to be observed. Moses wrote that passage while in Egypt, facing the East, from where he then stood, Hobah was *on his left*, that is, *to the North* of Damascus.

Our ritual expressions "on the right of the Worshipful Master in the East," etc., are exceptions to the above rule, because that officer sits facing *to the West*.

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As we are about changing our location we take occasion to change the arrangement of our paper slightly. The replies to correspondents, by both editors, will be on one page, and the *local department* will be found under caption of *New York*.

From the South and the North, the East and the West, there comes up the note of gratification with our journal as a national organ.

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Lt. Col. Walpole, whose brotherly treatment of a Confederate soldier and Mason during the war was noticed in the National Freemason a few weeks ago, is (the Secretary writes us) a member of Central City Lodge, No. 305, Syracuse, N. Y.

The Williamsburgh Hall.

The new Masonic Temple in Williamsburgh, which is decidedly the most like a temple of anything they have ever had in that folorn outskirt, was last evening dedicated to Masonry, by R. W. Robert Macoy, P. D. G. M., acting as the proxy of the Grand Master, and assisted by R. W. Wm. T. Woodruff, Wm. T. Anderson and other brethren.

The dedicatory ceremonies, which were impressively rendered, were preceded by an invocation to the throne of grace, by the venerable Dr. Morris, and followed by an oration by Rev. Dr. E. S. Porter, which it is scarcely needful to say was a masterly effort. In concluding, the orator said: "We dedicate this temple to whatever is right and good and true, and pray that around and before its altar there may ever shine the light of divine wisdom."

The ceremonies being completed, the audience partook of a collation with the established accompaniments of of reason and soul, which flowed in the usual festive manner, and then Williamsburgh went home gratified with having participated in a sensation.

The hall, situated at the intersection of Grand and Seventh streets, E. D., formerly known as Grand Street Market, having been purchased by Mr. A. Baker, a prominent dry goods dealer of the district, has been rebuilt and an additional story added to it, entirely with a view to meet a growing necessity. The want of suitable accommodations for meeting rooms for the large body of Masons residents of that vicinity was recognized by the projector, and no sooner formed than the idea was acted upon. After entering the outer door in Seventh street, two commodious stairways of easy access are ascended, which lead into a large reception room, furnished with wooden settees. This room is intended for the use of the Board of Relief, and is flanked on two sides by numerous ante-rooms containing conveniences for every known want in such an edifice. Beyond these rooms and in the front part of the building, two large rooms, for meetings, are partitioned off and named the East and West room, both furnished alike, with solid walnut settees, upholstered seats and backs, ranged round the walls with the necessary spaces occupied by large, high-backed chairs of the same material. Beautifully figured carpets cover the floors, preventing the sound of a footfall ever echoing through its passages. The ceilings and side walls are most admirably frescoed in panels, and in the centre of each ceiling a large circle is portrayed, illuminated with gilded constellations, with a setting moon, all apparently fading in the light of a rising sun.

The visitors all expressed unbounded admiration of the rooms and their fittings and embellishments, as reflecting great credit on the proprietor, Mr. Baker, and the artists employed by him; and many old members said they were convinced that the inner appointments excelled those of any hall on this side of the Atlantic. The East room is to be occupied by Baltic Lodge, Copernicus Lodge, Progressive Chapter, De Witt Clinton Chapter, and De Witt Clinton Commandery. The West room by Progressive, Manual, Corner Stone, Marsh and Schiller Lodges, on successive evenings.

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Templar Lodge, No. 203, had a Lodge of Sorrow on Saturday evening last, in memory of several of their members deceased.

We acknowledge their invitation to be present, and regret that important duties kept us away.

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La Fayette is the name of a new Royal Arch Chapter recently founded, of which M. E. Enoch P. Breed is High Priest; E. Charles A. Budd, M. D., King; and E. Thomas S. Sommers, Scribe. The membership is first-class. They will, no doubt, succeed in placing their Chapter in the very front rank. They meet for the present at No. 8 Union Square, second and fourth Saturdays.

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The Grand Worthy Patriarch of Eastern New York, Bro. Dr. A. H. Turner, an early friend of the National Freemason, died the 10th March. Bro. John Thompson (of Hyatt Lodge, De Witt Clinton Chapter, and De Witt Clinton Commandery) was elected at the meeting of the Grand Division, last week, as the Grand Worthy Patriarch. It appears from the reports to the Grand Division that there have been 6,000 initiations during the last three months.

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☞ ZETLAND CHAPTER, 141, R. A. M. Change of Place of Meeting.

Companions—The Convocation of this Chapter will be held at Masonic Hall, Nos. 114 and 116 East 13th Street, between 3d and 4th Avenues, after May 1st, 1867.

Companions of sister Chapters are fraternally invited to attend.

WM. DIXON, H. P.

S. E. Gardiner, Sect.

Gift Concerts.

We are continually in receipt of letters asking about the gift concerts professing to have Masonic sanction, and leading the careless to suppose that in purchasing the tickets they are aiding the cause of Masonic charity. We have, also, been favored with a circular purporting to issue from the "New York Masonic Building Association," with a plan for the distribution of presents at a concert to be given next September. This last issues from American citizens of African descent, and commences with a bombastic appeal to the generous public in the name of Masonry, about which the writer knows nothing at all. If our colored fellow-citizens need or desire aid from the general public for a worthy cause, why don't they have the manly courage to say so, and make a straightforward appeal, instead of this attempt to hoodwink folks to part with their money for one object while it is to be used for another? No one will be inclined to dispute the assertion that colored people have just as much right to get up concerts with gifts attached to them as their pale-faced neighbors; but they, the pale-faced aforesaid, will be much more likely to respond to such appeals when made frankly on their own merits, than when hitched on to the reputation of a society with which the A. C. of A. D. have nothing whatever to do.

The party signing the circular rejoices in the name of Sawyer, and we find, by reference to the directory, that he is a real personage; but whether his worldly *status* is such as to enable him to make good the flourishing promises of his gift scheme, is more than we can say. Those who invest must do so at their own risk.

Touching the other, we feel it a duty to say this, that the proposed concerts in aid of the Masonic Hall and Asylum Fund are purely and simply the result of private enterprise, with which Masonry has nothing whatever to do, and they have no Masonic sanction, except that at least one of the proprietors is a Mason, with no right, however, to pledge the craft to the support of his business as a concert giver any more than he would have as a manufacturer of—let us say—soap. We have no stones to cast, but we say that whoever invests money in this enterprise does so apart from all Masonic considerations, and as a purely personal speculation.

We desire to add this, that neither the Grand Lodge nor any subordinate Lodge under its jurisdiction, nor the Trustees of the Masonic Hall and Asylum Fund, have given the slightest sanction to the enterprise, and are not in any degree responsible for what may or may not be done. The Trustees of the Hall and Asylum Fund are gentlemen of standing in community, not ashamed of their vocations or their signatures, and are duly incorporated by act of the Legislature. Whenever *(if ever)* they make an appeal to the public to participate in a gift concert, or anything else in behalf of the Hall and Asylum Fund, they will do so openly, over their own signatures; and until they do so the public and the fraternity are requested to believe that they have nothing to do with any undertaking to which the name of the fund may be attached.

Will our cotemporaries favor us and the craft by copying this article, that, in future, it may be known that the fraternity are not concerned in any of these gift enterprises?

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Our Rev. Bro. Randolph, Rector of Christ Church, Alexandria, Va., of which Gen. Washington was a vestryman, appears to be doing a good work, carrying out Gen. Washington's wishes to children deprived of parents and employment.

There are eighty regular attendants upon the parish schools, and a number of children have been supplied with places.

Let all our Masons, clerical and lay, Jewish and Gentile, Roman Catholic and Protestant, thus give themselves to good works, to the widow and the orphan and the destitute.

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University Chronicle, of the University of Michigan, says:

The National Freemason is *very interesting*. Besides being the organ of Freemasonry, it contains much miscellaneous reading of interest. When *man* practices what this paper *preaches*, then the world may truly be said to have progressed. We should think it would be indispensable to the Freemason.

Democratic Expounder, Mich., says:

The National Freemason comes to us regularly, with its full share of Masonic and other valuable reading matter, both literary and otherwise. As we have repeatedly said, this paper ought to be in the hands of every Mason, and read at the fireside of every family.

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St. Cecile Lodge now meets at 594 Broadway.

A Safe Treasury.

It is known by all who are conversant with Masonic details, that many Lodges lose their funds, either in whole or in part, through unsafe Treasurers. The moneys are duly collected by the Secretary, and by him receipted for; paid over to the Treasurer, and by him receipted for; and considered by the Lodge as funds upon which drafts may be drawn, "by order of the Worshipful Master, with the consent of the Lodge." But when the time of need comes, either to pay the current expenses of the Lodge or to meet some extraordinary demand, it is found that the moneys are *not* at the Lodge's command. How is this?

There are several methods by which the sacred collections made for moral and charitable purposes are thus misappropriated. One, and the most common one, is *the death of the Treasurer.* Another is the bankruptcy of the Treasurer; and another still, but not so common, the business defalcations of that individual.

It is a question of very great importance, and one that should be settled and understood by every Lodge before permitting its funds to accumulate in the Treasurer's hands, *whether the Treasurer has the right to use them in his own business.* Not that Masonic jurists differ upon the question. All are agreed that *he has not.* The "Model By-Laws" which are in use by one-fourth of the Lodges of the United States say distinctly that "all moneys received by the Treasurer on behalf of the Lodge shall be kept by him and be at the command of the Lodge *at any moment* when drawn upon or called for." But in *practice* the Treasurers *generally do employ the funds in their hands* in their personal business, and it is this misappropriation that leads to the frequent, sometimes disastrous, losses to which Masonic Lodges are subjected. Where there is no prohibition upon the subject and general usage justifies it, a newly elected Treasurer can scarcely be blamed for such a disposition of the funds when he feels able and ready at a moment's notice to replace them and pay the drafts that may be made upon him. But it is none the less improper, and this fact should be made prominent in the installation ceremonies.

To Our Readers and Friends.

We have, in New York and Washington, executed every possible order for our brethren, without compensation, and frequently at considerable expense to ourselves. These orders have become so numerous as to materially affect our public duties. We therefore gladly welcome the announcement at the close of this article, and hold ourselves responsible for Bro. Chase's strict compliance with his promises. If there is one failure, we should be pleased to be advised.

In this connection it may be proper to state that, when we notice any advertisement, it is because of our especial confidence therein. We have never received any compensation, direct or indirect, for an advertisement in our paper. We have acknowledged every present from any one, even to a pen, that our readers may understand that the principles of Masonry are practically carried out by us.

We also remark that we have never received any professional position through Freemasonry. We have never had charge of any Masonic institution. We have never received any degree or honor therefrom. Our parishes have been some of the first in the land. Our literary and collegiate honors have been from Presbyterian and Episcopal colleges—Yale, Jefferson, Hobart, and the Northwestern University. We do not need Masonry as a passport into society, nor for a livelihood.

We commend to our readers Bro. CHASE as a Mason and gentleman.

PURCHASING AGENCY,

For the purchase of Masonic Goods of all description, Pianos, Melodeons, Organs, Sewing Machines, Safes, Books, &c., and all classes of goods in this market.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it, and sent by P. O. order or draft on bank.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and state you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post marks.

All orders should be addressed to W. H. CHASE,
P. O. Box 5789, New York.

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A wise man said: "A king is but a man to his *valet de chambre.*"

The Parallel Counterfeits.

A new ten dollar counterfeit note on the National Banks has just been discovered in circulation.

Also, a new Masonc counterfeit has just appeared. He is a fellow who "has seen better days;" is "traveling in pursuit of a fellow who owes him," and "wants the brethren to advance him a few dollars to help him along."

As the plate is the same for all banks of notes of the same denomination, the public have to study closely the genuine ten dollar plate effectually to meet the fraud; for they will no doubt be changed from one bank to another, as circumstances may seem to warrant.

Also, this mystic rascal, being printed from the same plate as all other Masons of the same denomination (Master Masons), the Masonic public has to study the genuine brother very closely, effectually to meet the fraud; for he will, no doubt, change his references from one Lodge to another, as circumstances may seem to warrant.

The signatures of the register of the Treasury and the United States Treasurer have been well imitated, but the signatures of the officers of the bank are very poor, and plainly show that they have been printed.

Also, the outlines of this wretched swindler have the general appearance of the Craft universal. The outward and grosser forms of recognition are well imitated. The mental and physical constitution given him by his Maker is as good as the most. He is, in brief, well calculated to deceive the superficial and unwary, whose own acquaintance with the Masonic system is scarcely skin-deep.

The back of the note is not so well executed as the face, but the green coloring is very good.

Also the clandestine scallawag we are describing is better executed on the face (surface) of him, than in those parts less frequently or critically examined.

As the National bank note system reduces the great variety of notes that existed under the old State Bank system, when each bank exercised its own taste in the choice of its designs, to one set of well recognized plates for all banks, it is believed that the field for for this sort of enterprise is so narrowed as to bring the profits below the risks incurred.

So, as the tendency to uniformity of ritual increases, and the diversities and discrepancies of former days diminish, it is believed the field for this sort of enterprise, which this wretched villain is pursuing, will be narrowed down until the profits will not pay the risks. *So mote it be!*

◆

Unexpected business prevented our compliance with the request of the committee to participate in the festivities attendant upon the dedication of the New Masonic Temple at Williamsburg, Monday evening. The edifice reflects great credit upon its projector and owner. Bro. R. W. ROBERT McCOY acted as Master of Ceremonies; Bro. MORRIS made the opening prayer, and Rev. Dr. PORTER made an impressive and able address, concluding with the sentence:

"We dedicate this temple to whatever is right and good and true, and pray that before and around its altar there may ever shine the holy light of the Divine wisdom." At the conclusion of the oration the large party partook of a grand banquet. This splendid temple will be occupied by the following Lodges: Baltic, Progressive, Corner Stone, Marsh, Manual, Copernicus, Schiller, De Witt Clinton Chapter, Progressive Chapter, and De Witt Clinton Commandery.

◆

Corinthian Chapter.—All present were interested last Thursday evening in the Royal Arch ceremonies, as impressively conducted by Past Grand Lecturer Fisk. We found visitors from Canada, New Jersey, Georgia, and sister city Chapters. M.·. E.·. Comp. Gardner, aided by his efficient officers, is keeping up its life. Comp. Millard was H.·. P.·. of this Chapter from 1856 to 1864, except 1861, when Comp. Phillips was H.·. P.·.; Comp. Budlong was H.·. P.·. from 1834 to 1866.

Our venerable brother, Rev. Dr. Brown, of Newburg, is an honorary member.

Solomon and Franklin.

The Grand Master of Jerusalem was ahead of the Grand Master of Pennsylvania. King Solomon put up the OLDEST LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR. Arago, the celebrated French Astronomer, says:

The temple of the Jews at Jerusalem existed for a period of nearly 1000 years; for the temple of Solomon existed nearly 400 years, and the second temple about 600 years. This temple was, by its situation, more particularly exposed to the frequent and violent thunderstorms in Palestine. Nevertheless neither the Bible nor Josephus mentions that it was ever struck by lightning. The cause of this is very simple. By a fortuitous circumstance, the temple of Jerusalem was provided with a lightning conductor, which came very near that discovered by Franklin, used by us. The roof of the temple, similar to those found in Italy, was covered with thickly gilt wood. Lastly, beneath the forecourt of the temple, there were cisterns into which flowed the water coming from the roof by means of metal pipes. Here we find such a multitude of lightning conductors, that Litchtenberg was right when he maintained that the mechanism of the like constructions in our days is far from presenting an apparatus so well adapted to produce the desired effect.

◆

Bro. Bowman, Grand Chaplain of G.·. L.·. North Carolina, left New York last week, having been well received both within and without the fraternity. Bro. B., possessed of a large estate before the war, as a Methodist preacher, without compensation, gave his entire energies and time to the interests of the colored people. His interest still continues, and he secured $1,500 for them upon his late tour, a compliment to his energy and perseverence.

The Grand High Priest and the Chapter nearest Bro. Bowman's Lodge in North Carolina having requested some Chapter in New York to confer the degrees, it was courteously done by Zerubbabel, Past High Priest Redfield officiating, at some personal inconvenience to himself.

◆

BROTHERLY LOVE.—We are delighted to learn that the matters of difference between the New York East and the Boston East are in process of composition. Let every brother of either East aid in the perfect consummation of this desirable result, so that peace may once more reign throughout all our borders.

Dr. J. K. Moore, son of Bro. Cornelius Moore, of Cincinnati, writes most touchingly in the *Review* of his mother, whose loss he deplores. Our sympathies and condolence with Bro. Moore and his son in the irreparable loss. She died a Christian. Her dying words were: "I wish you were all housed with me in heaven."

If Grand Lodges were to cease to-morrow, Grand Masters would still be necessary to the craft. Grand Lodges are of recent date, but Grand Masters have existed from time immemorial. The fifth landmark gives them the right to preside over every assembly of the craft wherever and whenever held.

The office of Deputy Grand Master was established a little over 100 years ago, A. D. 1721, to relieve the G.·. M.·. from the details of office.

:o:

Le Monde Maçonnique charges us with intolerance, because we are faithful to a minimum Masonic orthodoxy, as understood by craftsmen. Permit us to inform our good brother that there is not one Freemason in the United States who does not agree with us. We insist that no one can be made a Mason unless he believes in God and the immortality of the soul. How can a man be obligated? How made a Freemason? What force in our *regimen* and ceremonies without a belief in God?

Yet we advise no persecution of the Atheist, nor of any errorist. Is here intolerance? We rejoice in every movement effectuating the most perfect freedom of opinion. Is this intolerance? We believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. If we understand the French issue there is a party which is willing, while insisting upon the universal brotherhood of man as a landmark, to cease the demand for a belief in the Fatherhood of God. We believe in both, and insist that all who become Freemasons shall do the same.

Our brother objects to relief being sent South and not North. He intends to express a just sentiment, and we cordially endorse it; but from a want of thorough acquaintance with our country he makes a mistake. Our Freemasonry knows no North nor South; but, while the North is blessed with plenty, and her widows and orphans have been provided for, the South, by the devastations of war and the failure of crops is in a very prostrate condition. Tens of thousands are on the verge of starvation, and need immediate and special relief. If Normandy were suffering from famine, would our brothers of Paris be supposed to be neglecting the poor of their city in an especial and definite effort of relief for another portion of France? A Northern Masonry, a Southern Masonry, a sectional Masonry, would not be to tolerated among us for a moment.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

MISSOURI.

Memphis.—Dr. J. Saunders has two sets of valuable regalia, one that of a Sir Knight and the other of a Rose Croix, obtained from a volunteer officer, who was in the South, and to whom they were presented. There is a rumor that they may be the property of General Beauregard.

MINNESOTA.

The Grand Secretary acknowledges the receipt, on the 10th of April, of nearly nine hundred dollars to relieve the suffering in the South. The Masons of Minnesota are contributing liberally.

Winona.—The brethren of this place have sent $500 to relieve the South.

Bro. Nash, Grand Master, has issued a stirring circular to the Lodges and brethren of his jurisdiction, calling upon them to contribute liberally to relieve the destitution of the South.

NEW MEXICO.

A Member.—Reply.—A brother has a right to object to the degrees being conferred without giving any reason. The reason given was ample. Let the candidate wait until he shows to the satisfaction of the brethren objecting that his conduct will not probably be repeated, and that he is a thoroughly good man. I know a father who blackballed his own son, because he used profane language. It led to the reformation of the son.

OHIO.

Toledo.—What you desire is the work of time, and most effectually accomplished by patience and causes now actively at work.

COLORADO.

Reply.—Commanderies can only take cognizance of Sir Knights. If a man, without presenting himself for admission into the asylum, should declare himself a Sir Knight, *no notice* should be taken of it officially. If, after exercising all charity, he is convicted of falsehood—*any falsehood*—he should be punished according to the gravity of his offense. He may, certainly, be tried by the Lodge.

MISSISSIPPI.

Holly Springs.—The Freemasons of this place have presented a fine silver watch, appropriately inscribed, to Martin Washington, a freedman, for his fidelity as a servant to Col. C. H. Mott, a deceased brother.

KENTUCKY.

Louisville.—"Kilwinning Council, Knights Kadosh," No. 1, elected the following: Wm. E. Robinson, T. P. G. M.; James A. Beattie, 1st L. G. M.; John W. Cook, 2d L. G. M.; Charles G. Davidson, O. or G. K. of E.; Richard G. Hawkins, G. C.; John H. Leathers, G. T.; James C. Purdy, G. M.; R. V. Snodgrass, G. M. C.; Levi Sloss, 1st G. E.; R. T. Clarke, 2d G. E.; John Garbett, G. C. of G.; Geo. F. Evans, 1st K. H. at A.; Levi Rice, 2d K. H. at A.

Newport.—Burns' Lodge mourns the loss of Bro. Owen C. Turner, aged sixty-six. A just man and a true Mason.

Louisville.—Pelican Rose Croix Chapter, No. 1, have elected, for the term of one year, Horace Gooch, M. W. M.; Charles G. Davison, S. W.; George F. Evans, J. W.; D. T. Monsarrat, O.; William Kerr, A.; Richard G. Hawkins, Sec.; J. W. Cook, T.; R. V. Snodgrass, M. of C.; John Garbutt, S. E.; J. H. Leathers, J. E.; R. J. Clarke, G. of T.

MICHIGAN.

Reply.—In some jurisdictions District Deputy Grand Masters are admitted to a seat and vote in the Grand Lodge. In some all Past Masters of Lodges are admitted to a seat and a vote; in others only to a seat, but not a vote. In a few jurisdictions the Wardens of Subordinate Lodges are not admitted to either. In two jurisdictions there is a representative in addition to the Master and Wardens. In your jurisdiction the Master of the Lodge is the representative, and he receives ten cents per mile for traveling fees (one way), and $3 per day. The tax you refer to cannot be properly voted at any time, and no business can be transacted in the E. A. Degree. American Lodges transact their business on the M. M. Degree only. English Lodges on the E. A. Degree.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Melrose.—The new hall erected by the Waverly Masonic Association reflects great credit upon the fraternity. It is of concrete masonry, resting on granite underpinning, the walls being covered with mastic. It is 106 feet long. 59 wide at centre. and 51 at the ends, and 48 in height. The organ for Wyoming Hall cost $2.500. The building, apart from furniture, costs $40,000.

Boston.—Bro. Rev. Dr. Nicholson, Rector St. Paul's, delivers the address at the dedication of the new temple, June 24.

LOUISIANA.

New Orleans.—On the 13th the new Lodge-room over the Bible House in Camp street, which has lately been fitted up, was consecrated with beautiful and touching ceremonies. Many present. An elegant supper followed. Bro. S. B. Buckner made a beautiful speech.

The Grand Lodge records of Louisiana, up to 1850, are in French.

TEXAS.

Bro. W. M. W. C. Driver, of Zimmerman & Co., New Orleans, got up sets of jewels of solid silver for G.·. L.·. and G.·. C.·. of Texas, at an expense of $3,000—the most magnificent ever seen in this country. The Grand Master's jewel is a heavy, solid triangle, with shape of Hebrew "Yod" cut on it.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Paris.—The Lodge "*Fraternity of the People*" had a splendid feast March 9th. This Lodge is discussing the effect of "Luxury upon the Arts, Morals, and Manners of Society." [It is customary in many foreign Lodges to have some topic of discussion at its meetings.]

The Lodge "*Labor*" (if we understand the great question) ranges itself on the side of allowing an Atheist to be a Freemason, and thus violates a French, no less than an American, Masonic landmark. It elected Bro. Massol, the advocate of the new movement, an honorary member.

The Lodge "*Rainbow*" has been discussing the propriety of striking out the first question put to neophytes of the Rite of Misraim: "Do you acknowledge a belief in T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·.?" A few were in favor of striking out, the great majority were for retaining, and a majority for retaining and admitting only those who believe in a God.

Some Lodges think the arrangements of the Grand Orient for receiving the foreign visitors at the Exposition are not sufficiently democratic, such as specifying the mode of dress, and twenty francs for the fraternal feast. Many Lodges have appointed commissioners to devise ways and means to receive becomingly the visitors to the Exposition.

The Lodge "*True Faithful Friends*," (Scottish Rite) are discussing the "Death Penalty." The sentiment of the Lodge is against it.

The Lodge "*Disciples of Fénélon*" have been considering the proposition of Bro. Brimont, which opposes the system of orphan asylums, and favors that of adoption, or Masonic families receiving into their bosom an orphan as their own child. Bro. B. prefers a family life for the orphan to the life in common in the orphan asylum.

Lodge "133" are discussing the following question: "The Rights and Duties of Man in Society."

The Lodge "*Straight Line*" are discussing the propriety of a Masonic manual, suitable to be placed in the hands of youth.

Bro. Demonaz displaces Bro. Marconnis as Ven.·. of the Disciples of Memphis.

400 brethren were present at the civil marriage of a Freemason at the Hall of the Mayor of Paris, lately. After the congratulations of the municipal officer, a brother presented to the newly married a bouquet, in the name of the assembled craftsmen, congratulating him on his courage in following the inspirations of his conscience, notwithstanding the common prejudice—alluding, we suppose, to the marriage being by a civil officer and not by a priest. The whole was followed by a banquet and ball.

Lodge "*Perfect Union of Perseverance*" is discussing "Divine and Human Morality," and, "Ought an Intolerant Morality to be Tolerated?"

The Lodge "*Henry Fourth*" is discussing the following: "The Means for Making Masonry Practical in Commercial Transactions; the Influence of Fashion Upon Industry; Science, and the Education of Man from a Masonic View; Fine Arts and Civilization; Literature, and the Creation of one Universal National Language."

Twenty-five Masters of the Scottish Rite of the Orient of Paris adopted resolutions at their late convention that the Lodges of this Rite will hold a Masonic Session for seven consecutive days, when they will formally receive the Masons present at Paris, from July 22 to July 28; that during the entire duration of the Exposition a permanent committee will be at the disposition of foreign brethren for two hours daily, and each Lodge will contribute, for hospitable purposes, from 100 to 200 francs.

Marseilles.—In this Orient the Lodge "*Accord and Harmony*" is remarkable for its small number of members (17), and for their active philanthrophy and the good they achieve.

The Lodge "*United Brothers*," at Strasburg, at the inauguration of their new temple, March 10, were visited by deputations from eleven different Orients.

In some Lodges the newly initiated receives from the Lodge his apron in a case bearing his name.

GERMANY.

Bavaria.—The Lodge of Furth, although chiefly composed of Christians, has chosen Bro. Ollesheimer, an Israelite, as Master. Will the Lodge of Berlin profit by this indication of veritable Masonic progress?

HUNGARY.

The number of Lodges promises to greatly increase upon the promulgation of the new Constitution, which gives all latitude to their establishment.

SYRIA.

Bro. Eldridge is the Master of Lodge "*Palestine*" at Beyrout. There have been admitted lately to this Lodge Anna Jebely, Secretary to the Government of Damas; Henry Savani, Chancellor to the Consulate-General of France; Alexander Walewski, son of the ex-President of the Legislative body; Elias Abelin, Maronite, Professor of the Orthodox Greek College of Beyrout. Here are Mussulmans, Greek, Pagan, and Christian, Catholic and Lutheran, Maronite and Marabout. This Lodge raised 1,300 francs January 18, and distributed it among the different religious and beneficent communities of Beyrout.

ENGLAND.

The Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution for aged Freemasons holds its periodical election for annuitants this month. There are thirty-five candidates, and eighteen are to be elected. They who obtain places do so by receiving a majority of the votes.

INDIA.

Madras.—The chief corner-stone of the new Presidency College was laid with Masonic honors, in presence of Lord and Lady Napier and the Maharjah of Travancere. The District Grand Master referred to the foundation stone of the University of Edinburgh having been laid November 16, 1789, by Francis Napier, Baron Napier, then Grand Master Mason of Scotland. He also noticed Napier's devotion to the poor and the suffering.

Lord Napier, in reply, referred to the institution as educating 300 youths from the provinces, of different races and religions, and the softening of their jealousies and local prejudices, and developing public virtue. He referred to the cherished pride for his grandfather's connection with Freemasonry.

BOOK NOTICES.

Frederick the Great and his Family. An Historical Novel, by L. MULBACH. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway. Pp. 434. 1867. Sent by mail upon receipt of $2.

This is by the author of "Berlin and Sans Souci" and "Joseph II.," which we noticed some weeks since. Mulbach is unquestionably the most interesing writer of historical novels since the days of Waverly.

Walter Scott was a Freemason, and from his Masonic standpoint chose subjects of Masonic interest. Mulbach does the same. As we are never weary of Washington, so Frederick the Great grows upon us continually. He belonged to the people, and not to mere sovereigns. He loved the truth, people and progress. He saw not always clearly, as may be seen in the present, and yet his knowledge and love of humanity were truly wonderful. He was the artificer of Prussian freedom, of Prussian education and intelligence (excelled by none), and of Prussian greatness. Would that his successor, also a Mason, knew as well as he did how to be a *royal republican and a republican king.* He was a great man—great as a man chiefly, for he had learned in the mysteries of the Lodge that it is more difficult to be a great man than a great king. His sympathies were with rough, honest, truthful humanity aspiring for higher excellence and attainment. He said: "I will be the father of my people. I will live for them. I have no family; therefore every one who needs my aid shall become my child, and for them I will do the duties of a father."

How like a Masonic sovereign when he wrote: "Freedom of thought shall be a right of my subjects. * * * Prussia shall be the land of liberty and enlightenment. * * * The spirit of persecution shall be forever banished from Prussia." Again: "I would rather have written Athalie than to have all the fame arising from the seven years' war."

Form of Service for the two first nights of the Feast of Passover (in Hebrew), with English Translation. New Illustrated Edition. New York: L. H. Frank, Printer and Publisher, 432 Broome street. 1866—5626.

This work is invaluable to our Hebrew brethren, and will prove instructive to our Gentile friends who desire to learn something of the old ways.

New York Medical Journal. April, 1867. Edited by Drs. HAMMOND & DUNSTER. 100 pp. J. M. Bradstreet & Son, 18 Beekman street, New York. $5 a year.

The brothers editing and publishing this journal show that in every department of life our Freemasons are the influencing minds. Physicians speak of this journal as that which is essential to keep posted up in medical matters.

Much Wear and Many Washings.

I am acquainted with a variety of Sewing Machines—and, while ready to do justice to all, I greatly prefer yours—which I have used for more than three years. Very slight instruction and ingenuity are required to work it. The needle is short and straight, consequently not liable to bend or break. It never misses a stitch, and makes a firm, even seam. I have used it on every kind of cloth, from delicate lace to heavy woolen, and find its work perfectly satisfactory in all cases. After much wear and many washings, the stitch retains its beauty and firmness—even after the fabric has worn out.—*Mrs. J. H. Yerkes, Rochester, N. Y., to Willcox & Gibbs' S. M. Co.*

ST. CECILE LODGE, NO. 568, F. & A. M.—Regular Communications 1st, 3d and 5th Tuesdays of every month, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the Lodge Rooms, No. 594 Broadway.

GEORGE F. ILSLEY, W. M.
DAVID GRAHAM, Secretary.

PRIMITIVE CHAPTER, No. 5, ROSE CROIX, A.·. & P.·. R.·. M.·. meets 1st and 3d Fridays, N. W. cor. Broadway and 34th St.

B. S. Hill, M.·. W.·. Geo. Russ, J.·. Kt. W.·.
C. Latour, S.·. Kt. W.·. H. Clay Lanius, A.·.

[1]
S. T.——1860——X.
"Life to the last enjoyed—here Churchill lies,"

Was the epitaph on a very old man of the last generation, and a most significant one, too. But in *our* day it would, unfortunately, be applicable to but few. So many suffer from the pangs of Dyspepsia, and other stomachic difficulties, life becomes a burden. But, "be admonished;"

PLANTATION BITTERS

Are, by all, (including physicians,) admitted to be the best promoter and preserver of health. They contain no noxious ingredient, and are purely vegetable, being compounded of rare bark, balsams and herbs, dissolved in pure St. Croix. Sold everywhere.

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MASONIC DIRECTORY.

CHAPTERS.

CORINTHIAN CHAPTER, No. 159, meets at Odd Fellow's Hall, on the 2d and 4th Thursdays.

ZETLAND CHAPTER, No. 141, meets at Masonic Hall, 114 and 116 East 13th Street.

PROGRESSIVE CHAPTER, No. —, meets corner of Broadway and 34th Street, on the 1st and 3d Fridays.

LODGES.

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ANCIENT AND PRIMITIVE RIGHT OF MEMPHIS.

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Office of the T. I. Sov. Grand Master-General,
152 Canal Street, New York.
Valley of New York, March 30, E. V., 1867.

To all Masons to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Know ye, that whereas Past Master CALVIN C. BURT, late of Alpha Lodge of F. & A. M. of the State of New Jersey, has been expelled by the M. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New Jersey;

And whereas the Ancient and Primitive Rite of Memphis does not countenance, confer degrees upon, or retain within its bosom any person not in good standing in a Blue or Symbolic Lodge of F. & A. M.;

And whereas the Rite of Memphis, on the Continent of America, considers the Blue Lodge the foundation and fundamental basis of the beloved institution, to which the Masonic allegiance of all its members are due, and from which there can be no deviation;

I do therefore declare the said CALVIN C. BURT expelled from all our Chapters, Senates, Grand Councils, Grand Councils Gen., and from the Sov.·. Sanctuary, and I call upon all Masons of our Ancient and Primitive Rite to hold with him no Masonic intercourse whatever.

Done in our Sanctuary, this thirtieth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, E. V. Witness our hand and seal of office.

HARRY J. SEYMOUR, 33.·.
T.·. Ill.·. Sov.·. Grand Master Gen., in and for the Conti't of America

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Washington, April 1, 1867.

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The Immense Profits of the Tea Trade.

The Proprietors of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much Tea or Coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete, send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post Office money-orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

☞ For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see the edition of this paper of April 6, 1867.

After the first club, we send blanks.

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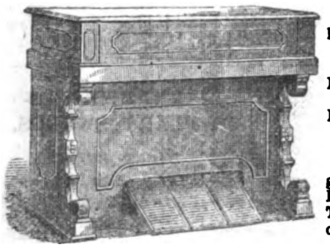

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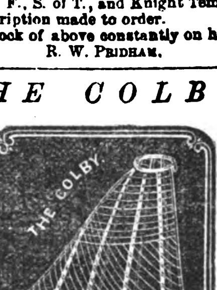

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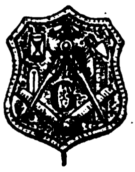

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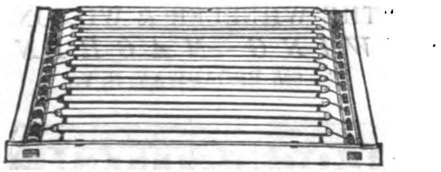

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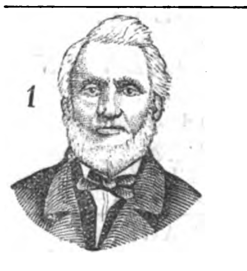

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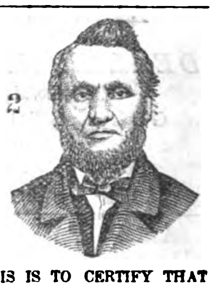

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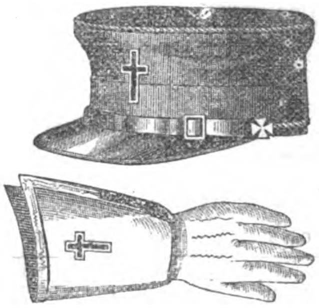

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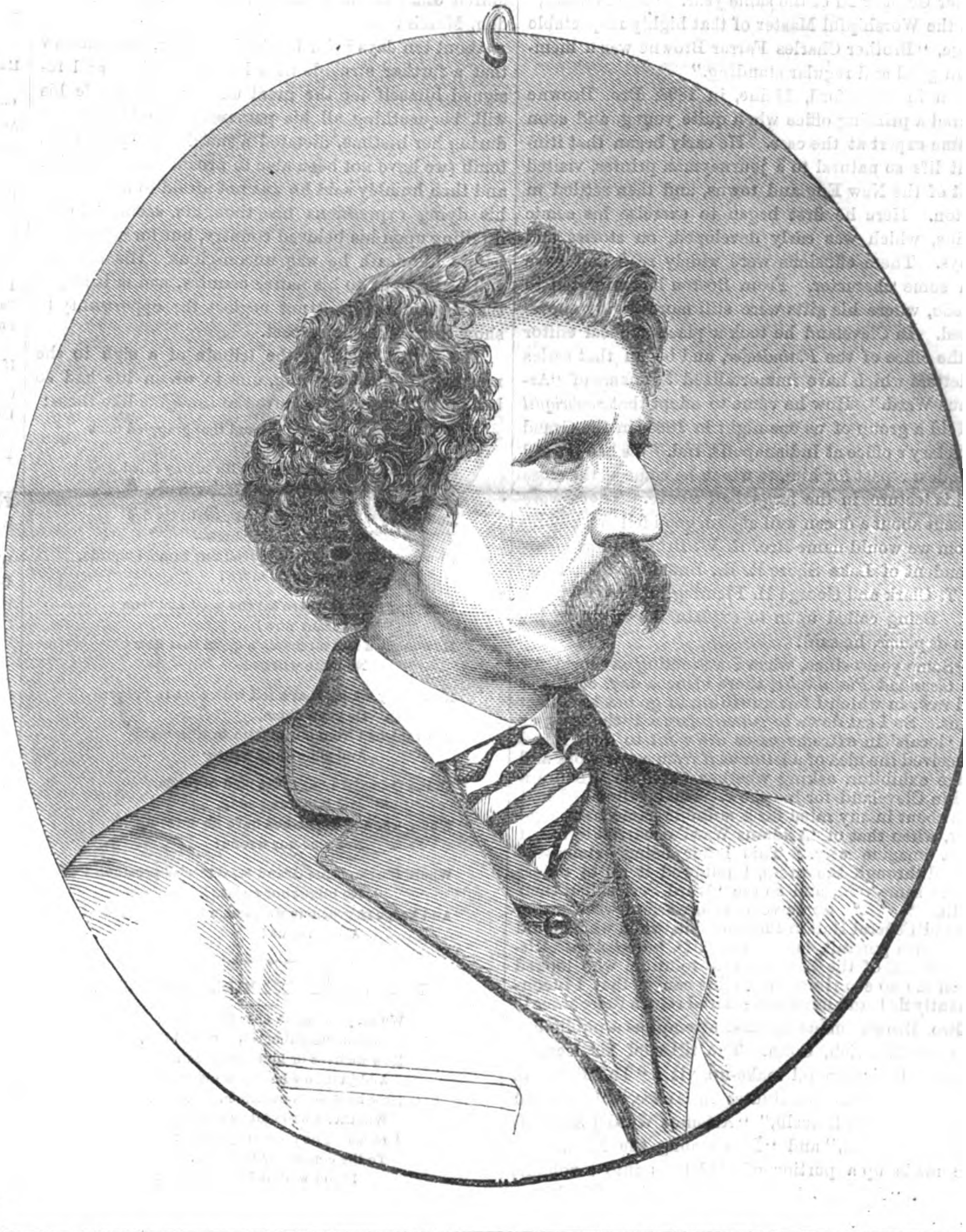
VOL. VIII., NO. 20, WEEKLY. NEW YORK CITY, MAY 18, 1867. 10 CTS. A COPY—$4 PER ANN

"ARTEMUS WARD"—Charles F. Browne.

The recent death of this amiable and witty original has awakened much sympathy in every quarter—a feeling which the circumstances of his decease, "a stranger in a strange land" (Exodus ii., 22), have greatly intensified. However his peculiar gifts may have been derided by some—and these things are but matters of taste—it cannot be denied that Artemus Ward (or rather Charles F. Browne, to restore his real name), originated a new and most humorous department of English literature, opening a field which is now being worked under such names as "Josh Billings," "Nasby," &c., &c., with greatly inferior abilities and indifferent success. For our part, we accept the judgment concerning Artemus Ward of a contributor to the *London Spectator* of March 9th, who pays his tribute in this wise:

> Is he gone to a land of no laughter,
> This man that made mirth for us all?
> Proves death but a silence hereafter
> From the sounds that delight or appal?
> Once closed have the lips no more duty,
> No more pleasure the exquisite ears;
> Has the heart done o'erflowing with beauty,
> As the eyes have with tears?
>
> Nay, if aught be sure, what can be surer
> Than that Earth's good decay not with Earth?
> And of all the heart's springs none are purer
> Than the spring of the fountain of Mirth.
> He that sounds them has pierced the heart's hollows,
> The places where tears are and sleep;
> For the foam flakes that dance in life's shallows
> Are wrung from life's deep.
>
> He came with a heart full of gladness
> From the glad-hearted world of the West—
> Won our laughter, but not with mere madness,
> Spake and joked with us, not in mere jest;
> For the man in our heart lingered after,
> When the merriment died from our ears,
> And those that were loudest in laughter
> Are silent in tears.

This beautiful offering will touch every heart that reads it. From the first person with whom he became acquainted when a poor friendless boy he began life, to Mr. Robertson, the English dramatist, who at Southampton, England, caught his last words, March 6, 1867, and, in the affecting language of scripture, "placed his hands upon his eyes," every one who came near him was moved to love him. He was most amiable, and his quiet winning manner was irresistible. Possessed of convivial habits, yet not to a degree that should be stigmatized as intemperate, he perhaps yielded himself too much to his friends, and thus lost opportunities of exercising a moral influence which, we doubt not, would have been exercised had he lived to riper years. But it is much to say of him that, springing at one bound from poverty to wealth, from obscurity to widespread fame, he maintained a pureness of life which contrasted favorably with the majority of those engaged in catering to the public entertainment.



The writer first became acquainted with Charles F. Browne at Cleveland, Ohio, August, 1860. A large Masonic Convention was in session there of delegates from many States, and Mr. Browne, although not a Freemason, put himself to so much pains to extend the knowledge of the affair by telegraph and the Cleveland press, that he was made "free of the si ting room" at all the sociables of the occasion. I August, 1861, the writer next found him engaged i the office of *Vanity Fair*, New York, and passed som genial hours with him there. He was much impresse with the widespread influence and social importanc of Freemasonry, asked many questions concerning it, and expressed a determination to knock at its portals as soon as his circumstances would permit. In appearance Mr. Browne was tall, slender, and light complexioned, with prominent features, fair hair, and very mirthful eyes. As a companion, he was genial, witty, and assumed no position which he could not fully maintain. He was brimfull of good-fellowship and generous to a fault. He expressed his firm belief in the great truths of the Christian religion, though not a professing Christian. The writer is confident that in a long and intimate acquaintance with him he never heard an oath or an indecent word from Mr. Browne's lips.

In Masonry he was initiated in Manhattan Lodge, No. 62, City of New York, September 24th, 1863. He was passed to the degree of Fellow Craft September 25th, 1863, and raised by Dispensation from the Grand Master October 2d of the same year. "At his death," says the Worshipful Master of that highly respectable Lodge, "Brother Charles Farrar Browne was a member in good and regular standing."

Born in Waterford, Maine, in 1836, Bro. Browne entered a printing office when quite young, and soon became expert at the case. He early began that itinerant life so natural to a journeyman printer, visited most of the New England towns, and then settled in Boston. Here he first began to exercise his comic genius, which was early developed, on stories and essays. These effusions were widely read and gave him some character. From Boston he emigrated to Toledo, where his gifts were still more highly appreciated. In Cleveland he took a place as local editor in the office of the *Plaindealer*, and began that series of letters which have immortalized the name of "Artemus Ward." How he came to adopt that *soubriquet* he told a group of us one night in 1865, in the Grand Secretary's office at Indianapolis, Ind. We had spread a modest repast for him, to which he came at the close of his lecture, in the large hall above. There were present about a dozen well chosen good fellows, among whom we would name Bro. R. W. Brown, now Superintendent of Lake Shore R. R., Buffalo, N. Y.; Bros. W. T. Clark and George H. Fleming, of Indianapolis, etc. Being called upon to explain the origin of his *nom de plume*, he said:

"Some years since, when I was acting as 'local' for the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, there came a day, cold, wet and raw, in which I felt unwilling to go out to collect items. So I sat down to *manufacture* a little news, as we 'locals' in extreme cases are wont to do. I had conceived the idea of a letter as if from a wax-work and snake exhibitor, asking whether he could procure a hall in Cleveland for his show. Having finished it, I cast about in my mind for a suitable name to append to it, when that of 'Artemus Ward' occurred to me; I can't imagine why. This letter being extensively copied through the press, I followed it up by others in the same vein, and so the 'Ward Series' had their birth. * * * Some years afterwards I was visiting the old Federal Hall in Philadelphia, when who should I see in a portrait, larger than life, but *General Artemus Ward*, of the American Revolution, who looked upon me so scowlingly from his canvas that I incontinently fled, and have never dared return there since!"

Bro. Browne made his first attempt as a public lecturer at Norwich, Conn. The titles of his lectures suggest their general make-up, viz.: "The Babes in the Wood," "Sixty Minutes in Africa," "An Hour with President Lincoln," "Artemus Ward's Struggle with the Ghost," and "Life among the Mormons." He made up a portion of his letters into a volume, entitled "Artemus Ward—His Book," which, he assured us, enjoyed a popularity in Great Britain even greater than in this country. After traveling extensively both east and west of the Rocky Mountains, Bro. Browne opened Dodworth's Hall, Broadway, New York, October 17, 1864, with a representation on canvas of his travels in California and Utah. This entertainment was immensely successful, and gave him large pecuniary profits.

In April, 1865, he told us confidentially at Chicago, where we spent a cheerful hour in his company, that he had hired the Egyptian Hall in London, and should open there in the fall. Expressing our apprehension at an undertaking so risky and expensive, he assured us of his faith in it and his determination to carry it out. It was, however, a year later before he actually opened in London.

In the summer of 1866 he took passage for the country which became his grave. Making his *début* as a writer in *Punch*, he opened Egyptian Hall for lecturing November 15th, 1866. He was received by crowded houses and the press was loud in his praise; his success as a comic lecturer was without a parallel. His health began to fail from the first hour he spent in England, yet he continued to lecture till January 23d, 1867, then unwillingly left London and took up his last quarters in the island of Jersey. Returning towards London he stopped at Southampton, and died March 6th. He was buried at Kensall Green, London, March 9th.

About ten days prior to his death Bro. Browne saw that a further struggle with life was useless, and resigned himself for the great change. He made his will, bequeathing all his possessions to his mother during her lifetime, dictated a simple epitaph for his tomb (we have not been able to procure a copy of it), and then humbly said he was not afraid to die. From his dying expressions his thoughts seemed to be dwelling upon his beloved country, but for some time before his death he was unconscious. His remains will be brought to his native country, and it is hoped that Freemasons will not neglect the opportunity to show them Masonic respect.

The writer, yielding the tribute of a sigh to the memory of one so young, one to whom life had so brilliant an outlook, is moved to thoughts like these:

How many a strong, right hand that grappled ours
In Mason's faith,
How many a generous heart with mercy filled,
Lies low in death!

How many a beaming eye that caught its fire
From the better shore—
How many a tongue that moved our inmost chords,
Will speak no more!

How many a seat where sat the good and true
Is vacant now!
How many a foot on mercy's quest that flew
No more will go!

How many a knee that knelt with ours in prayer,
Or knelt alone,
Has vanished from our mystic brotherhood
And gone—and gone—

To the Celestial Lodge, the land of peace,
And light, and song,
Where war and bloodshed have no entering,
Nor vice nor wrong:

Where the Supreme Grand Master wise presides—
No blight nor curse,
And keeps in gracious welcome crowned and blest
A seat for us!

IT IS NOT YOUR BUSINESS WHY.

Would you like to hear the secrets
Of your neighbor's house and life,
How he lives or how he doesn't,
And just how he treats his wife?
How he spends his time in leisure,
Whether sorrowful or gay,
And where he goes for pleasure,
To the concert or the play?
If you wish it I will tell you—
Let me whisper to you sly—
If your neighbor is but civil,
It is not your business "WHY."

In short, instead of prying
Into other folks' affairs,
If you do your own but justice
You will have no time for theirs.
Be attentive to such matters
As concern yourself alone,
And whatever fortune flatters,
Let your business be "YOUR OWN."

One word by way of finis—
Let me whisper to you sly—
If you wish to be respected,
You should cease to be a "PRY."

"THUS SPEAKS THE MASTER OF THE FEAST."

Go forth into the highways, beneath the hedges seek,
And gather to my feast to-day the hungry, poor and weak;
Behold the gates unfolded, the table spread with care;
Go forth, my servants, and bring in the guests I long for there.

In vain the doors stand open. How shall they dare to come?
These who have never known the joys or decencies of home,
These, so unclean, whose mien and garb their wanderings betray,
How can they think the palace hall is decked for such as they?

Go forth, and tell them of the love they scarce can understand,
The love which for the homeless ones hath many mansions planned,
The love through which the starving ones the bread of life may win,
And precious wine: go forth—persuade, compel them to come in.

Haste! for with desperate jest and song, so many have passed by;
And some, in utter misery, have lain them down to die;
And some, a few, with wistful eyes gave through the open door,
Envying those who wear the badge which once in youth they wore.

Haste! for the hours are flying, and soon the day will close;
Return ye not alone to seek for shelter and repose;
Come not alone, ye favored ones, while, scattered o'er the plain,
Your Father's children faint and fall, calling for help in vain.

Thus speaks the Master of the feast. O, fellow-servants, hear!
Can they be nothing unto us who are to Him so dear?
For them, e'en as for us, He died; o'er them His heart still yearns;
If ye be cold to them, think not His love within you burns.

Christ's spirit ever seeks to bless, and none of His are we
Unless that spirit in us dwell; ah! think how tenderly
He sheltered you from taint of sin, or came with joy to meet
Your feeble steps, when home at length you turned your erring feet.

Ye cannot pay the debt of love that unto Him ye owe.
He needeth naught that ye can give, but would you thank Him? Go
Where His poor lost ones grope in sin, and bid their darkness flee
Before His light. Shall He not say, "Ye did it unto me?"

THE SISTER'S FUNERAL.

Composed and fraternally inscribed to Rev. JOHN LEACH, Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Indiana.

BY ROB. MORRIS.

(The sight of a funeral procession in which the body of a deceased sister of the Eastern Star, the widow of a highly beloved brother, was borne to the grave, her little children walking by the side of the hearse, and a large attendance of Freemasons, wearing crape in her honor, was calculated to awaken all the sensibilities of a feeling heart.)

Bear her softly, brothers, softly,
Slowly tread and lightly move:
Little children walk beside her,
Weeping for the friend they love,
And they cannot walk so fast:
Hurry not; support her gently,
This sad march is mother's last.

Are these raindrops falling on us,
Tears of angels, dropped from heaven?
Well they may be: never sorrow,
Tribute more sincere was given.
Softly, brothers, let them fall;
"Blest the corpse the rain rains on,"
Angels weep o'er mother's pall.

Softly, softly—'tis the graveyard,
And her husband's grave is here;
Well it was her grave to open
By the one she loved so dear.
Now her widowhood is past,
All her longings now are over,
Let the lovers meet at last.

Slowly give her form interment,
Mother unto mother earth;
Death, thy victory was never
Over more transcendent worth—

Never one more pure than she.
Oh, how can we, brothers, spare her
From this world of misery!

Lightly lay the turf above her,
Hiding from her children's eyes;
Ah, those hapless sons and daughters,
Pity them above the skies!
All this world cannot afford
Unto them a friend so faithful—
None so faithful save the Lord.

Brothers, yet a moment longer,
Hand in hand about her grave;
She, in fullness of our virtues,
Mason's eulogy should have.
Ere we leave this sacred heap
Join in earnest reminiscence,
Then in silent parting weep.

That influence which warms the earth
In spring-time, waking trunks and roots,
Moved on *her* spirit, giving birth
To heaven's fairest flowers and fruits.
She bloomed in spiritual grace,
In Christian light and love and song;
Her fruitage was to aid and bless
The sorrowing as she passed along.

Her pilgrimage was made with God:
HIS seal divine was on her brow:
HIS truth inspired her every word,
That truth which only Masons know.
Each precept in our emblems taught,
Was in her life exemplified;
Freemason's *works* in her were wrought,
And in Freemason's *faith* she died.

Therefore we make the ancient signs,
Which, living, she so deftly made!
Through which a mystic glory shines
Like that which crowned the Saviour's head.
In them we read of conquering faith
And hope as pure and free as hers,
Which made immortal in their birth,
Five of the old world's worshipers.

Like ADAH, she expired in light;
Like RUTH, adored the widow's friend;
Like ESTHER, chose a crown most bright;
Like MARTHA, did in meekness bend;
Like blest ELECTA, bore her cross
As one who scorns its weight and pain,
Laid down life's richest gifts as dross,
Believing she would rise again.

Fairest of earthly daughters, she
Among the anglic host does fly;
Ten thousand saints around her be,
And all together mount the sky:
Lovely their forms, their joyous tongues
Go thrilling up to heaven's gate,
Where cherub-shouts and seraph-songs
Our ransomed sister's spirit wait.

[THE PRIZE STORY.]

THE SQUARE.

BY MAURICE.

CHAPTER XIV.

" And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,.
A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel's cheek—
It is that which pious father sheds
Upon a duteous daughter's head."—SCOTT.

Days of doubt and painful restraint passed over Chippè and her father. She had received, from time to time, communications from the Captain which had worked upon her feelings and tended to exacerbate her towards her father. There was no longer the "good-bye kiss" nor the home greetings; she could only see in his actions to her the stern exercise of *parental authority*, which she would fain throw off, but dared not. All the unfinished paraphernalia of bridal array was left—much to Aunt Eugenia's dissatisfaction—and the friends who were taken into the confidence were duly apprised of the fact, to their disappointment; and various were the surmises as to the probable cause, and many an ill natured hint was thrown out, as is usual upon such occasions. Mrs. Chatterton came over as soon as she heard a breath of it; she was very sure it was only an absurd rumor. She and Colonel Trumpeter had discussed the matter of this engagement, when it had first come to be known—he affirming that, as sure as he was Drake Trumpeter, it would all come to naught. Whereupon she went into high dudgeon, and said, "that if it was dependent upon his good will she knew very well that it would; but, thank fortune, he had no more power to stop it than he had to tie the Captain to that haughty Philipa Coad, who had not a cent in the world, and could, perforce, only boast of her aristocratic ancestry." So, when report seemed about to verify the Colonel's prediction, she hurried to headquarters in hopes of having it disproved, but instead, she was told that it was a sober fact. She went home with a rueful countenance, for she knew the Colonel would glory over this downfall of her desires.

Mrs. Merriwell, also, at first seemed very decidedly to espouse Chippè's cause, and Mr. Waughb thought he should have to fight the battle alone, and that, too, against a very powerful antagonist; but, after a time, when he talked with her and presented the case in its true, unvarnished light, she grew quite provoked that they had all been so blind as not to fathom his duplicity; she declared that for once her penetration was at fault.

So the next time she found Chippè storming and crying she soon let the young lady find out, to her astonishment, that her aunt had gone over to the enemy, as she called her father. And Mrs. Merriwell was a very important auxiliary; she had much influence over Chippè, whose mother had died when she was so young that she did not remember, and, therefore, relied upon her aunt implicitly. So now, instead of encouraging her in rebellion against her father's authority, she talked to her seriously of the impropriety of the course she was pursuing; she tried to impress upon her mind that her first duty was to him, who had ever been to her kind and indulgent, who, in fact, had never thwarted her in her smallest wish, and would not now do so but from sternest necessity. She bade her think how unhappy she was making his daily life by her insubordination to his will.

We are pleased to add that the effect of this reasoning was not lost upon her. When she found that she had no supporter, she knew she would have to hold out against a firm conviction of right. She began to waver; but though the cause was desperate she did not give up entirely until afterwards. She saw the time pass by which was to have consummated her happiness, and a deep gloom settled upon her father's brow, which she knew would not be removed so long as she persisted. and it was folly to think he would ever yield. She had not thought of braving him outright; in truth, the Captain had not counseled her to do so, for reasons already explained. She had faithfully followed his directions throughout, and now she felt that she could not stand her's father displeasure any further. She had always been so dependent upon him: if the Captain had been near in person to make up for this loss, it might have been different. The climax was nearly reached when Mr Waughb came in looking pale and wan. Chippè's heart was touched; she said to herself, "It is all on my account; how ungrateful I have been," and allowing her impulses to guide her entirely, she went up to him and threw her arms round him, exclaiming:

"Dear papa, I am so sorry, but I won't grieve you any longer. I have been so perverse, so undutiful—but forgive me! I will give up Captain Pendegast."

A great sob stopped further utterance. The father clasped her to him, saying:

"My precious one, you have let in a great light upon me. I did not know how dear you were to me until I had gone through this test."

And the old man's tears fell on his daughter's head; he stroked the shining gold fondly. Once more was the lamb within the fold and the shepherd's arm was around it.

CHAPTER XV.

"Mount, mount! my soul, thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die!"
SHAKSPEARE.

Philipa was growing resigned; she was beginning to see that she had *wasted* the first deep affection of her heart, and, bitter as the knowledge was, it brought its *own* relief, for it taught her it was a part of each day's duty to tear *his* image from the place that had enshrined it so long. If, in the midst of some grand performance the wind in the organ suddenly gives out, every one knows the effect produced upon the ear. All the deep tones of melody that have gone before are lost, and it is only the broken strain that thrills in the mind. So, when Philipa had divested the image of its halo, it was only the disagreeable effects of its crumbling that still lived in her heart. The same attributes of her nature that had made her love so strong, her grief so deep, were exerting themselves to throw off the baneful influence of her disappointment; and there was another cause at this time that was leading her away from it. Mrs. Coad's health appeared lately much more feeble than hitherto, and Philipa was fearful as to the result. She ministered unto her every want with the tenderest solicitude, and it was beautiful to see her struggling to remove every trace of her sorrow from her manner, so that she might have no painful anxiety on her account. She would go about the house with as cheerful an aspect as it was possible for her to assume; she had never been given to gayety of spirits, and it was often with a great effort that she now appeared even moderately lively. Many, very many times, if she had allowed her feelings to govern her, she would have given way to fits of despondency, which would have been a very serious drawback to the end she most wished to attain, *i. e.*, a state of absolute indifference to Captain Pendegast. She had numerous little souvenirs of the past that he had given her, which she would gladly have destroyed, but she could not nerve herself to do it now; by and by it should be done! She would think often of his intended marriage, and wondered if she had been misinformed about it, as the time appointed had gone by. And now approached the event which was to shut out all thought of Captain Pendegast or herself. Her grandmother had taken to her bed, and the physician summoned. Philipa became painfully anxious, and implored the doctor to tell her if she was very ill. He said he did not know how it might terminate, but at present there was hope that she would rally. Mrs. Coad seemed convinced that she had not long to live, and was perfectly content to go, but for poor Philipa. The darling wish of seeing her happily settled in life had been frustrated, and she was the one tie that bound her to earth. Still she would not murmur at God's will, and tried gently to prepare her for the end.

The close of the week of her illness drew nigh, and all move softly through the darkened room, for they felt that they were in the presence of death. Faithful servants, who had ministered unto her for years, stood round the bedside with sorrowful hearts, and she, who was soon to be doubly orphaned, still clung to the rapidly expiring hope that she would be spared yet a little longer. God surely would not take from her, her very last friend. The lips of the sufferer move as if to speak, and Philipa eagerly bends forward and catches the faintly uttered *last words*—learned from her dear Masonic husband's lips—"*Trust* in God"—"God keep you, my child!" And all was still! With a loud shriek, which rent the midnight, the one word, "alone!" burst from her lips as she fell senseless over the corpse of her grandmother.

"Alone!" oh, the heart-breaking agony of that word! The accumulated sorrows of a life-time well up and sink into nothingness before this, the acme of all trials! Will no more joy be here? Does she look with hope-illumined eyes into the mists of dark, dim future, and see loving arms outstretched to her, inviting her to the rest and happiness of home, where loved ones dwell, linked indissolubly by love's own golden chain round the dear familiar hearth-stone of united affections, where each one's sorrow is by the other borne? Does she see an aged father beckoning her to come, and in a father's love be content, leaving the world's care in a fading past? Does she hear a mother's soothing voice saying, "Come unto me, my daughter, here on thy mother's breast weep all thy tears of grief away?" Will a sister weep with her who weeps? Will a *brother's* strong arm shield the weary one from life's inevitable storms?

Ah, no! Is she not alone? Why, why has *she* been called to bear what others are spared in mercy? Why has she to treasure in memory's font only blighted hopes, withered flowers of joy?

But is there no anchor of hope, builded on the rock of *Faith, Hope and Charity*, on which to cling? Ah, yes, a short span and life's tossings will be over; then the tried one shall be ushered into an heavenly home of life and light and love, where the brightness of an eternal day shines on, undimmed by night's dark clouds.

Take heart, then, and go on thy way, if alone it must be, led by that light which gilds the river of death, till at last thou shalt sit down with angels above, all thy sorrows exchanged for joy, all thy weakness for strength, where songs of seraphic praise ascend to *Him* who will soothe the aching heart and dry the falling tear!

CHAPTER XVI.

"Time and tide had thus their sway,
Yielding like an April day,
Smiling noon, for sullen sorrow,
Years of joy for hours of sorrow."
SCOTT.

Chippè, restored to her father's favor, speedily recovered her usual flow of spirits; her tears were like those of the childhood she had hardly given up, and were soon succeeded by smiles of joy, for Aunt Eugenia and papa were very careful to give her every pleasure they could devise; consequently they had on hand a plan which was to give her a delightful surprise. Soon after the reconciliation she had written a letter to

Captain Pendegast, and, as an evidence that the engagement was at an end, she returned the ring which he had given her. She received no answer, as, indeed, she had forbidden one, and did not, therefore, know how the gentleman took it. However, she very soon had potent reasons to congratulate herself that she had had a father wise enough and determined enough to prevent her absolutely throwing herself away. She sat at the breakfast table about a fortnight after she had sent the ring, and, as she was through with the meal, she busied herself with striking her spoon against her cup and watching the expression of her father's face as he read the morning's paper. She could not help noting the look of cheerful content which had taken the place of the frown of displeasure which it wore during the time of their estrangement. All at once the spoon fell with a clank, and she asked eagerly—

"What is it, papa? What is it?"

She knew something unusual had taken place from the great change in his countenance.

"Listen, my dear," he answered, and proceeded to read the following:

"BANK ROBBERY.—About four months since the suspicions of one of the officers of the bank were excited by the statement of a man that he had befriended, to the effect that there was a species of robbery going on in the bank; but, as the source of information was doubtful, the gentleman took no further action in the matter than to exercise a closer observation of affairs, and finding nothing to encourage the belief of dishonest practices his fears were lulled. But yesterday morning it was discovered that a large amount had been extracted (the exact amount is not ascertained), and it is known almost to a certainty who the guilty person is. Search has been instituted throughout the city, but as yet no clue to his whereabouts has been obtained, and it is supposed that he has made his escape; but it is to be hoped that justice will yet overtake him. For the present his name will be withheld for cautionary reasons; but for the benefit of the public we will state that he held quite a responsible position in the bank, and had entered into the first society of the city."

Chippè paid breathless attention to the reading. When it was finished, she exclaimed:

"Oh, papa, who could have believed that he was really so very bad?"

"I knew, my daughter," Mr. Waughb answered, "that that sterling Freemason, Mr. Gerrish, would not have warned me except from honest conviction, especially as the marriage of Captain Pendegast was what he most desired, as I have since discovered."

"How so, papa?"

Mr. Waughb explained what the reader already knows in reference to Mr. Gerrish's love for Philipa, whereupon the two went into a discussion of the whole affair, with mutual thankfulness for the happy escape. The morning wore away before Mr. Waughb thought of business, and when he arose to go he said:

"Your Aunt Eugenia will be over this afternoon for you to drive out with her; she wishes to consult your taste with regard to a set of emeralds."

Aunt Eugenia took her niece to select the jewels, which were intended as a present to herself. After they left the jeweler's, Mrs. Merriwell ordered the coachman to drive out towards the country. Midsummer was rapidly approaching; the ground and vegetation were beginning to be very much parched. It was her custom to spend this season at some fashionable resort, but owing to the derangement of their plans they were still at home. As they rode along, discussing the startling intelligence that had come to the fashionable world of B———, Mrs. Merriwell suddenly interrupted the conversation by unfolding the surprise to Chippè, prepared by papa and herself.

Chippè was quite extravagant in her expressions of pleasure; she clapped her hands, exclaiming:

"It will be charming; so gay at Cape May, and, when we have exhausted the pleasures and excitements, there is the delightful prospect of the tour through the Northwest. All the great sights to be seen, all the bustle to go through with, and all the strange people to meet," and thus she rattled on during the remainder of the drive, and as Mrs. Merriwell watched the animated face she felt that the traces of her sorrow were as easily washed away as the sand upon the seashore by the retreating waves.

Ten days after witnessed the consummation of the plan. Chippè soon found more worthy admirers of her softly tinted beauty and her innocent simplicity of manners, and it is also to be hoped that her next choice will be more propitious.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Will no one help thee? Yes; there is yet one
Remains to help, when hope itself is gone!"

That sudden cry of anguish which burst from Philipa's lips pierced the very heavens, and reached the eternal ear of God. Would He not have mercy on the child of many sorrows; would He not raise up one to pity, or would He leave her the victim of despair? A short paragraph told to the residents of B——— that one of the oldest and most revered of its inhabitants was no more. Many read it without giving it a second thought; it was an occurrence in the natural order of things, and disturbed not the usual routine. 'Tis true, a few sympathetic neighbors and friends vouchsafed a word of condolence, and offered assistance in performing the last rites for the dead; but there was one, only one, who saw in that paragraph the unspeakable agony of friendlessness that this poor girl fell heir to by this event; happily there *was one.*

Mr. Gerrish was sitting in his office with nothing to do, which was a strange thing for him. The space he employed in thinking, for his mind was never idle, even if his hands had ceased their office. He had never suffered himself to be brought in contact with Philipa since that *last* parting; he knew that he dared not hope that he would have fortitude to annihilate his strong love for her if he saw her. But now he began to think perhaps it would not be absolutely required of him to perform this self-abnegation. Captain Pendegast had effectually put himself out of his way by his late open action. Maybe he could now revive his suit with more chance of success than before. At any rate, he would not content himself to give her up entirely.

At this juncture he took up the paper, and, casting his eyes over it, he saw the before mentioned notice. His great heart at once took the full depth of its meaning. There was no longer a moment for hesitation; the solemn promise of help—when help should be needed—was registered in heaven. She had not asked him to come to her, but that short paragraph conveyed a mute appeal (and especially from the daughter of a deceased brother) which he dared not resist, and in truth he had no desire to do so. He arose, and at once hastened to the house over which the great shadow had fallen; he was admitted by one of the servants, who had known him in the days when both he and the household he was now seeking had been happier. She commenced with lamentations over the great trouble that had come upon them.

"Miss Philipa, poor thing!" she said, "is completely broken down. When it first happened she fainted dead away, and it was so long before she showed any signs of life that we thought she was gone too; it was enough to make the heart of a stone ache to see her when at last she was conscious of her loss. Poor child! she says everything is taken from her now, and she longs to die!"

Mr. Gerrish could freely join the distressed servant in sympathy for the bereaved one. He asked if she was able to see him. She replied she thought not, but would see. She returned, saying that Miss Philipa was unable to see any one, but, perhaps, she should be better in a day or two.

Mr. Gerrish took upon himself charge of every thing, much to the satisfaction of all on the premises. Philipa he did not see for as much as two weeks after the funeral, as she continued too much indisposed to leave her room. He would go down to the terrace once or twice every day to inquire after her; and every little delicate attention that he could think of was resorted to for her comfort. At last he received the thrice welcome information that she would see him; once more they should meet face to face. Oh! the delightful transport that thrilled him at the thought. She came slowly into the room, a statue in appearance; no marble could have been more colorless, and her black robes fell around her like a shadow of darkness. He stepped forward to meet her with a feeling of awe, for she seemed a being from the "spirit land." She held out her hand to him, saying:

"You are so good! I am so very thankful," and as if the effort to say more was too great, she ceased with these two sentences. And speech had also flown for the time from Mr. Gerrish's lips; he stood clasping the chill hand as though death alone could wrench it from his grasp. What passed through the minds of these two at this trying moment only that Eye which can penetrate into the innermost recesses of the heart could see.

Here, then, was the help raised up by the orphan's God. Here, then, was the one appointed to take the sting from her lonliness; and here, too, was the one to lead her back to the green fields of life, over which the wings of hope fluttered.

(To be continued.)

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The three steps of the chancel floor in old churches (and in churches normally and symbolically constructed at the present) are typical of *Faith, Hope and Charity.*

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MASONRY IN TIME OF WAR.

SEVERE TESTS—PIRATES.

We think that it was CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ who, philosophically and eloquently said: "Every joy that life gives must be earned ere it is received, and how hardly earned those only know who have wrestled for great prizes. The heart's blood must gem with red beads the brow of the combatant before the wreath of victory rustles over!"

What is true of individuals is true of society—of associations; and none but the close student of Masonic lore can realize how that every glory which the Order of Masonry has secured to itself has been well earned; how every good deed has been wrestled for with the strength of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah; how the heart's blood—figuratively speaking—has gemmed with red beads the brows of its myriad of combatants, ere its unnumbered wreaths of victory rustled, one by one, in the sunlight of history.

As an Order, these are our jewels, these well earned chaplets of honor; and we would gather them together—not that we would boast of them to the world, but because they are worthy of being precious in our own right. Therefore, we should fall short of our duty, in the preparation of these papers, if we were to omit all the terrible tests which Masonry has endured among the hardest of all hard-hearted men—pirates. The vocation and life of a pirate is a warfare of the most cruel and heartless character—a warfare in which mercy has no part, save in a few remarkable instances where Masonry has interposed.

A reliable London journal[*] narrated, in 1845, a very interesting anecdote of the sacred estimation in which the Masonic ties were held by a pirate. The particulars were communicated by Bro. Glen, a member of the Phœnix Lodge, at Sunderland, England, at a meeting of the Lodge of Instruction, held at the George and Vulture Tavern, Cornhill, London.

In the year 1830 Bro. Glen, who had not then been initiated into Masonry, was mate of a merchant vessel, which was filled with a general cargo and bound for the island of Cuba. The crew, besides the captain and mate, consisted of seven seamen; when within about three days' sail of their port of destination, they discovered a suspicious looking schooner, apparently hovering in their course, and which, from her appearance and motions, they were fearful was a pirate. Being almost in a defenseless state, they were naturally much alarmed, and endeavored, by altering their course, to avoid the schooner; but she, crowding all sail, bore down quickly upon them, and brought them to.

The piratical character of the schooner was now but too clearly apparent. The merchantman was boarded by twenty-five desperadoes, all armed with pistols and cutlasses; against such a numerous and well armed force resistance was out of the question. The captain of the pirates was a Spaniard; he was accompanied by his lieutenant, who was dressed in a peculiar manner, with tight red pantaloons, and Bro. Glen conjectured, from his appearance, that he was a Maltese. The captain, mate and crew of the merchantman were immediately seized, pistols were presented to their heads, and they were threatened with instant death, unless they immediately gave up all the money on board.

They had scarcely any specie, and the pirate captain, being dissatisfied, proceeded to plunder the vessel of every thing which was valuable and portable, and the vowed, with the most horrid imprecations, that he would burn the vessel and destroy all her crew. This ruffian spoke broken English; the other pirates spoke in Spanish. The unfortunate crew of the merchantman were now bound and secured in the fore part of the vessel. The captain and Bro. Glen were also tied to two pillars in the cabin.

The work of plunder was finished, and the pirate captain had given directions for the destruction of the vessel by fire; gunpowder, tar-barrels, and other combustible materials were brought from the schooner, and placed on board the fated vessel in a manner best calculated to insure her speedy destruction. Whilst these horrible proceedings were in progress, the cries and lamentations of the unfortunate crew were piteous in the extreme; their supplications for mercy were, however, entirely disregarded, and the train actually laid.

At this awful juncture, the lieutenant of the pirates, who has before been noticed, went aft and entered the cabin where Bro. Glen and his captain were secured, his purpose being apparently to make a further search before leaving the vessel for any thing valuable which might previously have escaped observation. Bro. Glen and the captain were, as may well be imagined, in a most dreadful state of terror and alarm, expecting nothing less than instant death, and that in its most horrible shape. The captain happened, fortunately for himself and crew, to be a Mason. As a last resource, he attracted the pirate's attention, and made the sign of an E. A. P.; the latter regarded him steadfastly for an instant, and replied by making the sign of a F. C. Bro. Glen was at that time ignorant of the meaning of these proceedings, but he did not fail to perceive that the countenance of his captain, before so anxious and terror-stricken, was instantly lighted up with joy and hope, whilst a glance of mutual intelligence passed between him and the pirate. Some further communication then passed between them; neither could understand the other's language; but in this short interval they had made themselves understood by the universal medium of Masonry.

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[*] Freemasons' Quarterly Review.

The lieutenant then returned to the deck, where, as it subsequently appeared, he dissuaded the captain of the pirates of his intention of burning the vessel, and induced him to abandon her and the crew without further injury. Shortly afterwards, the captain and greater part of the pirates left, the lieutenant and five others remaining on board. The lieutenant went again into the cabin, and wrote a short note in the Spanish language, which he carefully folded up and left upon the cabin table; he then with a knife cut the cords with which Bro. Glen had been bound, and making a gesture of caution, left the ship with the remaining portion of the pirate's crew.

Bro. Glen speedily released the captain, who then informed him that he had made himself known to the pirate as a Mason, and to that circumstance their deliverance must be attributed. After waiting, as they deemed, a sufficient time to allow the schooner to get out of sight, they cautiously proceeded to the deck, and released the crew. Their vessel had been completely ransacked, and was in a state of the utmost confusion; they could see the train that had been laid for their destruction; they then carefully removed the combustibles, and, returning thanks for their deliverance, again proceeded on their course.

Nothing particular occurred until the second day following, when, to their utter consternation, they again espied the piratical schooner, which bore down upon them as before. They hoisted their English colors, when the pirate, recognizing the vesssel as the same which had been recently pilaged, merely displayed his black flag, the terrible ensign of his dreadful calling, which he almost immediately lowered, and then, altering his course, stood off without offering the merchantman any further molestation, and was seen by them no more.

On the following day they arrived in port, when Bro. Glen and the captain made a protest of the circumstances, and it was found that the letter which had been left on the cabin table was couched in the following terms:

"BROTHER—Having recognized you as a Mason, I have induced the captain to spare the lives of yourself and crew; but for this you would all have perished."

It was subsequently discovered that two American vessels had been destroyed by fire in those seas; the crews of both perished, and, no doubt, under similar circumstances. Bro. Glen, on his return to England, lost no time in asking admission into our Order, which, under Providence, had been the means of preserving his life.

Miss Martineau relates* the following anecdote, which is so favorable to the character of our Order as to surprise us, coming as it does from a writer who was an avowed anti-mason, and who has abused the institution heartily:

"Then came," says Miss M., "Captain L., with his five fine daughters. He looked too old to be their father, and well he might. When master of a vessel, he was set ashore by pirates with his crew on a desert island, where he was thirty-six days without food. Almost all his crew were dead, and he just dying, when help arrived by means of Freemasonry. Among the pirates was a Scotchman, a Mason, as was Captain L. The two exchanged signs. The Scotchman could not give aid at the moment; but after many days of fruitless and anxious attempts he contrived to sail back, at the risk of his life, and landed on the desert island on the sixth day of his leaving it. He had no expectation of finding the party alive, but to take the chance and lose no time he jumped ashore with a kettle full of wine in his hand. He poured wine down the throats of the few whom he found still breathing, and treated them so judiciously that they recovered. At least it was called recovery, but Captain L.'s looks are very haggard and nervous still. He took the Scotchman home, and cherished him to the day of his death."

Another instance of the influence of Masonry upon the heart of a pirate is related by Bro. Charles Mocatta. Worshipful Master of one of the best Lodges in England, St. George's Lodge of Harmony, held in Liverpool.

Many years ago, when Bro. Mocatta was on his return from South America to England, with all he possessed, and in his own vessel, he was boarded by a pirate. Among his papers was a Masonic certificate, which the pirate captain, himself a Freemason, although a fallen one, recognized. The usual tests were exchanged, after which the marauder told him to let his men take away whatever they pleased, which he would pay for, and when dusk came on to steer in one direction, while he would take another. This was done, and Bro. Mocatta arrived safely in England with his property.

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The Capstone and the Mark.

BY COMP BAXTER.

It is said that "Every emblem or type of Masonry finds its analogy in the Bible." That sacred volume that ever lies open on the altar of Masonry is the source of all Masonic light, and the emblems that are grouped around it in our mysteries, like the planets around the central orb of day, all reflect its rays, and serve to illustrate the moral beauties of a system whose leading principles are but emanations of that sacred light. The rough ashlars of the quarry and the polished blocks of the temple, are made to repeat in silent yet striking language the lessons of eternal truth. What Craftsman who gazes upon the stone which the builders rejected, cannot read in it and its history the glorious triumph of truth?

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again."

Often has she been lost in the labyrinths of ignorance, often has she been cast among the mouldering rubbish of error, but only to be restored again, and in renewed beauty rise to her own lofty position. "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head-stone of the corner."

I have often thought that the Masonic capstone, studded as it is with gems of divine truth, was one of the most beautiful emblems of our system. The frequency with which it is referred to as a type in the holy writings, seems to invest it with peculiar importance. "Have ye not read in the scriptures, The stone which the builders refused is become the head of the corner?" Dr. Adam Clark says this expression was "borrowed from the masons, who, finding a stone which, being tried in a particular place, and appearing improper for it, is thrown aside and another taken: however, at last it may happen that the very stone which had been before rejected, may be found the most suitable as the head-stone of the corner." The ancient Hebrews interpreted this passage of scripture as referring to the Messiah, and the Christian points to the hills and plains of Judea as the scene of the fulfillment of the prophecy.

Among the emblems on the tracing board of the Mark Master's degree, the *Mark* is one of the most conspicuous and important. All Mark Master Masons are well aware of the prominence it derives from its connection with the system of government employed by King Solomon, at the building of the temple. By its aid, perfect harmony was secured among the great multitude of craftsmen; imposition was guarded against; industry was rewarded, and idleness punished. The *Mark* is a peculiar pledge of friendship. Its origin is traced to the tokens and ceremonies used by the ancients in making covenants and giving pledges. Its connection with the *tesseræ hospitalis* of the ancient Romans, as well as the similar tokens of other nations, will be interesting to Mark Masters.

* * * * *

The *Mark* should ever remind us of the pledge of heaven's friendship to the earnest seeker after divine truth. "And I will give him a *white stone*, and in the stone a *new name* written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." Happy are we if, as moral craftsmen, we have the token of heaven's favor and friendship, that white stone with the new name, which shall insure us eternal life.

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Prayer.

Prayer, that channel of grace, that nourishment to a faithful heart, that cry of an afflicted soul, which renders the Lord so attentive to his necessities; prayer, without which the Almighty no longer makes himself felt within us, without which we no longer know our Father; we no longer render thanks to our benefactor, or appease our judge; we expose no longer our wounds to our physician; prayer, in a word, so necessary to the most established virtue, to the lukewarm soul is but the wearisome occupation of a distracted mind, of a heart dry, and shared between a thousand foreign affections. —*Massillon.*

OLD and RARE MASONIC BOOKS, in several languages, at private sale. Address A. STEINWERKER, Newark, N. J.

Masonic Lodges at Constantinople.

FROM THE P.·. G.·. M.·. TO THE NATIONAL FREEMASON.

There is reason to believe that, a great number of years ago, a French Lodge existed in Constantinople, but no trace now remains either of its location or of those who then composed it. If one ever existed, it must have been some fifty or sixty or even more years ago. Some persons have also thought that Masonry existed among the Mussulman population of this capital, under various titles, one of which was a *Feramush Khanch*; but it has been impossible even to find the smallest trace of this. The words *Feramush Khanch* are both Persian, and signify the "House of Oblivion," and have, naturally, no allusion to Masonry. Most probably, as Masons are called in the Turkish language *Fermason*, the word *Feramush* has been adopted as a simulation of what is so vague and uncertain in their minds. Be this as it may, Freemasonry has small merit in their estimation, and is regarded by the uneducated classes as something atheistical and contrary to all religion. Few would therefore consent to be known as Masons, lest they should be accused of impiety.

The extension of Freemasonry in this city, and the fact that many Mussulmans are now members of the various Lodges, or have become Masons in England and France, has somewhat elevated it in public estimation. It is steadily developing its sublime truths, and by its principles of virtue, charity, general and universal brotherhood, irrespective of religion and nationality, are producing good fruits. Several of the higher functionaries of State are Masons, and others desire to be admitted—deterred for the present only by "public opinion," which, as often stated, is yet hostile to it. It has before it a vast field for effecting much good in an immense empire, where the distinctions of creed are the great cause of the evils which, at the present moment, weigh heavily upon it, and even tend to its destruction. Religions are hostile to each other, and those who should labor to reunite these differences find an interest in keeping up a state of unhealthy feeling which, in pure Masonry, are totally unknown. Doubtlessly, were the Mussulman, the Greek, the Catholic, the Armenian and the Protestant all Masons, religious hostility would cease to exist, and all would join together for the promotion of a common good, and so live together in harmony. For such reasons as these, the extension of Masonry in the "East" is much to be desired in its *primitive* form, and each addition is a guaranty of that fraternity which should unite the children of a common Creator and Father, who judges mankind by the effusions of the heart, and not by the external forms of adoration which now are productive of so much evil.

There exists here a District Grand Lodge, of which Sir Henry Bulwer is the Grand Master, and Hyde Clarke, Esq., the Deputy. Of this, I was the first P. S. W., and am now the Treasurer. Its officers reside in various parts of the empire, though some of them are here.

There is also a Royal Arch Chapter, under the English Constitution, since 1866, and a similar one, under the Scotch Constitution, since 1865, of which I am a Companion. A Rose Croix exists under the English Constitution, and an Italian Rose Croix, under the Grand Orient of Italy.

Not long after my return from the United States, in 1851, application was made to the Grand Lodge of England for a Warrant, and I was one of the founders of the first Lodge established here, called the "Oriental," in 1856, which now has 60 members. Subsequently, I aided also in founding the *second* Lodge, called the "Bulwer," in 1861, which has now 42 members. The *third* Lodge established is the "Deutscher Bund," in 1860, now with 44 members. The *fourth* Lodge is the "Areti," in 1864, with 94 members. These four Lodges are all under the Grand Lodge of England; the third works in the German and the fourth in the Greek language. I was the first Master in the chair of the "Bulwer" Lodge. The *fifth* is the "Leinster," in 1865, now possessing 90 members. It is under the Grand Lodge of Ireland, and works in the English language. The *sixth* Lodge is the "Germania," now with 20 members. It works in the German language. The *seventh* Lodge is the "Italia," now with 150 members, and working in the Italian language, with the Scotch Ritual. The *eighth* Lodge is the "Orient," numbering 120 members, and working in the French language, under the "Grand Orient" of France. The *ninth* Lodge is the "Sire," working also under the "Grand Orient" of France, in the Armenian language, with, at present, 55 members. Thus the whole number of the members of these nine Lodges is 675. The number is monthly increasing.

Application has been made for a Warrant of a Royal Arch Chapter, under the Supreme Chapter of the United States of America. It is expected also that in a short time there will be established a Turkish Lodge, composed of Mussulmans, and working in the Turkish language. It will doubtlessly comprise others of various religions and nationalities, but its object is for the purpose, chiefly, of initiating Mussulmans.

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* Retrospect of Western Travels.

John P. Brown.

Constantinople, April 6th, 1867.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

Franklin.—When quite a youth Franklin went to London, entered a printing office, and inquired if he could get employment as a printer?

"Where are you from?" inquired the man.

"America," was the reply.

"Ah!" said the foreman, "from America! a lad from America seeking employment as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

Franklin stepped to one of the cases, and in a very brief space set up the following passage from the first chapter of the Gospel by St. John:

"Nathaniel saith unto him, can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, come and see."

It was done so quick, so accurately, and contained a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him character and standing with all in the office.

Gov. Corwin on Earnestness.—Before the Bible Society he said:

"Mr. President, may I be allowed to say something on this subject?"

"Certainly, Mr. Corwin—we shall be glad to hear you."

"Well, sir, I want to say that *you are not in earnest.* Your report said that there were two hundred families in this county without the Bible! This could not be, if you were in earnest. In the great contest for the election of Harrison, we Whig members of Congress gave our whole salary to carry that election. We were *in earnest.* We thought the salvation of the country depended upon it. If you want to carry on this work, and really mean that every man shall have the Bible, you *must be in earnest.* You must go to work and give every man the Bible."

The meeting was electrified. Some one immediately rose and moved to make Thomas Corwin President of the Warren County Bible Society. It was unanimously carried, and Mr. Corwin rose again: "Sir, if I accept the presidency, it is on one condition, that *you go to work*, and no such report as that is made again. When this society meets three months from to-day the report must be that *no family in Warren County is without the Bible.*" The work was done, and every family supplied. Mr. Corwin judged the Bible Society and judged the whole Church precisely as all intelligent men do judge it in their hearts. Motives they cannot know; the degree of faith they cannot measure; but they can see what is *done*, and they imply the motives and faith from the character and measure of the action. In this world there is no other standard.

Maximilian.—The Abbé Domenech, the Grand Almoner of the Emperor Maximilian, has recently published a book in Germany, entitled "Two Years in Mexico," which contains the following interesting anecdote:

On one occasion the Emperor called together his cabinet. On the table was a silver inkstand. Suddenly it vanished.

"Where is it?" said the Emperor.

No reply.

"Gentlemen," said Maximilian, "I shall now carefully close the windows and curtains of this room. In five minutes I shall open them again, and must find my inkstand on the table. If it is not there, I will have all of you arrested."

The room was darkened, and when, at the expiration of the five minutes, the room became light, the missing article was on the table.

At another time Maximilian sat at a table, which was furnished with silver knives and forks. When the meal was at an end, His Majesty wrapped up the plate in a napkin, with his own hands, and handed it to a German servant, to whom he said, in French, "Take care that the Mexican servants do not lay their fingers on these things, or I shall lose them."

Again:

A criminal had been sentenced to be garroted. A priest accompanied him to the scaffold, and gave to the executioner's assistant his broad-brimmed hat to hold for a moment. After the delinquent had kissed the crucifix, the priest turned around, but the assistant and the hat had vanished.

A noble Mexican lady once told at court that the previous night some scamps had broken into her house, bound her to the bed, and taken what money she had. "But," said she, "they were true caballeros, since I asked them not to step on my lap-dog, and they did not. Yes, there are still well-bred people in Mexico."

Jerrold and a company of literary friends were out in the country. In the course of their walk they stopped to notice the gambols of an ass's foal. A very sentimental poet present vowed that he should like to send the little thing as a present to his mother. "Do," Jerrold replied, "and tie a piece of paper round its neck, bearing this motto, 'When this you see, remember me.'"

Three Items by Anthony Oneal Haye.

THE COMPASS AND SQUARE.

In answer to "V. B.," I have seen some females' tombs surmounted by the compass and square, in the old churchyards in the South of Scotland. I think there is one in Melrose Abbey yard. A sandglass is often introduced with them. It was common to put the implements of the father's or husband's trade on the daughter's or wife's tombstone. Thus a crowned hammer is seen on the tomb of a connection of a member of the Hammerman's Company in Holyrood Chapel, where at the top of the stone is the date 1592, and immediately below the hammer surmounted by a crown, and having the letters B. H. on either side. Beneath, in the centre of the slab, is a shield charged with a ship and three cinquefoils in chief. At the bottom are the skull, bone, and "memento mori." Round the border is "Heir lyis ane honest Woman calet Marget Baxter spous to Bartel Hamelton Dakmaker Burges of ye Canongate."

MASONIC EPITAPH.

Among some jottings taken many years ago, I find part of an epitaph, which runs as follows:

"The Circle's Round,
Is Virtue's Bound.
The Perfect Square,
Tells God is there.
The Plummet's Fall,
'S Heaven's Grace for All.
Employ good tools,
By Mason's Rules.
Eschew all Evil.
Shame the Devil."

There are drawings of the circle, square, and plummet placed opposite the names, at the end of the lines. Where is this whole epitaph to be found? I think I copied it from some Masonic work.

WAS MARSHAL NEY A FREEMASON?

In the *Concordat* entered into between the Grand Orient, on the one part, and the Grand Lodge General of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, both of France, in 1805, I find the names of Kellerman, Murat, Massena, Angereau, Perignon, Lefebvre, Serruvier, Brune, Mortier, &c., Marshals of France, Macdonald, Sebastiani, and other high military officers, as well as Fouché, the Minister of Police, Balzac, &c., among the principal officers of the league. I am aware that Soult was a Freemason, and have a dim recollection that Ney was one also.—*British Freemasons' Magazine.*

Theories of the Origin of Freemasonry.

Bro. Cooper, in our British contemporary, gives the following translation of an article in Bro. Thory's "Histoire de la Fondation du Grand Orient de France," enumerating the various theories of the origin of Freemasonry:

Adam was the depository of Masonic science, having received it from God. Freemasonry came into existence when the Tower of Babel was building. Freemasonry arose with the architect and workmen employed upon Strasburg Cathedral, A. D. 1277. Sir Christopher Wren, architect of St. Paul's, invented Freemasonry. The Masonic doctrines come from the Jews. The mysteries of the Freemasons are entirely founded on the Christian religion and Church. The Essenians invented Freemasonry. The Therapeutes invented Freemasonry. The Druses of Syria invented Freemasonry. The Cabalists invented Freemasonry. The Ascetic Jews invented Freemasonry. The cradle of Freemasonry was in Greece. The cradle of Freemasonry was in Tartary. The cradle of Freemasonry was in Egypt. The mysteries of the Freemasons are the same as the mysteries of the Egyptians. The first Lodge was founded by Romulus. The Emperor Augustus was initiated at Athens after the battle of Actium. Zoroaster was the inventor of Freemasonry. Freemasonry comes from the Northern Nations. Freemasonry owes its origin to the Crusaders. Freemasonry was an emanation of the Divinity. The origin of the world and the origin of Freemasonry were simultaneous. Jaques Molay, Grand Master of the Templars, created four mother Lodges—one for the East, one for the West, one for the North, and one for the South. Freemasonry existed at Herculaneum. Freemasonry arose exclusively with the Druids. Freemasonry is due to the genius and policy of Oliver Cromwell.

What Freemasonry is Not.

BY BRO. BINCKES.

It is not a merely convivial society. It is not a benefit society. It is not a merely secret society. And yet, paradoxical as it may appear, Freemasonry is a society social, charitable, and secret. It eminently cultivates the social virtues, and affords ample opportunities for their exercise in the hours of relaxation and refreshment. I care not for the taunts of those not of our Order who are opposed to—nor have I any sympathy with those within our pale who would dispense with—the social enjoyments attached to our meetings, which, agreeable in themselves, tend, by the amenities they encourage, to reconcile animosities and smoothe asperities which may have arisen, and which I fear are inseparable from every society, however exclusive, owing to the innate frailty and weakness of our poor humanity. It is certainly not a benefit society, as the qualifications required in its members at once militate against any such idea; and yet its charities are noble and munificent to a degree. It is a secret society only in regard to the means by which its members are bound one to another for the purpose of recognition and the prevention of fraud and imposture. Its influence is widely extended, its usefulness coextensive with civilization, its sympathy and aid cordially extended and cheerfully rendered wherever misery and distress are to be found.

Sir Christopher Wren's Mallet.

At a late general meeting of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, the original mallet with which it is said King Charles II. laid the first stone of St. Paul's, was exhibited. The inscription is on a silver plate let into the head. It is as follows: "By order of the M. W. the Grand Master, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, &c., and W. Master of the Lodge of Antiquity, and with the concurrence of the brethren of the Lodge, this plate has been engraved and affixed to this mallet, A. L. 5831, A. D. 1827. To commemorate that this being the same mallet with which his Majesty King Charles II. leveled the foundation stone of St. Paul's Cathedral, A. L. 5677, A. D. 1673, was presented to the old Lodge of St. Paul's, now the Lodge of Antiquity, acting by immemorial constitution. By Bro. Sir Christopher Wren, R. W. D. G. M., Worshipful Master of the Lodge, and Architect of that edifice."

New England Outdone.—An exchange paper says: "We learn that the oldest Masons in the country are Nathaniel Fullerton, of Bellows Falls, Vt., who is ninety-two years of age, and Moses Wingate, of Haverhill, Mass., aged ninety-eight, who has been a Mason sixty-four years. To these may be added John Foster, of Boston, nearly ninety-five years of age, who has been a Mason sixty-seven years."

Commenting on the above statement, the *Watertown Reformer* says that Gurdon Bradley, of Watertown, N. Y., 92 years of age, less five months, has been a Mason between seventy and eighty years; attended as visitor the Royal Arch Chapter at Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y., March, 1866; not one in the Lodge was born when he was made a Mason. He travels abroad considerably, generally alone; visited some of his children and friends in 1866, at Rochester, Little Falls, Saratoga, Albany, New York, New Jersey, New Haven, Ct., and elsewhere; attends to his business matters, writes many letters, and has kept a diary many years. His general health is good.

Our New Servant.

I think I must tell the children and their mammas of a wonderful servant we have had for about two months past. She is not Irish, or German, or African, but that exceedingly rare bird, a genuine American servant—handy, clever and 'cute. Her virtues are manifold. In the first place, she is wonderfully quiet—goes silently and steadily about her work—doing all that is required of her with "neatness and despatch." She is good tempered—is never "on the rampage"—never insolent—never unkind to children. She has no followers—never goes off without warning—never wastes, never blunders, don't drink, and do'nt break the eighth commandment. I call her a servant, but she seems to me more like a helpful friend—a kindly companion; and yet she is but a soulless thing, after all—a mere wonderful piece of human mechanism—she is one of Willcox & Gibbs' admirable Sewing Machines.—*Grace Greenwood, in the Little Pilgrim.*

Family Circle.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

BY JOSHUA D. ROBINSON.

I am alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near;
And the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear;
And over my soul in its solitude
Sweet feelings of sadness glide,
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house,
Went home to the dear ones, all,
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son—
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

And when I gazed on the innocent face,
As still and cold he lay,
And thought what a lovely child he had been,
And how soon he must decay—
"O death, thou lovest the beautiful!"—
In the woe of my spirit I cried;
For sparkling the eyes, and the forehead was fair
Of the little boy that died.

Again I will go to my father's house,
Go home to the dear ones all,
And sadly I'll open the garden gate,
And sadly the door of the hall.
I shall meet my mother never more
With her darling by her side;
But she'll kiss me, and sigh and weep again
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside
When the flowers have all decayed.
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride,
And they will speak with a silent speech
Of the little boy that died.

I shall see his little sister again
With her playmates about the door,
And I'll watch the children in their sport
As I never did before;
And if in the group I see a child
That's dimpled and laughing-eyed,
I'll look to see if it may not be
The little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house,
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight
And our love no broken ties;
We shall roam on the banks of the river of Peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide,
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
The little boy that died.

And therefore when I am sitting alone,
And the midnight hour is near,
When the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear—
Oh, sweet o'er my soul in its solitude
Are the feelings of sadness that glide,
Though my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

DON'T JUDGE FROM APPEARANCES.—"Halloa, Limpy, the cars will start in a minute; hurry up, or we shall leave you behind."

The cars were waiting at a station of one of our western railroads. The baggage master was busy with checks. The men were hurrying to and fro with chests, valises, packages and trunks. Men, women and children were rushing for the cars and hastily securing their seats, while the locomotive snorted, blowed and puffed.

A man carelessly dressed was standing on the platform of the depot. He was looking around him, and seemingly paid little attention to what was passing. It was easy to see that he was lame. At a hasty glance one might easily have supposed that he was a man of neither wealth nor influence. The conductor gave him a contemptuous look, and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, called out:

"Halloa, Limpy; better get aboard or the cars will leave you behind."

"Time enough, I reckon," replied the individual, and he retained his seeming listless position.

The last trunk was tumbled into the baggage car. "All aboard!" cried the conductor, "Get on, Limpy!" said he, as he passed the lame, carelessly dressed man. The lame man made no reply.

Just as the train was slowly moving away, the lame man stepped on to the platform of the last car, and walking in quietly took a seat. The train had moved on a few miles when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. Passing along, he soon discovered the stranger he had seen at the station.

"Hand out your money here,"

"I don't pay," replied the lame man, very quietly.

"Don't pay?"

"No, sir."

"We'll see about that; I shall put you off at the the next station!" and he seized the valise which was on the rack above the head of our friend.

"Better not be so rough, young man," returned the stranger.

The conductor released the carpet bag for a moment, and seeing that he could do no more then, he passed on to collect the fare from the other passengers. As he stopped at a seat a few paces off a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned looked up at the conductor and asked him:

"Do you know to whom you were speaking just now?"

"No, sir."

"That was Peter Warburton, the President of the road."

"Are you sure of that," replied the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation.

"I know him."

The color rose a little to the young man's face, but with a strong effort he controlled himself and went on collecting his fare as usual.

Meanwhile Mr. Warburton sat quietly in his seat—none of those near him could unravel the expression of his face, nor tell what would be the next movement in the scene. And he—of what thought he? He had been rudely treated; he had been unkindly taunted with the infirmity, perhaps, which had come through no fault of his. He could revenge himself if he chose. He could tell the directors the simple truth, and the young man would be deprived of his place at once. Should he do it?

And yet why should he care? He knew what he was worth. He knew how he had risen by his own exertions to the position he now held. When a little orange pedlar, he stood by the street crossings and had many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hardship; he was respected now. Should he care for a stranger's roughness or taunt? Those who sat near him waited curiously to see the end.

Presently the conductor came back. With a steady energy he walked up to Mr. Warburton's side. He took his books from his pocket, and the bank bills and tickets which he had collected, and laid them in Mr. Warburton's hand.

"I resign my place, sir," he said. The president looked over the accounts for a moment, then motioning to the vacant seat beside him, he said:

"Sit down, sir; I would like to talk with you."

As the young man sat down, the president turned to him a face in which was no angry feeling, and spoke to him in an undertone.

"My young friend, I have no revengeful feelings to gratify in this matter; but you have been very imprudent. Your manner, had it been thus to a stranger, would have been injurious to the interests of the company. I might tell them of this, but I will not. By doing so I should throw you out of your situation, and you might find it difficult to get another. But in future remember to be polite to all you meet. You cannot judge of a man by the coat he wears; and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take up your books, sir, I shall tell no one of what has passed. If you change your course nothing that has happened shall injure you. Your situation is still continued. Good morning, sir."

The train of cars swept on, as many a train has done before; but within it a lesson had been given and learned, and the purport of the lesson run somewhat thus, Don't judge from appearances.

INFLUENCE OF FEMALE SOCIETY.—It is better for you to pass an evening now and then in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation be slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or pit of a theater.

All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggerers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water sanchy and brown bread and butter, I protest that I can sit for a whole night talking to a well regulated and kindly woman, about her girls coming out, or her boys at college, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man derives from women's society is that he is bonnd to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men of the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from woman's society is that he has to think for somebody besides himself, somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.—*Thackeray.*

THE FAIRY COBBLERS.—A curious class of fairies, called the "Wichtelmänner," follow the humble occupation of shoemakers. Once upon a time a cobbler had become so poor, and that without any fault of his own, that there only remained to him as much leather as would make a single pair of shoes. He cut them into shape at night, so as to sew them up on the following morning, and then slipped quietly to bed. When he arose early to begin his work, the two shoes stood finished upon the table. He did not know very well what to think of this, but having taken them up in his hand to look at them more closely, he found that the workmanship was a perfect masterpiece. This pair of shoes sold so well that the cobbler was enabled to buy as much leather as would serve to make two pairs. Having shaped them at night, he again rose early on the following morning, to begin his work with fresh spirit; but he did not need to do this, for the shoes were already made. And this went on day after day, until he was no longer poor, but made a capital thing of it.

One evening, not long before Christmas, the cobbler said to his wife, "What think you of waiting up to-night, to see who it is that lends us this helping hand?" So they hid themselves in a corner of the room, behind some clothes, and kept a sharp look-out. At midnight, two neat, naked little fellows sat down at the table, and began to sew and to hammer with such speed that the cobbler, in his admiration, could not keep his eyes off them. When all was finished, they ran away.

Next morning the good wife said: "The little men have made us rich; let us show ourselves thankful for this. They run about naked and must be very cold. I will make shirts, coats, and breeches for them." At night, instead of the regular working materials, they laid the clothes on the table. The little men came as usual, were greatly surprised that there was no leather for them, and looked at the clothes with delight. They put them on with the greatest liveliness, singing:

"Are we not dandies, spruce and fine?
Why should we remain in the cobbler line?"

They danced and hopped about, almost out of their little senses with joy. At last they danced themselves out of the house; but they never came back again. All things, however, went well with the cobbler during the rest of of his life.

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Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

COALS OF FIRE.—Rev. Dr. Bedell, at one time rector of St. Andrew's Church in Philadelphia, when a little child, had a very forgiving spirit. This was illustrated upon one occasion in a remarkable manner. One of his playmates, in a fit of anger, threw some hot coals upon his neck. Some of them, falling between his dress and flesh, burned him severely, so that he did not recover from the wounds for several months. When, however, the boy who injured him so severely was to be punished, he entreated he might be forgiven. So affectionately did he plead for this, that his request was granted. Let them return good for evil to one another. In this manner acted little Gregory Bedell. He forgave, instead of throwing back fire upon the boy. Or, I might say, instead of acting in the spirit of Proverbs, twenty-sixth chapter, twenty-first verse, he did right, as taught in Proverbs twenty-fifth chapter, twenty-first and twenty-second verses. Let my little friends look at these passages, and learn to act like the good boy of whom I have told them, who became the useful man, the able divine, and the accomplished Freemason.

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The Duke of Argyle said, lately, that he attributed Colden's success to *his never speaking a harsh word of any one.*

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☞ Our Washington Office is No. 217 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, opposite Willard's.

This is appropriate, as the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, by a unanimous resolution, approved of the National Freemason, and recommended it as a weekly to the whole fraternity.

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If any brother has paid an agent, and has not received the paper, let him send the receipt to this office, or a copy of it, or reasonable evidence that he has paid for the paper, and to whom he has paid, and he will be certain to have the National Freemason, although we may lose the money.

Brethren should promptly advise us of their changes of residence.

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We have been pleased to welcome to our editorial rooms during the last six days distinguished Masonic visitors from twelve jurisdictions. Our brethren from abroad will always find conveniences with us for their correspondence.

Columbia College.

We regretted our inability, by reason of previous engagement, to have been at the Commencement Exercises of the Law Department of Columbia College, and the more as a member of our own family graduated with certainly no discredit. Among the graduates were several Lewises, or sons of Masons, in whom a true brother will always feel an interest, next to that for the obligated craftsmen.

The addresses and orations are well spoken of.

The Law Department of Columbia College is in a very flourishing condition, and the advantages for thorough and elevated legal instruction are very great.

Masonry as a Source of Strength.

The circumstances of the world, especially within the last thirty years, have made strength very desirable. The realm of nature has been laid under contribution for its strongest materials for the manufacture of arms. The stout and able bodies of young men have been mustered by the hundred thousand on the battlefield. Inventive genius has been taxed to the utmost to produce powerful engines and machinery of destruction. Mighty ships, with voices of thunder and breasts of steel, have been fitted. Wealth has been converted into sinews of war. The proudest honors have been offered for the energy of character and the power of mind to mould the flaming zeal of the soldier into glorious deeds. Every new weapon from the forge, every strong arm looming up on the field, have been hailed with delight.

But are these the full measure of a nation's strength? Is there not a quiet, unostentatious, but great and important agent in conducting the affairs of the world, based on a solid foundation?

On searching after the various sources of our human strength, we find that, as a general rule, it is derived not so much from our own immediate faculties themselves, as from the advantage that we are able to take of the laws and of the great natural forces which are playing in the world around us. The primitive man is the weakest member of the animal kingdom. His lower companions are found originally to excel him in vigor, in speed, in length of vision, in quickness of hearing, in delicacy of touch, and are more infallible in their use of instinct than he is of reason. How, then, is it that he has become able in these respects, as well as in a thousand others, to surpass them, each and all? It is simply by his skill in employing for his own purposes those mighty elements of nature which only baffle and destroy the lower orders of the animal creation.

We see this in regard to his physical powers. The great river is deflected from its course, and obliged, Samson-like, to grind at mills which his own muscles would never be able to move. The fickle winds are made, by an artful arrangement of sails, to waft his vessels on their way with a speed which mocks at the efforts of the strongest swimmer.

The expansive properties of water are compelled, through the instrumentality of the steam-engine, to exert a force which leaves out of comparison all the strength of the animal kingdom. A whole nation of savages, advancing merely in their native strength, would be hardly a match for a single columbiad, animated with the power of its "windy nitre." And when we take into consideration the countless ways in which these natural forces are applied by the laws of mechanics to the wants of our daily life—the wonderful operations of the spindle, the loom, the lathe, the locomotive, the sewing-machine, the printing-press, the gunboat, the bombshell, and of all the other inventions of the present age—how vast is the addition which is thus made to the mere naked strength of the human hand!

So it is with the power of the senses. The eye of man, whose range in its natural condition is so narrow, is enabled by the miscroscope to distinguish objects of which it would take millions to occupy a single square inch, and by the telescope to behold worlds which are more remote than numbers can express. The compass directs the mariner through the gloom and storm of the darkest night as safely and surely as though he were sailing in the brightest day. The telegraph gathers up the volitions of the human will from a range such as was never reached by the most stentorian voice, or felt through by the most delicate ear. The chemist at work in his laboratory is able to lay hold of and to examine elements too subtile and minute ever to have been unraveled by the power of touch. The optician will take the nebula of a comet floating as a mist through the remotest region of sky, and tell you, as certainly as though he could blow upon it with his breath, whether it is on fire itself, or whether it shines by reflected light. And the singular discovery has been made recently that the atmosphere of the sun is composed of several of the same metals which are found on our own earth—the hand of science reaching as it were into the very heart of the sunshine, and wresting a secret from those burning depths whose heat, ninety-five millions of miles away, is often to our unshielded nerves so intolerable. How has all this been done? Not by increasing the strength of the senses directly, but by taking advantage of those laws and principles on which the powers of nature are found to act.

So, too, with the operation of our intellectual faculties. The mind's direct perceptions of truth are few, and only of the simplest kind. It is by the power of logic that our reason is able to build up the myriad facts which are scattered broadcast over the world, into the great temples of philosophy and science. The child, by following out the rules of arithmetic, is enabled to arrive at conclusions in numbers that would baffle the unaided mind of the profoundest philosopher. The invention of logarithms has added as much to the power of the human intellect as that of the steam-engine has to the might of the human hand; and the great principles of geometry, which Freemasonry has done most to diffuse among mankind, are as mighty in solving the vast problems which lie before us in the realm of truth as are the mechanical powers in overcoming the resistance of matter. The great addition, moreover, which is thus made to our native strength, is no vain possession, but is applied continually to the practical affairs of business. It enters into trade, into navigation, into architecture, into mechanism, into surveying, into war. A corps of engineers is almost as much a part of our modern war equipments as are regiments of soldiers or batteries of cannon.

This method of increasing our strength, however, is not by any means confined to the operations of nature and science. There are great forces in the moral and spiritual world, just the same as in the realms of earth and sky, which immeasureably transcend all that the unaided mind is able to accomplish. It is impossible to explain the vast changes which are taking place from age to age in society, without supposing the operation of a mightier power than that of human passion and of human interest. All experience shows it requires strength to control the dominion of spirit, not less truly than that of matter. And the silent influences which are moulding the destiny of nations, and lifting the great family of man ever and ever to a higher level, is not surely of less energy than the gravity which is shaping this material earth, or the sunshine which is developing it year by year into a more and more glorious beauty.

The action, moreover, of these great moral and spiritual forces is not the result of chance or indifference, but is governed by laws and principles as fixed and definite as those which enter into the realms of nature and science—they are, justice, mercy, goodness, purity, benevolence, freedom, self-denial, kindness, brotherly love, relief and truth—all of those duties which go under the name of Freemasonry. There is a subtile tendency in the world to promote the interests of virtue in opposition to those of vice, which at last infallibly overrides the strongest efforts of man to resist it. In spite of all the eddies and currents which appear on its surface, the great tide of fraternity and humanity, with a motion which is sublimer and mightier than the march even of its planets and stars, is sweeping the world onward in the ways of liberty, peace and truth.

Now, it is on the score of its using these great moral and spiritual forces in accordance with the laws and principles *by which they are governed that Freemasonry* is a source of immense strength. There is no department of the universe from which the human mind is especially excluded. The Deity is just as willing to help on the affairs of our daily life with His moral might as He is with the powers of nature. We are created directly with those faculties which enable us to deal with spiritual forces; and whenever we comply with the conditions on which they are obliged to act, whenever we bring our individual plans and purposes to correspond with those of God, we are able to second our human efforts with something of that boundless and irresistible energy which belongs to His own eternal omnipotence. This Freemasonry does. She works in harmony with God's moral laws.

The laws of God and humanity are thus placed in the strictest analogy with those of nature and thought, as the means of our exerting the greatest possible strength. They are all but the several modes of Divine action, the different channels in which that great tide of force outflowing from the throne of God is made to run. We lay hold of the one with faith, love, prayer, soul, in the same way that we do of the other with invention, skill, reason, mind. And as mechanics and mathematics are the art of applying to the wants of our daily life that part of the Divine might which flows through the laws of nature, so religion and Freemasonry are the art of employing, for the general advancement of our human interests, that more glorious part of it which comes to us only through the laws of the moral and spirit world.

"All things are possible unto him that believeth," and "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say to this mountain, 'Remove hence to yonder place,' and it shall remove." can never be realized with any inspiration of our own immediate powers. But, on the supposition of a principle within us by which we are able, as in the case of science, to control the forces of the spirit world. they are not mere extravagant hyperboles, but are full of the most literal and sober truth. Masonry would exert an infinite influence if she had more faith in God, in the people and in her own great principles.

The employment of religion as a source of strength is very far from being absurd or empirical in the estimation of Freemasonry. The man who by the prayer of faith is making use of God's arm to accomplish a purpose on the other side of the globe, is acting on a principle just as sound as the one who employs the electric telegraph to perform a matter of business in a distant state. The words of the poet, "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just," are not merely an idle song, but the enunciation of a truth as positive in the view of Freemasonry as any which are laid down in Euclid or La Place. The command, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," is an agency for human welfare which is rooted in the nature of things not less deep than the principles which Watt and Arkwright and Faust have embodied in the steam-engine, the loom and the printing press. The power of love, relief and truth, faith, hope and charity is worthy, alike in its nature and in its origin, to be used as a companion to the power of logic. The same policy which prompts the sailor, in conducting his vessel over the sea, to spread his sails to the winds of heaven, and to direct his course by the rules of navigation, should lead him, also, in the voyage of life, to unfold the faculties of his soul to God, and to steer his course, day by day, with a rigid conformance to the principles of religion and Freemasonry.

The power, moreover, which is thus found in Freemasonry is not by any means of less value to nations than it is to individuals and to the affairs of our private life. The great thing which our country needs is to make the same use of moral and spiritual forces that it is already making of those in nature and science. There are streams of power now pulsing through the hearts of the American people which are broader and grander than the flow even of its mightiest rivers. There is a spirit brooding over our land which is swifter and surer than any which ever flashed the news of victory over the telegraphic wires. There are breezes waiting to speed our ship of state on its way, mightier than ever wafted the voyager of the sea to his haven of peace. There are bolts in that great magazine of truth which the Lord has given to our age, that are more fiery and terrible than any that were ever sent from reeling navies and from fortress walls. Why do they linger in our hands? Why do we shrink from striking with our moral might on the very crest of moral wrong? The blind conservatism which doubts the utility of this power, which is afraid of its injuring our business interests and breaking up the foundations of society, is only another form of that same anti-masonic folly which, a few ages ago, was arguing that the invention of the printing press would destroy the business of book-making, and the employment of the steam-engine rob the poorer classes of their daily bread.

Dangerous! There is nothing in this world that is truly dangerous but error. What is it that has placed our country in its present condition? Is it righteousness and justice and brotherly love? The great tides of moral power, outpulsing from the heart of God, are efficient, when rightly applied, in turning smoothly the great wheels of society. The individual or the nation that works counter to those laws, that strives to walk by the feeble rays of worldly policy, rather than by the eternal Light, is sure in the end to be swept away by the onward flow of His everlasting might.

The experience of all history shows that in the long trial there are no maxims of business or of statesmanship which are equal to the simple but sublime precepts of our Order. The people who take advantage of them are backed up in the volition of their own wills with all the unbounded forces of the spiritual universe. The great tide of human progress, rolling onward from the very beginning of time, is mingled with the pulse of their hearts. And in every struggle of their minds, they are accompanied, all unseen though it be, alike with the plans and the power of the omnipotent and everlasting God.

A Flitting.

The people of this country are decidedly a movable race, never satisfied with remaining long in one location, but on the contrary appearing to take eminent satisfaction in removing their gods, household and otherwise, to new shrines. The natives, however, mingle very little poetry in the performance, as may be judged from the fact that annually, on or about the first of May, every journal in the land having the least pretension to literary ability, which of course includes them all, devotes an article or two to informing the world that May is the season of flowers, and that in every land but this Nature smiles benevolently, awakening the latent poetry supposed to have a place in every well organized breast, and inciting young men and maidens to adorn themselves with garlands and trip fantastically about poles set up on verdant lawns, while the aged smile thereat approvingly through ambient clouds of tobacco smoke. There is but little poetry in our May and none at all in our moving. We flit from one habitat to another, make the new nest as comfortable as possible and then flit again, and so on to the final remove, from whence there is no further change.

There has been a moving time among Lodges in this neighborhood recently, but, as a general thing, they have most prosaically carted their paraphernalia from one location to the other, and gone on just as if nothing had happened.

A notable exception occurred on Wednesday evening last, in the case of Copernicous Lodge, No. 545, the occasion being their removal to new quarters in the Temple recently dedicated in that interesting portion of the Metropolitan district popularly known as Williamsburgh. The brethren assembled in the large hall in the same building, when a procession was formed, the Master, W. Bro. Sackreuter, at the head, preceded by two deacons and three brethren carrying lighted tapers, and followed by the oldest Past Master, W. Bro. Rohr, carrying the Bible, square and compass. On arriving at the door of the new room the procession halted and the Master directed the deacons to examine the hall and report as to its fitness for Masonic labor. They reported the hall and its appointments all that could be required, except that darkness was not sufficiently dispelled by the presence of Masonic light. The Master, then striking upon the door with his gavel thrice, demanded in the name of the fraternity admission for his Lodge. The door was then opened and the Lodge entered, when other ceremonies followed, among which were circumambulation and the display and illumination of the greater and lesser lights. Then followed music, such as Germans are wont to make, when a hundred trained voices join in some choral redolent of Fatherland, taking the listener away from earth to fancy himself breathing a new atmosphere, living a new life, and fearful lest by a cessation of the melody he be called back to the gross materialism he fain would know no more. Addresses were also made by the Master and other members of the Lodge in German, and by several visiting brethren in both German and English.

We regret that our little acquaintance with the German idiom—which acquaintance is confined to the nomenclature of a certain popular beverage hideously reminding one of senna and salts, and a farinaceous compound in which muriate of soda is liberally intermingled—prevents us from a more detailed report of the proceedings, which we were obliged to gather from their form rather than from what was said; but we specially desire to call the attention of our American brethren to the ceremony as worthy of a thought. Instead of transferring the Lodge *lares* via an express wagon, they were reverently carried by the brethren. The lights of the old temple were formally extinguished, to show that so far as this Lodge was concerned they would no more be lighted in that place. With equal formality the indispensable furniture was deposited in its new sanctuary, and the new temple inaugurated with Masonic and fitting solemnity, as in days of yore the tabernacle was lifted from its resting place, borne by the Levites amid the wandering hosts of Israel, and at each halt solemnly placed in the midst of its appointed guardians.

The ceremony, though in no wise ostentatious, made a strong and favorable impression on our mind, and we propose at the first opportunity to prepare a ritual for the use of the brethren on similar occasions.

Among other things, it occurred to us that this was one evening saved from the endless chain of work, and consecrated to the higher and better aspirations of the brethren.

After the close of labor the Lodge and its visitors repaired to the refectory attached to the building, where a moderate collation was temperately enjoyed, as is the German fashion, and then the brethren departed their several ways, each feeling, we doubt not, a renewed attachment to our time-honored institution.

The Society for the Relief of Half-Orphan and Destitute children, was established in New York Dec. 16, 1835. Its Asylum is No. 67 West Tenth street.

This institution has been sustained by our best citizens, and is managed by ladies whose circumstances and reputation place them above suspicion. During the year 112 children have been received; 76 have been returned to their parents, 18 have been placed in situations; 337 have been taken care of during the year, and 2667 since the Asylum opened.

No child is received under four or over ten years of age. Parents pay 75 cents a week, monthly in advance, and provide shoes.

We find some Masons giving as high as $50 to this institution during the year. The donations from Craftsmen are respectable. It is a worthy object, affording a safe home to little ones whose unfortunate parents can provide but moderately for their wants.

The statement of several sets of regalia having been left at our office for disposal, has brought to us many letters revealing a more extensive destitution among Southern Lodges than we had anticipated. If we had 400 sets, they could be well disposed of.

There is a new element of disturbance in Chapitral Masonry, in Maryland and the District of Columbia. We print a communication from companions taking one view, and will be pleased to do the same for those of opposite views.

Next week our sketch will be that of Rev. Mason L. Weems, Gen. Washington's rector, biographer and Masonic friend.

Answers to Correspondents.

KENTUCKY.—If the W.·. M.·. or S.·. W.·., or both, are absent, the J.·. W.·. may assume the duties of mastership, and may make temporary appointments for the West and South. The J.·. W.·., however, is still only a Warden, and is not the Master. He is a Warden, discharging the functions of a higher vacated office.

The Wardens, properly speaking, are, as Dr. Oliver terms them, *deputy masters*.

* * * * * *

No private member can congregate a Lodge. In the absence of the Master and Wardens the Lodge cannot be opened, for there is no one to congregate the brethren. Even a Past Master cannot open the Lodge. Your own inferences from these premises will guide you as to the other inquiries.

∴

OHIO.—The Medina affair has generally been regarded as "bogus," certainly so far as the New York Craft is concerned.

∴

CAPT. J.—A son of a Masonic widow is in our office; Admiral Farragut's nephew also. Masons print our paper. Northern and Southern ex-soldiers are agents of the paper. It is Masonic, purely Masonic, knowing no North and no South. "No pent up Utica," &c.

∴

KNIGHTS OF THE POST.—They who in court or before a magistrate swore as previously directed. They plied about the portico in the Temple, and hence called Knights of the Post, and Knights, perhaps from the Knights Templar being buried in the adjoining church. Johnson's Dictionary, by Todd, defines a hireling evidence, a knight dubbed at the whipping post or pillory.

∴

KINGS.—Among the Kings of England who were Grand Masters previous to 1735 were, Alfred, 900; Henry VI., 1446; Henry VII., 1500; James I., 1603; Charles I., 1625; Charles II., 1660; William III., 1692.

∴

A DETECTED COWAN.—In 1717, at the revival of Masonry, the detected cowan was curiously punished, by "being placed under the eaves of the house in rainy weather, till the water runs in at his shoulders and out at his shoes."

∴

STATEN ISLAND.—You are wrong. Political offenses cannot be the subject of Masonic discipline, for Masonry ignores all political differences. If you are conscientious in your views, you are out of place in Freemasonry. No religious nor political bigot, who attempts to enforce his peculiarities upon his brethren is at home amongst us. What says article second of the ancient charges? "If a brother should be a rebel against the State, he is not to be countenanced in his rebellion, however he may be pitied as an unhappy man; and if convicted of no other crime, though the loyal brotherhood must and ought to disown his rebellion and give no umbrage or ground of political jealousy to the government for the time being, they cannot expel him from the Lodge, and his relation to it remains indefeasable."

So in regard to religious differences, where there is a State religion.

This is Freemasonry.

∴

PARODY.—The Parody you refer to was made by Bro. Pearson, when the foundation stone of his chambers was laid by the Lord Mayor of London. He thus parodied the symbolical meaning of our working tools. "He presented the mallet and level to the Lord Layor, as a memorial of the day's occurrences; the square to be kept undivided between himself and Mrs. Pearson; the rule to his daughter, as a guide whereby to regulate her future conduct; and handed the compasses to his builder, with the hope that it would remind him to keep his bill within compass."

∴

THE TWO EASTS.—When ancient Corinth fell before the arms of victorious Rome, the legend tells us that out of the various metals which were melted together in the conflagration of the city, there was created *one*, more precious than any of its elements, more enduring in its strength. more beautiful in its brightness. Why may not the bodies soon to be united eventuate in a body more precious and enduring than either of its elements? *So mote it be*.

∴

BROOKLYN.—"Never" is a long time.

∴

PORTLAND.—Fear not. The NATIONAL FREEMASON will not be moved from its mission of charity and peace.

∴

WASHINGTON.—The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge does hereby cordially congratulate our W. Bro. Robert McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., who established and has edited the Freemason, on the success of his publication, and the said paper is hereby earnestly recommended to the support and patronage of the craft throughout the United States.

∴

NEW JERSEY.—Grand Master Whitehead, of New Jersey, is a subscriber to and friend of the NATIONAL FREEMASON and its editors. The article referred to first appeared in our columns.

∴

INITIATION.—Antiquity considered initiation into the mysteries *as a delivery from a living death of vice, brutality and misery, and the beginning of a new life of virtue, reason and happiness*.

∴

FORTY-SEVENTH PROPOSITION.—Vitruvius ascribes this theorem to Pythagoras. In 1717 we find it at the revival of Masonry used as a Mason's signature or mark. It first appears as the cognizance of a Past Master after the Anglican Masonic Union in 1813.

∴

POPE SAID:

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing,
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
> Three shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> But drinking largely sobers us again."

This is true in Freemasonry. A drum is a large instrument, and makes a great noise, but——it is hollow!

∴

EXPULSIONS.—We do not think it advisable to publish in our journal notices of expulsions, except where brothers may be traveling and imposing upon the craft. Certainly no notice of expulsion should be published until the Grand Lodge has acted upon it, and care should be taken that no publication is made to others than Masons.

∴

STONE CUTTER.—"The understanding is that when a member of a Lodge or Chapter unites in forming a body under Dispensation, his membership in the parent Lodge or Chapter is suspended during the existence of the dispensation, and that when the warrant of constitution issues he may elect which body he will be connected with; but I do not find any written law regulating the time and manner of such election. It appears to me that when a brother signs an application for a Dispensation, he should not only understand the fact that he thereby temporarily loses his rights in his own Lodge, but he should be required to give notice in writing to his Lodge, that the body may be informed of his action, and that the Secretary may cease to charge him dues; and in like manner that when the Dispensation is about to expire, he should give further notice of his intention to remain with the new Lodge or return to the old one, as the case may be. How does it strike you?"

ANSWER.—We fully agree with you as to the final election; the other is sufficiently given by the party paying up his dues to the time of issuing the Dispensation, without a knowledge of which fact the Grand Master ought not to create the new Lodge.

∴

E. L. A.—Masonic sentiment appears to be in favor of having Masonic halls dedicated in the presence of Masons only. We know of no other good reason why they should not be public; but the saying is, "One may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion," and the mode is to have them private.

∴

R. R.—"Is it lawful or proper for the Master of a Lodge to take a candidate for the second or third degree to another Lodge and have the degree conferred upon him, without consulting his Lodge?"

"Would it be correct for him to confer the degrees at a special meeting, when notice had only been given to a certain number of the members?"

ANSWER.—Conferring a degree under the circumstances mentioned would, in either case, be highly irregular, and on complaint the Master of a Lodge indulging in that kind of amusement would be subjected to unpleasant discipline. Degrees may be lawfully conferred at a special meeting, when all the brethren have received due and timely notice, concur therein, otherwise not. But, except in rare, very rare instances, it is better not to confer degrees at special meetings at all. Emergent or special communications are one phase of the hurry we are all in, and for which it would be difficult to give a sensible reason.

∴

PETROLEUM.—"Do you think that the present fashion of elaborately decorated and furnished halls is the best and most Masonic way of getting rid of our money? Or, in other words, does it not occur to you that we might get along with less daintily and expensively finished rooms, and spend the money thus saved for the relief of the needy?"

ANSWER.—It is possible that in the matter of Lodge halls the furnishing and decorating may be just a trifle overdone, still we should dislike to see them reduced to bare floors and whitewashed walls, because it is comfortable and pleasant to enter a nicely furnished room, and the eye rests with delight upon artistically frescoed ceiling and walls, and there is an elevating and refining tendency in neatly furnished halls, as in other exhibitions of taste combined with art. It is true that Masonry would still be Masonry though its rites were administered in the barn instead of the parlor; but in a general way more people would be apt to attend in the latter than in the former. We like, then, to see nice Lodge-rooms, and think that the brethren should conform in their personal appearance to the surroundings. Put on their store clothes, and feel that it is meet and becoming in all things to magnify the dignity and decorum of the Lodge.

"Bacon and Greens."

To the Editor of the "National Freemason:"

DEAR SIR.—In your issue of May 4th appears an article under the above remarkable caption, from the pen, I presume, of M. W. John W. Simons, and as I am in some degree connected with the matter which he therein chooses to condemn, I trust you will afford me an opportunity to reply in behalf of myself and my Brooklyn brethren.

After weeding the article—an operation which seemed quite necessary—I find remaining a charge of unmasonic conduct against a large body of gentlemen connected with the fraternity, a slight defense of the Grand Lodge tax, and some elegant periods in support of the Hall and Asylum enterprise.

With your leave, I will consider these in order.

First, the weeds. Among these are the pointless and inappropriate title, the far-fetched comparisons, the weak attempts at witticism, and the strained inferences of the first paragraph; the severe efforts at ridicule and sarcasm of the second and third paragraphs; and the "salutary admonitions" which are scattered through the entire article. These last I include among the weeds, not from any disrespect to Bro. Simons, or from any feeling of indifference toward good moral lessons, from whatever source they emanate, but because, in the present instance, they are entirely superfluous, therefore useless. For, where *premises* are wanting, there can be no *conclusions*, and the basis of all these admonitions is purely imaginary. They are therefore weeds, or, if the brother prefers, "greens," of no use, except perhaps to assist in fattening "bacon."

So much for the weeds.

Next, the charge of unmasonic conduct. This is both general and special. General, inasmuch as it strikes at the *right* of Masons to meet together *at all*, except in Lodges; and special, inasmuch as it animadverts severely upon the specific action at that meeting.

As to the general charge, I know of nothing in the ancient charges, the Constitution and laws or the spirit of Masonry, which forbids or objects to Masons meeting together socially, and talking over subjects connected with the Order. On the contrary, I find it enjoined upon the membership everywhere to "increase in knowledge," to "converse with well informed brethren," to seek light and to spread light. The education of the mind is deemed essential to eminence and usefulness in any position in life and in any society. And what better mode, I would ask, can be adopted for securing improvement, than for intelligent men to come together and converse freely and without restraint upon subjects in which they have a common interest? Is Masonry injured by being made the subject of conversation? Does she require her adherents to be blind and ignorant, that they may be true? Does an institution which, by the pens of its writers and the lips of its orators, challenges the criticism of the world, shrink from the scrutiny of its own members? Has it come to this, that Masons must not talk upon matters connected with the Order, except within tiled doors and under the authority of Constitutional provisions? I do not so understand Masonry. I cannot deem it so week and unstable a thing. And yet it is to just this position that the argument of Bro. Simons leads. Perhaps he did not see it. I hardly think he did, for manifold have been the utterances of his own mouth and the emanations of his ready pen to the contrary. It is clearly a case of distorted reasoning—mental dyspepsia—produced undoubtedly by too large a ration of "Bacon and Greens."

The "association of Masters, Past Masters and Wardens" which "they have over there" in Brooklyn, is simply a social gathering, held monthly, where Masons meet for just such purposes and no others as I have already mentioned, viz., to compare views, to talk over Masonic matters, to cultivate acquaintance with each other, and promote that fraternal feeling which is one of the basil principles of Masonry. And yet we are told that this is unmasonic, illegal, and deserving of the interdiction of the Grand Master. Unmasonic to carry into private life the teachings of the institution! We meet as *private* Masons, in no official capacity, with no intention or desire "to legislate." Bro. Simons ought to have known this. Indeed it is hardly supposable that he did not know it. He must have known it. It is doubtless a fault of memory, owing, probably, to the demoralizing effect of his "Bacon and Greens."

Next, as to the special charge. At the meeting in question expression was given to their views upon the three dollar tax by several brethren present, and one gentleman offered the preamble and resolution which have so excited the mind of the author of the article under consideration. They were adopted as the sense of the brethren there assembled, and it was resolved to communicate these views to the fraternity. This is one of the counts in the indictment. Let us examine it. First, we have a right, and Bro. Simons will not deny it, to our opinion of all constitutional provisions and Grand Lodge enactments. The "Ancient Landmarks" only we may not touch. Having a right to hold our opinion, we have a right to express it; and these two rights, undeniable and inalienable, inevitably lead to a third, viz., the right to use proper and just means to secure the modification of what we do not approve.

Now, is not this just what was done, precisely? Done openly, candidly, sincerely, and, we claim, Masonically. No secret cabal was formed to accomplish sinister ends; no secret means employed to secure cooperation. The resolution contemplated solely the use of "just and proper means to secure the repeal" of what was deemed an objectionable enactment of the Grand Lodge. Observe, an enactment of the *Grand Lodge*, not a landmark, not a provision even of the old Constitutions, but an act of a *fallible* body, the enactments of which are always subject to modification or repeal, without subjecting those who work for this modification or repeal to any charge of irregular or unmasonic conduct. We may think differently from Bro. Simons regarding some phases of the Hall and Asylum question, but this difference of opinion hardly constitutes a just ground for such sweeping charges as are contained in the "Bacon and Greens" fulmination.

Another count is the nomination of a Brooklyn Mason as a candidate for Deputy Grand Master, which act is pronounced unmasonic and seditious. It is even likened to political nominations at primary meetings. What is this grave offense? The mere naming of a certain gentleman, and the endeavor to secure for him the support of the fraternity. Is that a crime? It was not resolved to send out "friends" of *the nominee to "canvass the State,"* nor to get "*Lodges pledged to vote for him.*" He was simply placed before the fraternity in an open and dignified manner. Will Bro. Simons tell us which course has in it most of "the engineering of political manœuvering"—the systematic canvassing of the State and the pledging of Lodges to vote for one candidate, or the simple announcement that another is also in the field? I am surprised that Bro. Simons should condemn "canvassing for officers." I, too, deem it "fortunate for Masonry" that "the craft have always been taught to regard" political manœuvering "with aversion and distrust," and we in Brooklyn have no fear of the result, should the craft stamp with their disapprobation all schemes sought to be accomplished by such manœuvering. We hope they will do it, and do it effectually, and we will help them. We are no schemers "over here." Our brethren abroad and at home know that very well. We have no axes to grind—at least, I know of none. What we do, we do openly and in good faith, and fear no scrutiny or criticism. Masonry has no truer supporters than Brooklyn can produce, nor is there any city or section of the State where less need exists for the exercise of restrictive authority or close surveillance by the ruling powers.

The propriety of the three dollar tax I do not propose now to discuss. It is not the purpose of this article to do aught else than answer the severe and uncalled for charges of illegality of action and impurity of motive. There may come a time when discussion of this subject will be instituted, and if it *be* a just and righteous measure, if its coercive provisions *be* in strict accordance with that essential element of genuine charity, *voluntariness*, it need not fear such discussion.

As to the great end sought to be attained, I shall not be behind Bro. Simons in my expressions of rejoicing when the distant goal shall have been reached, and the now shadowy form of the "Asylum" shall stand out clearly in all the beauty of its perfected proportions—with its open doors inviting the enfeebled and destitute to shelter and protection within; but, by the sacredness of the cause, by the purity of the motive which is supposed to underlie and govern the whole scheme, let it be carried into execution in such a manner as will enlist the warm sympathy of the entire fraternity. This end will certainly not be best attained by charging brethren in different localities with trampling upon the law and spirit of Masonry, because they prefer building temples in their own localities to casting all their money into the vast hopper of a New York hall.

The idea of imposing the tax upon the initiate, in addition to the regular fee, is a recent creation of Bro. Simons' fertile imagination. Such a thought has never before been advanced, and certainly formed no part of the original idea of taxing Lodges. It would be just as proper, and meet the wants and views of the candidate better, to tax him also the subscription price of the National Freemason. This would instruct him, and he would better feel the propriety of the thing. As to the Deputy Grand Master, I shall say nothing. It is not the place.

In conclusion, let me ask Bro. Simons not to forget these three things—first, in his zeal for his favorite project and his favorite candidate, to be just to his brethren who may differ with him in opinion; nor, second, that Masons, worthy to be Masons, have minds of their own; nor, third, that it looks slightly inconsistent to condemn in the columns of a public journal what is favored when done in private.

C. A. Marvin.

Remarks.—Passing by the marked discourtesy of replying to one person through the hands of another, the futile attempt to cover the claws with soft soap, the inanities of criticism on the title and construction of our article, we remark, as the best we can do for Bro. Marvin under the circumstances, that he has succeeded in giving to the world a brilliant specimen of "how not to do it." His principal shots are directed against what we did not say or think of saying, and when he does say any thing at all to the point it sustains us in our strictures upon the convention. Bro. M. argues strongly for the right of private opinion, which we of all others have never thought of denying. Masons are constantly interchanging opinion, and the Masonic press is always disseminating thought and making manifest its entire devotion to this the earliest birthright of humanity. But our opponent says that the Brooklyn organization to which we took exception is simply a private assembly of Masons for the interchange of thought and opinion. Will our brother be good enough to tell us why it is that none but Masters, Past Masters and Wardens are admitted to this *private* conclave? We do not know, however, that we should be disposed to find especial fault with the periodical assembling of brethren, if the ostensible purpose of their meeting were also the *real* one. But our business is more especially with the convention, which was not a private meeting in any sense of the word, but an assembly of Masters, Past Masters and Wardens, called together by circular, to transact Grand Lodge business. We characterized this meeting as illegal, unmasonic and irregular; we repeat the allegation, and insist that our brother has not attempted to show any thing to the contrary. The meeting was purposely composed of Grand Lodge representatives, and the moment it organized and proceeded to business, that moment it invaded the right of the Grand Lodge, which alone has power or authority to legislate on matters pertaining to the general interests of the Craft, and that only at its June communication. Our brother's ignorance of this fact shows that his reading of the ancient landmarks has evidently been confined to their titles.

Touching our remarks on the tax on initiates, we are willing to live and die by them, and we shall live Masonically a long time if those who oppose it find no better advocate of their cause than Bro. Marvin. We say that a tax upon a profane at the time of his initiation is not a tax upon the Lodges, unless they choose to assume it, and having voluntarily assumed it they have no right to complain. Bro. Marvin chooses to evade this point, and he is welcome to all he makes by it. His real animus appears, however, in this: "Because they prefer building temples in their own localities to casting all their money into the vast hopper of a New York hall." This persistence in attempting to hoodwink the brethren with the specious cry of New York hall is disingenuous and futile. The brethren know, and we will take care to keep their recollection bright, that the hall to be built in the city of New York is not a New York hall, but a State hall, the property of the whole Fraternity, in which the most remote part of the jurisdiction has as direct a right and as lively an interest as the brethren who happen to be located in the city—an investment of the fund collected for the endowment of an Asylum, because common sense teaches that in the great commercial metropolis of the Union a better return for the money may be expected than even in the imperial city of Brooklyn. But we need not waste time in following the production of our friend any further. Our first puncture took all the gas out of the balloon he assisted to inflate, and it is scarcely worth while to weary the patience of the reader in turning over the dilapidated folds of the concern. Let our brother read the landmarks, study the theory and practice of Masonic government, and he will then understand that the proper place for Masonic legislation is either in Grand or Subordinate Lodges, and not in unauthorized conventions.

* * *

The National Freemason has grown into great favor and popularity, which is increasing from day to day, under its present regimen. From the first day of its publication until the present hour it has never intentionally attacked any Masonic brother. Whatever personal differences its editors may have had, they have been settled elsewhere. It proposes no change in its policy. A few may think this evidence of cowardice. It is with us Masonic principle. We wish to pen and publish no line, dying we should blot.

We not only avoid personalities ourselves, but insist upon our correspondents doing the same. Occasionally a personal allusion has found its way into our columns through careless reading of communications. What we desire for ourselves and for others is perfect freedom of purpose, of thought and action. We seek to coerce no one, and cannot be coerced Several journals would like to edit our paper. Let them conduct their papers according to their own taste. We shall find no fault. We purpose to edit our paper according to views already announced.

An Eastern paper, usually just in its conduct, finds fault with us because (for this is the truth) we decline to publish a communication from an esteemed friend and brother. We declined, not because of the Masonic position assumed, but because the article was full of personal references of no complimentary character. Passion is no evidence of strength, and abuse of our opponents no indication of independence.

Our advocacy of non-sectarian Freemasonry commenced many years ago, before some, who think we are too slow, were Masons at all. Our journal has steadily maintained it. At Washington, for its advocacy, we received the following notice from our Jewish brethren:

Washington, D. C., *Nov.* 11, 1863.

Whereas, Rev. Dr. McMurdy, in the November number of the National Freemason, published in this city, has written an editorial, entitled the "Israelites—Masonic Teachings," wherein he so ably defends them as a people who are entitled to all the rights and privileges of civilization, therefore, be it

Resolved, By the Washington Literary and Dramatic Association—who, though composed of Israelites, are ever willing to extend the right hand of fellowship to the truly enlightened—that we tender our sincere and heartfelt thanks to the reverend gentleman; that we owe him a debt of gratitude which time can never repay; that we hail in him the gentleman and scholar; and last, though not least, the Christian who has given another proof that the golden proverb of "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is by him exemplified by his conduct. Be he, therefore, awarded the homage of all refined hearts, noble minds and exalted souls.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, a copy presented to the reverend gentleman, and the attention of the daily papers of the city called to same.

S. Wolf,
Chn. Com. Resolutions.

On the 12th of January, 1864, we were unanimously elected an honorary member of the Washington Literary and Dramatic Association, composed of Israelites. Our reply clearly defined our position.

S. Wolf, Esq., *Chn. Com. Resolutions:*

Dear Sir and Bro.—I received your esteemed favor and accompanying resolutions of the Washington Literary and Dramatic Association. I beg you to accept my thanks for your manner of conveying them, and present my cordial acknowledgment to the association, of which you are an esteemed member.

Although not of your religious body, as a follower of Him who would bless the earth with good will, I regard your people as entitled, in all respects, to every privilege of American citizenship, and so far as I have influence and power they shall always be exerted to defend, sustain and extend the rights of man. I have no sympathy with oppression or tyranny anywhere, and I rejoice that here your people are fully protected in their political and religious rights. Prejudice may occasionally annoy you, but as our people know you so will they appreciate your worth.

Masonry knows no distinction of creeds or party. She recognizes the brotherhood of man and the dignity of humanity in its lowest estate. Masonry has been your protection in Europe, and her Masonic statesmen have jealously defended your rights.

Let me exhort you to abide by the principles of the brotherhood, to abound in charity, virtue and good works, and to search after the truth on all subjects. None of us have any interest in error, and let not your oppressions prevent your knowing and obeying all truth. And in the great struggle for human liberty and the more perfect acknowledgment of the rights of man and for popular government in Europe and throughout the world, and for more perfect development of society in America, I feel assured that your people will be a unit in the holy cause. Asking you to convey my assurance of regard to your association,

Believe me to be very truly,
your friend and brother,
* * * R. McMurdy.

The spirit and means by which non-sectarian Freemasonry are to be promoted have already been indicated. Personal attacks may silence but do not convert. And mere legislation, unsustained by a correct public sentiment, is nugatory. Our brethren want "light," not abuse and heat. The cause is too good to need any aids from personal attacks. Our brother who deems a violent course more effective of good, we think is mistaken. We esteem him, and his articles are always welcome when he discusses a principle.

The Cry of the Hungry.

In our last issue we called attention to the fact that many of our countrymen and countrywomen with their children in the States lately the scene of war *are starving!* and we mean to keep repeating the sad announcement until their distress is relieved. We can only account for the strange apathy in regard to this terrible calamity on the hypothesis that hunger among American citizens has so strange a sound that men either fail to credit the assertion, or believe the occurrence to be spoken of in exaggerated terms. Unfortunately there is no room for question. It is true, and lamentably true, that there is famine in our own land, and that defenseless women and innocent children are perishing for want of food. We urge all who can spare the smallest sum to give it at once, and we especially and earnestly urge our brethren of the mystic tie to do their share in this the Lord's work. We have the power of numbers and organization, and with a will we can, with little trouble, be instrumental in saving many who might otherwise perish.

Let us act at once.

We acknowledge receipt of sixty dollars from Adytum Lodge, Brooklyn.

◆

Taylor Lodge, No. 23, Virginia, wishes us to acknowledge the receipt of twenty dollars, sent to its Master from Lafayette Lodge, No. 19, Washington city. The officers and members of Taylor Lodge thus express their thanks to the officers of Lafayette Lodge.

Bacon and Greens.

The following lines from one of the members of the Brooklyn "Free and Easy" are intended as a response to our article published a week or two since under the foregoing caption. We are glad to notice that our correspondent takes the same view as ourself of the question at issue, and trust that his associates may be brought to see the propriety of following so good a lead, especially if they throw up the sponge as gracefully as he does. Here's the poetry:

The cheapest dish that one can take
For health and the stomach's sake,
By one who seldom does mistake,
Is called "Greens and Bacon."
It satisfies the appetite,
And makes the mental vision bright,
And sheds immense Masonic light,
If not on Jew, on Pagan!

To cook the dish requires care,
And woe betide the men who dare
To make it for themselves elsewhere
Than in the "Patent Bureau;"
They'll be "irregular" and loose
And sent right off to calaboose,
For that's the way they "cook the goose"
Of all who doubt their "we know."

So when you want a well filled plate
Of "Greens and Bacon," hesitate
For not a moment, but come straight
To us, who only make 'em:
You'll thus infringe no patent right
Of ours, who claim that power and might
Is ours alone until in fight
We're fairly overtaken.

Extracts—Letters.

A brother of Watertown, N. Y., sending us his subscription, writes:

"I am 92 years of age, less six months. Have been a Mason more than seventy years. I may not be able to read your excellent paper for a long time hereafter, but shall enjoy it while I am able to do so."

New York City.

The course of the National Freemason meets with high approval from sincere craftsmen. Such a paper has long been needed. It is free from scurrility, and may be safely placed on the parlor table or before our wives and daughters.

◆

National Democrat, Michigan, says:

The National Freemason comes to us regularly, with its full share of Masonic and other valuable reading matter, both literary and otherwise. As we have repeatedly said, this paper ought to be in the hands of every Mason and read at the fireside of every family.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

Sylvan Grove Lodge, No. 275, reports total amount received by the Treasurer, $3,128.27; $1,155.15 have been expended in charity. The total assets of the Lodge are $6,986.01. During the year there were initiated 19; passed, 18; raised, 18; died, 2. The Lodge numbers 266 Master Masons; 3 F. CC.; and 4 E. AA.

Ivanhoe Lodge.—Dr. McMurdy regrets that a previous engagement prevents his being present at the first musical reception of this Lodge. The programme was: Invocation by Chaplain; chorus, Anniversary Ode (written expressly for the occasion), music by Dr. Berge; solo, "No tear shall dim thine eye" (Mr. Hill); chorus, "Swallows;" quartette, "Sweet as the Dew," by the Ivanhoe Quartette Club; solo and chorus, by Miss Werneke; address, by the Grand Master, Bro. Holmes; duett, by Messrs. Hill and Werneke; piano solo, by Dr. Berge; solo, by Miss Simms; solo and chorus, "Ave Marie," by Mr. Eddy; trio, "Altela," by Miss Werneke and Messrs. Hill and Werneke; and solo and chorus, "Jubilate," by Misses Simms and Werneke, and Messrs. Hill and Werneke.

BROOKLYN.

Silver Wave Lodge gave a public entertainment on Wednesday night. Dr. McMurdy's absence was regretted, having gone to Washington. P. G. M. Simons made an address. (More next week.)

NEW YORK STATE.

Dunkirk.—The Commandery commences under favorable auspices, with the following officers:

F. F. Briggs, E. C.; S. H. Dickinson, G.; W. E. Cooper, C. G.; T. L. Higgins, S. W.; S. J. Gifford, S. W.; A. S. Cobb, Treas.; J. L. Foote, Rec.; H. D. Arnold, Std. B.; H. J. Skinner, S. B.; G. B. Wright, W.; T. S. Allen, Sent.

Flushing.—Island Chapter, R. A. M., has organized with Rev. E. S. Fairchild, as H.·. P.·.; G. W. Brown, K.; W. L. Leamon, S. It meets on Friday.

Batavia.—A brother writes, May 7: "The body of Timothy Munroe was taken up and *reinterred* in the cemetery in this place, on the lot belonging to David C. Miller, the printer of Morgan's book. He remains there at this time. * * * * Morgan received the R.·. A.·. degree in Western Star Chapter (then held at Le Roy) in company with Israel Rathbone and Beach Deforest, on May 31, 1825, and this is the only evidence extant that he ever received *any* degree legitimately. His signature is on our By-Laws. D. S——.

The following are the officers lately installed in Batavia Commandery:

D. Seaver, E. C.; W. T. Bliss, G.; A. R. Warner, C. G.; H. M. Warren, P.; J. M. Willett, S. W.; C. Kirkham, J. W.; C. H. Monell, Treas.; H. Todd, Rec.; W. B. Pickett, St. B.; L. P. Bickford, Sw. B.; E. G. Flanders, W.; H. Bostwick, G.; M. W. Hay, G.; E. N. Stone, G; W. H. Brown, Sent.

MINNESOTA.

Grand Chapter.—From the published proceedings, just received, we add to our previous account the following:

Comp. Nash, the G. H. P., thus closes his address: It has been said that Masonry is truly the sister of religion, for she boasts her efficacy in all its native influence, and is constantly the assistant promoter of like principles and like actions. The central point of all her innumerable lines, squares and circles, is the love of God; and upon this central point she builds her faith; from it she derives her hope of glory here and hereafter; and by it she squares her conduct in strict justice and universal charity. "*The central point of all true Masonry is the love of God.*" The holy Bible is acknowledged by the craft to be our spiritual moral and Masonic trestle-board. Jehovah, the Supreme Grand High Priest, has drawn thereon the perfect character, and gives it to us for our guidance in our work. *The law of God, as revealed in the Bible, is the moral law of Freemasonry.*

Comp. Pierson, as Chairman of the Committee on the Address of the G. H. P., says:

The great principle of *charity* or *toleration* underlies and is the foundation of free institutions. God gave to man the right of free thought, free speech and free action; without these there can be no equality among men, and fraternity prevents the two latter from being exercised to the injury of others. The three principles, Charity, Hope and Faith, or Tolerance, Equality and Fraternity, constitute the charm which binds Masons in one indissoluble chain, and which should govern them everywhere and at all times.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Lodges in the seventh judicial circuit desirous of the services of Bro. Lander as lecturer, should apply early.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, D. C.—The readers of the National Freemason have been duly informed of the irregular and unmasonic attempt to sever, by violence, the jurisdiction of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, and, in consequence thereof, the suspension of the Charter and the officers of the three Chapters in this city, and their final restoration upon the express understanding that all subsequent action in reference to the creation of G. R. A. Chapter in this District should be strictly in conformity to usage and Masonic law.

The settlement of that difficulty, at that time, it was expected would be lawful, and end in a harmonious and peaceful separation of the joint jurisdiction; and with that hope and expectation the Grand Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, after a full discussion of the proper mode of procedure, consented to the separation, to take place at such time as the act of creating the proposed new Grand Chapter was properly and legally consummated. The Grand Chapter acted in good faith in consenting to the proposed organization, and it expected, in return, good faith on the part of those having in hand the new Grand Chapter scheme; but the subsequent and present action of those parties has been and is such as to create the impression that the Grand Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia have been most grossly deceived in its expectations, and that its leniency towards those who had committed grave offenses against Masonic law, which they had solemnly sworn to respect and obey, is likely to be requited with base ingratitude.

The friends of the new Grand Chapter project have determined not to apply to one of these highest officers of the General Grand R. A. Chapter for permission to organize a Grand Chapter, thus openly defying and ignoring the authority of that Grand Body whose law and edict they have each and all solemnly sworn, before the altar of R. A. Masonry, that they would obey and respect, and they have resolved that they will proceed with the installation of their officers, *nolens volens.*

To this end they have invited Dr. Mackey to be present on the 23d instant to install their officers, and it is here advertised that Dr. Mackey has accepted the invitation, and will be on hand to consummate the illegal act! Upon what rocks are we drifting, is the anxious inquiry of all sober minded Masons. Such high-handed and unlawful proceedings, as you may readily understand, create the most painful apprehensions that trouble, and very serious trouble, is upon us. While there may be a majority of the R. A. Masons in this city in favor of a separate Grand Chapter, if *legally constituted,* it is evident that a majority, and a very large majority too, are opposed to the high-handed and illegal acts of those to whom, in the sacred trust of Masonic confidence, they have delegated power to act in their stead.

The Grand High Priest in the emergency has called a Convocation of the Grand Chapter at Baltimore, in the hope that something may yet be done to avert the impending calamity to Masonry. This can easily be done, if the movers in the new Grand Chapter project will only apply to the General Grand Chapter for permission to organize; but this they obstinately and stubbornly refuse to do, thus far at least, and it is feared that the same obstinacy and stubbornness will continue until the feared ruin bursts upon us.

A. J. H.

Another letter from Washington.

MY DEAR DOCTOR.—We are in renewed trouble about our Chapter matters. We shall proceed to organize our Grand Chapter in accordance with the strongly expressed will of the companions of this District definitely ascertained, and in accordance with analogical usage. There is no question but that the doctrine of territorial custom, applied to Grand Lodges, applies equally to our condition. The District of Columbia is a separate civil government; there is the requisite number of Chapters to form a Grand Chapter, and we shall do it, and will be sustained by the fraternity of Royal Arch Masons in the United States.

Comp. Mackey will be here to preside at our organization. More anon. A SUBSCRIBER.

Washington City.—Columbia Commandery has just re-elected E. L. Stevens, E.·. C.·.; J. Daniels. G.·.; S. A. Dole, C.·. G.·.; Rev. J. R. Ashby, Pre.; C. Cammack. Sr., T.·.; A. T. Longley, Rec.; J. W. Griffin, S.·. W.·.; S. Baxter, J.·. W.·.; E. R. Brown, W.·.

Over one hundred Knights Templars were present at the last meeting.

The Semi-Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia was held last evening, May 7th. and there was a very full representation of all the Lodges. A Dispensation was granted to certain brethren of National Lodge to form a new Lodge, to be called "Hope" Lodge. its communications to be held in the 1st Ward, in the Hall of Hiram Lodge. There were in all some thirty or more names to the petition, members of National Lodge. A tax was assessed upon the Constituent Lodges of one dollar for each regular member. and the dues of these Lodges to the Grand Lodge increased to three dollars for each member on the rolls, and one dollar on all hereafter initiated. This was necessary, in order to pay off the present liabilities of the Grand Lodge. An appeal was read from brethren in Georgia. for donations to prevent absolute starvation among those there who have claims upon our Order. All the Lodges here have generously responded to this appeal by liberal donations, and the Grand Secretary was directed to borrow twenty-five dollars for the same noble object (there being no funds in the treasury).

The Grand Secretary was also directed to continue the subscription for four copies of the NATIONAL FREEMASON. for the use of the Grand Lodge Library and Committees of the G. L. An invitation to join in the public exercises of the 23d inst., in constituting the proposed new Grand Chapter, was also accepted by the Grand Lodge, and after the transaction of other unimportant business, of a local character, the Grand Lodge adjourned.

CONNECTICUT.

Grand Royal Arch Chapter met at Hartford, the 7th. Peace and harmony prevail. The following are the officers for the current year:

Jas. H. Gould, G. H. P; John H. Barlow, D. G. H. P.; Chas. W. Stearns, G. K.; W. W. Lee. G. S.; B. Beecher, G. T; J. K. Wheeler, G. Sec.; Rev. N. H. Chamberlain, G. C.; S. T. Bartlett, G. C. H.; E. Tweedy, G. P. S; N. S. Pond, G. R. A. C.; C. L. Smith, G. M. 3rd V.; W. W. Avery, G. M. 2d V.; J. N. Lewis, G. M. 1st V.; Edwd. Ingraham. G. Steward; James W. Storey, G. Steward; Chas. E. Houghkirk, G. Sentinel.

Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters met on the evening of the 7th. The following officers were elected for the current year:

William W. Lee, M. P. G. M.; Uriel Fuller, R. J. D. G.; Stephen T. Bartlett, T. J. G. M.; George S. Evarts, J. G. P. C. W.; Edmund Tweedy, J. G. C. G.; B. Beecher, G. T.; Joseph G. Wheeler, G. R.; James W. Storey, G. C.; O. P. Jacobs. G. St.; Charles E. Houghkirk, G. Sen.; John H. Barlow, G. Chap.

The Grand Lodge elected the following officers for the current year:

Wm. Storer. G. M.; Amos E. Cobb, D. G. M.; Asa Smith. S. G. W.; James L. Gould, J. G. W.; B. Beecher, G. T.; J. K. Wheeler, G. Sec.; Edmund Tweedy, G. S. D.; D. S. Miller, J. G. D.; Wm. B. Lee, G. Mar.; C. M. Hatch, Grand Lecturer.

Bro. Lockwood's treatise on Jurisprudence was adopted.

LOUISIANA.

New Orleans.—The new room of Mount Moriah was dedicated with impressive ceremonies.

MAINE.

The Annual Communication of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Maine, met in Mechanics' Hall, Portland, May 8. M. W. Timothy J. Murray was elected G. M.; W. John Lynde, D. G. M.; H. Cargill. S. G. W.; T. Simonston, J. G. W.; M. E. Dodge, G. T.; Ira Berry, G. S. A large amount of business was disposed of. Grand Master's address is a perfect model.

Grand Chapter met in Annual Convocation, May 6. Josiah H. Drummond. G. H. P.; E. W. French, D. G. H. P.; J. P. Larabee, G. K.; —Gill, G. S.; O. Gerrish, G. T.; J. Berry. G. Sec.; H. R. Taylor. G. C. H.; Benj. Morrill, G. R. A. C.; J. W. Toward. G. M. 3d V.; Job Collet, G. M. 2d. V.; E. Smith, G. M. 1st V.

Grand Commandery met in Annual Conclave, and elected Moses E Dodge, G. M. E. G. C.; J. M. Larabee. D. G C.; E. B. Burnham, G. Gen.; J. H. Lynds, G. C. Gen.; W. J. Burnham, G. Prel.; J. H. Drummond, G. S. W.; C. H. McClellan, G. J. W.; C. Fobes, G. Treas.; I. Berry, G. Rec.; J. B. Cargell. G. S. B.; D. E. Seymour, G. S. B.; J. W. Ballou, G. War.; W. Phillipps, G. C. G. SEYMOUR.

ALABAMA.

The Grand Commandery has adopted the form of service reported by ourselves to the late Grand Encampment of the U. S.

MICHIGAN.

Detroit.—July 4. the Grand Lodge will lay the corner stone of the Soldiers' State Monument. The Grand Master has ordered every Lodge to be represented so far as possible. If one-half of the 13.000 brethren appear in procession, the effect will be imposing. The ceremony will take place in presence of the civil and military authorities.

MISSOURI.

A member of Weston Lodge, Chapter, Council and Commandery, died April 14. at 10 o'clock. His life was very sad after the death of his wife, and he predicted from time to time, that he would die just 12 months after her, which he did to the hour. He filled many offices of trust and profit.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore.—We regret to learn of the serious illness of Rev. Bro. M Cron, G. C. of Maryland.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

ENGLAND.

Grand Lodge met April 24. and the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Zetland was installed Grand Master for the 24th time. Bro. Greenhall, M. P., acting as S. G. W. The G.·. M.·. made a neat address. Among those present were Bros. Lord de Tabley, Prov. G. M. for Cheshire, and Earl of Limerick, Prov. G. M. for Bristol. The Grand Master appointed the Rt. Hon. the Earl de Grey and Ripon, as D.·. G.·. M.·., and Lord Eliot, M. P., S.·. G.·. W.·. The Grand Stewards were then appointed, and the Grand Lodge closed with solemn prayer.

The banquet took place at six o'clock, P. M. On the withdrawal of the cloth. "Deum Laudate" was sung. The usual toasts and remarks were made.

INDIA.

Mazagon.—Lodge St. George met Feb. 19, 1867. At the banquet, Bro. Manookjee Cursetjee was complimented with a toast. He testified to the benefits of Masonry, acknowledging that all his humble efforts to benefit his fellow-creatures were prompted by the tenets inculcated in the Lodge. He believed that a bad man might become a good Mason, but a good Mason could never become a bad man. One of the visitors, in returning thanks, very innocently let slip the word "caste" in the course of his speech, when Bro. Manoekjee came down upon him with sledge hammer force, and illustrated to him that Masonry recognized no caste or creed; it was universal, and the word "caste" should not find utterance in the Lodge-room.

FRANCE.

Paris.—There are many Freemasons at this point and they are courteously received. The Provincial Grand Master of Turkey, Sir Henry L. Bulwer, is now here, and has been here since the appointment of Lord Lyons as the British ambassador to Turkey. Our eminent Bro. Bulwer's health has been much improved since his residence at Paris.

Lodges U. D.

If some of the inchoate Lodges, which expect to receive Charters at the approaching session of the Grand Lodge, should meet with disappointment, it ought not to arise from non-compliance on their parts with the terms of the two following regulations:

"*Resolved,* That hereafter, and before the return to this Grand Lodge of any Dispensation to form a new Lodge, and at least one month before the Annual Communication of this Grand Lodge, the D. D. Grand Master of the district in which such Lodge may be located shall certify to the character of the proceedings of such Lodge, and instruct such Lodge in the way and manner in which an application for a Warrant must be made; that the D. D. Grand Master shall then forthwith transmit to the Grand Master a certificate of the condition of said Lodge, a duplicate of which certificate shall be forwarded to the Grand Secretary—in the absence of which certificate no application for a Warrant shall be entertained by any Committee on Warrants of this Grand Lodge."

"No application for a Warrant shall be entertained by this Grand Lodge, unless the same shall be accompanied by the certificate of the Grand Lecturer or his assistant, that the several officers named in such application are in possession of the work and lectures adopted by this Grand Lodge, and are competent to practice and impart the same."

Those who may have neglected these requirements will find it to their advantage to give them attention without delay.

* * *

A very munificent present has been made by A. S. Barnes & Co., Publishers, New York city, to aid the cause of popular education in the South. The Peabody fund is to be employed to encourage common schools in the desolate portions South, and thus confer its beneficial influence upon the whole nation. School books were necessary, and Messrs. Barnes & Co. have stepped forward with remarkable liberality to furnish them for gratuitous distribution. Five thousand expensive volumes of the "Teacher's Library,"—professional works to qualify teachers—are the first portion of this great gift.

500 Page's Theory and Practice of Teaching, 500 Welch's Manual of Object-Lessons, 500 Davies' Outlines of Mathematical Science, 250 Holbrook's Normal Methods of Teaching, 250 Wells on Graded Schools. 250 Jewell on School Government, 250 Fowle's Teachers' Institutes, 250 Bates' Method of Teachers' Institutes, 250 De Tocqueville's American Institutions, 250 Dwight's Higher Christian Education, 250 History of Education, 250 Mansfield on American Education, 250 Mayhew on Universal Education, 250 Northend's Teachers' Assistant, 250 Northend's Teacher and Parent, 250 Root on School Amusements, 250 Stone's Teachers' Examiner.

Another portion of the present consists of

25.000 volumes of school-books for intermediate classes, embracing 5,000 The National Second Readers, 5,000 Davies' Written Arithmetic. 5.000 Monteith's Second book on Geography, 3.000 Monteith's United States History, 5.000 Beer's Penmanship, 500 First Book of Science, 500 Jarvis' Physiology and Health, 500 Peck's Ganot's Natural Philosophy, 500 Smith & Martin's Book-keeping.

If more works are needed, the donors propose to bestow *twenty-five per cent* of the usual wholesale price of the books needed. The value of the books thus far given is $25,000.

Men who thus seek to dispel ignorance and benefit their race are worthy to be received and acknowledged as Craftsmen.

* * *

St. Cecile Lodge, on May 30th, confers the Eastern Star degree, at 2 o'clock P. M. Members of the Lodge are invited to attend.

Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania.

This distinguished body of Knights Templar will assemble in annual conclave in Pittsburgh, commencing on Tuesday evening, June 4th, prox. On the following afternoon there will be a public parade, followed by an address and the installation of the Grand Officers. On Wednesday evening a banquet will be given at the City Hall, by Pittsburgh Commandery, No. 1. in honor of the occasion.

We are requested, and it affords us great pleasure to comply, to invite the Grand Commandery and Sir Knights of New York to participate in the exercises and festivities.

As our Grand Lodge meets on the same evening we are obliged to send a personal regret, but we trust that some of our Sir Knights will find it convenient to represent the body on the interesting occasion. We can assure them of a cordial and knightly reception and greeting.

◆

Bros. Henry T. Romertze leaves New York to-day, to make his annual voyage to Europe. After visiting Paris he will extend his journey over the entire continent, visiting the principal cities of Europe. Bro. R. will visit the Holy Land and the places so dear to Masonic hearts. Bro. R. is an accredited Mason and Knight Templar. We heartily commend him to our foreign brethren.

◆

Bro. Dawson and Minor's advertisement appears in our Directory. Bro. Minor is a graduate of Columbia Law School, N. Y., and a resident of this city. Bro. Dawson is from Georgia, and noted for his eloquent addresses, his forensic ability, his devotion to his clients and his great success at the bar. We wish the firm all prosperity.

◆

Bro. Dr. Wood will accept our thanks for tickets to his perfumed Russian Baths, corner Broadway and 13th street.

Thanks also to Robert J. Greenwood, manager and proprietor of the Bunyan Tableaux, for tickets to same, on Broadway and 23d street. This is a religious exhibition of the highest order, commending itself favorably to all lovers of amusement, and yet very interesting to the Christian mind. Parents may take their children to them, feeling *assured* they will be profited both intellectually and morally.

◆

We commend to our readers Bro. **Chase** as a Mason and gentleman.

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All orders should be addressed to W. H. CHASE,
P. O. Box 5780, New York.

◆

BOOK NOTICES.

Dante and the Divine Commedia.—The Vita Nuova, composed from 1293 to 1300, contains 31 poems of different dates, is essentially mystic and symbolic. Dante himself says of Beatrice: "From this may be seen who the lady is and why she is called Philosophy," by which he means the highest aspirations of the soul, the bride of reason, which elevates and sanctifies it. We have similar symbolism in Solomon's passionate words to Shulanuth, the Symbol of Divine Wisdom.

Dante appears to have had a lofty and Masonic idea of the moral destiny of the race. Moral perfection, in his view, is the great object for which man is created. Dante is a study for the literary and philosophic Freemason.

ST. CECILE LODGE, NO. 568, F. & A. M.—Regular Communications 1st, 3d and 5th Tuesdays of every month, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the Lodge Rooms, No. 594 Broadway.

GEORGE F. ILSLEY, W. M.
DAVID GRAHAM, Secretary.

☞ ZETLAND CHAPTER, 141, R. A. M. Change of Place of Meeting.

Companions—The Convocation of this Chapter will be held at Masonic Hall, Nos. 114 and 116 East 13th Street, between 3d and 4th Avenues, after May 1st, 1867.

Companions of sister Chapters are fraternally invited to attend.

WM. DIXON, H. P.
S. E. Gardiner, Sect.

PRIMITIVE CHAPTER, No. 5, ROSE CROIX, A.·. & P.·. R.·. M.·. meets 1st and 3d Fridays, N. W. cor. Broadway and 34th St.

B. S. Hill, M.·. W.·. Geo. Russ, J.·. Kt. W.·.
C. Latour, S.·. Kt. W.·. H. Clay Lanius, A.·.

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S. T.—1860—X.

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JOHN W. SIMONS, Vice-President.
E. H. Shaw, Treasurer.
J. Carpenter, Secretary.

B. B. FRENCH, K. V. WHALEY, E. L. STEVENS.

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4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

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Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much Tea or Coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete, send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

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☞ For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see the edition of this paper of April 6, 1867.

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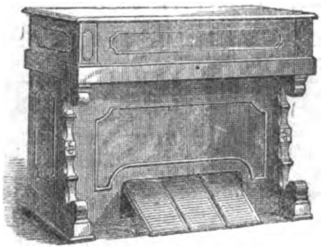

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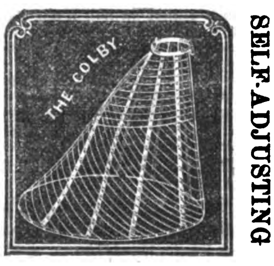

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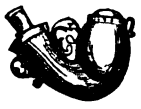

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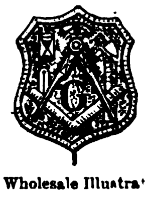

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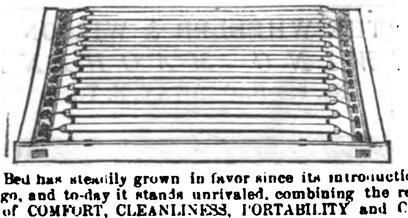

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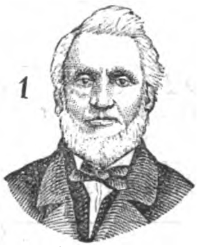

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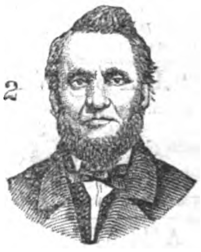

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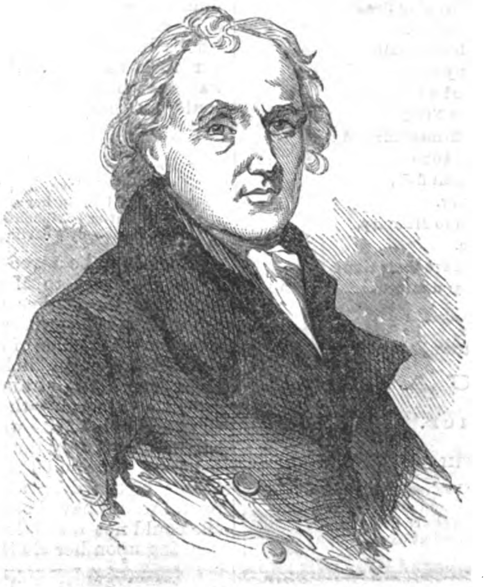

M. L. Weems

Rev. Mason L. Weems, M. D., Gen. Washington's Rector, Biographer, and Masonic Friend.

Bro. and Dr. WEEMS was the earliest biographer of Washington, Franklin, and other Masonic American worthies. His life of Washington passed through forty editions. He was extensively known in the world of letters, and occupied a large place in public attention while he lived. He received a good plain education, studied the science of medicine as a life avocation, but became a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of Virginia.

He officiated for a while in Pohick Church, a few miles from Mount Vernon, of which Washington was vestryman previous to the Revolution, and who was also one of Weems' parishioners afterward. Bro. Weems was a man of very considerable attainments as a scholar, physician and divine, and his philanthropy and benevolence were unbounded. He used wit and humor freely. He also became an agent for the sale of a quarto Bible, published by the eminent Mathew Carey, of Philadelphia, at the commencement of the present century, in which business he was wonderfully successful. He always preached, when invited, during his travels, and harangued people at public gatherings, at courts and fairs, where he offered his Bibles and other good books for sale. His fund of anecdote was inexhaustible; and, after giving a promiscuous audience the highest entertainment of fun, he found them in good mood to purchase his books. In his vocation, he accomplished a vast amount of good, and a large family and numerous friends lamented his death with the most earnest grief. He died at Beaufort, South Carolina, on the 23d of May, 1825, at an advanced age.

Bro. Weems became a Freemason early in life, and always adorned his profession by consistent conduct and his great charities.

Bro. Weems was a member of the Lodge and Chapter at Dumfries, Virginia.

Bishop Meade thus writes of his boyhood:

> In his youth Mr. Weems was an inmate of the family of Mr. Jenifer, of Charles Co., Md. They confided in him as a boy of principle, and had no doubt as to his uprightness and morality until about his fourteenth year. When at that age he was seen to leave the house every evening after tea, and to be often away until late at night, the family began to be afraid that he was getting into corrupt habits, and, notwithstanding his assurance that he would do nothing that would render him unworthy of their esteem and friendship, they felt uneasy. He scorned the idea of abusing their confidence, but, as he persisted in the practice of going away, at length they determined to find out the cause of it. Accordingly, one night a plan was laid by which he was tracked. After pursuing his trail for some distance into the pines, they came to an old hut, in which was young Weems, surrounded by the bareheaded, barefooted and half-clad children of the neighborhood, whom he had been in the habit of thus gathering around him at night, in order to give them instruction.

[In our next number we shall present to our readers a view of Pohick Church, of which Washington was a vestryman and Bro. Weems was rector, the communion table upon which Bro. Weems consecrated the elements of which Gen. Washington partook, and the pulpit which was occupied by Bro. Weems when rector of Pohick Church.]

THE UNCONSCIOUS ORPHAN.

Mother, I have found a tear
In your eye! How came it there?
More are coming—now they chase
One another down your face.
How I feel your bosom heave!
What does make you sob and grieve?
Let me wipe your tears away,
Or I cannot go and play!

Why is father sleeping so?
Put me down and let me go—
Let me go where I can stand
Near enough to reach his hand.
Why, it feels as stiff and cold
As a piece of ice to hold!
Lift me up to kiss his cheek,
Then, perhaps, he'll wake and speak.

Mother, oh! it isn't he,
For he will not look at me!
Father hadn't cheeks so white—
See, the lips are fastened tight.
Father always spake and smiled,
Calling me his "darling child;"
He would give and ask a kiss
When I came—but who is this?

If 'tis father, has he done
Speaking to his darling one?
Will he never, never more
Know and love me as before?
Could he hear what we have said?
Tell me, what is being dead?
Oh! he doesn't breathe a breath!
Mother! what's the cause of death?

GENIUS AND GENIALITY.

The following effusion, which has been furnished us for publication, was composed by Bro. E. W. H. ELLIS, M.D., of Goshen, Indiana, and read as a salutation to Bro. ROB. MORRIS, upon a visit made by the latter to Goshen Lodge, No. 12, Goshen, Indiana, April 30th, 1867. The lines evince a fine poetic genius, and withal a fervor of spirit which marks their author as a genial associate. Bro. Ellis has long been known as one of the finest Masonic scholars of the West, and the following piece is worthy of his reputation, being a fair combination of genius and geniality.

Now hand your lugs wi' a' your might,
  Ye brethren of the mystic tie,
For Rab the rhymer's cam to-night,
  And every carking care maun fly.

He'll bear ye aff the stars aboon,
  And plant ye on the level there,
And when the dial points "high noon"
  He'll bid ye part upon the square.

He'll try ye by the working tools,
  And prove ye by the unerring plumb;
Haud up your heads, ye timid souls,
  An' spak out, for ye are na dumb!

He'll tell ye of the ancient time
  When Solomon, the mighty King,
Raised the proud Temple's walls sublime,
  To God a noble offering.

He'll bid ye walk in wisdom's ways
And worship as he worshiped God,
To raise on high your song of praise
An' bow before His mighty rod.

He'll tak ye to the sorrowing bed,
Where gasps a suffering one for breath,
An' bid ye raise the drooping head,
Or close a brother's eyes in death.

He'll point ye to the widow's woe,
An' place the orphan's hand in thine;
He'll bid your hearts with love o'erflow,
An' give ye precepts, line by line.

This done, he'll change the solemn theme
To one of light, and love, and joy;
An' wrap ye in Elysium's dream,
For Rab's a merry, laughing boy.

Now Rab, gae on, spak out your mind
From your brave heart's o'erflowing well,
That heart that loves all human kind,
An' all its deep emotions tell.

We'll listen, Rab, wi' deep intent,
We'll catch the lustre o' your eye,
An' when life's sail at last is rent
We'll hope to meet once mair on high.

◆

PROLOGUE,

Spoken in the character of Teague, for the benefit of a Freemason in distress. Written by SAN DERMOTT, D. G. M., A.D. 1775.

God save you, gentle folks, both great and small—
I'm come to tell—(*pause*) phuh, I forgot it all.
You, Mr. Prompter, there behind the screen,
Why don't you spake, and tell me what I mean?
I have it now—I'm sorry, I confess,
A brother Mason is in great distress;
Nothing to ate, and, what you all will think
Is ten times worse, the divil a sup to drink.
To-day I ax'd him how did matters go,
He shook his head, and cry'd, "But so and so."
"What want you?" said I; come now, tell me, honey;
"Nothing," said he—"but a small bag of money,
For want of which my bowels all are aching."
Why do you laugh, then? Is it game you're making?
[*To the galleries.*]
Burn me, but he'll after be after running crazy,
[*In a heat.*]
Except this night you make his stomach easy.
In London born, he's a true patriot, really;
And I'm his brother, born here in Shileally.
Arra, why not? I prithee where's the blunder?
It is but just three hundred miles asunder.
What tho' our parents never saw each other—
Fait, that's no reason that he's not my brother.
For we are Masons, and our union hence
Hath made us brothers in the strictest sense.
Our unión such that it no difference makes
If England, Ireland, or the Land of Cakes;
Nay, round the globe, if e'er a Mason roam,
He finds a brother and a kindly home.
Therefore, my jewels, let us all befriend him,
And when in danger, Hannum and Doul defend him.
[*Enter Mrs. H——, struggling as if to come on the stage.*]
Excuse me, Sir—I'll not be held—Go to—
I fancy I can speak as well as you.
I'm not prepar'd, you say—perhaps you're bit—
Alas, you little know of woman's wit.
Prologue and songs and all! 'tis rather hard,
I should not in the deal put in my card.
Encroach on Mason ground! no Lodge is here—
I'll speak the Epilogue, that's flat and fair.
[*Coming forward.*]
Brethren (for by your smiles I well can see
You bear our sex no great antipathy),
Forgive this little bustle and intrusion,
For whence did order spring but from confusion?
And sure you'll deem a lady not absurd,
To claim her right in having the last word.
Besides, to be more plain, and tell you true,
We have our mysteries as well as you.
In short (tho' I'm not apt to be laconic),
Our aprons, though not sheep-skins, are Masonic.
Behold this tower suspended in the air,
[*Pointing to her head-dress.*]
What Master Mason, with his line and square,
E'er formed a juster plan? 'tis built t' a hair,
This demi-bastion! is it not complete?
[*Turning half round and pointing to the hinder hair.*]
See you not here the beautiful and great?
Am I not qualified to give a lecture,
Who boasts such noble piles of architecture?
You fix your scale, or spread your compass wide—
Eccentric Gastrion is the nobler guide.
Your figures! pshaw! e'en Euclid's self perhaps
'Twould pose to draw the figure of our caps.
And as for squares and hexagons, ye wise,
We beat you quite; for instance—Christmas pies.
Talk you of instruments; our simple feet
Shall dance, and form a labyrinth of Crete.
In circles most exact you deal; mere rote!
What circle's equal to our petticoat?
You sage philosophers may laugh or stare,
But, if we please, we'll make the circle square.
Think you, you e'er will see in Bedford place
An oval finer than a female face?
But not to matter and its laws confined,
Our nicer art attempts the human mind.
We turn the soil, fix firm foundations there,
And fanes to Love and sacred Hymen rear.
As the ground varies, whether vale or hill,
We Masons vary our materials still.
Some use gay airs yet innocently free,
Joined with a dash of harmless coquetry;
Some coy reserve, some wit's enlivening fire,
Others, Amphion-like, the melting lyre.
The prude, indeed, could never build at all,
For scandal's sandy pillars quickly fall.
Two radiant eyes have often raised a pile,
As the sun quickens insects in the Nile;
Yet Time we own will shake our firmest mound,
Unless by virtue's lasting cement bound;
Unless good temper vails each latent flaw,
And decency her polish will bestow.
Thus, brithiren, stands our claim to Masonry,
Let a free sister then accepted be.
Know, then, that all true adepts have their sign;
Discovers yours, I'll frankly tell you mine.

◆

[THE PRIZE STORY.]

THE SQUARE.

BY MAURICE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Oh! why should we ever be dreaming,
Of hopes that have faded and gone,
When life with new blessings are teeming,
As bright as those withered at dawn?"

Summer is gone, and the ice-bound river tells us in unmistakable language that midwinter environs the earth once more. Again we look into the "Terrace," and see how fare the inmates. A great fire in the chimney-place casts its cheerful glow over the apartment; it is the family sitting-room, with which we are familiar. Not many changes in the arrangement of the furniture have taken place; a large easy chair is drawn near the fire, in it Philipa reclines, and so entirely is her figure in repose, that we are led to believe that sleep holds down the eyelids which have fallen low over her eyes. We pause to scrutinize the face, which hitherto we have found capable of expressing so much of the inner life. It has more the semblance of animation now than when we last beheld it, and over it shines the peaceful calm of content; the lines of her sorrow are still visible, though almost a year has passed since she received the first blow. Mr. Gerrish had gained her confidence, and all her affairs were trusted to him. With skillful management he found that when her grandmother's estate was settled, there would be a small income, besides the house and grounds, which was more than she had expected. He advised her to change her home, but she would not hear to giving up the dear old place, every spot of which was hallowed to her; so dismissing all but one faithful domestic, and exercising economy, she was enabled to live very comfortably. She suddenly rouses herself and glances at the clock over the mantelpiece, seems surprised that it is is so late, and arises to light the lamp; this done, she once more seats herself, and picks up a piece of knitting-work which is lying upon the table near by; she works steadily for the course of half an hour, when a knock at the door gives her a slight start; she recognizes that knock, and a very little flush suffuses her features, the first we have ever seen there. In a moment Mr. Gerrish enters. 'Tis certain that it requires no great amount of penetration to see that Philipa is very glad to see him. She would have been, oh! so desolate, day by day, but for him, and he was augmenting her debt of gratitude; she felt it was wicked to be forever repining over the past; and now there was no one else in the world who seemed anything to her. Once he was called away from the city for about a week, and she realized fully how dependent she was upon his society. He had never mentioned his love during all their intercourse, although he had ever been very tender to her, and she entertained doubts as to whether it still lived; but these doubts were destined to be removed ere the evening was over, as we shall see.

For about an hour after he came in, the conversation flowed on unbroken. Philipa was exerting herself to entertain him, her brilliant mind was emitting its lustre in the sparkling language she discoursed to him. He was enraptured; for more than a half year he had shared a part of her every day life, and through all he had seen her evince a sublime sweetness, but never had she seemed clothed with such a grandeur as upon this evening; unable to restrain himself, he threw his arms around her, exclaiming, "Philipa, you must, you shall be mine!" And she had no strength, even if she had the will, to withdraw herself from him; now, as upon that other occasion, she was unprepared for the outburst, but now, as upon that other, she was not prepared to repulse him; no plighted love for another kept her from him; she knew that the romantic dreams of a first love were gone from her forever, but it had not robbed her of all capacity of feeling; she had been spared the "one great woe of life, to feel all feeling die;" and such as she had to give to him, she would not deny. She raised her eyes to his face, those eyes which henceforth to him would be wholly brown, in that they would always have a tender look in them. And he knew that his longing was answered; but the measure of its fullness he could not comprehend.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Somebody loves her, oh! somebody loves
The light of her smile, the flash of her eye;
By flutter of ribbons and glamour of lace.
Somebody's darling I know passeth by."—BELL.

There is to be a wedding at last; at least so Col. Trumpeter says to Mrs. Chatterton; and it is to be hoped that the gentleman has learned by past experience not to be over fast with publishing the news until he has some sure evidence of its truth, and we think we may bear the Colonel out in his statement this time. Philipa hears again the strains of the birds in this lovely June time, but now they call forth no murmur as to the happiness of the world; she sees in all the bright surroundings only the festival of Nature in honor of her joy. Now and then she gives a sigh, when she thinks of the dear absent one, whose smile of approval would have been so grateful to her, but then she could not recall her, and she felt sure that her blessing upon her choice would not have been withheld.

Through Mr. Gerrish she and Chippè were brought together, and quite an affection had sprung up between them. In spite of the old wound, Philipa cherished no ill feeling toward her, especially as it had afterwards been proven that *she* had been deceived as well as herself, and that she had not suffered from it, was simply owing to their different capacities for receiving it.

And now every arrangement is completed, the last trunk packed, and she goes about the house, bidding adieu to all the mute companions of her life. Remembrances of her childhood and girlhood greet her on every hand. Here lies the book, whose lessons had cost her such an effort to conquer, which, when done, had furnished her proudest moments of triumph; and here, perhaps, is a letter from some gushing girl, who confides to her the secret of her first love, before even mamma has found it out; and here are the undestroyed remembrances of her own first dream; now they can be given up without a pang, for the love which sanctified them is dead, and its ashes she is quite willing to banish from her sight.

From the house she passes to the garden; each flower appeals to her in its own language, and a tear drop mingles anon with her caresses; she breaks a sprig from each, which would in years to come be a link to the past. And so the hours of the day hurried it to its end.

On the morn of the bridal we join the guests at the Church of St. Luke. It is a quaint old church, built of gray stone, situated near Franklin Terrace. The hour appointed is 9 o'clock; as it arrives watchful eyes peer eagerly towards the door; among the number we espy Judge and Mrs. Merriwell, Col. Drake and Mrs. Chatterton. The two latter seem to get along very harmoniously since the Colonel's triumph over her with reference to the former marriage, and she begins to think that *whatever* he says is bound to come true. One other old acquaintance we see, the man Weighton, who has come to witness the happiness of his benefactor; *he* had indeed cause to bless the lucky chance that had thrown him in his way. The improvement in him is perceptible to all, and he furnishes proof that there may yet be hope for the most abject of earth, and what a brother true to his principles may accomplish.

"Hoping ever, faileth never;
Though deceived, believing still,
Long abiding, all confiding
To its Heavenly Father's will.
Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
It does all alike befriend."

But the door is thrown open, and our observations, so far as the present assembly is concerned, are over.

A burst of music heralds the entrance of the bride elect. Mr. Gerrish passes up the aisle with Chippè Waughb upon his arm; she is arrayed in fleecy white, and crowned with roses. Slowly old Mr. Waughb leads in the bride elect; each one is spell bound! Edward Pendegast's simile was an apt one, when he compared her to Juno, for certainly no "Grecian chisel could trace a fairer form or lovelier face;" she looked the very impersonation of stately magnificence. The rich folds of the spotless white satin dress fell round her, and over all floated the filmy lace, like a vail of innocence. A wreath of orange blossoms clustered amid the brown hair, and wafted their perfume to all around. And thus commenced that grand old service of the Church, which has never been equaled by any other formula. When the minister, also a friend and brother, asked in a clear, deep voice, "Who giveth this woman in marriage?" Mr. Waughb stepped forward, and placed her hand in that of her (soon to be) husband. Then the circlet of gold was placed upon her finger, the vows taken, and Philipa Coad, the orphan, and Burr Gerrish, the orphan's friend, were one!

CHAPTER XX.

"In hoc signo vinces."

On the evening of the 18th of June, the steamer "Drake" was a day at sea. A solemn hush was over all, no rude blast sent the passengers reeling, like a man drunken with wine, to their state-rooms. Wave after wave of the mighty ocean chased each other in resistless course; 'twas the very poetry of motion. All had congregated upon the dĕck, a soft breeze fanned every brow, and many were the exclamations of "Oh, how beautiful!" "What a lovely evening!" "What a glorious sight!" Philipa also stood upon that deck; to her such exclamations seemed powerless to convey one atom of her feelings; she was entranced. Now were her dreams fulfilled; now her strong wish realized; an exquisite rapture of delight possessed her; she stretched her eye over the scene, and took in its exceeding great beauty; the sky, with its ever varying clouds, whose tints a hundred dyes could not measure—the soft pink, the transparent azure, the fleecy white, over which shimmered a palely golden light. Here and there was a star of peculiar brightness, as if born to deck the matchless canopy; the young moon had just risen, and beneath was stretched the emerald sea, which unceasingly reflected back the moonbeams and starlight. No work of man intervened to shut out the transcendant beauty of the most *perfect work* of T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·.

Philipa gazed on and on, her eye rested upon that spot where these two appeared to meet, the firmament stooping to kiss the deep waters, which, in turn, dashed back its caresses. No artist's brush can paint the scene, no poet's pencil draw it!

At length, the almost unconscious gazer felt a hand upon her head; it recalled her. She knew that it was the hand that henceforth should come between her and danger—the hand that was surely leading her away from her sorrow—from the past—the hand which would turn over with her the leaves of the book which the future would prepare for them. With *this* knowledge came the thought that God's finger had traced out her destiny. She lived only in the glorious reality, and felt that she was supremely blessed. She turned and cast upon her *husband* a look of ineffable love; neither spoke, but each felt that it was the moment which had discovered their perfect mutuality.

The end has come, and now for the deduction. We have followed closely the daily life of one whose line of conduct had been marked out by the *unerring* SQUARE; never for a moment had he deviated from it, no matter how thorny the path it called him to pass over, no matter how many temptations had beset him to turn aside. And dictated by *Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth,* he had spent too the half of his fortune for the establishment of virtue and charity. He had befriended the outcast, relieved the afflicted, and from numberless lips went up a prayer that blessings manifold might fall upon him through whose influence they were taught to pray. Clouds sometimes obscured his way; sometimes ungrateful recipients of his benevolence would force him to think his labors were in vain; but ere long he would take heart, for success blest his efforts, and here in this present time he was reaping his reward. He stood upon the vessel's deck with his Christian wife beside him; a mind at rest; no good thing had been withheld, and the God of love was over him, to whom he lifted his heart in thankfulness. Truly, under this sign of a brother and Knight of olden time, he had conquered.

"A crown for the victor! a crown of light!
To be worn with a robe whose spotless white
Makes darkness seem resting on Alpine snows;
And he who o'ercometh his mightiest foes
That robe and crown shall gain."

Jerusalem.

BY BRO GARDNER, OF MASS.

The city of Jerusalem for thousands of years has been distinguished, and in every age, since its foundation stones were laid, has attracted pilgrims to its holy shrines. Thither the ancient Israelites repaired from Egypt and Greece, and from wherever else they might be sojourning, to witness the glory of its temple, and, at the Passover, to participate in the solemn ceremonies of that commemorative festival. In the days of the wisest of kings, the nations of the earth came from afar to behold the beauty and glory of that vast temple, which has made the name of its builder immortal. The proud Queen of Sheba, with a numerous retinue, came up from the southernmost land of Ethiopa to pay homage to King Solomon, and behold for herself the truth of the wonderful stories which she had heard of the riches and splendor of this little city among the mountains of Judea. Perhaps she had been informed of that splendid description which Tobit of the tribe of Naphtali gave, while an exile at Nineveh, who confessed that he alone of his family went often to Jerusalem at the feasts, as it was ordained unto all the people.

"O Jerusalem, the Holy City! Many nations shall come from far, to the name of the Lord God, with gifts in their hands. * * * All generations shall praise thee with great joy. * * * For Jerusalem shall be built up with saphires, and emeralds, and precious stone; thy walls and towers and battlements with pure gold; and the streets of Jerusalem shall be paved with beryl, and carbuncle, and stones of Ophir."

The wonderful trees of Lebanon, the gold and silver from the "Golden Sofala," the jewels and precious stones from the ports of Tarshish and Ophir, paid their tribute to the genius and pious zeal of Solomon, and were lavished upon that holy temple, which Josephus calls "a work the most admirable of any that had ever been seen or heard of, both for its curious structure and its magnitude, and also for the vast wealth expended upon it, as well as for the universal reputation of its sanctity."

It was covered on every side with plates of gold; and to the distant pilgrim, as he gained the ascent of one of the numerous hills about the city, it reflected so strong and dazzling an effulgence that his eye was obliged to turn away, being no more able to sustain its radiance than the splendor of the sun. As its beauty and glory burst upon him, after wandering months in his journey to this consecrated place—as the high white walls of the Holy City cast a gleam along the valley, and Zion with its palaces arose, and the smoke of the offering upon Mount Moriah ascended to heaven—he would, with his companions, chant the psalm of David.

"Great is the Lord; and greatly to be praised
The mountain of His holiness in the city of our God.
Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole land
Is Mount Zion on the north of the city of the Great King.
Walk about Zion, go round about her!
Tell her towers!
Mark well her bulwarks!
Consider her palaces!
That ye may tell it to the generation following."

There dwelt the haughty people who believed themselves especially favored of God; and there they had erected the temple so renowned, within which was the Shekinah which the ancient Jew contemplated with the most reverential awe. Thus, before the Christian era, Jerusalem was celebrated throughout the length and breadth of the world accessible to the Jews. It impressed itself upon the nations in a marvelous manner. It was never a mart for trade. It had no harbors; and no richly laden ships could gather there the commerce of the seas. It was situated in the midst of a desert country. The valleys had no water, and the soil was parched and stony. Nothing but its connection with the religion of the Jews gave it any prominence or character in the days of Jewish prosperity.

Jerusalem, however, became a more celebrated city than the Jewish nation in the days of its greatest renown ever dreamed of, and attracted to its gates pilgrims of a livelier faith, and brighter hope, and more transcendant charity, than was ever known to the Jew. The tragedy upon Calvary was the doom of Judaism. Henceforth these unbelievers became outcasts from the city of their devotion. Scattered over the face of the earth, they have ever since hoped for restoration; a hope which, deferred for more than 1800 years, has not yet sickened the heart of a single one of this peculiar people. In whatever clime they roam, they still turn to Jerusalem as the city of their promised rest. "They take pleasure in her ruins, and would kiss the very dust for her sake. Jerusalem is the centre around which the exiled sons of Judah build, in imagination, the mansions of their future greatness. In whatever part of the world he may live, the heart's desire of a Jew is to be buried at Jerusalem."

The day-spring from on high first dawned upon this distinguished city; and from thence has spread its meridian splendor upon this benighted world. The celebrated temple was utterly destroyed, and the ploughshare obliterated its very site. A new Jerusalem and a new temple were erected.

"No easy task hath builded thee!
Long did the chisels ring around,
Long did the mallets' blows rebound,
Long work'd the head and toil'd the hand,
Ere stood thy stones as now they stand!"

A Legend—No Grand Master—Saints John.

BY E. A. GUILBERT, L.L.D., P.·. G.·. M.·.

A tradition of doubtful paternity and an apocryphal character is current among the English Masons, and has been adopted by one or two American authors, which avers that both Saint John the forerunner, the Baptist, and Saint John the Evangelist, were in their lives respectively Grand Masters of the craft in Judea. The tradition quite circumstantially states, that a council-general of the Jewish Masons was held about the year 96 of the Christian era, to consider the unhappy condition to which the Order had been reduced by the anarchy of the times and the persecutions of the Jews, which preceded and followed the mournful sacking of Jerusalem and the destruction of the third Temple, the Temple of Herod, which was so expeditiously built, in part out of the materials and on the site of the second Temple, the Temple of Zerubbabel, by one of the ablest and most godless rulers the Jews ever had. At this council, the legend states, it was decided that the decline of Masonry was mainly due to the fact, that there was then no Grand Master to supervise its affairs. Accordingly, a deputation of seven members was accredited to the Evangelist, who was then Bishop of Ephesus, and he was urged to accept the Grand Mastership. The Evangelist, though upwards of ninety years of age, accepted the position, discharged its duties, and anew built up the Order. In remembrance thereof, the legend further states, was established the symbol we now have, viz.: The point within a circle, the circle embroidered by two perpendicular parallel lines, representing Saint John the Baptist and Saint John the Evangelist, and upon the vertex of this circle resting the Holy Scriptures; a symbol from which a most beautiful moral is drawn, and one which is familiar and dear to every reflecting Mason. It is also asserted that because of their official connection with the fraternity, all Lodges whose members "believe and call themselves Christians," are dedicated to the two Saints John. While there is no doubt in my mind that Saint John the Evangelist was an ESSENE, and had become such in early life, after due probation and initiation; while I think it is also true that the ESSENES retained the striking forms, ceremonies and symbols of the Masonry of Solomon's time, and from which they were lineally descended, still the wherefore of our custom of honoring the memory of the greatest and most affectionate, the most learned and the last to die of the immortal twelve disciples, is to be found elsewhere.

In all the theological systems of the pre-Johanite times the sun was revered and worshiped as

The agent, lidless-eyed, unsearchable,
Of the Architect supreme,

in clothing the earth with verdure, developing the many tinted flower, and fostering the growth of the esculent life-giving tuber; as the sublime and patient instaurator who could reconstruct from the inert ashes of decay, those things which were designed to minister to the sustenance of man, and of all beings endowed with the "strange and inscrutable essence" of existence; as the one visible and blessed source of light, as the author of the capacity for and the incentive to enjoyment. This worship of the sun was a far more inspiring and spiritual theology than the more material and sensual mythology of the Greeks and Romans, which made the statue symbols of the numerous Deities with which the ambient air was rife, and who were "Demons in form, but Gods in face," the objects of adoration. From the sun-worshipers of the long-ago has descended, as the student of history well knows, the dominant races of the world; while the more material and sensuous Greeks and Romans, once so renowned, cultivated and aggressive, have degenerated into the incurious *things* we see now in the seven hilled city, the "Niobe of nations;" and among the ruins of the Parthenon, where to day the forms of an older and perhaps *less* gross civilization are observable, and where the re-christened theories of the old mythology yet rule men's minds as with a rod of iron, and *now* as *then*, are equally hostile to freedom and progress.

The theology, the beautiful and reverential theology of the Fire-worshipers, taught that the orb of day was the immediate dwelling place of the Great Architect of the universe, and, as such, "deserving of worship, in gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing from its ministerial omniscience. But they were so far from confounding the subordination of the servant with the majesty of the Creator, that they not only attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or fire, in any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passive, blind instrument, directed and governed by the immediate impression on it of the will of God." And further: "They did not even give that luminary, all glorious as it is, more than the second rank among His works, reserving the first for that stupendous production of Divine power, the mind of man."

Thus reverencing the sun as the visible and actual representative and agent of the invisible and omnipotent Author of Life, it is not to be wondered at, that the observable physical phenomena which preceded, were coincident with and followed the summer and winter solstices, should have attracted their attention, and have led them to regard the 21st of June and the 21st of December—the days when the sun reaches his greatest northern and southern declension—as days worthy of prominent place in their philosophy, as episodes in the sun's career particularly deserving celebration. These festivals came, ere long, to be incorporated into the rituals of the different mysteries of the pagan world, and were found by our ancient brethren to be so "rooted and grounded in the faith" and practice of the prevalent systems of theology, that they themselves finally adopted them as their own. They were doubtless moved to do this by the fact that these memorable days were purely Masonic ones, because of their near relation to the seventh Masonic science, the science of astronomy, which was cultivated to a very great extent by the professors of Lux, or Light, as they were called, who were the progenitors of our ancestral Order. For generations these days occupied prominent places in the Masonic calendar, the festivities which marked their annual return being divested of all their paganistic associations. At last the new dispensation dawned upon the world. The church then formed, and which exists under various designations at this present, as a militant entity, set apart and dedicated two days near the summer and winter solstices to the memory of the two Saints John. Gradually men conformed to the new faith, and thus, by an easy transition, accepted the arrangement proposed by the church, and so at length came to celebrate the 24th of June and the 27th of December as the natal days of these two saints. To the peculiar character of these saints, no doubt, was due the subsequent dedication of our Lodges to them. John the Baptist was the practical, the *operative* saint of the new dispensation, and the regenerative immersion to which he subjected his followers was typefied in the mystic preparation to which Masons, then and now, deemed it incumbent upon their candidates to submit. John the Evangelist was the symbolist of the new religious era, and his unique style of teaching with which the Apocalypse is rife, was particularly attractive to an Order which had devised a beautiful system of emblems, with the aid of which to enforce and inculcate great truths; therefore it was the most natural thing in the world, that the Masonic fraternity of the middle ages should select these two saints as the patrons of their institution.

Saint John the Evangelist was born about the year 6 of the Christian era. Becoming in early life a follower of Jesus of Nazareth, he soon grew, by reason of his personal graces and the sublime purity of his character, to be "the disciple whom Jesus loved" the most, and trusted the oftenest. A tradition was for centuries current in the Christian church, that it was the will of Jesus that he should never die. This tradition is referred to, and had its origin in the last verses of the closing chapter of the Gospel according to Saint John. Connected with this tradition is a beautiful and touching legend to the effect that the saint appeared once upon a time in the character of a mendicant to Edward the Conqueror, of England; and that he subsequently revealed himself in Palestine to certain soldiers of the English contingent to one of the Crusades, and told them the story of his interview with their King, and by them sent him an affectionate message. Subsequently to the martyrdom of his master, his earlier career as an apostle was marked by various vicissitudes. In the reign of the execrable Domitian, he was charged with being a disturber of the public peace, and a contemner of the gods of Rome, and was arrested by the order of the Emperor, and conveyed to the Imperial City, where, without the farce of a trial, and in the presence of Domitian and his obsequious Senate, he was, at the Latin Gate of the city, cast into a cauldron of boiling oil. His long submersion did not harm him, but on the contrary, he was miraculously sustained, and came forth absolutely rejuvenated The Romish Church remembers and celebrates this miracle by a festival entitled Saint John before the Latin Gate, to which festival is dedicated the 6th of May. Still unrelenting, Domitian banished him to the Isle of Patmos, in the Ægean sea, where the Romans maintained a penal colony, and where he was forced in company with criminals to delve in the mines. Amid these gloomy surroundings he was "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust," and weaving around him a shining superstructure, born of his own mystical and reverential imaginings, he dwelt therein, unheeding the stings of penury and the swift and frequent lash of the oppressor. His soul's eyes were opened to behold entrancing visions, and here were his lips "touched by a coal from off the altar" of God; and here was he endowed with the capacity to record for human eyes to read the wondrous lessons of the Apocalypse. When "even handed justice had commended the poisoned chalice" of assassination to the lips of Domitian, and the more humane Nerva had assumed the imperial purple, the Evangelist was released, and settled in Ephesus, of which church he became the Bishop. One tradition avers that when well stricken in years and unable to walk, because of his physical infirmities, his mind still retained its pristine vigor, and he was wont to cause himself to be carried to the place in which the Gospel was customarily proclaimed, where he would preach to his beloved congregation from his own touching text, "Little children, love one another!" Another tradition states, that when once upon a time in Ephesus a priest of the temple of Diana denied the Divine origin of the miracles of Jesus and his apostles, and challenged the saint to drink a cup of poison which he had prepared, the Evangelist, for the purpose of confounding the skeptic, took the cup, and making over it the sign of the cross, drank it to the dregs, and sustained no harm. In allusion to this legend is the manner in which he is depicted in some of the paintings of the long-ago. He is there represented as holding in his left hand an urn, from which is seen escaping the shadowy figure of a demon, who was supposed to be Satan himself, departing from the cup, which was thus purged of all evil. In other paintings of mediæval times, he is figured as a young man of angelic expression and most lovely face, a style of representation having its origin, doubtless, in the fact that he was the youngest of the apostles, and was possessed of such a disposition as made him the type of all that is lovable in human nature. The legendary account of the controversy which occurred between Saint John and the unbelieving Priest of Diana, was the source of a custom which long prevailed in the middle ages. The superstitious, the many, were then wont to procure on St. John the Evangelist's Day, supplies of consecrated wine. This they drank, and kneaded into little loaves. Those who drank and ate were considered poison proof through all the coming year. Like the falling of the leaf in autumn, silently and peacefully, the Evangelist at length passed to his reward in the Grand Lodge above, in year 100 of the Christian era. With him went out, at one and the same time, the first of the Christian centuries, and the age of the apostles. Wise and accomplished, benignant and true, childlike in demeanor yet manful in action, his memory, like "a thing of beauty is joy" with us "forever;" and "it is very meet and proper" that Masons should honor his name and fame. In doing so, we do not subject ourselves to the charge of sectarianism, because it is his *character*, and not his *office*, which concerns us; and in reverence therefor the Jew and the Christian, the Brahmin and the Turk, and, in fine, "men of every country, sect and opinion," can heartily unite, and on *this* platform can meet and blend into one grand and harmonious cosmopolitan confraternity.

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Rituals do not Constitute Freemasonry.

Anthony Oneal Haye thus writes, in our British contemporary:

"They are only the means towards an end, and that end the attaining of light. It might as well be said that the accolade was knighthood, baptism, Christianity. The rituals are merely the ceremonials of degrees, and the brother who, when he can say them off by heart, thinks that he has exhausted Masonry, labors under the most lamentable mistake. He has only crossed the threshhold of Masonry. He must study the whole mysteries which lie metaphorically between the extended points of the compass, which, with all his perseverance, after a life-time, he will not completely understand. The benefits to be derived from this study remain to be reaped in an after life.

I have said the principles of Freemasonry have been those of the wise of all ages, and I confess that, save as a ceremonial, and as a means for detecting impostors, I do not give the rituals that high place and profound reverence which many do. Were the rituals given to the world to morrow, would the genuine secrets of Freemasonry be divulged? I should say not. I do not wish to be misunderstood in this matter. I have a great reverence for the rituals, and no one laments more than I do the slovenly manner in which the degrees are given in many Lodges; but what I say is, that you might as well call yourself a Christian because you pay attention to the Church of England service without further study or acting up to the precepts of Christ, as call yourself a Mason because you can repeat the ritual, without studying and applying the principles. I argue, therefore, that the rituals are no argument either of the antiquity or moderuness of Masonry. We will not be justified in saying that there was no Christianity in Britain before 1549, when the first Book of Common Prayer was printed. Before that was the Missal; before the Missal, other books of prayers. Whether the present rituals are of two hundred or of two thousand years' existence, is of little importance. The great question is, were the doctrines at present inculcated by Freemasonry known to the ancients? and the answer is at once given—they were. As times change, so do customs, and there would be little to cause surprise in the fact that the brethren at a certain period thought fit to alter their ceremonial.

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Universality.

Boston, *May* 14, 1867.

Editor of the "National Freemason:"

"O LIBERTY!" said Madame Roland, "what crimes are being committed in thy name!" With equal truth I say, "*O Universality*, what absurdities are being preached in thy name!" On one side a body of men complain that they are subjected by their sworn brethren in the Masonic Institution, that prides itself on its UNIVERSALITY, to treatment that no gentleman would be guilty of inflicting on a friend or even on a stranger, and no hired servant would submit to for twice twenty-four hours. On the other hand, the complainants are informed by one brother that the *universality* of Masonry means that in England Masonry is Episcopalian, in Ireland it is Catholic, in Scotland Presbyterian, in Turkey Mohammedan, etc., and this being a Christian country, Masonry must necessarily be here a Christian institution, save and except where Jews have a Lodge to themselves, then it is a *Jewish Lodge*. Another brother says to them that the universality of Masonry "is *qualifiedly true*." That Masonic Lodges exist in India, in China, Japan, Sandwich Islands, Cape Horn, etc., and that in this country we find the land dotted all over with Lodges. "*Universality*," according to that definition, only means that Masonry exists in all parts of the habitable globe, wherever civilization has penetrated. The first mentioned brother's argument, or definition, of "*universality*," has already been replied to in several Masonic papers. It is, therefore, needless to say here any more about it. But the absurdity of the second brother's definition could best be realized or perceived, if a Jew was on the same plea to maintain the *universality of Judaism*. Suppose a Jew was to boast that his religion is a *universal religion*, forsooth, because synagogues are dotted all over the world wherever civilization has extended—I ask, would he not be laughed at? I, however, maintain that the "*universality*" of Masonry has a very different significance. It could boast of universality long, long before the earth became ramified with Masonic Lodges. Masonic universality means that the institution was founded on UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLES; that, in a Masonic Lodge, we know no Episcopalian, Catholic, Presbyterian, Mahommedan, Jew, or any other religious or national denomination which divides the human family. The religion of the Lodge is the *universal religion*, the belief in the G. A. O. T. U. Whatever a brother believes in addition to the above, *he should keep to himself*. And the Masonic "*brotherly love*" is also based on the same principle of *universality*, viz., without regard to nation, religion, kindred or tongue.

Fraternally and respectfully yours,
JACOB NORTON.

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From an Address to a Master Fifty Years Ago.

Those who are qualified to preside as officers in a Lodge will not be elated with that power, but, losing sight of it, will have only in view the service which their office demands. Their reproofs will be dictated by friendship, softened by candor, and enforced with mildness and affection. In the whole of their deportment they will preserve a degree of dignity, tempered with affability and ease.

A Bishop's Funeral.

BY A PRESBYTERIAN FREEMASON.

The true form and management of Masonic funerals have exercised the minds of our best writers. The forms, transmitted through Preston and Webb, are admittedly compiled for the Burial Service of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and are the ones most generally practiced in this country.

The late grand and imposing exercises had at the burial of the Roman Catholic Bishop Timon, of Buffalo, N. Y., present many points of interest to Freemasons, particularly if the forms there used are, as we suppose, the ancient ceremonials of that church. We have thought, therefore, that a synopsis of the proceedings would be of interest to the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON. The long line of religious societies, with their decorations, the trailing banners, reversed arms, solemn chanting of the dirge for the dead, music of muffled drums, etc., conspired to make the peagant very imposing.

The coffin was taken from the bishop's late residence to the chant of *Miserere*. It was borne by eight clergymen between two long lines of priests robed in white, and then placed upon the hearse.

A musical band of sixteen pieces led the procession. Following these were eight societies from the neighboring towns, and the societies and schools of Buffalo. From 3,000 to 5,000 Sunday school children were in this part of the procession. The hearse was drawn by six white horses, draped in black, their hangings adorned with white and silver. The coffin was covered with wreaths and crosses of flowers. On either side of the hearse were members of the clerical bodies of the diocese, flanked with a military company, with arms reversed, attended by a drum corps. The City Council and Mayor came next, then carriages containing ten bishops and archbishops, all dressed in purple robes. This was followed by another large array of societies.

On the left of the sanctuary stood the throne, which was covered with black cloth, and ornamented with silver fringe and rosettes of white satin.

The pulpit stairs, the pulpit and its arched covering, were draped with black velvet, trimmed in waiving lines with heavy silver bullion fringe, the canopy being relieved with white satin and silver ornaments.

On the high altar, at the extreme end of the church, the candles were wound with alternate white and black, a heavy black draping being hung before the base of the altar, and bearing a large white cross.

All the approaches to the altar were covered with black. The steps to the throne were also covered, and edged with silver. All the altars had above them a large cross of black, white and silver. The "stations" through the church were marked with rosettes, but the illuminations were not concealed.

From the capital of the columns supporting the lofty roof hung festoons of black and white, the same being trailed along the front of the organ loft. Suspended from the latter, and hanging directly over the main entrance to the edifice, was a heavy embroidered banner bearing the inscription, "In memory of our lamented bishop and beloved father." In the centre was the seal of the bishop, with the legend, "*Subumbra alarum tuarm.*"

The orphans of the St. Vincent Asylum took seats in front of the altar, the orphan boys from Limestone Hill being seated in front of the girls. The officiating clergymen followed, the choir singing the requiem for the dead. The column opened to the right and left, chanting the *Miserere*.

The remains were then carried through the aisle to the sanctuary, the long lines dividing, and the clergy ranging themselves on either side of the chancel. The Mayor, Common Council and city officials took seats in front, between the pulpit and the sanctuary. The spacious building was speedily filled in every available part, and the services began.

Standing at the feet of the dead the officiating clergyman sprinkled the corpse with holy water, and the Antiphon "*Si Iniquitates Observaveris.*" After the psalms, "*De Profundis Clamavi,*" and "*Miserere mei Deus,*" with the responsory "*Subvenite Sancti Dei,*" the matins for the dead were said with three nocturns and lauds, and the Antiphon "*Ego sum Resurrectio.*"

After the mass the bishop, placing himself before the crucifix at the feet of the dead, said the prayer "*Non intres in judicium.*"

Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, ascending the altar, delivered a sermon.

While a responsory was sung, incense was placed in the thurible, *Kyrie Eleison* and *Christe Eleison* were sung by the two portions of the quire, and the burial service was performed by the archbishops. Each in turn took the asperge of holy water, and, bowing to the crucifix, passed round the bier, sprinkling the body of the deceased at the feet, the middle and the head. Then taking the thurible, each, in the same manner, proceeded to incense the body. After prayer, the body and the vault were sprinkled and incensed, the antiphon "*Ego sum Resurrectio*" being intoned.

The coffin was then lowered into the vault, a hymn, "Rest ye loved ones," composed for the occasion by Miss Spooner, being sung. The antiphon "*Ego sum Resurrectio*" was repeated, and the "*In Paradisum*" sung. The ceremonies concluded with the benediction "*Dominus Vobiscum.*"

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Walter Scott and the Cavaliers.

Walter Scott liked the Cavaliers for the same reason that he liked the Order of the Temple. Scott liked liberty, humanity and progress in the outer world for the same reason that he cherished them within the precincts of the Lodge-room. But read Ruskin:

This love of ancientness, and that of natural beauty, associate themselves also in Scott with the love of liberty, which was indeed at the root even of all his Jacobite tendencies in politics. For, putting aside certain predilections about landed property, and family name, and "gentlemanliness" in the club sense of the word,—respecting which I do not now inquire whether they were weak or wise—the main element which makes Scott like Cavaliers better than Puritans is, that he thinks the former *free* and *masterful* as well as loyal, and the latter *formal* and *slavish*. He is loyal, not so much in respect for law as in unselfish love for the king; and his sympathy is quite as ready for any active borderer who breaks the law, or fights the king, in what Scott thinks a generous way, as for the king himself. Rebellion of a rough, free, and bold kind he is always delighted by; he only objects to rebellion on principle and in form: bare-headed and open-throated treason he will abet to any extent, but shrinks from it in a peaked hat and starched collar: nay, politically, he only delights in kingship itself, because he looks upon it as the head and centre of liberty; and thinks that, keeping hold of a king's hand, one may get rid of the cramps and fences of law; and that the people may be governed by the whistle, as a Highland clan on the open hill side, instead of being shut up into hurdled folds or hedged fields, as sheep or cattle left masterless.

And thus nature becomes dear to Scott in a threefold way: dear to him, first, as containing those remains or memories of the past, which he cannot find in cities, and giving hope of Prætorian mound or knight's grave, in every green slope and shade of its desolate places; dear, secondly, in its moorland liberty, which has for him just as high a charm as the fenced garden had for the mediæval:

"For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-willed imp—a grandame's child;
But, half a plague and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, caressed:
For me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask
The classic poet's well-conned task?
Nay, Erskine, nay. On the wild hill
Let the wild heathbell flourish still;
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine;
But freely let the woodbine twine,
And leave untrimmed the eglantine;"

and dear to him, finally, in that perfect beauty, denied alike in cities and in men, for which every modern heart had begun at last to thirst, and Scott's, in its freshness and power, of all men's most earnestly.

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Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

Bro. Weems, in his "Life of Franklin," relates the following:

"On his first trip by land to see his father in Boston, he was worried almost to death by the abominable inquisitiveness of the New England tavern keepers. Neither man nor beast could travel among them in comfort. No matter how wet or weary, how hungry or thirsty the poor traveler might be, he was not to expect an atom of refreshment from the silly publicans until their most pestiferous curiosity was first gratified And then Job himself could not stand such questions as they would goad him with; such as where he came from—and where he might be a-going—and what religion he might be of—and if he was a married man—and so on. After having been prodigiously teased this way for several days, until at last the bare sight of a public house almost threw him into an ague, he determined to try the following remedy at the very next tavern. Soon as he alighted from his horse he desired the tavern-keeper to collect his whole family, wife, children and servants, every soul of them; for he had something *vastly important* to communicate. All being assembled and wondering what he had to say, he thus addressed them: 'My name is Benjamin Franklin. I am a printer by trade; I live, when at home, in Philadelphia. In Boston I have a father, a good old man, who taught me, when I was a boy, to read my book and say my prayers. I have ever since thought it my duty to visit and pay my respects to such a father, and I am on that errand to Boston now. This is all that I can at present recollect of myself that I think worth telling you. But if you can think of anything else that you wish to know about me, I beg you to out with it at once, that I may answer, and so give you an opportunity to get me something to eat; for I long to be on my journey that I may return as soon as possible to my family and business, where I most of all delight to be.' Forty thousand sermons against idle curiosity could hardly have driven it so effectually out of New England as did this little squib of ridicule."

THE PAGE.—Frederick the Great one day ringing his bell, but no one coming, he opened the door of the antechamber and found his page sleeping on a chair. In going to awaken him he saw a written paper hanging out of his pocket. This excited the king's curiosity and attention; he drew it out, and found it to be a letter from the page's mother, wherein she thanked her son for his kind assistance in sending her a part of his wages, for which Heaven certainly would reward him, if he continued faithful to his Majesty. The king immediately fetched a rouleau of ducats, and slipped it, with the letter into the page's pocket. Soon after he rang the bell, and awoke the page, who made his appearance "Surely you have been asleep," said the king. The boy stammered out part of an excuse and part of a confession, and putting his hand into his pocket, found, to his surprise, the roll of ducats. He drew it out, pale and trembling, but unable to speak a syllable. "What is the matter?" asked the king. "Alas! your Majesty," said the page, falling on his knees, "my ruin is intended; I know nothing of this money." "Why," said the king, "whenever fortune does come, she comes sleeping; you may send it to your mother with my compliments, and assure her I will provide for you both."

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN.—Benjamin Franklin was one of the first booksellers in Philadelphia—his store was in Market street, north side, nearly midway between Front and Second streets, and his printing office on the same lot, but fronting on Pewter Platter Alley.

One morning, while Franklin was busy in preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounger spent an hour or more looking over the books, and finally taking one in his hand, asked the shop boy the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the lounger, "can't you take less than that?"

"No, indeed—one dollar is the price."

Another hour had now nearly passed, when the lounger asked,

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him," said the lounger.

The shop boy immediately informed Franklin one was in the shop waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounger, with book in hand, addressed him thus:

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter!"

"Why, your young man asked only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar then, than to have been called out of the office."

The lounger seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said,

"Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me, what is the lowest you can take for it?"

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The lounger paid down the price, and went about his business, if he had any—and Franklin returned into the printing office.

If any storekeepers are the better for the custom of loungers, especially such of them as chew tobacco and smoke cigars in the store, they are respectfully requested to publish the secret for the benefit of the country merchants generally.

* * *

King Charles's Golden Rules.

(WORTHY OF A ROYAL FREEMASON.)

1. Urge no healths.
2. Profane no divine ordinances.
3. Touch no state matters.
4. Reveal no secrets.
5. Pick no quarrels.
6. Make no companions.
7. Maintain no ill opinions.
8. Keep no bad company.
9. Encourage no vice.
10. Make no long meals.
11. Repeat no grievances.
12. Lay no wagers.

Light Wanted.

LETTER FROM A MARYLAND MASON.

EDITOR NATIONAL FREEMASON: With your kind permission, I purpose availing myself of the columns of your widely circulated journal, in hopes that the questions I may ask in the course of my letter will catch the eye of some Masonic scholar able and willing to answer them. In an article on "secret societies," by that most learned but whimsical of modern writers, Thomas De Quincey, first published in 1847, and contained in the second volume of his "Historical and Critical Essays" (Boston edition), is an interesting discussion of what the author calls "the great and illustrious humbugs of ancient and modern history, viz., The Eleusinian Mysteries and Freemasonry." As the essay may be unknown to many of your readers, perhaps they will not object to a few extracts of a playful kind, from that portion of it which treats specially of Masonry. After demonstrating, to his own satisfaction at least, that the great secret society of antiquity was a hoax of the largest dimensions, De Quincey thus proceeds: "Has the modern world no hoax of its own, answering to the Eleusinian mysteries of Grecian days? Oh, yes, it has. I have a very bad opinion of the ancient world; and it would grieve me if such a world could be shown to have beaten us, even in the quality of our hoaxes. I have, also, not a very favorable opinion of the *modern* world. But I dare say that in fifty-thousand years it will be considerably improved, and in the meantime, if we are not quite so good or so clever as we ought to be, yet still we are a trifle better than our ancestors; I hope we are up to a hoax any day. A man must be a poor creature that can't invent a hoax. For two centuries, we have had a first-rate one, and its name is *Freemasonry*. Do you know the secret, my reader? Or shall I tell you? Send me a consideration, and I will. But stay, the weather being so fine, and philosophers, therefore, so good tempered, I'll tell it you for nothing, whereas, if you become a Mason, you must pay for it. Here is the secret. When the novice is introduced into the conclave of the Freemasons, the Grand Master looks very fierce at him, and draws his sword, which makes the novice look very melancholy, as he is not aware of having had time, as yet, for any profaneness, and fancies, therefore, that somebody must have been slandering him. Then the Grand Master, or his deputy, cites him to the bar, saying, 'What's *that* you have in your pocket?' To which the novice replies, 'A guinea.' 'Anything more?' 'Another guinea.' 'Then,' replies the official person, in a voice of thunder, 'Fork out!' Of course, to a man coming sword in hand, few people refuse to do *that*. This fotms the first half of the mysteries; the second half, which is by much the more interesting, consists entirely of *brandy*. In fact, this latter mystery forms the reason, or final cause, for the elder mystery of the *forking out*." After a page more of this *badinage*, the author continues: "Seriously, however, the whole bubble of Freemasonry was shattered in a paper which I myself once threw into a London journal about the year 1823 or '4. * * * * It was there established, that the whole hoax of Masonry had been invented in the year 1629 by one Andrea." De Quincey amusingly goes on to affirm of this paper that it utterly "demolished" the whole Masonic edifice, but has no further allusion to it or to Andrea, his mythical inventor of Masonry. Now it is this very Andrea who has aroused the curiosity of your correspondent. Separated as I am now, by a residence in a small country town, from the great libraries of the cities and the necessary books for continuing the investigation, I call upon you and your readers for "further instruction" as to the connection of Andrea with our fraternity, if in truth, any such connection ever existed. The result of my own investigations I will now lay before you. There was a German author, traveler and ecclesiastic of the 17th century, of considerable eminence, named John Valentine Andræ, whose date would synchronize exactly with that ascribed by De Quincey to *his* Andrea, for he was born in 1586, and died at Stuttgart in 1654. Andræ seems to have been a most industrious and voluminous writer, and what is more, considering the age in which he lived, a man of the most advanced, enlightened and liberal views. Herder, indeed, the profound German philosopher, who translated and edited in the latter part of the last or the beginning of the present century some of the literary remains of Andræ, asserts that he boldly proclaimed and advocated truths in the 19th century which no one would have ventured to express in the 18th. It is the same Andræ, I believe, to whom certain French Masonic writers have attributed the origin of the widely known degree of Rose Croix, the 7th and last of the French Rite, the 18th of the Scottish and the 46th of Misraim. Dr. Mackey, however, despite the authority of Ragow, sustained as it is by that of Nicolai, seems to suspect that the labors and the writings of Andræ referred rather to Rosicrucian alchemy than to Rose Croix Masonry. This much, however, as I gather from an article in Appleton's Cyclopædia, is certain, that the name of John Valentine Andræ "is frequently mentioned in Germany in connection with a secret society called, from its supposed founder, Christian Rosenkrentz (who lived in the 14th century), the Rosenkrenzer. The object of this society was a radical reform of church, state and society; it came into active operation at the beginning of the 17th century, and Andræ, from his well known and frequently expressed sympathies with the progress of humanity, and from his allusions in his works to this society, was, on many occasions, supposed to have been instrumental in its foundation. Herder, however, *denies* this, and says that he merely wished "*to popularize the same humanitarian aims and principles which animate the Freemasons*." Now I think it clear that we have in this large-hearted and large-minded German the identical person who, on De Quincey's absurd theory, "*invented*, in 1629, the whole hoax of Masonry," and I think it equally clear that whether he had ever been formally conducted through our mysteries or not, he was *essentially* and in the highest sense a *Freemason*.

Will not some of your learned readers, who have authorities at hand, give us some "further light" on the subject which I now leave to their consideration? It would not surprise me if investigation should open up many valuable discoveries. One more query and I am done. Who can give us any account of a book called "Sandoval, the Freemason," written by a Mr. Slanos, a Spanish refugee in England, who married Fanny, the sister of John Keats the poet? Slanos, who is the author, also, of "Don Esteban," is said by Mr. Cowden Clarke, in his "Recollections of Keats," to have been a man of "liberal principles, attractive manners, and more than ordinary accomplishments."

Respectfully and fraternally,
JAMES W. REESE.

Westminster, Md., May 10, 1867.

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Masonic Colleges.

The *Masonic Tidings* sends forth the following voice of warning from an experienced and long tried Masonic brother of Missouri:

I see from the NATIONAL FREEMASON that the question of a Masonic college is agitated in your State, and notice a very able article from the pen of Bro. John W. Simons in opposition. The craft in the great State of New York would do well to follow the advice given by Bros. McMurdy and Simons, and have nothing to do with colleges. Past experience should teach us (notwithstanding those who have advocated them did it from the purest motives) that they will never succeed. Why this is so, it will not be our purpose in this article to show—our main purpose is to ask the brethren in New York to listen to the advice given by those eminent brothers mentioned. What is the history of Masonic colleges in Missouri? At one time the Grand Lodge owned *thirteen hundred acres of good land*, with good buildings thereon. Now, if the Grand Lodge had managed that judiciously, we would at this day have a home for the destitute Mason, or his widow and orphan children; but as it is, it is all gone. Why? We aimed too much for show for the means we had; consequently, the failure. The scholarship principle for an endowment fund was tried, and we did think we had enough subscribed, the interest of which would run the machine for all time to come. In this we were deceived, for when pay-day rolled around, as it will, those who had subscribed came up minus. The Grand Lodge concluded to shoulder this ponderous machine; and, after packing it for several years, at an annual expense of from $4,000 to $6,000, it was found that, in *fact*, it was the Subordinates that had to foot the bill. We saw the folly when too late. We had the name of having a college for the poor, when, in fact, it only benefited a few who could have been sent anywhere else; the real object of the institution was a *failure*; the rich and not the poor received the benefit, while each Subordinate had to be taxed a dollar for every member, and one dollar for every degree conferred. This amounted to a considerable fund, and had it not been for our folly, we could have had at this hour *thirteen hundred acres of good land*, and at least $100,000 in cash. Well, as all things must have an end, so it was with our college; and at the May Communication, in 1859, we wound the machine up. Its friends fought nobly, but to no purpose, for we had had sufficient experience in its past management to know that the tax on the Subordinates, retained at home, would effect more good than could be done by attempting to keep up a first-class college. And now, my good brothers of the great State of New York, take warning; you have started in the right direction; let no sophistry divert you from your good purposes. It has been often said, and too truly, that there never was a law for the benefit of the poor. Let Masonry show to the outside world that we are what we profess to be, the friends to the widow and the orphan. Oh! how consoling it is to the aged Mason, his wife and children, to know that if misfortune overtakes him, there is an honorable place of refuge for them—a Mason's home—not a county poorhouse. My brothers, awaken to these things! Let us live for some purpose—a wise and noble one. There are plenty of colleges for those who wish to receive a classical education.

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The Lawyer's Oath.

This is the title of an address delivered before the Law Department of the University of Michigan, at its late commencement. It will do much to dissipate erroneous impressions respecting lawyers and their obligations. It thus begins:

Law, in the most comprehensive acceptation of the term, implies the enactment of all those principles of virtue which are binding on mankind, as members of society. Its ministers, therefore, should be pre-eminently men of virtue. All civilized communities, as a means of testing the moral fitness of the man for this high service, as well as of securing his allegiance to the State, have, consequently, prescribed and exacted from those who would assume the responsibility of expounding and executing these principles, a solemn oath.

In no country, perhaps, where the same degree of liberty prevailed among the people, did the code of laws touch so many interests of public, family, and individual life, as in the old city of Geneva, which as a free Republic defiantly braved the storm of centuries in the very heart of monarchical Europe; and by no community were the laws more rigorously enforced or faithfully observed. Indeed, it may be said of them that "in this sign"—loyalty to law—was their conquest both achieved and maintained.

Hearken, then, to the Genevan advocate's oath, as it has come down to us from this vigorous people, and remember that though its *ipsissima verba* may not be found in the simpler form of oath you take on the morrow, still its stern and pure precepts are written all over the lofty frieze of that venerable temple into whose chambers you propose presently to pass.

"I solemnly swear, before Almighty God, to be faithful to the Republic, and the Canton of Geneva; never to depart from the respect due to the tribunals and authorities; never to counsel or maintain a cause which does not appear to be just or equitable, unless it be the defense of an accused person; never to employ, knowingly, for the purpose of maintaining the causes confided to me, any means contrary to truth; and never to seek to mislead the judges by any artifice or false statement of fact or law; to abstain from all offensive personality, and to advance no fact contrary to the honor or reputation of the parties, if it be not indispensable to the cause with which I may be charged; not to encourage either the commencement or continuance of a suit from any motive of passion or interest; not to reject, for any consideration personal to myself, the cause of the weak, the stranger, or the oppressed."

My young friends, here you have the creed of the upright and honorable lawyer. The clear, stern, and lofty language in which it is expressed, needs no argument to elucidate its principles, no eloquence to enforce its obligations. It has in it the sacred savor of divine inspiration, and sounds almost like a restored reading from Sinai's original but broken tablets.

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A Thought from a well known Mason.

BROOKLYN, *May* 13, 1867.

It is always an evidence that things are hearty and healthy when honest men differ in opinion. The great deep would become a fever and ague pond, did not wave follow after wave in apparent opposition. That, however, is no reason why men when they do differ should pelt each other with all the mud that a fish market contains and spit forth all the venom that a hungry serpent holds. Two men may think of one question and arrive at very different conclusions, but yet each may be honestly convinced that he is right. Slang, vituperation and coarse jokes carry no convincing power with them. Plain argument and solid truth is a good enough two-edged sword for all purposes. I wish some Masonic editors would think so. Of course, I don't refer to you.

Truly yours, D. C.

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Sic itur ad astra—"This is the path to heaven." This is the ancient motto attached to the armorial bearings of the Canongate, and inscribed upon all the public buildings, from church to pillory, in the ancient quarter of Edinburgh.

Family Circle.

LAW OF INCREASE.

AN EASTERN STORY.

There went a man from home, and to his neighbors twain
He gave, to keep for him, two sacks of golden grain.
Deep in his cellar one the precious charge concealed;
And forth the other went, and strewed it in his field.
The man returns at last—asks of the first his sack:
"Here, take it—'tis the same—thou hast it safely back."
Unharmed it looked without; but when he would explore
His sack's recesses, corn there he finds no more.
One half of what was there proves rotten and decayed;
Upon the other half have worms and mildew preyed.
The putrid heap in ire to him he doth return;
Then of the other asks, "Where is my sack of corn?"
He answered, "Come with me and see how it has sped,"
And took and showed him fields with waving harvests spread.
Then cheerfully the man laughed out, and cried, "This one
Had insight to make up for the other that had none;
The letter *he* observed, but thou the *precept's sense;*
And thus to thee and me shall profit grow from hence.
In harvest, thou shalt fill two sacks of corn for me—
The residue of right remains in full for thee."

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

The rights of woman, what are they?
The right to labor, love and pray;
The right to weep with those that weep,
The right to wake when others sleep.

The right to dry the falling tear,
The right to quell the rising fear;
The right to smooth the brow of care,
And whisper comfort to despair.

The right to watch the parting breath,
To sooth and cheer the bed of death;
The right, when earthly hopes all fail,
To point to that within the vail.

The right the wanderer to reclaim,
And win the lost from paths of shame;
The right to comfort and to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

The right the little ones to guide
In simple faith to Him who died;
With earnest love and gentle praise
To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The right the intellect to train,
And guide the soul to noble aim;
Teach it to rise above earth's toys,
And wing its flight for heavenly joys.

The right to live for those we love,
The right to die that love to prove;
The right to brighten earthly homes
With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

Are these thy rights? Then use them well;
Thy silent influence none can tell.
If these are thine, why ask for more?
Thou hast enough to answer for.

Are these thy rights? Then murmur not
That woman's mission is thy lot;
Improve the talents God has given,
Life's duty done, thy rest in heaven.

THE REPROOF.

Whisper it softly,
  When nobody's near,
Let not those accents
  Fall harsh on the ear.
She is a blossom
  Too tender and frail
For the keen blast,
  The pitiless gale.

Whisper it gently,
  'Twill cost thee no pain;
Gentle words rarely
  Are spoken in vain;
Threats and reproaches
  The stubborn may move—
Noble the conquest
  Aided by love.

Whisper it kindly,
  'Twill pay thee to know
Penitent tear drops
  Down her cheeks flow.
Has she from virtue
  Wandered astray?
Guide her feet gently—
  Rough is the way.

She has no parent,
  None of her kin;
Lead her from error,
  Keep her from sin.
Does she lean on thee?
  Cherish the trust;
God to the merciful
  Ever is just.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.—"Git out of my way, you dirty, good-for-nothing rat; don't you 'spose your daddy wants to warm his shins? Git into the street, you lazy varmint—go to the ash barrels, where the likes of yees belong; and if you don't dig out cinders and things enough to keep this 'ere fire goin' poorty brisk, ye'll get a smart crack over the noddle, and may go to the dogs for yer bed and supper. Do ye hear?" And with that the old toper hoisted his foot and gave Tom a kick which sent him headlong upon the floor.

"None of yer bellorin' there, git up here, and take this bottle 'round the corner to Pat O'Rien, and tell him to give ye a quart of the best whisky he's got. Go to yer granny and git the money—she earnt somethin' yisterday at washin', and she'll want a 'drap' herself. Be off with ye, and stop yer blubberin', or I'll give ye somethin' to blubber for."

My little reader, what would you think if your father or mother should talk to you in that manner?—you who have known nothing but loving words, and instead of kicks and oaths have had kisses and caresses!

But not all children get loving words and kisses and caresses in this world. If you should leave your pleasant, comfortable home and go into the wretched streets and by-lanes of our great cities, you would see pitiful sights that would make you cry for the poor children who are knocked and battered about the world like an old cast-off boot, and that often, too, by their parents, who ought to love, protect and defend them.

A great many fathers and mothers love the whisky bottle better than their own children; and the rum or whisky steals away their brains and hearts too, and is the cause of a vast deal of misery in the world.

Shall I tell you what happened to little Tom not long after the scene at the fire-place? Some of my little friends, when I tell them a story, ask, "Is it true?" Little readers, too, sometimes like to be assured that they are not being imposed upon; so I may as well say at the outset, that the story I am going to tell about little Tom is true, every word of it, and "pity 'tis, 'tis true!"

This is the way I learned about what happened to poor Tom not long after the scene I have described. A friend of mine, who is a noble philanthropist—(I did not mean to write that big word to puzzle my little friends, so I may as well explain as I go along)—a philanthropist is one who loves or wishes well to his fellow-men and tries to do them good. Well, as I was going on to say, this good friend who is always ready to help people out of trouble, was one day passing near the city jail, when all at once he heard a great noise and fearful crying and kicking and stamping. Turning about he saw a big policeman tugging away at two little boys to get them into the door of the jail.

My friend, attracted by the bright, intelligent face of one of the boys, followed him into the cell, to ascertain the cause that had brought him into so much trouble. "Well, my son," said he, addressing the boy whose noble face was then begrimed with dirt and tears, "how came you here to this dismal place? Have you any father or mother?

"Yes," sobbed the boy; "I have a father and mother, but I have not seen them for a week or more."

"Where are your father and mother?"

"Don't like to tell," sobbed the boy.

"But if you *should* tell, may-be I could find them, and get you out of this place, and they might take care of you. Where are they, my son?"

"Oh, sir, they don't care for me. My father is in a cell somewhere here in this jail; he was locked up about a week ago."

"Ah, indeed! how came he there?"

"Don't like to tell."

"But if you *should* tell, may-be I could do something for *him* too."

"Well, but I don't like to tell—but—but, sir—he got *drunk!*"

"And your mother—where is she?"

"Oh, please sir, I had rather not tell; it makes my heart ache so to think of it."

"Is she here, too?"

The poor boy cried most piteously, and after a good deal of choking and sobbing replied, "Yes, sir—she—she—she—she's locked up for twenty-nine days!"

"Poor thing! How came she here?"

"She—she—she, sir, got drunk, too—and got into a quarrel, and got so crazy-like, that a policeman came in and dragged her off to jail."

"This is very bad, my little fellow; but what brought *you* here?"

Then the boy began to cry again most bitterly. After a little time he said, "I don't like to tell what brought me here, sir."

"Well, my boy, how old are you?"

"Ten, past—and most eleven."

"Where have you been since your father was locked up?"

"In the street, sir."

"Have you had anything to eat to day?"

"No, sir. I haven't had much to eat for a good many days." And then the tears fell faster. "You see, sir, I was very hungry this morning, and went into a bakery. While I was there, a man came in and got some cakes, and laid the change upon the counter and went out. Then the other man turned his back, and I took the money and went out too. I had not gone but a little way, when the bakery man rushed out and cried, 'Stop, thief! stop, thief!' And then a great ugly policeman gave me a jerk and took the money out of my pocket and brought me here. That is how I came here, sir. But, oh, sir, I want to get out! Please help me to get out!"

"But, may-be you would steal again, and then you would have to be brought back here."

"Oh, no, sir—no, sir! I would never steal again! I would not have taken the money at this time, only I was so *very* hungry I thought I would starve—and—and the money lay right before my eyes. But I would never do so again; please, sir, get me out!"

"But if you should get out, there is nobody to take care of you; and if you are left to yourself you might steal, or do something as bad. Would you like to go to the House of Refuge?"

"No, sir—no, sir. Please don't take me there!"

"But then, my little fellow, you could there get food and home and clothes, and you could work, and be an honest and industrious boy. Would you not like to work and be an honest boy and not steal any more?"

"Oh, yes, sir—yes, sir; I would like to be a good boy, and an honest boy, and not be hungry!"

"Well, then," said my friend, "the House of Refuge will be the best place for you. To-morrow you shall go there."

So when the morrow came, poor little Tom was taken to the House of Refuge. And there he is now—a good deal older than when he took the money from the counter, and, I trust, a better boy.

SILENT INFLUENCES.—The Rev. Albert Barnes says: "It is the bubbling stream that flows gently; the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farm-house that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as He pours it from the hollow of His hand. But one Niagara is enough for the continent and the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and shall flow on every day and night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So it is with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, good is to be done, but by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends."

DISAPPOINTMENT AND TOIL.—Happy are they who have never arrived thirsty and way-worn, and found the sparkling crystal waters, which they saw at a distance, nothing but beautiful delusions. For while we are indulging all our poetical sensations, and can even extract happiness from the soft melancholy which falls around us, alas! we are surrounded by youth, which knows no such charm; a youth passed in the dull, dreary void of daily routine; a youth so hopeless that life becomes a burden, and even old age does not envy such youth. How many young, ardent and noble spirits are crushed by the cold, material world; let the sun shine never so brightly, confined in a small, dark back-room the whole blue day, when even the Sabbath only brings a cessation of toil, and a few hours of repose, to enable them to undergo the weary sufferings of another week. Can custom and habit reconcile people to such a fate? Alas! it is to be feared not; and yet how little do we think of such classes!

BEAUTIFUL RELIGION.—Beautiful religion! which kneeling before the cross and the altar, feels the outgushing inspiration of love for souls of distant and unknown men, and clasps in the faith of brotherhood those upon whose faces we have never looked; which converts the price of selfish and useless luxuries into riches of wisdom for the poor in knowledge; which goes forth with a martyr's heroism to win victories of mercy over ransomed minds; which pursues its triumphal way to the heavenly gate, surrounded and followed, not by bloody trophies and chained captives, but by thankfu penitents, widows smiling in their sackcloth, orphan rosy with joy, and heathen blessing the name of Jesus What have arms, arts, letters, philosophy like this?

The National Freemason,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, MAY 25, 1867.

R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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Dr. McMurdy is always ready to welcome his friends at his office, during business hours. It is second floor, 432 Broome Street, corner Crosby and Broome, one block from Broadway.

☞ Our Washington Office is No. 417 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, opposite Willard's.

This is appropriate, as the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, by a unanimous resolution, approved of the National Freemason, and recommended it as a weekly to the whole fraternity.

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If any brother has paid an agent, and has not received the paper let him send the receipt to this office, or a copy of it, or reasonable evidence that he has paid for the paper, and to whom he has paid, and he will be certain to have the National Freemason, although we may lose the money.

Brethren should promptly advise us of their changes of residence.

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We have been pleased during the week to welcome to to our sanctum Bro. Reynolds, Grand Secretary of Illinois and Editor of "Trowel;" Bro. Palmer, Grand Master of Templars, U. S.; Bro. Caldwell, Grand Secretary of Ohio; Bro. Best, Dep. G. M. of North Carolina; Bro. D. B. Tracy 33d, Ill. Sov. Com. Orient of Michigan; Bro. Heman Ely, 33d, Grand Master Templars, Ohio; Bro. Dr. Humphrey (Oxon.) of England; Bro. Moriarty, of the Grand Lodge of Ireland; Bro. Bremond, of France; Bro. Hayden, Masonic Historiographer; Rev. Bro. Smith, Grand Chaplain New Jersey, and many other distinguished visitors.

To our old Friends at Washington.

The National Freemason cannot publish merely on one side of any question. It acknowledges differences among brethren, and so long as these differences are discussed in the spirit of charity, communications must be inserted. We are not responsible for these communications.

While within the District, we always favored the organization of the new Grand Chapter. Recent events have but served to confirm our opinion; but let the spirit of charity and peace prevail.

While the joyous notes of the reunion at Boston are sounding throughout the land, let kindliness and brotherly love prevail among you, dear brethren of Washington, we entreat you.

◆

We were present at the Grand Consistory when Bro. Van Rensselaer entered its hall and made one of the noblest speeches, brief but eloquent, touching every heart and bringing tears to many eyes, urging cordial and hearty acquiescence on the part of his brethren on the union of the two Easts.

Winslow Lewis Encampment, Salem, Mass.

During our visit to Boston, at the request and under the cordial convoy of our esteemed friend and brother, Gen. Sutton, so well known to our Templar hosts throughout America, we spent Thursday evening with the Sir Knights of Winslow Lewis Encampment. This was the occasion of the official visitation of Sir Knight Dean, Gen. of Grand Encampment of Massachusetts. The order of Knights Templars was conferred in an impressive manner, so as to elicit the expressions of unqualified commendation from all the visitors. The banquet was presided over by the E.·. C.·. Gen. Sutton, who, on taking the chair, referred to the pacificatory result at Boston, which was warmly applauded. The Grand Commander of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, Rev. Bro. Titus, who so satisfactorily administers Templarism in his jurisdiction, made some prefatory remarks, and called upon us first, because, we suppose, the more serious ought to have precedence. We were pleased to find that our enunciation of orthodox Templarism met with so hearty a response. Bro. Caldwell, Grand Secretary Grand Chapter U. S., gave interesting reminiscences of Ohio Masonic pioneer life, which brought down the company; Bro. Dean narrated the circumstances attendant upon Bro. Winslow Lewis's conversion to Freemasonry; Bro. Hutchinson, D. G. M. Pennsylvania, touched in an amusing manner upon Pennsylvania's and Massachusetts' claim to Templar priority; Bros. Somerville, of Philadelphia, and Dean, of Worcester, complimented the occasion; "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and at low twelve the company dispersed.

This Encampment has been in existence two years. It numbers 64 members. It has finely arranged and furnished apartments, proffered gratuitously to the Templars and the two Lodges of Salem by the munificence of Bro. Gen. Sutton.

The Cry of the Hungry.

We repeat our call to the brethren in behalf of the starving men, women and children in portions of our common country where need has never before been known. If these people were able to help themselves, if by any exertion within their power they could keep off the demon of hunger, we should be in favor of letting them try before we asked aid for them—for we are of those who believe in putting our own shoulders to the wheel before soliciting the help of our neighbors; but in the present case large tracts of country inhabited by American citizens have failed to give the usual returns to the husbandman's labor, and the people having no other dependence to tide them over the interval between crops, must either be assisted or starve. To us no other appeal ought to be necessary. We know that our brethren are hungry; we know that we have the means of immediate relief, and the conclusion is inevitable that we must either give or lay to our souls a sin. That it may be known that we do not exaggerate, we copy from the *Trowel:*

"Starving! Starving!!

"We learn from various sources that considerable money has gone South from our Lodges to aid those who are absolutely famishing and dying for want of food. Some has been sent through our hands, as will be seen in this number. But every breeze brings the sad intelligence that the famine and distress are increasing, and that there can be no material home relief until a new harvest comes in.

"Where one has acted, ten ought to have done so. Brethren, don't wait! don't wait! we implore you not to wait. You have wives, children, parents, brothers and sisters in whose defense you would give your blood! These southern people are our neighbors, our brethren, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and we can give them bread. Let every Freemason who has a heart, a wife or child, parents, brothers, or sisters, near and dear, at once organize himself into a relief committee, and get every dollar and every cent that he can, from anybody, and forward to either of the following brethren: Charles A. Fullur, Nashville, Tenn.; Daniel Sayre, Montgomery, Ala.; Simri Rose, Macon, Ga.; Judge E. H. English, Little Rock, Ark.; Gov. James L. Orr, Charleston, S. C.

"Cease judging, brethren! act as if these people stood at your door asking bread."

Mr. Beecher, in calling the attention of his congregation to the subject, said:

"Last Sunday I told you I wished you to take up a collection to-day for the Ladies' Aid Branch of the Southern Relief Society. This department of the work, though it has the same general bent as the main association in New York, still, in its details, follows a line of operation which well appeals to our sympathy and attention. While it is true that all the South is suffering for want of the commonest necessaries of life, it may, perhaps, be also the case that those instances in which relief is most frequently administered are such as belong among the poorest and lowest, perhaps, irrespective of color. But there are thousands of persons that have been brought up in affluence, used always to give, who now, as a result of the misjudgment which drove the South to war, to use no harsher term, are actually suffering, dying, starving. Of the acutest sensibility, of the highest culture, of the most unbounded hospitality in times past, their case is now even more pitiable than the adversity of those used to vigorous life, disciplined to suffering, and to whom coarse fare is congenial. Many of them are too proud to declare their need, and there is a sort of heroism and nobility in their reticence. The bravest soldier often suffers, yea, dies under, and yet conceals with his mantle the very existence of any wound. Now it is to relieve these that I call upon you this morning. They cannot all be reached—some must die. But many can be saved. They are the brains of the South. They possess the affection and control of its citizens. Any aid we can give them in such a way as not to wound their sensibility, or to let them feel that we feel we are helping them, will be twice blessed; it will cement their hearts to ours; it will assure them an understanding of our spirit and motives. My sister, Mrs. Stowe, has just returned from a two months' journey in Florida and Georgia. I have heard from her lips tales of suffering among the educated and cultivated that would melt your hearts, could I relate them as she told them to me. Now, brethren, if you say that these were the leaders and chiefs of rebellion, and are suffering the result of their sins, I say to you that the spirit is anti-Christian and diabolical. The relief of the hungry has nothing to to do with politics, and the best reconstruction we can offer is that by which the intelligent leading men of the South can be put on their feet again. The signs are propitious in the South. The right ideas are working. Thanks to wise statesmanship, and the sweet influence of assistance which is duty, not charity, to those that are, from their very suffering, tenfold the more our brothers, all is working right, and it is binding on every heart, North and South, to labor henceforth for those things that work for peace."

This is good Masonic doctrine, though uttered by one who holds our institution in light esteem, and we take greater pleasure in quoting it on that account. With his usual directness he puts the application on its true merits, and shows that the only consideration with us should be to relieve our countrymen from the dominion of famine. We therefore again and most earnestly solicit our brethren to contribute their mites, each according to his ability and without delay, that it may not be said that Americans can look calmly on while their friends are dying of hunger.

We acknowledge receipts since our last of fifty-eight dollars, amount of a collection at the dedication of Crystal Wave Lodge-rooms, Brooklyn.

Music in Lodges.

On the principle that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, a little more attention to the quality of Lodge music might be found beneficial. It is hardly to be expected that in all cases we should be able to vie with St. Cecile or the Philharmonic; but we can, if we choose, very much improve on the threadbare strains of Rule Britannia and Auld Lang Syne, which in many instances form the staple of Lodge music. It may be admitted that it is better to sing those venerable airs well than to attempt something new and break down; but if an evening were given now and then to practice, it is possible that even the poorest of us might compass a tune or two to vary the monotony. Some people are more musically inclined than others, as witness our German brethren, who twist their terrible language into most melodious sounds, and sing with a *vim* and *ensemble* most delightful to hear. We learn, with pleasure, that it is becoming fashionable to form quartette clubs to lead the singing, and it would seem that the material for such a club might be found in almost every Lodge, and that they would take pleasure in giving a more harmonious character to the Lodge music. The great number of publications within a few years past devoted to church music show that the subject is receiving attention from the people, and that, to keep up with the general progress in this respect, we must get an addition to our musical repertory. In these publications, as well as in those devoted especially to Masonry, will be found many easy but pleasing airs perfectly adapted to Lodge use. We trust to hear of a revival in this direction, and commend the quartette club as an excellent move in the right direction.

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The Feast of Charity at Boston.

In the history of American Freemasonry, May seventeenth, 1867, constitutes an important epoch. The two bodies of the Scottish Rite, claiming Northern jurisdiction, were not only themselves affected by their controversies and differences in their social and Masonic relations, but contentions and rancor were rapidly spreading through all Masonic bodies, threatening, if not the unity of American Freemasonry, certainly the peace and harmony of the craft. The competition between the Easts was creating an unhealthy growth, which must have resulted, if it had not been checked, in the death of the Rite itself.

Seeing this tendency years ago, the NATIONAL FREEMASON took its position—that it would add nothing to the rancor and estrangement of brethren, and it, therefore, declined publishing any thing upon the unfortunate controversy. It set its face firmly for peace and union, and its efforts have been crowned with complete and joyous success.

If the plea was presented that principle and honor could not be sacrificed, we still plead for peace and union. If we were asked for the details of a plan for union, we responded, we deal not with these, we plead for peace and union. If we were said to be "on the fence" and recreant to the true interests of the Rite, we ceased not to proclaim that the fraternity demands "peace." It was not our place to provide a plan. They who had assumed the control were held to the accountability of providing a plan of union. It has been effected, to the joy of the whole Masonic family, thus teaching another lesson that all the fierce denunciations and terrible appellations applied to craftsmen are unwise, when, at the end of years of controversy, they embrace as brethren.

But enough. Let the dead past be buried, and let the resurrection of a new body be to a newness of life of usefulness. Let brethren everywhere accept with gratitude the result.

The Great Master of all hearts has effected this union. God's spirit was felt in the mass of Masons assembled in Boston. The spirit of self-sacrifice—a generous, noble spirit—heroic, and at the same time true, sweet and gentle—the spirit of love, the spirit of God, moved upon the hearts of brethren. The real basis of settlement was divine, it was Masonic love; it was the heavenly principle that *we owe nothing so much as love to each other and to the human family*; it was love solving and adjusting our differences, embracing one another in the arms of Masonic fraternity; prejudicial sentiments, feelings and interests speedily conciliated by the all attractive power of love and fraternity; individuality and names enrolled and marshaled in one body and under one banner, the body and banner of a heavenly union; a communion, not for office and self, but as truthful and universal as the love of God—the whole body of the brethren becoming the galvanic battery and a perfect circulating medium for conducting the electric fire of Divine love throughout the Masonic world till the song will be sung and recited the earth around—

> "Ten thousand are their tongues,
> But all their joys are one."

These bodies are now one in understanding, one in design, one in works, and one in everlasting praise, exercising forbearance, love and forgiveness, the whole world embraced and contributing to our joy, our sympathies enlarged, no heart bleeding solitarily nor solitarily rejoicing, no look or smile remaining unanswered, the *generosity of the soul* its inward satisfaction, receiving and imparting everywhere the warmth and blessedness of heaven. Is not the allegory we published some time ago applicable at the present?

There was a feud; red and blue and yellow stood in open defiance each of the other two.

"Acknowledge me chief," said red. "I am ever the emblem of charity. All that is warm and redolent of comfort and kindness is arrayed in my tints. I rest on this rose and claim precedence."

"Acknowledge me chief," said blue. "I am the emblem of truth. All that is high and pure and just wears my hue. I rise and shine from yonder sky, and claim precedence."

"Acknowledge me chief," said yellow. "I am the emblem of light and glory. Kings are crowned, palaces glitter with my lustrous color. Receive me, O sun; to thee I call, and claim precedence."

"Ah! my children," said the sun, "the very heavens weep at your disunion. Be reconciled, I pray, and show your strength of beauty where it must lie—in harmony."

And they arose at the entreaty and embraced in tearful clouds; and the sun shone out on them, and glorious in loveliness was the rainbow they made.

We deem it unwise at present more than to give the proceedings of the united body.

The terms of agreement are as follows:

The Joint Committee of Conference of the two governing bodies of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in the Northern Jurisdiction of the United States of America, recommend the settlement of the differences existing between the two bodies upon the following terms:

1. There shall be one Supreme Council of the A. and A. Rite for the Northern Jurisdiction of the United States, to be composed of the United Supreme Councils heretofore existing therein, the one having its Grand East in the city of Boston, and the other its Grand East in the city of New York, whose active members shall be twenty-eight in number from each Council, and no more at the time of union, in order that the United Council shall consist of fifty-seven Sovereign Inspectors-General, which number may hereafter be increased at the pleasure of the Supreme Council, and whose officers shall be: 1, a Sov. G. Commander; 2, a Lieut. G. Commander; 3, a Treasurer Gen. H. E.; 4, a Secretary Gen. H. E.; 5, a Keeper of the Archives; 6, a G. Minister of State; 7, a G. Master of Ceremonies; 8, a G. Marshal; 9, a G. Standard Bearer; 10, a G. Capt. of Guard.

2. All action heretofore taken in expelling members from either Council on account of those differences is hereby revoked.

3. All action heretofore had by either Council, so far as regards the establishing of Subordinate bodies of the Rite and conferring degrees, is to be deemed valid, and is confirmed by the United Supreme Council; and that where difficulties may arise in a State, there shall be a Commission of not less than three or more than five appointed by the Sov. G. Commander to take into consideration the state of the Rite and to adjust such difficulties, and to report their adjustment to the Supreme Council for final action.

4. The two Councils shall forthwith officially exchange lists designating the names of the twenty-eight Inspectors-General and active members of each body, and subsequently lists of their emeritus and honorary members.

5. The two Councils shall each forthwith proceed separately to choose a Sov. G. Commander to serve for the full term of office that shall be fixed by the Constitution. The present Commanders of the two Councils shall thereupon resign their offices respectively, and the United Councils shall thereupon assemble as one body, and the Sov. G. Commander thus chosen to succeed the Commanders so resigning shall be forthwith inducted into office, and is hereby authorized to administer the obligation of fealty and allegiance to the United Supreme Council, and each member thereof shall thereupon be required to renew such obligation; the other offices in each of said Councils shall thereupon be rendered vacant, and the United Supreme Council shall thereupon proceed to fill them by election. The officers of the United Supreme Council shall be elected every three years, and at such first election shall be selected as follows: The Sov. G. Commander shall be taken from the Council at Boston, and the remaining officers shall be chosen so that an equal number of each shall be taken from each of said former Councils. The Lieutenant G. Commander and the Secretary-General to be taken from the New York Council.

6. Each body shall pay its own liabilities, and convey and turn over to the United Council all properties, papers, books, manuscripts, records, patents, Constitutions, seals, etc., in its possession or control.

7. All Subordinate bodies shall make annual returns to the United Council, and renew their allegiance to the same.

8. All other Inspectors-General of the two Councils, upon renewing the oath of fealty, shall, according to their previous rank, become emeritus or honorary.

9. The members of each Council shall have the right to throw twenty-eight votes in all elections and questions pertaining to the original organization; and if any of their active members are absent, the members present of such Council shall determine the mode in which the votes of the absentees shall be thrown. The respective parties to this agreement shall exchange their nominations before the election.

10. The Grand Orient of this jurisdiction shall be at Boston, from which place all decrees, balusters, patents, charters, diplomas, and all official documents shall bear test.

11. One annual meeting, at least, in every three years, shall be held at the Grand Orient in Boston, but the meeting at which the first triennial election of officers shall take place after the organization of the United Council, shall be held in the city of Cincinnati, and the annual meetings not otherwise provided for shall be held at such place as the Council may, from time to time, determine. Special meetings called by the Grand Commander shall be held at such place within the jurisdiction as he shall determine. Special meetings otherwise called shall be held at the Grand Orient.

12. Nothing herein contained shall be considered as precluding any subsequent action by the Supreme Council in the amendment of its Constitution for the government of the bodies of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, provided that a two-thirds vote shall be required to remove the Orient.

13. In the selection of officers at the first election, they shall be chosen from the Councils as follows: The Sov. G. Commander, the Lieut. G. Commander, the Secretary-General, as provided in Art. V.; the Treasurer-General, the Keeper of the Archives, the Grand Marshal, the Standard Bearer, from the Boston Council; the Minister of State, the Master of Ceremonies, the Captain of the Guard, from the New York Council.

The officers elected are, viz.:

Most Puissant Sovereign Grand Commander, J. H. Drummond, of Maine.

Puissant Lieut. Grand Commander, John L. Lewis, of New York.

Grand Treasurer, Heman W. Ely, of Ohio.

Grand Secretary of the H. E., Daniel Sickles, of New York.

Grand Keeper of the Seals, Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, of Massachusetts.

Grand Minister of State, Clinton F. Page, of New York.

Grand Marshal, S. H. Goodwin, of Pennsylvania.

Grand Master of Ceremonies, E. G. Hamilton, of Indiana.

Grand Captain of the Guards, Col. S. C. Lawrence, of Massachusetts.

Grand Standard Bearer, R. H. Foss, of Illinois.

The following, from an esteemed official brother of Massachusetts, just received, we append:

One of the most interesting events in the history of Masonry in this country during the present century occurred at Boston, Mass., during last week. We allude to a union of the opposing elements existing in what is known as the "Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite." In 1802, the first governing body of this Rite was established at Charleston, S. C., and was composed of a Supreme Council, limited to nine members. The Constitutions of this organization provided for two Councils in the United States, and in 1813 the Northern Council was established. But the Northern Council found a rival body of the Rite already flourishing in the jurisdiction, and from 1813 to the time of the present union a rivalry and contention for power have disturbed the harmony and peace of the brethren in the States composing this jurisdiction. In 1860, a new difficulty sprung up, which produced a breach in the Council which was established here by the Southern Council, so that three Supreme Bodies claimed to exercise their powers here.

These may be denominated the Haye Council, the Raymond Council, and the Van Rensselaer Council, from the names of their respective Commanders. In 1862, the Haye and Raymond bodies united, Raymond being deceased. Robinson, of Massachusetts, his Lieutenant, took his place. In December, 1866, Bro. Robinson called his Council together at Boston, Mass., when the titles concentrated in the Haye Council and Raymond Council were merged into a Council which claimed to consolidate all the sovereignities of the Rite existing in the jurisdiction. There then remained but two conflicting powers, the Council with Robinson at its head and the Van Rensselaer Council, both claiming to be the true successors of the original Council, established by the Southern Council in 1813.

Between them there was no conflict of principle. From 1813 to 1860 they were united, and in the latter year they unfortunately divided, and since then have exercised the same functions through different organizations. There remained, then, no good reason why they should not be united. The Van Rensselaer Council, at its annual meeting in May, 1866, appointed a committee to confer with its opponents, and in December the Robinson body did the same. These committees, on the 24th of April last, met in the city of Boston, and, after a deliberation of thirty-six hours' duration, conducted with the utmost courtesy, kindness and consideration, determined upon a plan of union which was unanimously agreed upon. Both Councils held their annual meetings at Boston on the third Wednesday of this month, and the Tuesday preceding the Committee of Conference again met, and were in session almost continuously day and night until half-past two P. M. on Thursday, when they jointly executed the foregoing compact.

At three o'clock on Thursday the Councils met—the Van Rensselaer body at Masonic Hall, and the Robinson body at Nassau Hall, and the respective committees made their reports.

After the compact had been read in the Council over which Bro. Van Rensselaer presided, Bro. Charles W. Moore, of Boston, the oldest living member, and who was elevated with Bro. Edward O. Raymond to the grade of 33° in 1844, moved the adoption of the report, and in a speech which moved many present to tears urged his motion. He laid upon the altar of this union every personal feeling, every prejudice; and for the good of the Rite and for the harmony of the brotherhood of the York and Scottish Rites, he urged the brethren to join with him in its unanimous approval. His powerful influence, his age and experience, had a marked effect upon all present. And, upon his conclusion, the Council broke out into loud demonstrations of approval. Bro. John Christie, of Portsmouth, N. H., made a 33° in 1845, with Bro. Van Rensselaer, seconded the motion, and he was followed by others. There was but one member of the Council absent, and upon a yea and nay vote, the report was unanimously adopted. The honorary members being called upon for an expression of opinion, unanimously approved of it. In the Robinson Council the same unanimity existed, and the report of the committee was adopted without a dissenting voice.

The two Councils on Friday met in different rooms at Masonic Hall, and during the day mingled in friendly union in the banquet hall, where the alliance which, later in the day, was consummated in convention, was begun in good faith. After the exchange of the preliminary courtesies between the two Councils, the members met in convention, and "*The Supreme Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General of the* 33° *and last degree for the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States of America*," and which was established in 1813, resumed its unequivocal, unquestioned position of power in its exclusive jurisdiction.

For the first time in its history it has now merged in itself all the elements of discontent with which it has heretofore been surrounded, and to-day it stands forth as the only organized Council of the Rite within its district. The brethren of every grade and Rite, not only here, but those scattered over the two hemispheres, have reason to congratulate themselves upon this grand result. The Council contains strong and influential brethren from every State, and surpasses all the Councils of the world in numbers and strength. Its present Constitutions have avoided the likelihood of any troubles originating from the same sources which have hitherto arisen.

The *ad vitam* principle only applies to its active members, while all the officers are elected triennially. The Grand East is established at Boston, but its meetings can be held at such points within the jurisdiction as the Council may determine.

The Supreme Council, as now organized, is the regular successor of every Council of the Scottish Rite which has been established in this Northern jurisdiction. According to the taste of its different members, they can trace its history through the Haye, Cross, Atwood, Hicks and Cerulan channels, or through those of Robinson, Raymond, Van Rensselaer and Gouryas; all past differences are here buried, all previous titles, claims and sovereignties are here merged in a title and sovereignty which is regular and unquestioned. Consolidation and union are its foundations, and brotherly love and friendship its corner-stones.

The effect of this union by the distinguished Masons who have so cordially joined hands in such a praiseworthy act, cannot be over-estimated. The Scottish Rite emerges from contentions and rivalries, into the clear sunshine of peace. The beauties of its ritual can be studied by the brethren without fear of being thereby entangled in dispute, and they can take their places in the ranks of the grand army side by side, for they are all legitimate, and they can fight the good fight against the common enemies of Masonry throughout the length and breadth of the Holy Empire.

A Dedication and a Result.

On Wednesday evening of last week the new Lodge-rooms at 159 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, fitted up by Crystal Wave Lodge, and to be occupied by that Lodge as well as Adytum, Mistletoe and others, was regularly dedicated to Masonry, by R. W. John K. Oakley, acting as Grand Master, and assisted by R. W. Bros. Gladding, Freeman, Palmer, Willetts, Morris, Harris, Davidson, Yates, Kelsey and Fountain.

The services were rendered more imposing by the very excellent music, conducted by Bro. E. B. Morrill, Jr. Bros. Stein and Lockwood sang a duett in glorious style, and nothing but the proprieties of the occasion prevented an encore.

M. W. Bro. Simons delivered the address, in the course of which he made an earnest appeal for sympathy in behalf of the suffering people South. An impromptu collection was then taken up and handed to the Grand Treasurer for distribution.

After this very graceful and appropriate exemplification of Masonic benevolence, the W. Bro. H. E. Day, Master, in behalf of Crystal Wave Lodge, invited the assembled brethren to a spread in an adjoining apartment, where ample justice was done to a choice and plentiful collation.

Crystal Wave merits and will doubtless receive at the coming session of the Grand Lodge a Warrant of Constitution.

THE FUNERAL OF JANE WINSTON, widow of our late Bro. James Winston, took place at the house of R. W. Bro. Merriam on Sunday afternoon last. The attendance was very large, the house being crowded, and over two hundred outside who were unable to gain admission. The Rev. Mr. Appleton conducted the services, which were very impressive. There was not a dry eye in the room as he narrated the sad history of the deceased and her severe affliction; and he paid a handsome compliment to the Fraternity (although not himself a Mason) for their sympathy and assistance to the departed husband and wife, and the promise they had made to provide for their helpless infant.

W. Bro. Rexford, Organist of Crescent Lodge, presided at the organ, and the estimable wife of Bro. John E. Wright of Brooklyn, with a choir of efficient voices, rendered the singing in a beautiful and impressive manner. A long procession followed our deceased sister to the grave. The brethren wore crape upon the left arm and preceded the hearse. The body was deposited in the grave with her deceased husband, according to her dying request. Thus has passed from earth one of the brightest and purest spirits that ever adorned it; so say those who knew her best, and feel her loss most deeply.

She has left a little babe but fourteen days old to-day, the last survivor of a family that but eighteen months ago left Europe for these shores in comparative opulence. Brethren! let us not forget our duty to the child.

Advertiser (Alabama) says:

"The NATIONAL FREEMASON is an honor to the mystic Order, and should find its way to every Mason."

The *Weekly Dispatch* of Pennsylvania, at the head of Pennsylvania papers, says:

For a model Masonic paper we commend to our reading brethren the NATIONAL FREEMASON. It is a jo[illegible]l that no Lodge or individual brother who wishes to [illegible]e well informed on Masonic matters should be without. As a family paper there is no better published in the metropolis, and we would as soon think of going without our daily food as the NATIONAL FREEMASON on its publishing days. In our department we could not do without it, as our most valuable selections are made from it.

The *Post*, of Montana Territory, says:

NATIONAL FREEMASON.—A handsome sixteen page weekly journal of the above title, just what every Mason wants; an ably edited journal of the Craft, brimfull of Masonic and general information. The money will be well invested.

Answers to Correspondents.

THE TRIPLE TIE was published in our columns two years ago, by our Rev. Bro. Perry; so also Mrs. Candle's (Masonic) Curtain Lectures on Freemasonry.

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THE KEY STONE was first offered to the NATIONAL FREEMASON. The *Square and Compass*, at Raleigh, N. C., is its real successor—a good paper, by the way.

∴

PROMISES are no part of the programme of the NATIONAL FREEMASON. Buy our paper from week to week. Decide upon the merits of our sheet. Judge of our future by the past.

∴

JAMES WATT built an organ for a Freemason's Lodge at Glasgow, about 1760.

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"A MASON'S LIFE IS THE LIFE FOR ME," was the Masonic song, written in 1793, by Bro. J. Bissett, Steward of St. Alban's Lodge, Birmingham, England, and Prov. G.·. Sec.·. of Warwickshire.

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JAMES HESELTINE, afterwards S.·. G.·. W.·. and G.·. Treasurer of G.·. L.·., England, in July, 1764, was admitted to English initiation by dispensation at the age of 19.

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THE PRESIDENT is a Master Mason. He has advanced no further.

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Mr. Jefferson Davis is not a Freemason.

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VOLTAIRE.—We discussed this topic largely in the monthly. Voltaire ought never to have been initiated as he was, even in the Lodge of the Nine Sisters. He had not the physical qualification, to say nothing of the moral qualifications. He was 84 years of age, enfeebled in body and mind, and had to be borne into the room by two brothers. It was only a few months before his decease. As a proof of the correctness of our position, the physical qualifications and ceremonies were dispensed with in his case, thus violating a landmark. The apron handed to him by the W. M. had been used by Helvetius.

For proof of his moral disqualifications we refer to Mulbach's late works of Frederick the Great, who knew him most thoroughly.

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SUBSCRIBER.—Notwithstanding the hard times the increase of subscribers to the NATIONAL FREEMASON exceeds that of any previous period.

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WETERHAWN.—1. "When a proposition to be made a Mason is read by the Secretary, must a committee be appointed, a report made and a ballot had, or has the Lodge or the Master the right to say it shall not be entertained?

2. "Is a motion to appoint a committee upon an application for membership necessary?

3. "Is a motion that the report of the committee on application for membership be received and the ballots spread, necessary?

4. "Does the same ruling follow in a Chapter or Commandery?

5. "Has a presiding officer in a Masonic body the right to refuse to entertain a proposition for membership—say in the Commandery—of a Jew or a demented Royal Arch Mason?

6. "Would it not be well to say in a Commandery, when the committee have reported on a candidate, 'Let the lots be cast,' instead of 'Spreading the ballot?'"

ANSWER.—1. Among the powers belonging of right to a subordinate Masonic body is that of legislating on any matter which may be laid before it. When, therefore, the Secretary has read a petition for membership by initiation or affiliation, it is the province of the Lodge to decide whether it will or will not entertain the petition; and until this point has been decided, the question of appointing a committee does not arise. The proper course is for the presiding officer to ask immediately after the reading: "What is the pleasure of the body?" And then the motion to refer to a committee follows, or the Master may say, "Brethren, you have heard the petition just read by the Secretary, if there be no objection it will take the usual course"—which means that it will be accepted and referred to a committee. On the principle that silence gives consent, the petition, if there be no objection, will be thus referred. Either way, a committee can only be appointed after the Lodge, by vote or by by unanimous consent, has decided to receive the petition.

2. If the first motion be simply to receive the petition, and it be decided in the affirmative, then another motion would have to be made to appoint a committee; the usual motion, however, is that the

petition be received and referred to a committee, which disposes of the matter at once. In the Lodge to which we belong the first reading of a petition is simply a notice that at a future time it will be presented for action. It lies on the table, without any motion to that effect, at least two weeks, during which time the brethren are at liberty to make investigation or objection. If objection is made, then, at the next communication, the Master states that fact, and orders the petition returned to the petitioner.

3. That would depend on circumstances. If no objection appear at the time the report is read, then it is clearly the duty of the Master to order a ballot, because the Constitution declares that a petition, after being referred, must go to a ballot; but the brethren, for good reasons, might think proper to delay the ballot for a short time, and in such case the Lodge would have a right to express its opinion and the majority to rule. To provide for such a contingency, it is usual for the Master to take the sense of the Lodge as to a ballot.

4. The same ruling follows in a Chapter or Commandery.

5. The decision as to whether a petition shall be received or not, being a legislative act, is clearly in the body; but cases might arise in which it would be proper for the Master, High Priest or Commander to interpose his veto at the outset, just as any member might object. If the veto or objection should be overruled by the body, nothing would be gained, because at the final ballot the single black ball would decide the whole matter. And it is pretty certain that the brother who objects at the start will blackball at the end. In an extreme case, as of a notoriously unfit person, the presiding officer would unquestionably be justified in refusing the usual course. It is a question, however, whether in all cases a Jew would be unfit to receive the Commandery degrees. Circumstances might arise to favor the belief that it would be well to open to him the road to a change of belief, if he were so inclined.

6. We do not think it would be well to make any change in the expression referred to, because such a change would lead to others, and thus in time we should lose all the marks by which the institution is at present identified. We get along very well as we are, and it will be found wise to let well enough alone.

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L. V.—"Is it proper and Masonic for brethren to unite themselves with a society composed in part of clandestine Masons, the object of which society is the discussion and promotion of Masonic reform?"

ANSWER.—It is highly improper, because the debates likely to arise involve the Masonic arcana, which cannot lawfully be approached outside of the limits of a regular Lodge. It would therefore be just as proper to unite with the profane for a similar purpose, or to debate the esoteric doctrines of Masonry at the street corners. We are at a loss to undertand how brethren can so far forget themselves as to take part in such associations, and do not hesitate to say that, in our opinion, they present suitable cases for the disciplinary powers of the institution.

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ARCHBISHOP.—In our issue of the 8th June, prox., you will find a full answer to your query. Meanwhile, we prefer neither to argue nor guess upon the subject.

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T. T. T.—We published in our last issue the requirements to be observed by Lodges under dispensation. We cannot see how they are to be evaded, and presume they will be enforced, unless the Grand Lodge can be induced to repeal them, which is more than doubtful.

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TEMPLAR.—We understand that quite a number of our Sir Knights propose to visit Boston on the occasion of the dedication of their Temple, June 24th. We shall probably be able to give full particulars in next issue. St. John's Lodge, No. 1, we learn, propose to go on and take the Washington Bible with them. There will, no doubt, be an imposing procession, and, all things being equal, we hope to see it. It will be well to take a bottle or two of lemon soda with you, as the drug stores are all closed in the Hub, by act of Congress.

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JEWEL.—Blue watered ribbon is the general choice; but if you want to be strictly correct, take a white ribbon with a blue border.

MONEYS RECEIVED FOR SOUTHERN RELIEF.—Adytum Lodge, U. D., $60; Crystal Wave Lodge, U. D., $58; Anglo-Saxon Lodge, 137, $100.

MONTANA.—Our brother, Dr. F. C. Cornell, is acting as agent for this territory.

Mark Lost.

Comp. John Hoole, well known in and about the Temple as a most zealous and upright Mason, had the misfortune, a week ago, to lose his mark. It was of gold and contained a locket, in which were portraits of himself and wife. Should it fall into the hands of a Mason he will undoubtedly take pleasure in restoring it to the owner, who, though not overburdened with money, will gladly pay a reasonable sum to come once more in possession. It can be left at this office.

On the other hand, we have in our keeping a white cornelian key-stone with the regular mark upon it, which we would gladly restore to the owner, could he be discovered. Any one having lost an article of the kind would do well to send us a description.

OBSTACLES TO MASONIC LIGHT.—Many Masons have a prejudice to Masonic publications and look upon them with abhorrence. Others are morbidly indifferent to the beauty of its teachings, the sublimity of its philosophy, its hallowed objects, and its venerable antiquity. This class has been numerous, and is yet found in very considerable numbers. While those who hold to the wiser policy and more tenable position, that the more light and knowledge is thrown over the institution, the more its principles are explained and its theories elucidated, the more heavenly will appear its form, have had the whole burden of sustaining Masonic publications, and there is no doubt but they are amply repaid, as they possess the knowledge of a science vast and comprehensive, if they thoroughly understand the principles of Masonry, which they do, if they have profited by their reading.—*Indian Freemason.*

Bro. Anthon gives the following anecdote illustrative of the physical benefits of Freemasonry:

Upon one occasion a corps of several thousand troops, upon a long and victorious raid, during which a reasonable number of residences were pillaged and burned, encamped for several days around the residence of one of the most accomplished and elegant widow ladies in the State of ——. A squad of them, under command of an officer, soon entered the residence, and in making their rounds entered the apartment of a lovely widowed daughter, and demanded her well packed trunk should be opened. Upon raising the lid, a Masonic apron was seen. The officer demanded to know to whom it belonged, and upon being answered by the fair lady that it belonged to her deceased husband, the officer stepped back, said he could go no further, ordered the trunk to be closed and locked, went out and immediately placed a guard around the house and protected it from further molestation during their encampment there.

The following, from the *Telegram* of Baltimore, expresses the sentiments of the craft throughout the country:

We dislike controversy, cordially and thoroughly, and we are almost tempted to say that we dislike controversialists also. Happily, however, for the welfare and stability of our ancient fraternity, the unwritten law of Masonry cannot be changed, and so far as all its essentials are concerned there can be no controversy. Upon non-essential topics there will be differences of opinion, and so long as those differences are discussed in a truly Masonic spirit no harm can come of the discussion.

The *Times*, in rebuking ruffian journalism, quotes the following from an English writer:

"The man who has recourse to verbal abuse in order to ventilate his anger or his disappointment, only affords proof that he is himself a cowardly ruffian, against whom the voice of society should be unanimously raised. Offenders of this kind, in attempting to dishonor others, doubly dishonor themselves."

A Song of Grace.

At a late Banquet in London the following grace was sung by three brothers:

"To Thee, O God, the mighty Lord, most high,
Who dost our wants with lib'ral hand supply,
Our grateful hearts and voices now we raise;
To heaven's high throne we chant our hymn of praise.
We bless, we praise, we magnify Thy name,
Now and henceforth, for evermore. Amen."

Extracts—Letters.

BARRY COUNTY, MICHIGAN.

My wife thinks your paper a necessary article in the matter of household economy.

MACON, GEORGIA.

Your paper is the great paper circulating over the South. It is regarded as an elevated and truly Masonic paper.

The Master's Degree of Cornwall.

Bro. William James Hughan, in his History of Freemasonry in Cornwall, says:

It is supposed, on good evidence, that the degree of Master Mason, *as a secret and distinct degree*, was instituted about 1720, and that its ritual then was vastly different to what it is now, as at that period the Royal Arch degree was unknown, and its mysteries formed part of the third degree from that year to about 1740, when an alteration was made. These alterations, we believe, continued for some years, and then another change was made, as also in the two previous degrees, and at the "Union in 1813" the final and unalterable forms were decided upon and established. Before 1717, Freemasonry, as a secret institution, was represented by the "Apprentice and Fellow Craft degrees," since by the third degree, and now by the three Craft degrees combined, including the "Holy Royal Arch" of the Grand Lodge of England.

A microscopical drawing exists in London, embracing representations of the ruins in which St. Alban, A.D. 287, held the first Grand Lodge of Freemasonry; in which King Athelstane, A.D. 926, granted a charter to Freemasons; and Prince Edwin, in the same year, took the preliminary measures for founding a Grand Lodge at York; the room in which King Edward III. revised the Constitutions of Freemasonry; a room in which King Henry VI., A.D. 1450, was initiated; a room in which the Grand Master Inigo Jones, A.D. 1607, granted warrants constituting sundry Lodges; a room in which King William III., A.D. 1690, was initiated; the room in which Ashmole and his literary friend (called founders of modern English Freemasonry) were accustomed to meet.

Rev. Dr. Osgood delivers his lecture, "Luck and Pluck," on next Monday evening, at the Cooper Institute, for the benefit of Southern Masons. Tickets fifty cents.

An English Masonic brother anxiously desires information about his son, who has not been heard of since last June. Will our brethren in the Adjutant-General's office, Washington, ascertain if his name has ever been on the Army List, either from New Jersey or New York? Read what follows:

Information wanted of GEORGE E. SHAWCROFT, age 20 years; height, 5 feet 9 inches; light hair and complexion; occupation draughtsman (formerly with Coupmall & Co., Patent Agents, Chancery lane, London, England). Came to America February, 1866; was in the employ of J. B. Brewer, rural architect, Staten Island; supposed to have enlisted in the United States army or navy.

Any information of him will be thankfully received by his anxious mother and sister. Address, J. B. Brewer, North Shore P. O., Staten Island, N. Y.

Will papers disposed to charity copy the above?

Sir Hew Crawfurd Pollok.

Some time ago the death of Sir Hew Crawfurd Pollok was announced, and it was stated that his son, the heir, had gone away of his own accord, and could not be heard of by his relatives. Mr. Crawfurd (now Sir Hugh) sailed from Liverpool for New York by the Inman line of steamers, in the fall of 1865, and it is supposed that he is now traveling *incognito* in the United States. Without any apparent reason he has kept his whereabouts secret from his family and friends, and if this paragraph should meet his eye it is to be hoped that it will stimulate him to look after his interests. He is heir to Pollok Castle and £5,000 a year.—*Scottish American Journal.*

The Family Sewing Machine.

Stout pants for boys, delicate ruffling for girls, men's overcoats and ladies' trimmings should not now be the weary work for ladies' fingers, and need not be; for the steel sinews of the Sewing Machine will turn weary days of work into a morning's pastime. But a small share of this work is generally done on the sewing machine, because of the lack of ability to make the machine do it. It makes little difference how complicated a machine for a *workshop* is; for there operators make it a business to learn and manage them. But the machine for the *family* should be of the simplest and most perfect mechanism. We are led to make these remarks in justice to a comparatively new machine, which has gained great favor among us, on account of its quiet, prompt, rapid and real business ability to do *all* our work, and with astonishing neatness and perfection; it is the Willcox & Gibbs.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Freemasonry is the bride of light.

A Masonic Lesson.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophesy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

Zerubbabel Chapter, No. 147, makes a Grand Excursion, June 24, to Dudley's Grove, in aid of Chapter. Tickets $2, admitting lady and gentleman. Robertson's brass band will accompany. For particulars see adv.

St. John's Lodge, No. 1, in response to an appeal made by Union Lodge, No. 244, of Monroe, Union County, North Carolina, has donated 25 bushels of corn to the suffering poor. The corn will be forwarded to care of Colonel E. D. Hall, Wilmington.

St. Nicholas Lodge, No. 321, presented Gen. McNary, a P. M., a beautiful set of silver, through Judge Dean. Refreshments at the close were excellent.

St. Andrew's takes the name of Scotia, there being another St. Andrew's in the Jurisdiction.

NEW YORK.

Newburgh.—There are two flourishing Lodges here, viz., Newburgh, No. 309, and Hudson River, No. 607, containing some of our best citizens, and both well governed and regulated. The Royal Arch Chapter numbers 100 companions. The following were installed officers of Hudson River Commandery a few evenings ago: D. A. Scott, E. C.; G. Fred. Wiltsie, G.; S. Stanton, C. G.; J. Galt, P.; N. H. Schram, S. W.; E. S. Skidmore, J. W.; R. C. Bancoft, W.; J. W. Little, S. B.; J. Dalis, S. B.; A. Lauson, S. There are also bodies of the A. and A. and Memphis Rites.

Grand Chapter.—A copy of the proceedings of the late session, which has just reached us, is in very excellent taste. We find only the following to add to our full account made on the 9th of February.

There are 203 Chapters on the Register. $8,377.81 was expended at the last session. The funds of the Grand Chapter amount to $11,280.27.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Grand Lodge closed its sessions on Monday the 20th inst. at a late hour. A committee was appointed to receive contributions from the Lodges for the relief of Masons in the Southern States. The following officers were installed for the current year: Thomas A. Doyle, G. M.; Moses Fifield, D. G. M.; Emerson Goddard, G. S. W.; William Gilpin, G. J. W.; Gardner T. Swarts, G. T.; Charles D. Greene, G. S.; Daniel Babcock, G. S. D.; Benjamin Tallman, G. J. D.; Israel R. Sheldon, G. S. S.; Stanton Hazard, G. J. S.; Israel M. Hopkins, G. M.; Rev. Benjamin W. Atwell, G. C.; W. Duane Aldrich, G. S. B.; Charles R. Cutler, G. P.; Stillman White, G L.; Ebenezer B. White, G. T.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Georgetown.—Potomac Chapter declines taking part in forming a Grand R. A. Chapter in D. C., and continues allegiance to the Grand Chapter of Md. and D. C.

The following was received as our last number was going to press:

The Grand Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia convened in Baltimore last evening, May 16, to consummate the separation of the jurisdiction. The G. H. P. laid before the G. C. a communication, addressed by M. W. George C. Whiting, President of the Convention assembled here recently, to form a new G. C. for the District, to the M. E. G. G. H. P. Lewis, asking his opinion as to the necessity of obtaining the consent of one of the first four officers of the G. G. C. of the United States, to the formation of the new Grand Chapter, and his telegraphic reply thereto. The reading of the papers was called for. Comp. Whiting in his communication mentioned that it was necessary to obtain such consent. The G. G. H. P. replied as follows:

Consent ***probably*** unnecessary; ***if*** necessary, hereby granted. "Letter by Mail." After some discussion, and sundry criticisms, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, The Chapters in the District of Columbia have proceeded to organize a Grand Chapter, in pursuance of the resolution adopted at the special convocation of this Grand Chapter, March 27th, 1867, therefore,

Resolved, That the division of the jurisdiction is hereby declared to be complete. Which was adopted.

The questions which had caused difference of opinion and much discussion and excitement, had been submitted to the G. G. H. P. by the proper officers of the G. C. of Md. and D. C. over three weeks since, but no reply could be obtained.

All difficulties being now removed, so far as the Grand Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia is concerned, the new Grand Chapter will be constituted on the 23d inst. Whether Comp. Albert G. Mackey, P. G. G. H. P., has power or authority to constitute the New G. C. without a proxy from one of the first four officers of the G. G. C., is another question. He is to do it in public and deliver an address on the occasion.

ALPHA.

Washington City.—A Southern brother, who is traveling, writes us:

Nowhere do I see more liberality or more charity than amongst the brethren of Washington City. There are very beneficient Lodges in this city, among which are Federal, No. 1; Columbia, No. 3; Naval, No. 4; Lebanon, No. 7; New Jerusalem, No. 9; Hiram, No. 10; Potomac, No. 5; St. John's, No. 11; National, No. 12; Centennial, No. 14; Dawson, No. 16; Harmony, No. 17; and Acacia, No. 18. In St. John's Lodge No. 11, worthy cases of charity never go away without assistance. A few nights ago they appropriated over one hundred and fifty dollars for charity.

NEBRASKA.

The Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons was organized March 10th, 1867, and installed the following officers: H. P. Deuel, G. H. P.; J. W. Moore, D. G. H. P.; D. H. Wheeler, G. K.; E. A. Allen, G. S.; O. H. Irish, G. T.; E. T. Duke, G. S. The next convocation will be held at Omaha City, on Monday, the 17th of June, 1867, at 2 P.M.

GEORGIA.

Athens.—Bro. Thomas Moore, who died recently at the age of 80, was the oldest Freemason at the time of his death within the jurisdiction.

CALIFORNIA.

Shasta City.—The Lodge here laments the loss by death of one of their best workmen, Bro. Charles W. Danielson. He was the last year W. M. of the Lodge and a Knight Templar.

OHIO.

Piqua.—We lament the death of our old friend and Bro., Jonas Ward. He died on the 8th. Col. Foster read the service at the grave.

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria.—Andrew Jackson Lodge, through the W. M. Bro. Price, sent 50 dollars to Rome, Georgia, to relieve the sufferings of Freemasons.

WISCONSIN.

Grand Commandery.—A copy of the proceedings has just reached us. We find our former report so full as to leave nothing to add, except the summary.

There are within this jurisdiction seven Commanderies, 461 members, whose dues amount to $484.50.

MONTANA.

The Order is in a very flourishing condition in our territory. Three years ago the first symbolic Lodge was opened in Virginia city. Now there are two Lodges, one Chapter, one Council and one Commandery in the city, all in a healthy condition. There are seven Blue Lodges in other parts of the territory. Our Grand Lodge meets the second Monday in October.

Our Masonic Temple of stone, 28 by 80, three stories high with basement, is erecting at a cost of $20,000.

LOUISIANA.

Our N. O. Cor. says: The "jewel" referred to on the 5th inst. does not belong to the set of jewels gotten up for the Grand Lodge of Texas, but is that used by Bro. W. C. Driver, Master of Louisiana Lodge, No. 102, in the 3d section, 3d degree. It is original to Bro. Driver, and is claimed to be the reproduction of the jewel of our Operative Grand Master, Hiram Abiff, the special gift of King Solomon, who, on receiving it, is said to have broken forth in the memorable words * * * * The jewel is a large, heavy, solid silver triangle, beautifully gilt, so that the most critical eye will scarcely distinguish from gold, on which is engraved the "Yod." * * * It mysteriously points to that which was tragically entrusted to the wisdom of future generations, and is an engraving intended to represent by its dissimilarity, that which is implied in the name "Yod." The new Lodge-room over the Bible House is now the most beautiful and pleasant in the city; and brethren visiting N. O. will find almost any night a Lodge of courteous, gallant Masons meeting here. It is to be regretted that the G. L. Building stands in such close proximity to the "Academy of Music," since it has caused several Lodges to seek a more quiet place to pursue their labors, and has in part finally driven the Hall Committee to purchase ground on which to erect a *New Masonic Hall*. They pay $60,000 for the ground. * * * * Bro. G. W. Race made the "occasional" speech at dedication of new Lodge-room referred to.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

ENGLAND.

Grand Lodge—Bro. Lord Eliot has been appointed Senior Grand Warden. He was initiated in Dublin, Lodge No. 12, under the Irish Constitution. He is S. W. of Sincerity Lodge, No. 189, at Plymouth, and Master Designate of Eliot Lodge, St. German's, Cornwall.

Bro. the Rev. Robert James Simpson, M. A. of Oriel College, Oxford, appointed one of the Grand Chaplains, was initiated in Palestine Lodge, Sunderland, 1849, was Chaplain of the Lodge, Prov. G. Chap. and Prov. S. G. W. of Durham.

Bro. Ough, Asst. G. Pursuivant, was initiated in Belgrave Lodge, 1859, served all the offices and was W. M. in 1866, served as Steward for the three Charities and has become a Life Governor of all.

FRANCE.

The Grand Lodge of Kansas, in its proceedings, inquired if the Grand Orient of France sanctioned the circulars for aid from individual brethren and Lodges of France. The Grand Orient officially replies that authorization for a constituent Lodge to address a circular to other Lodges, cannot be construed as a permission to send these circulars to foreign jurisdictions, and that the Grand Orient of France has never granted said permission.

Caen.—Lodge *Themis* has for 20 years distributed to the poor no money, but 300 rations of soup per day during 3 winter months, by subscriptions of members of the Lodge, and tickets from theatrical representations.

GERMANY.

A Masonic Authors' Society is forming, to embrace the Masonic authors of the world. If successful, this scheme will produce results of great benefit to the craft.

MUSIC received from O. H. Ditson and Co., 711 Broadway, New York:

"Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall," by Arthur Vane.
"Egilda Walter," for piano, by Jannotta.
"Bolero d'apres Victor Massé," par Kube.
"Bethlehem, the Shepherd's Nativity," hymn by Farnie & Gounod.
"Sunshine," Polka Mazourka, by Levy.
"Tarantelle," par Kube.
"Le Souvenir Valse," par Janon.
"Let me Come Home, Father," by W. C. Baker.
"Thou Art Not Here," by Thatcher & Pering.
"Rough Shod Polka," by Weed.
"Three Beautiful Ballads," by Anna Burchard.
"Birth Day Polka," by Dr. Neihaus.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE HISTORICAL LANDMARKS, AND OTHER EVIDENCES OF FREEMASONRY: Explained in a series of Practical Lectures, with copious Notes. By George Oliver, D.D. With numerous illustrations. In two volumes, pp. 1,000, 12mo. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Co., 432 Broome St. Price $5.00, complete—sent free on receipt.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."

Dr. Oliver's name will live in perpetuity for what he has done to promote inquiry and investigation into Masonic mysteries. Now that he has gone from us, the demand for his works is greatly increased. Our young Craftsmen are more zealously inquiring for light, and ignorant Freemasonry will fall into as low repute as ignorant Christianity has done. Parrot ritualism is becoming at a discount, and our officers and professors of Freemasonry must be able to give a reason of their Masonic faith.

This great work, issued by a responsible and enterprising company, is dedicated to the Rt. Hon. Thomas Dundas, Earl of Zetland, Baron Dundas, and Lord-Lt. of the North, who has been Grand Master of England for a quarter of a century.

While this work avoids undue exposure of peculiar secrets, it attempts to clear up all difficult and controverted questions, and to connect the lower with the higher degrees. It takes the bold or "heroic" theory and, at times a little faulty, it is yet the work of a lover of our mysteries, and of researches into the hidden truths of history.

The lectures are upon general views of the landmarks of Masonry, from the creation to the deluge, and from the deluge to the Christian era. There is a general view of all the orders and degrees practiced in the eighteenth century. The reason why Masons are styled free-born are stated. There are discourses on the tracing board; the form, situation and extent of the Lodge; the ground, the support and the covering of the Lodge; the twelve grand points; symbolical references; number and classification of the workmen; the Fellow Craft's tracing board; symbolism of the two pillars; the six periods; the ear of corn; Jephthah's rash vow; the number seven; the letter G; the Nile; Jewish true and spurious Freemasonry; the third grand offering; Masonic innovations; Masonic schisms; the various rites; legends; Temple of Solomon; Royal Arch tracing board; ineffable degrees; sacred roll; burning bush; Grand and Royal Lodge; tetragrammaton; camp of Israel; banners of the twelve tribes; rod of Moses; triple tau, &c., &c.

We give one specimen from the text, on the "Form, situation and extent of the Lodge."

> The construction of Speculative Masonry, as it is now practiced, has been beautifully conceived; and the arrangement embraces points which conduct the mind gradually to the uppermost step of the theological ladder, and leave it surrounded by a blaze of light and glory. The elements of Masonic morality are first propounded to the candidate at his initiation, and when his mind is sufficiently enlightened to entitle him to the advantage of new communications, he is *passed* on to a view of our scientific pursuits, and shown the connection which exists between them and the moral lessons, in which he has already displayed his proficiency. After due probation, he descends into the bowels of the earth to search for truth; is raised to a state of intellectual superiority, which confers actual distinction, and taught the wisdom which is derived from our history, tradition, and holy legend, to harmonize the heart, and lead it to reflections which show in strong colors the vanity of all human pursuits, and the necessity of preparing for death and resurrection; and while they inculcate his duties to God, exhort him punctually to observe the points of fellowship to his brother, by assisting him in his distresses, supporting him in his virtuous undertakings, praying for his welfare, keeping inviolate his secrets, and vindicating his reputation as well in his absence as in his presence.
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> Here we find completed the true philosophy of Freemasonry. The three degrees blend doctrine, morality, and science, tradition and history, into a grand and beautiful system, which, if studied with attention, and practiced with sincerity, will inspire a holy confidence that the Lord of Life will enable us to trample the king of terrors beneath our feet, and lift our eyes to the bright morning star, whose rising brings peace and salvation to the faithful and obedient to the holy word of God. There is, indeed, scarcely a point of duty or morality, which man has been presumed to owe to God, his neighbor, or himself, under the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, or the Christian dispensations, which, in the construction of our symbolical system, has been left untouched. The forms and ceremonies, secrets and landmarks, the types and allegories of Freemasonry, present copious subjects of investigation, which cannot be easily exhausted. The nature of the Lodge, its form, dimensions, and support; its ground, situation and covering; its ornaments, furniture and jewels, all unite their aid to form a perfect code of moral and theological philosophy; which, while it fascinates the understanding, improves the mind, until it becomes polished like the perfect ashlar, and can only be tried by the square of God's word, and the unerring compass of conscience.
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> It has already been said that the form of the Lodge is an oblong square or parallelogram, or, more correctly speaking, a double cube. Now, a square is esteemed by Masons as one of its Greater Lights, and a compound part of the furniture of a Lodge. The square was the first geometrical figure which was brought into practical use by operative Masons. In the construction of cities, and private dwellings, camps and fastnesses, right angles were generally used, as in the ark of Noah, the camp of the Israelites, the cities of Babylon and Nineveh, with the temples of Egypt and India, or the established forms of a Mason's Lodge. The square is a symbol of the perfection and happiness arising out of morality and justice, and, with this meaning in view, it has been assigned to the W. M.

We present, also, one specimen of the notes:

> Bro. Aarons has some remarks on the day, which are not only curious, but peculiarly applicable to the science of Freemasonry. He says that the value of the characters in the awful name JAH, יה, is 15, or in other words 9 + 6; and that, taking any of the names or attributes of the Deity, the Hebrew characters denoting those names may be all reduced to either the number 9 or 15; and 9+15=24. The former being the seal of truth, and the latter the number of the Deity, and by these two numbers the whole of our time is regulated. Thus, if we observe, the hammer of a clock will strike 78 in 12 hours, the numerals 7 and 8 added make 15. In the first minute of light we have 60 seconds, in which we discover 4 times 15, the number 4 being also symbolical. In the first quarter of an hour we have 15 minutes; in the natural day we have 24 hours, which being once 9, the seal of truth, and once 15 the number of the Deity, seems intended to remind us of the faith we ought to exercise in his unbounded goodness.

BOTANY OF THE SOUTHERN STATES. In two parts. Part I.: Structural and Physiological Botany and Vegetable Products. Part II.: Descriptions of Southern Plants, Arranged on the Natural System. Preceded by a Linnæan and a Dichotomous Analysis. By Prof. JOHN DARBY, A. M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 111 and 113 William street. 1866.

To our ladies and agricultural friends this work will render valuable assistance, for botany leads to the practice of philosophical agriculture. It indicates the conditions essential to the perfect growth and the food of plants. Then this study promotes purity and social happiness. Here we see the wisdom, benevolence and love of the Creator.

A CLASS BOOK FOR JEWISH YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES, containing an abridged history of the Bible and biographical notices of the patriarchs, prophets, rulers and kings of Israel. A concise account of all the festivals, fasts and distinguished periods throughout the year; a description of the ceremonies and customs, with their explanations, and also a series of religious and moral lessons, as deduced from Holy Writ, by the Rev. H. A. HENRY. New York: L. H. Frank, printer and publisher, 432 Broome street. 5626–1866.

The editor of this work is Bro. Dr. Henry, of San Francisco, California, and the publisher, Bro. Frank, is of New York City.

We have read this work with great interest. It is well calculated to interest the young.

The accounts of the months of the Jewish year, containing an account of the festivals and fasts, is interesting to any student.

SCHOOL GOVERNMENT. A practical treatise, presenting a thorough discussion of its facts, principles, and their application; with criticisms upon current theories of punishment, and schemes of administration, for the use of normal schools, practical teachers, and parents, by FREDERICK S. JEWELL, A. M. New York: Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 111 and 113 William street.

Parents and teachers will find this work, issued from the State Normal School at Albany, invaluable as a text-book on parental and school government, on discipline and punishments.

HALL'S MASTER WORKMAN AND MASONIC MONITOR: Being a complete Guide to Masters of Lodges in the Lectures and Work of Freemasonry, as generally approved and adopted throughout the United States. By JNO. K. HALL, P.·. M.·. and P.·. D.·.D.·. G.·. M.·., Mass. Pocket form, 75 cents. Boston: A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington Street. 1866.

This little manual of 80 pages is dedicated to our esteemed friend and brother, R.·. W.·. Maj.-Gen. Sutton, D.·. D.·. G.·. M.·., Mass., as a token of respect for his Masonic and private worth and charity.

Its work is that of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. It is compact, systematic, *perspicuous to the initiated*, and has already secured for itself a permanent popularity. It approximates more nearly to a *rubricated* monitor than any we have seen.

The only criticism we would suggest is a substitution in future editions of the word "*dimension*" for "capacity," on p. 37.

The Charge of the Third Degree, so admirable, furnishes the following extracts, a fair specimen of the book:

> "Never enter into any argument in vindication of the merits of our Order, either to add to our numbers or for defense against its opponents. Your actions will speak louder and be more convincing than any arguments you can possibly use; let these defend it, and not your tongue. Seek not to make converts to our Order by any representations of its excellences or its advantages; it must first exist in the heart of the applicant for its honors, who must himself seek the proper mode for admission, which will readily show itself to him if he has a desire to associate himself with our institution. There is nothing more important than that you should ever be upon your guard against directly inviting, or indirectly attempting to influence, your friends to allow their names to be proposed for the degrees in Freemasonry. That friend, before he enters the door of the Lodge-room, is required to answer upon the honor of a man, 'that uninfluenced by friends, he freely offers himself a candidate for the honors of Freemasonry;' your friend, placed in such a situation, has to declare a falsehood or retire; either of which would be extremely humiliating to an honorable man, and no honorable man would place his friend in such a position; for the candidate who falsely says 'I do,' violates the requirements of our institution upon the very threshold of its Temple. A want of this information might lead you, in your zeal for the Order, or out of regard for a friend, to do both a serious injury. Ours is the only society which does not admit of proselytism: in other associations this may answer; but it is wholly uncongenial with the spirit of Freemasonry.
>
> "You will therefore bear in mind it is wholly in opposition to all our laws and principles, which in your obligations you have promised to abide by, to ask any one to become a Mason, or to use any influence, except that of a truly Masonic life, to induce any one to ask admission. We are not to be seeking, but to be sought. You are also not to use any means to deter one about to receive the degrees, either by endeavoring to excite his fears or leading him to suppose there is any cause for levity in the ceremonies of reception." * * * * * *
>
> "Freemasonry is never to be advertised by the display of Masonic pins or jewels; this method is sometimes resorted to, and Masonry is thus made an advertising medium. Some even place its symbols upon their business cards; all these things cause them to lose that sympathy they would otherwise be entitled to from their brethren, for they at once are suspected of having sought the honors of Masonry for mercenary and improper motives." * * * * * *
>
> "The rejection of a candidate, the report of a committee upon the application of an individual, and the discussion which may ensue thereon, are never to be spoken of outside the Lodge-room. The qualifications of an individual for the honors of Masonry may not be such as we would require of those with whom we are to associate, and we have a right to refuse him admittance; but we have no right to publish his rejection out of the fraternity.
>
> "You should also be very careful in making inquiries when necessary in regard to the character of an applicant, that you throw no doubt in the minds of those to whom you apply of the individual's pecuniary affairs, as you might thereby materially affect his credit and standing in the business community."
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> "Remember, the true Mason is slow to anger, and easy to forgive; he will stay his falling brother by gentle admonitions, and warn him kindly of any deviations from the path of rectitude. He will apprise him of all approaching danger; he will not lend an ear to his slanderers, and will close his lips against all reproach; his faults and his foibles will be locked up in his breast, and the prayer for mercy will ascend to Jehovah for his brother's sins."

PHYSIOLOGY AND LAWS OF HEALTH. For the use of Schools, Academies and Colleges. By EDWARD JARVIS, M.D New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 111 and 113 William Street.

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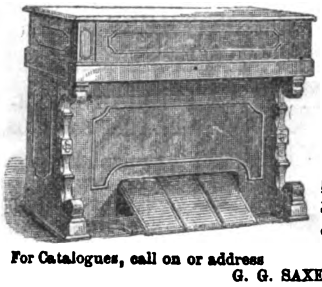

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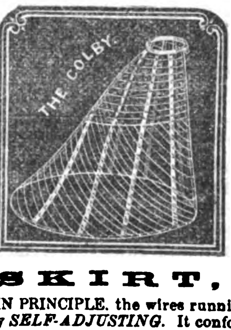

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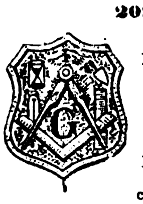

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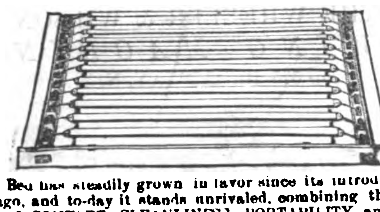

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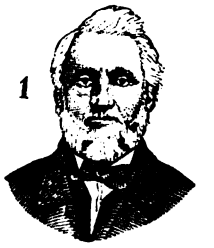

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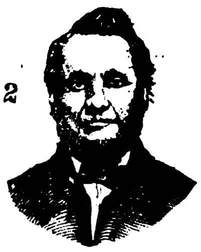

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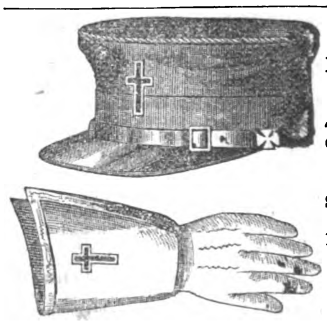

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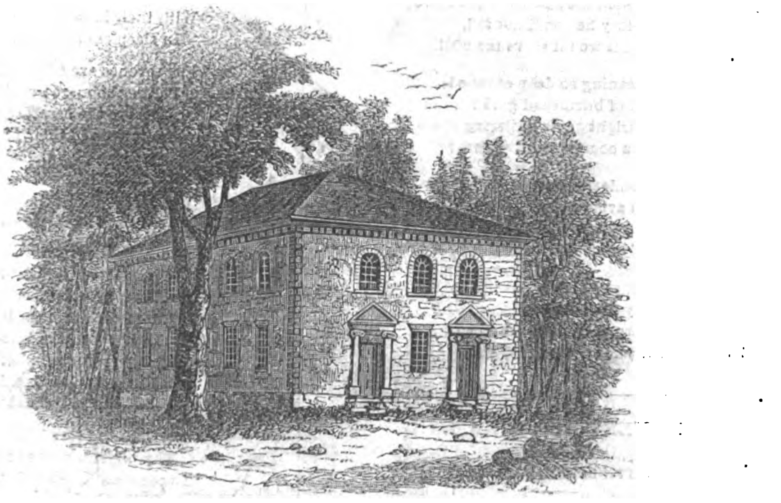


POHICK CHURCH.

Rev. Mason L. Weems, M. D., Gen. Washington's Rector, Biographer, and Masonic Friend.

(No. 2.)

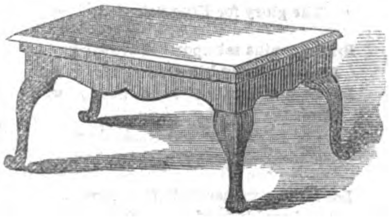
Pohick or Powheek is the church where Washington worshiped, and of which (1763) he was a vestryman, and where Bro. Weems preached. It is about seven miles southwest of Mount Vernon. Gen. Washington's pew, square, as all the pews were, with seats upon three sides and painted lead color, was near the pulpit. In his day the church had a large, respectable and wealthy congregation, among whom were the Washingtons, the Masons, the Fairfaxes, the Coffers and the Hendersons. A thousand times did the eyes of our revered Washinton in this church rest upon the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments inscribed upon the walls back of the chancel.

His demeanor in church was always reverential and devout. He bore his part in the responses, and bowed his head at the mention of the name of Jesus in the Creed. Mrs. Washington and himself were both communicants. As soon as the Custis children were old enough, they were instructed in the church catechism, and when John Parke was eight years old, and his sister Patsey six, their kind stepfather writes to London for a "neat small Bible and prayer-book, bound in Turkey," for each of them, with their names "in the inside of the cover in gilt letters."

The Rev. Lee Massey, who once had charge of Pohick church, remarked: "I never knew so constant an attendant at church as Washington. His behavior in the house of God was ever so reverential that it produced the happiest effect on my congregation, and greatly assisted me in my pulpit labors. No company ever kept him from church."

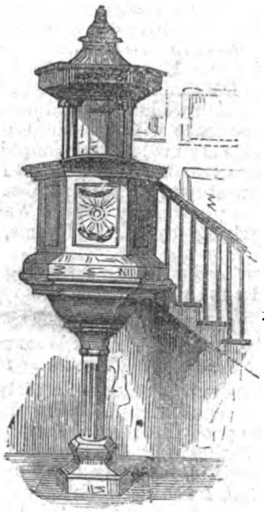
Mr. Lawrence Lewis, the nephew of Gen. Washington, who was with Bro. Gen. Mercer at his last moments at Princeton, and in whose arms he expired (whose Masonic biography will shortly be given), had a pew in this church.

Here is a *fac simile* of the *Communion Table*, as used in Gen. Washington's day.



Below find the elaborately wrought pulpit, placed by itself on one side of the church, away from the chancel, where Bro. Weems proclaimed the truth to hearts like Washington, who "meekly received the preached word."

Pohic Church derived its name from a small river near it, called by the Indians *Powheek* or *Pohick*. It is within old *Truro parish*, and its particular location is ascribed to Washington. Mount Vernon was within Truro parish, and in the affairs of the church Washington took a lively interest. About 1764, the old church, which stood in a different part of the parish, had fallen into decay, and it was resolved to build a new one. Its location became a matter of considerable excitement in the parish, some contending for the site on which the old edifice stood, and others for one near the centre of the parish, and more conveniently situated. Among the latter was Washington. A meeting for settling the question was finally held. George Mason, who led the party favorable to the old site, made an eloquent harangue, conjuring the people not to desert the sacred spot, consecrated by the bones of their ancestors. It had a powerful effect, and it was thought that there would not be a dissenting voice. Washington then arose, and drew from his pocket an accurate survey which he had made of the whole parish, in which was marked the site of the old church, and the proposed location of the new one, together with the place of residence of each parishioner. He spread this map before the audience, briefly explained it, expressed his hope that they would not allow their judgments to be guided by their feelings, and sat down. The silent argument of the map was potent; a large majority voted in favor of the new site, and in 1765 *Pohick Church* was built.



THE PULPIT.

Washington was vestryman, in 1765, of both *Truro* and *Fairfax* parishes. The place of worship of the former was at Pohick, and of the latter at Alexandria. Among the manuscripts in the library of the New York Historical Society, is a leaf from the church record of Pohick. It contains the names of the first vestry and a few others. The names were signed at different times, during the summer and autumn of 1765.

"I, A B, do declare that I will be conformable to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, as by law established.

"1765. *May*, 20*th*.—Thomas Withers Coffer, Thomas Ford, John Ford.

"19*th August*.—Geo. Washington, Daniel McCarty, Edward Payne, Thomas Withers Coffer, Thomas Ford, Edw. Dulin, John Dalton, Daniel French, Richard Sanford, Thomas Shaw, Thomas Wren, Townsend Dade, Charles Broadwater,[*] J. W. Payne, William Adams.

"20*th August*.—G. W. Fairfax, John West, William Lynton, Wm. Gardner.

"16*th September*.—Edward Blackburn.

"17*th September*.—George Mason, Charles Henderson.

"*October* 21*st*.—John Possey.

"21*st April*, 1766.—T. Ellzy."

Before the late war the church was somewhat neglected. "Under its sounding board," says Lossing, "a swallow had built its nest, and upon the book ledge of the sacred desk the fowls of the air had evidently perched. I thought of the words of the 'sweet singer of Israel'—'Yea, the sparrow has found a home, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, *even thine altar*, O Lord of hosts!'"

---

[*] Captain Broadwater was the owner of a slave who drove a team with a provision wagon, belonging to his master, over the Alleghany Mountains in the memorable campaign in which Braddock was killed. The slave's name was Samuel Jenkins. He was in the battle of the Great Meadows, but escaped unhurt. On the death of his master, when he was about forty years of age, he was purchased by a gentleman who took him to Ohio and manumitted him. He settled in Lancaster, Ohio, where he resided until his death, which occurred in 1849, when he was 115 years old. He was probably the last survivor of Braddock's men.

During the late war it was much desecrated as a stable, and is now in perhaps irrecoverable decay and neglect.

They are all passing from the land;
  Those churches old and gray,
In which our fathers used to stand,
  In years gone by, to pray.

. . . . . .

Ay, pull them down, as well you may,
  Those altars stern and old;
They speak of those long pass'd away,
  Whose ashes now are cold.
Few, few are now the strong-arm'd men
  Who worshiped at our altars then.

. . . .

Then pull them down, and rear on high
  New-fangled, painted things,
For these but mock the modern eye,
  The past around them brings.
Then pull them down, and upward rear
  A pile which suits who worships here.

[The following, from Hayden's great work, "Washington and his Compeers," should have appeared in the last number, at the close of sketch No. 1 of Bro. Weems.]

It is a curious fact in the Masonic history of our country during Washington's lifetime that most dedications of Masonic literature were made to him, while other publications also were in some instances thus dedicated. A curious semi-dedication of a quaint pamphlet, by the Rev. Mason L. Weems, an early biographer of Washington, published in 1799, was thus given, which we here reproduce as the last written correspondence with Washington in which Masonic allusions are made. The pamphlet was entitled,

"The PHILANTHROPIST, *or Political Peace-Maker*, between all honest men of both parties. With the recommendation prefixed by George Washington in his own handwriting, by M. L. Weems, Lodge No. 50, Dumfries."

It was prefaced with the following letter to Washington, and a *fac simile* copy of his reply, which were as follows:

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY GEORGE WASHINGTON, ESQUIRE,
Lieutenant-General of the Armies of the United States:

"MOST HONORED GENERAL—Scarcely was I delivered of this young republican philanthropist before I began, according to good Christian usage, to look about for a suitable godfather for it. My thoughts, presumptuously enough, I confess, instantly fixed upon you, for two reasons: *First*, I was desirous of paying to you (the first benefacter of my country) this little mite of grateful and affectionate respect; and, *secondly*, because I well know there exists not, on this side of heaven, the man who will more cordially than General WASHINGTON approve of whatever tends to advance the harmony and happiness of Columbia.

"GOD, *I pray Him, grant!* that you may long live to see us *all* catching from your fair example that reverence for the Eternal Being, that veneration for the laws, that infinite concern for the *national Union*, that unextinguishable love for our country, and that insuperable contempt of pleasures, of dangers, and of death itself, in its service and defense, which have raised you to immortality, and which alone can exalt us to be a GREAT and HAPPY REPUBLIC.

"On the square of Justice, and on the scale of Love, I remain, honored General, your very sincere friend and Masonic brother.

"M. L. WEEMS."

Washington replied:

"MOUNT VERNON, *29th August*, 1799.

"REV'D SIR—I have been duly favored with your letter of the 20th instant, accompanying 'The Philanthropist.'

"For your politeness in sending the letter, I pray you to receive my best thanks. Much indeed it is to be wished that the sentiments contained in the Pamphlet, and the doctrines it endeavors to inculcate, were more prevalent. Happy would it be for *this country at least*, if they were so. But while the passions of mankind are under so little restraint as they are among us, and while there are so many motives and views to bring them into action, we may wish for, but never see the accomplishment of it.

"With respect,
"I am your most obed't humble servant,
"Go. WASHINGTON.

"The Rev'd M. L. WEEMS."

ALONE—THE COMPASS AND SQUARE.

BY MARIE E. COFFINBERRY.

[The NATIONAL FREEMASON is furnishing more and better original poetry than any magazine in the United States. We welcome still another contributor to our columns in our sister, who is the wife of the esteemed Grand Master of Michigan.]

I am all alone in the world so wide,
No armor to shield me, no hope to guide;
These white slender hands or young giddy head
Will not earn me raiment or daily bread.

Where the early violets bloom in spring,
Where the brooklet murmurs and bright birds sing,
And a drooping willow the white stones hide,
My father and mother sleep side by side.

Oh, where are the friends that in fortune's day
Flattered and pitted my warm heart away?
They pass me by with a stare and a bow,
For my wealth has turned to poverty now.

But on my white hand is a jewel rare—
My dear father blessed me and placed it there;
He spoke of a mystery he could not tell,
But said some time it would serve me well.

Oh, what is the meaning so deep enrolled
In this tiny circlet of burnished gold?
And why are the bright gems glittering there
Set in the form of a compass and square?

Can it be some wonderful fairy spell
That will shadows avert and tempests quell?
Will it restore all my lost wealth to me?
Or must it my only heritage be?

I'll cherish it well, and think that the hand
That placed on my finger the shining band
Guides my life-barque o'er the ocean so wide,
And will moor it safe on the other side.

◆

LAMENT FOR HIRAM.

BY BRO. COFFINBERRY, G. M. MICHIGAN.

Oh! weep for him, who, early doomed,
  Lay on Moriah's brow,
Whose ashes there were found, entombed,
  Beneath the cassia's bough;
    Oh! weep ye for the "widow's son,"
    Whose glorious race so soon was run.

Let Israel's widows raise the wail
  And strew their heads with dust,
Let Judah's daughters don the vail
  And weep—for weep they must,
    O'er the young architect, who won
    The glory for King Solomon.

Bright genius sat upon his brow,
  And love lit up his soul,
But both are crushed and broken now,
  Their knell with sorrow toll;
    For ne'er again can either dwell,
    Within so fair, so bright a shell.

Let Israel's monarch doff his crown,
  And bow his head in grief;
With dust and ashes strew the throne
  Of Israel's royal chief;
    And cast his purple robes away—
    Naught but vain bubbles, now, are they.

The trestle-board hath no designs,
  The compasses are still,
And cypress round the altar twines;
  Grief doth the temple fill—
    And idle lies the gavel there,
    The plumb, the level, and the square.

That mystic bond, alas! is broken,
  That knit three souls in one,
And ever lost that mystic token,
  With the poor widow's son;
    For none again shall ever wear
    That emblem of his talents rare.

There, where yon broken column rears
  With snow white marble urn,
Let Israel's virgin shed her tears,
  And there still let her mourn;
    There let her still her vigil keep,
    For 'neath it doth young Hiram sleep.

THE JEWISH PILGRIM.

Are these the ancient holy hills
  Where angels walked of old?
Is this the land our story fills
  With glory not yet cold?
For I have passed by many a shrine,
  O'er many a land and sea,
But still, O promised Palestine,
  My dreams have been of thee.

I see thy mountain cedars green,
  Thy valleys fresh and fair,
With summers bright as they have been,
  When Israel's home was there;
Tho' o'er thee sword and time have past,
  And Cross and Crescent shone,
And heavily the chain hath prest,
  But thou art still our own!

Thine are the wandering race that go
  Unblest through every land,
Whose blood hath stained the polar snow
  And quenched the desert sand;
And thine the homeless hearts that turn
  From all earth's shrines to thee,
With their lone faith for ages borne
  In sleepless memory.

For thrones are fallen—nations gone,
  Before the march of time,
And where the ocean rolled alone
  Are forests in their prime;
Since gentle ploughshares marred the brow
  Of Zion's holy hill—
Where are the Roman eagles now?
  Yet Judah wanders still.

And hath she wandered thus in vain,
  A pilgrim of the past?
No! long deferred her hope hath been,
  But it shall come at last;
For in her wastes a voice I hear,
  As from some prophet's urn;
It bids the nations build not there,
  For JACOB SHALL RETURN.

Oh! lost and loved Jerusalem!
  Thy pilgrim may not stay
To see the glad earth's harvest home
  In thy redeeming day;
But now resigned in faith and trust,
  I seek a nameless tomb;
At least beneath thy hallowed dust,
  Oh! give the wanderer room.—*Jewish Messenger.*

◆

The Wife of Andrew Jackson.

[A proper addition to the biography of Andrew Jackson, Past Grand Master of Tennessee, published in the NATIONAL FREEMASON.]

Rachael Donelson was the maiden name of General Jackson's wife. She was born in Virginia, in the year 1767, and lived in Virginia until she was eleven years of age. Her father, Col. John Donelson, was a planter and land surveyor, who possessed considerable wealth in land, cattle and slaves. He was one of those hardy pioneers who were never content unless they were living away out in the woods, beyond the verge of civilization. Accordingly, in 1779, we find him near the head-waters of the Tennessee river, with all his family, bound for the western parts of Tennessee, with a river voyage of two thousand miles before him.

Seldom has a little girl of eleven years shared so perilous an adventure. The party started in the depth of a severe winter, and battled two months with the ice before it had fairly begun the descent of the Tennessee. But, in the spring, accompanied by a considerable fleet of boats, the craft occupied by John Donelson and his family floated down the winding stream more rapidly. Many misfortunes befell them.

But during this voyage, which lasted several months, no misfortune befell the boat of Colonel Donelson; and he and his family, including his daughter Rachel, arrived safely at the site of the present city of Nashville, near which he selected his land, built his log house, and established himself. Never has a settlement been so infested with hostile Indians as this. When Rachel Donelson, with her sisters and young friends, went blackberrying, a guard of young men, with their rifles loaded and cocked, stood guard over the surrounding thickets while the girls picked the fruit. It was not safe for a man to stoop over a spring to drink unless some one was on the watch with his rifle in his arms; and when half a dozen men stood together in conversation, they turned their backs to each other, all facing different ways, to watch for a lurking savage. So the Donelsons lived for eight years, and gathered about them more negroes, more cattle and more horses than any other household in the settlement. During one of the long winters, when a great tide of emigration had reduced the stock of corn, and threatened the neighborhood with famine, Colonel Donelson moved to Kentucky, with all his family and dependents, and there lived until the corn crop at Nashville was gathered. Rachel, by this time, had grown to be a beautiful, vigorous young lady, well skilled in all the arts of the backwoods, and a remarkably bold and graceful rider. She was a plump little damsel, with the blackest hair and eyes, and of a very cheerful and friendly disposition. During the temporary residence of her father in Kentucky, she gave her hand and heart to one Lewis Robards, and her father returned to Nashville without her.

Colonel Donelson soon after, while in the woods surveying, far from his home, fell by the hand of an assassin. He was found pierced with bullets; but, whether they were fired by red savages or by white was never known. To comfort her mother in her loneliness, Rachel and her husband came to Nashville and lived with her, intending, as soon as the Indians were subdued, to occupy a farm of their own.

In the year 1788, Andrew Jackson, a young lawyer from North Carolina, arrived at Nashville to enter upon the practice of his profession, and went to board with Mrs. Donelson. Young Jackson had not long resided in the family before Mr. Robards began to be jealous of him, and many violent scenes took place between them. The jealous Robards at length abandoned his wife, and went off to his old home in Kentucky.

A rumor soon after reached the place that Robards had procured a divorce from his wife in the legislature of Virginia, soon after which Andrew Jackson and Rachel Donelson were married. The rumor proved false, and they lived together for two years before the divorce was really granted, at the end of which time they were married again. This marriage, though so inauspiciously begun, was an eminently happy one. although, out of doors, it caused the irascible Jackson a great deal of trouble. The peculiar circumstances attending the marriage caused many calumnies to be uttered and printed respecting Mrs. Jackson, and some of the bitterest quarrels which the General ever had, had their origin in them.

At home, however, he was one of the happiest of men. His wife was an excellent manager of a household and a kind mistress of slaves. She had a remarkable memory, and delighted to relate anecdotes and tales of the early settlement of the country. Daniel Boone had been one of her father's friends, and she used to recount his adventures and escapes. Her abode was a seat of hospitality, and she well knew how to make her guests feel at home. It used to be said in Tennessee that she could not write; but, as I have had the pleasure of reading nine letters in her own handwriting, one of which was eight pages long, I presume I have a right to deny the imputation. She was most learned in the lore of the forest, the dairy, the kitchen and the farm. I remember walking about a remarkably fine spring that gushed from the earth near where her dairy stood, and hearing one of her colored servants say that there was nothing upon the estate which she valued so much as that spring. She grew to be a stout woman, which made her appear shorter than she really was. Her husband, on the contrary, was remarkably tall and slender, so that when they danced a reel together, which they often did with all the vigor of the olden time, the spectacle was extremely curious.

It was a grief to both husband and wife that they had no children, and it was to supply this want in their household that they adopted one of Mrs. Donelson's nephews, and named him Andrew Jackson. This boy was the delight of them both as long as they lived.

Col. Benton, who knew Mrs. Jackson well and long, has recorded his opinion of her in the following forcible language:

"A more exemplary woman in all the relations of life—wife, friend, neighbor, relation, mistress of slaves—never lived, and never presented a more cheerful and admirable management of her household. She had the General's own warm heart, frank manners and admirable temper, and no two persons could have been better suited to each other, lived more happily together, or made a house more attractive to visitors. No bashful youth or plain old man, whose modesty set them down at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attention, any more than the titled gentlemen at her right and left. Young persons were her delight, and she always had her house filled with them, all calling her affectionately 'Aunt Rachel.'"

In the homely fashion of the time, she used to join her husband and guests in smoking a pipe after dinner and in the evening. There are now living many persons who well remember seeing her smoking by her fireside a long reed pipe.

When General Jackson went forth to fight in the war of 1812, he was still living in a log house of four rooms, and this house is now standing on his beautiful farm ten miles from Nashville. I used to wonder when walking about it, how it was possible for Mrs. Jackson to accommodate so many guests as we know she did. But a hospitable house, like a Third Avenue car, is never full, and in that mild climate the young men could sleep on the piazza or in the corn-crib, content if their mothers and sisters had the shelter of the house. It was not until long after the General's return from the wars that he built, or could afford to build, the large brick mansion which he named the "Hermitage." The visitor may still see in that commodious house the bed on which this happy pair slept and died, the furniture they used, and the pictures upon which they were accustomed to look. In the hall on the second story there is still preserved the huge chest in which Mrs. Jackson used to stow away the woolen clothes of the family in the summer to keep them from the moths. Around the house are the remains of the fine garden of which she used to be so proud, and a little beyond are the cabins of the hundred and fifty slaves to whom she was more a mother than a mistress.

A few weeks after the battle of New Orleans, when her husband was in his first flush of triumph, this plain planter's wife floated down the Mississippi to New Orleans to visit her husband and to accompany him home. She had never seen a city before, for Nashville at that day was little more than a village. The elegant ladies of New Orleans were exceedingly pleased to observe that General Jackson, though he was himself one of the most graceful and polite of gentlemen, seemed totally unconscious of the homely bearing, the country manners and awkward dress of his wife. In all companies and on all occasions he showed her every possible manner of respect. The ladies gathered about her, and presented her with all sorts of showy nick-nacks and jewelry, and one of them undertook the task of selecting suitable clothes for her. She frankly confessed that she knew nothing about such things, and was willing to wear anything that the ladies thought proper. Much as she enjoyed her visit, I am sure she was glad enough to return to her old home on the banks of the Cumberland and resume her oversight of the dairy and the plantation.

Soon after the peace, a remarkable change came over the spirit of this excellent woman. Parson Blackburn, as the General always called him, was a favorite preacher in that part of Tennessee, and his sermons made so powerful an impression upon Mrs. Jackson that she joined the Presbyterian church, and was ever after devotedly religious. The General himself was almost persuaded to follow her example. He did not, however, but testified his sympathy with his wife's feelings by building a church for her—a curious little brick edifice—on his own farm; the smallest church, I suppose, in the United States. Of all the churches I ever saw this is the plainest and simplest in its construction. It looks like a very small school-house; it has no steeple, no portico, and but one door; and the interior, which contains forty little pews, is unpainted, and the floor is of brick. On Sundays the congregation consisted chiefly of the General, his family, and half a dozen neighbors, with as many negroes as the house would hold, and could see through the windows. It was just after the completion of this church that General Jackson made his famous reply to a young man who objected to the doctrine of future punishment.

"I thank God," said this youth, "I have too much good sense to believe there is is such a place as hell."

"Well, sir," said General Jackson, "I thank God there is such a place."

"Why, General," asked the young man, "what do you want with such a place of torment as hell!"

To which the General replied, as quick as lightning:

"To put such rascals as you are in, that oppose and vilify the Christian religion."

The young man said no more, and soon after found it convenient to take his leave.

Mrs. Jackson did not live to see her husband President of the United States, though she lived long enough to know that he was elected to that office. When the news was brought to her of her husband's election, in December, 1828, she quietly said:

"Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake" (she always called him Mr. Jackson), "I am glad; for my own part, I never wished it."

The people of Nashville, proud of the success of their favorite, resolved to celebrate the event by a great banquet on the 23d of December, the anniversary of the day on which the General had first defeated the British below New Orleans, and some of the ladies were secretly preparing a magnificent wardrobe for the future mistress of the White House. Six days before the day appointed for the celebration, Mrs. Jackson, while busied about her household affairs in the kitchen of the Hermitage, suddenly shrieked, placed her hand upon her heart, sank upon a chair, and fell forward into the arms of one of her servants. She was carried to her bed, where, for the space of sixty hours, she suffered extreme agony, during the whole of which her husband never left her side for ten minutes. Then she appeared much better, and recovered the use of her tongue. This was only two days before the festival, and the first use she made of her recovered speech was to implore her husband to go to another room and sleep, so as to recruit his strength for the banquet. He would not leave her, however, but lay down upon a sofa and slept a little. The evening of the 23d she appeared to be so much better that the General consented, after much persuasion, to sleep in the next room, and leave his wife in the care of the doctor and two of his most trusted servants.

At nine o'clock he bade her good night; went into the next room, and took off his coat, preparatory to laying down. When he had gone five minutes from her room, Mrs. Jackson, who was sitting up, suddenly gave a long, loud, inarticulate cry, which was immediately followed by the death-rattle in her throat. By the time her husband had reached her side she had breathed her last.

"Bleed her," cried the General.

But no blood flowed from her arm.

"Try the temple, Doctor."

A drop or two of blood stained her cap, but no more followed. Still, it was long before he would believe her dead, and when there could be no longer any doubt, and they were preparing a table on which to lay her out, he cried with a choking voice:

"Spread four blankets upon it; for if she does come to, she will lie so hard upon the table."

All night long he sat in the room, occasionally looking into her face, and feeling if there was any pulsation in her heart. The next morning, when one of his friends arrived just before daylight, he was nearly speechless and utterly inconsolable, looking twenty years older.

There was no banquet that day in Nashville. On the morning of the funeral, the grounds were crowded with people, who saw, with emotion, the poor old General supported to the grave between two of his old friends, scarcely able to stand. The remains were interred in the garden of the Hermitage, in a tomb which the General had recently completed. The tablet which covers her dust contains the following inscription:

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 23d of December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor, to the rich an example, to the wretched a comforter, to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous, slander might wound but not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

Andrew Jackson was never the same man again. During the Presidency he never used the phrase "By the Eternal," nor any other language which could be considered profane. He mourned his wife until he himself rejoined her in the tomb he had prepared for them both.

* * *

THE MASONIC TIE.—An insane man was arrested in the vestry of the Broadway Baptist Church, Boston, on Tuesday evening last, where he had worked himself into a raving frenzy at not being allowed to take the lead in a prayer-meeting. On being taken to the station-house he became quiet, appeared sane enough, entering into a quiet conversation with Captain Twiss. Noticing that the Captain wore a Masonic badge, he commenced to talk upon Masonic affairs, and showed that he was familiar with the mysteries of the fraternity. Soon after, the other police having retired, he seized a club, remarking to Captain Twiss, "we are alone now, and I believe I'll murder you." The captain saw that violence would be of no use, but quickly remarked, "You wouldn't murder a brother Mason, would you?" The lunatic paused, dropped the club, and changed his manner to that of politeness and affection. He was committed to a cell for safe keeping.

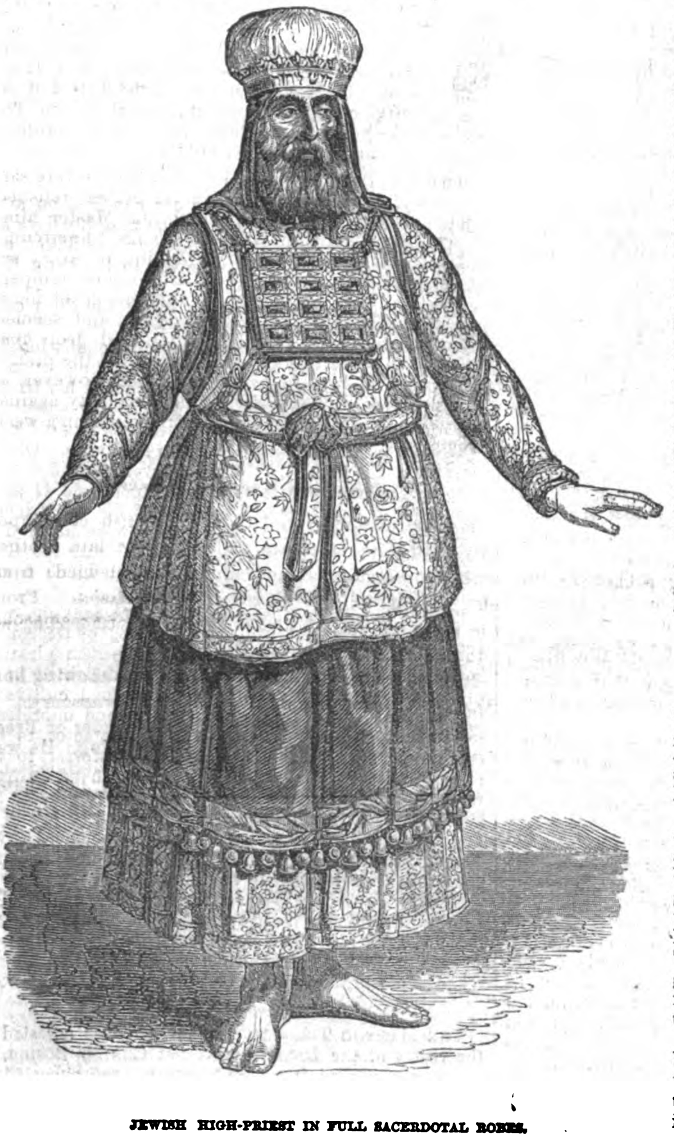
* * *

Bishop Earle says, in "Masonic Persecutions:"

A detractor is one of a more cunning and active envy, wherewith he gnaws not foolishly himself, but throws it abroad, and would have it blister others. He is commonly some weak pated fellow, and worse minded, yet is strangely ambitious to match others, not by mounting their worth, but bringing them down with his tongue to his own poorness. You cannot anger him worse than to do well; and he hates you more bitterly for this than if you had cheated him of his patrimony.

Capitular Freemasonry.

GUIDE TO THE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER. A complete Monitor for Royal Arch Masonry, with full instructions in the Degrees of Mark Master, Past Master, Most Excellent Master, and Royal Arch, according to the text of the Manual of the Chapter. By JOHN SHEVILLE, P.·. G.·. H.·. P.·., of New Jersey, and JAMES L. GOULD, G.·. H.·. P.·., of Connecticut, together with a historical introduction, explanatory notes and critical emendations. To which are added monitorial instructions in the Holy Order of High Priesthood in Royal Arch Masonry, with the ceremonies of the Order, by JAMES L. GOULD, M. A., 33°, G. H. P. of Grand Chapter of Conn., G. G. R. A. Capt. of the Gen. Grand Chapter of the U. S. A. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Co., 432 Broome street. 1867.



JEWISH HIGH-PRIEST IN FULL SACERDOTAL ROBES.

The typography, mechanical execution and the illustrations of this great work of the year, just issued from the press, reflect permanent credit upon the enterprise of its publishers, and its low price ($1.50) places it within the reach of our companions of scanty means. Companion Gould makes his acknowledgments to various co-laborers, justly saying of Comp. Sheville, that his "*knowledge of Masonic ritualism is unsurpassed by any companion whose acquaintance he has ever made.*"

The introduction embraces forty-six pages of historical matter of intense interest, the history of the English Royal Arch, Dermott's Degree, Dunckerly's Degree the Union, present status of the English Royal Arch, the Royal Arch of Ireland and Scotland, introduction of Masonry into the U. S., early history of Royal Arch Masonry in the U. S., and American Ritual and Symbolism of the Chapter Degrees.

We give a few extracts:

THE PRESENT STATUS OF THE ENGLISH ROYAL ARCH.

As before remarked, the Royal Arch system was practiced as an appendage to the third degree for many years after its introduction. At that early period any Lodge convened a Chapter and conferred the Royal Arch Degree under the sanction of its own charter. Gradual steps were taken in process of time, however, which little by little separated Capitular from Lodge Masonry until distinct warrants were declared to be necessary to authorize the holding of Chapters, and the Order of the Royal Arch became after the lapse of many years an independent rite.

The English Royal Arch at present is worked from the tracing boards of Harris, published under the sanction of the Supreme Grand Chapter, and its ritual is different from that in use at the Union in 1817.

According to the Constitutions it appears to be practiced as a *fourth* degree, although the Articles of Union declare that ancient Masonry consists of *three degrees only, including the Royal Arch.* The Supreme Grand Chapter holds theoretically the position that "the Royal Arch is not essentially a degree, but rather the perfection of the third." In practice, however, the degrees differ in design, in clothing, in constitutions and in color, and the proceedings are regulated by different governing bodies. * * * *

By the present English Constitutions, the Supreme Grand Chapter of England does not require the possession of anything more than the Master's degree as a pre-requisite for the Royal Arch. Any Master Mason of twelve months' standing is eligible for the honors of the Royal Arch, although on being proposed and balloted for two negatives will prevent his exaltation. Neither the Mark, Past, or Most Excellent degrees are deemed pre-requisites, though all of them are being conferred to some extent.

The Supreme Grand Chapter allows the Principals of their Chapters to issue a warrant for the holding of Lodges to confer the intermediate degrees.

THE ROYAL ARCH OF IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

The capitular system of Ireland is essentially different from any other. It consists of three degrees, the Excellent, Super-Excellent, and Royal Arch, as a preliminary step to which the Past Master's degree is indispensable.

The first two of these degrees refer exclusively to the legation of Moses, and are conferred in Lodges governed by a Master and Wardens. These degrees, of course, bear no resemblance to the Most Excellent and Super-Excellent degrees known in this country. The Royal Arch is given in a Chapter governed by three Principals without names, differing in this respect from the English Chapters.

The ritual of the Irish Royal Arch is based on the discovery of the book of the law as related in 2 Chronicles, chapter xxxiv., verse 14, and hence its date is about 624 B.C. * * *

The Royal Arch system of Scotland is still different in its degrees and organization. The Mark and Past Master, which are called "Chair degrees," are indispensable qualifications. Next after these the candidate receives two other degrees, entitled Excellent and Super-Excellent, as preparatory to the Royal Arch. In addition to these five degrees, which may be said to compose their Capitular rite, Scottish Chapters also confer on Royal Arch Masons the degrees of Royal Ark Mariner and Babylonish Pass.

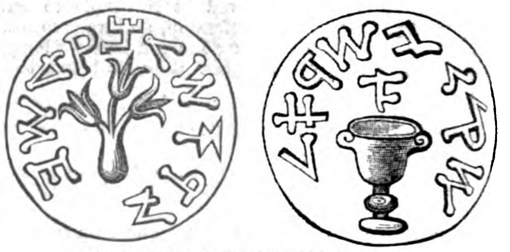
Of the American ritual:

But, as we have seen, the Royal Arch ritual must have been substantially the same as now, at the time Washington Chapter of New York chartered the subordinates in Rhode Island and Connecticut, as evidenced by the titles of the officers and expressions used in the early records of those Chapters. Again, we have other undoubted evidence that the ritual had been revised, and a system of work adopted composed of the two principal ones before in use, and that, too, at some perio between 1790 and 1795. * * * *

The Mason who does not look beyond the me forms and ceremonies of the institution fails, utterl fails to realize the import of its teachings. Its sul lime truths are indeed mysteries to him. But n brother, and especially no companion, can fail to b come wiser and better, if he will pause on his wa through the degrees, and deliberately study the all gories and symbols so profusely set before him i Freemasonry. No matter in what direction he ma turn, the lessons of truth are set before him on ever side, and it only remains for him to study their dee and hidden meaning.

The illustration of the frontispiece is the "Jewis High Priest in full sacerdotal robes."

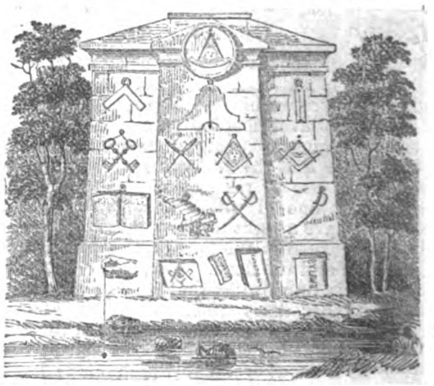
The History of the Mark Master's degree in th country is very curious. The ceremonies are dis cussed philosophically and satisfactorily to the *initiat* Among the illustrations of the fourth degree is (2) th half shekel of silver, the "*Bekah,*" the price of mark, of the value of a quarter dollar. This was th minimum offering to the Lord.



No. 2. "Bekah," or half shekel of silver.

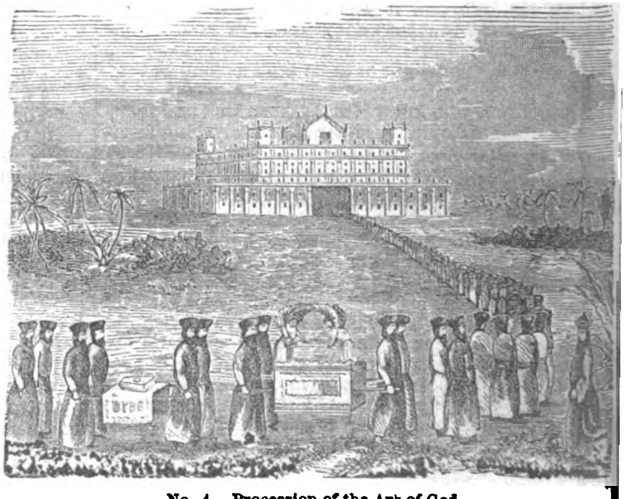
No. 3 is an illustration of the Past Master's degree.

In the Most Excellent Master's degree the reader is cautioned against confounding this American degree with the Excellent of Ireland (having reference to the legation of Moses) and the Excellent of Scotland (a preparatory ceremony among the Hebrew captives previous to departing to rebuild the Temple).



No. 3. Past Master's Degree.

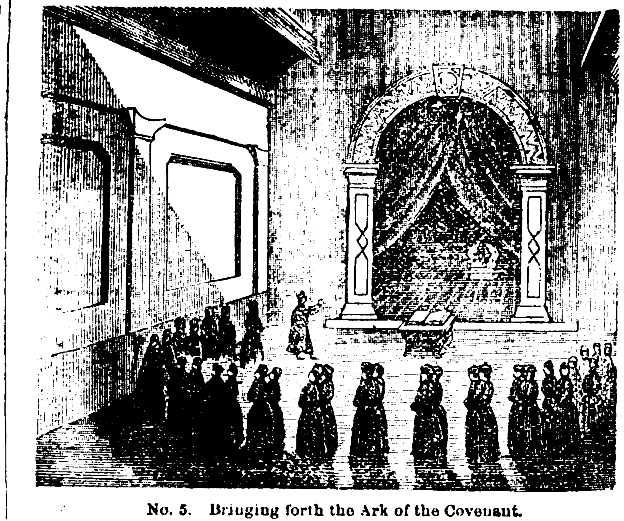
One of the illustrations is (4) the grand and solemn procession of the Ark of God towards the place of its residence, when the psalm, "The Earth is the Lord's,"



No. 4. Procession of the Ark of God.

&c., was chanted in the rich and swelling notes of the Hebrew music.

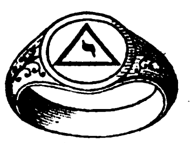
Another illustration (5) is the bringing forth the Ark of the Covenant with shouting and praise.



No. 5. Bringing forth the Ark of the Covenant.

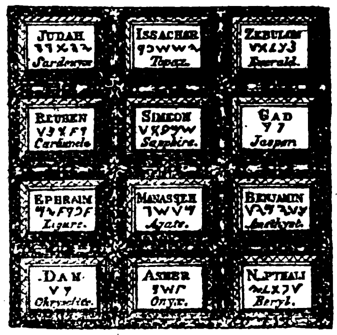
In the notices of the Royal Arch there is a vindication of our system as compared with the English ritual. Among the illustrations is (6) the Signet of Truth.

The ordinary conjecture is that this was a ring, on which was engraved an equilateral triangle, with the Hebrew letter *Yod* in the centre.

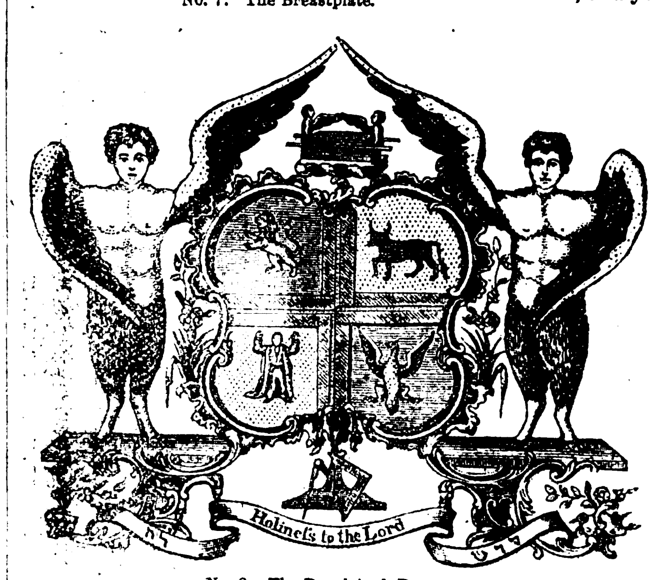


No. 6. The Signet of Truth.

The symbolical use of the Signet of Zerubbabel is to invest the aspirant after truth with a token and a pledge of victory.



No. 7. The Breastplate.



No. 8. The Royal Arch Banner.

The *Breastplate* (7) was called the "Oracle of Urim and Thummim," by which God was consulted by the High Priest.

The Royal Arch Banner (8) is composed of the four standards used to distinguish the four chief tribes of the children of Israel, Judah, Ephraim, Reuben and Dan.

We know of no work in the market of the kind so satisfactory and cheap as this, sent free on receipt of $1.50.

An Old Editor's Prattle.

Editors National Freemason:

We have in our Lodge (Latinity Lodge, No. 805) an old, *super-old* brother, an "ante-Morgan Mason," fifty years a caterer for the public in the way of editing newspapers, and, withal, a bachelor. He lives by himself in a little red house beyond the town spring, just outside the corporation. His domicil contains three rooms, one of which, a marvel of *literary* lumber, he calls his "Holy of holies," which indeed it is, if the word "holy" may be used in the sense of apertures, dilapidations and openings made by the rodent tribe. He is full of all that useless lumber of men and things, particularly political things, which filled the columns of his own and contemporary papers for half a century; knew more about Dewitt Clinton than Dewitt Clinton knew himself; can tell anecdotes by the hour of Aaron Burr, not one of which has the ghost of an interest attached to it; traveled a thousand miles with Gen. Lafayette in 1825, writing a thousand page files of the rapid sayings of that good old worthy; and, in short, old "Deacon Bolcomb," as we love to call him, is three-fourths a bore.

But there is a place in which the Deacon lets out charmingly, that is, *in the Lodge-room.* This Deacon always was a Freemason. I am afraid to say from how far back. He was a Mason through anti-Masonic times, when he bearded Cadwallader C. Colden to his face, and he is a Freemason now that the grandchildren of his cotemporaries handle the working-tools in the Lodges around us. He always comes to Lodge, even when his rheumatism is so bad that he is obliged to climb up one stair at a time, is always ready to "work" in any place the Worshipful Master puts him, can give the lectures in a high old style that makes you think of those high-stepping horses that used to be kept by fashionable undertakers.

Some two or three years since we got in the habit of always calling the Deacon out to "say something" just before closing the Lodge. He is wonderfully ready at a sudden call, as those old editors always are, and we found that the twenty minutes he used in this way was the best part of the evening's instruction. He is as rambling and crotchety in his way as Giles F. Yates was, and nearly as well posted. Being myself an amateur phonographer, and—did I tell you before? —the Secretary of Latinity Lodge, I soon began to "report" the Deacon's prattle, and here, in my desk, is a lot of old blanks, backs of letters and all sorts of scraps, covered with the hieroglyphical scratches which answer the purpose of the phonographer. Would you like for me to decipher some of them? If so, and you publish this article, I will promise you a dozen or twenty like it. We always have a good deal of leisure time in the Southeast while the "work" is going on, and I will spend a part of it in this way for the benefit of the NATIONAL FREEMASON. There will be no attempt at order or method in these papers; indeed, the Deacon is too inconsequential and fragmentary in his style for that, even if I had kept my notes in systematic condition, which I did not.

One night the Worshipful Master had been reading a circular from one of the imitative societies, of which our neighborhood is full, asking us "to co-operate with them" in some of their sounding deeds of charity. When it came time for the Deacon to speak he "went in" upon all these modern counterfeits in this style:

"Said the grandest model of men that ever trod our earth, 'No man seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment; no man putteth new wine into old bottles.' And why? because the rent is made worse, and bottles are marred. Let us avoid wedding January and May together. * * I remember when this society was begotten. Salmon begot Boaz of Rachab, and Boaz begot Obed of Ruth, and Obed begot Jesse. So envy begot this new society of rivalry. And rivalry begot deceit. And deceit begot covetousness, &c., &c. I don't believe in it. I saw its origin about 1822. It made no stir then. Nobody cared for it. Freemasonry filled the bill of all fraternal societies. Only when anti-Masonry drew down upon us the opposition of wicked men, this new affair held up its head, claiming to be Freemasonry divested of its oaths, penalties and other objectionable features. On that basis it spread and flourished. By changing its rituals every ten or fifteen years, blowing abroad its charities, professing to be a mutual benefit association, and borrowing the Masonic emblems, paraphernalia and language, it has kept up so long, and may be able to keep up another generation. But I want nothing to do with it. If Masonry, pure and simple, is not good enough, certainly Masonry mixed and adulterated is not. If the true faith of Judah could not secure the approbation of Jehovah, surely not the corrupt blood and faith of Samaria. If the labors of Nehemiah, aided and assisted by Eliashib and Meshullam, and Jehoiada, and Hanan, and Malchiah, and Shallum, and Nethin, and Shemaiah, and Hananiah, and Malchiah, could not build the wall and reedify the city, certainly those of Samballot and Tobiah, and Geshem the Arabian, could avail nothing. Let us leave the uncircumcised to their own devices."*

I need hardly say, Mr. Editor, that such severe sarcasm and denunciation was not altogether relished by some of our boys. The Worshipful Master himself, who is not only one of the Deacon's "uncircumcised," but is remarkable as belonging to every secret society in the country—social, religious, temperate, political and mechanic—handled his gavel nervously while the old gent was speaking, and seemed once or twice as if he would drop it and drop *him.* But he thought better of it, and permitted the prattle to continue. When the vote was taken, however, at the next meeting, there was a good majority against co-operation. I will give you another batch in a week or two.

The Late Bro. Dr. Oliver.

We feel complimented that our British contemporary closes its elaborate article on our late brother with two columns, taken (and acknowledged) from our sketch in the NATIONAL FREEMASON. From the pages of the *(British) Freemason's Magazine,* we quote all not heretofore published by us.

It gives credit to the *Stamford Mercury,* showing how Bro. Oliver was estimated outside of Freemasonry:

The deceased's connection with the Order of Freemasonry was of long and honorable standing. He was not only a prominent member of the brotherhood; he was in his time its most learned exponent and champion. His Masonic history commenced with the beginning of the present century, he being initiated into the mystical art in the Lodge of St. Peter's, at Peterboro', in 1801 (then residing with his father at Whaplode), when only eighteen years of age—a special dispensation being obtained from the Grand Lodge for the purpose of rendering his admission legal while a minor. He soon mastered the "mechanism of the Order," and became an enthusiastic Mason, and during the whole of his after life he not only held to the Order, but, as he himself said on the occasion of his delivering his last lecture on the ancient rituals of Masonry in the Witham Lodge, in 1863 (then in his eighty-first year), his "enthusiasm remained unabated," notwithstanding he did not altogether escape the "spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes," and though he must have experienced numerous disappointments connected with the institution calculated to estrange him.

A considerable portion of his life was devoted to the history, antiquity, morality, philosophy and religion of the Fraternity, and many able and lucid works resulted from his labors, his writings being marked by a varied diction and richness of illustration which not only render them interesting but conspicuous. His was the pen, not only of a ready writer, but of one who was capable of illustrating abstruse and recondite matters, and presenting them in a perspicuous and pleasing manner. His aim was to elevate the Order, which he took so closely to his heart, by informing its members, by explaining its observances, ceremonials and rituals, and by placing it on a firmer and more philanthropical, rational and religious basis, and he consequently for many years past has been an authority to the Masonic student. He also firmly but kindly inculcated the precepts of temperance, fortitude, justice and brotherly love, which are indissolubly bound up with the tenets of the institution, but which were and still are too frequently overlooked. He sought to explain the moral and practical tendency of Masonic symbols and teaching. It is somewhat remarkable that the Masonic works of the learned doctor are all parts of a system—he having conceived, when a comparatively young man, a plan or scheme "intended to demonstrate the capabilities of Freemasonry as a literary institution."

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* We must not be taken as endorsing these extreme opinions of the old Deacon. We know that they do express the sentiments of some Masons.—ED. NAT. FREEMASON.

In carrying out this comprehensive intention, Dr. Oliver's voluminous works were prepared and published from time to time, embracing "History and Antiquities, Rites and Ceremonies, Science and Morals, Types and Symbols, Degrees and Landmarks," and, above all, "to show what connection the Order bears to our most holy religion, and how far it recommends and enforces the duties which every created being is bound to observe in his progress from this world to another and a better." His first step was to lay a good foundation for the superstructure, by showing the antiquity of the institution, and giving some account of its early history, and this was effected by his "Early History and Antiquities of Masonry," from the creation to the building of Solomon's Temple, including dissertations on those permanent landmarks of the Order: "The Creation, the Fall, the Deluge, the calling of Abraham, the vision of Jacob, the deliverance from Egyptian bondage, the construction of the Tabernacle, the passage of the river Jordan, the contest of Jephtha with the Ephraimites, and the construction of the Temple." This foundation was not, however, all that its reverend author desired, for his next attempt was to show "clearly to what religion, if any, the present system of Masonry was analagous;" and to effect that the "Star in the East" was published, exemplifying its analogy to and connection with Christianity.

Having thus laid the foundation "broad and deep," the doctor's next addition to the edifice was a work on the elementary tenets of the Order, "as a preliminary step towards a general view of its claims to a favorite consideration, which might spread through the length and breadth of the habitable globe," which were displayed in "Signs and Symbols," the first edition of which, consisting of a thousand copies, was bought up in a few months by the Masonic public, and which opened to the writer an extensive correspondence with brethren in every part of the globe, and encouraged him to proceed with his grand design.

His next work was intended to show that Masonry was not indebted to the religious mysteries of the ancient world, and this was done in his "History of Initiation," a very interesting work to the general reader as well as the Mason. It presents a review of the spurious Freemasonry of India, Egypt, Persia, Greece, Britain, Scandinavia, Mexico and Peru, exhibiting all the principal mysteries practiced in every part of the globe, "noting their resemblances and peculiarities, to show that they had a common origin, which was dated at a period anterior to the general dispersion on the plains of Shinar, and entirely unconnected with the traditional origin of Freemasonry."

Dr. Oliver's next effort was to place the Order "on the broad basis of an acknowledged literary institution;" for this purpose he wrote and published "Twelve Lectures on the Theocratic Philosophy of Freemasonry." For the purpose of showing what Masonry was doing at this period, "The History of Freemasonry" from 1829 to 1840 was written in continuation of "Preston's Illustrations," which Dr. Oliver had edited in 1829, and which had all been sold.

In addition to these specific works the learned doctor was also a constant and regular contributor to the "Freemasons' Quarterly Review" of articles intended to disseminate information respecting the "science," and of a more general and miscellaneous character. At this period his fame and reputation as a Masonic author had attained to a high place in the estimation of the fraternity, and he was regarded as the great "sage of Masonry," of which he received numerous gratifying proofs, in various ways, and from all parts of the world.

His next literary undertaking on behalf of his favorite institution was a work on the "Historical Landmarks of the Order," which comprised particular explanations, historical, scientific, moral and ceremonial, of symbolical, Royal Arch, ineffable and sublime Masonry, including the military orders and degrees. This work involved a vast amount of laborious research, and during its compilation it absorbed—as he admits—almost exclusively his entire attention, for he could think of nothing else, day nor night, during the two years it was in hand.

Dr. Oliver, besides bringing out numerous elaborate and original works, likewise collated and edited the works of many Masonic writers who had preceded him: such as Anderson, Desaguiliers, Martin Clare, Calcott, Dunckerley, Smith, Hutchinson, Preston, Inwood and others, who left behind them fragments of Masonic lore of considerable value to the members of the mystical institution, and these were collected by the doctor and reproduced under the general title of "Golden Remains of the Early Masonic Writers," consisting of five volumes, on Masonic institutes, principles and practices, persecutions, &c. New editions, too, of the entire works of Hutchinson, Preston and Ashe, were published under his editorial supervision. The last work—the work which completed his original design—"the copestone" of the edifice—was the "Symbol of Glory," published in 1850, whilst he was residing at Scopwick Vicarage, an interval of thirty years having elapsed between the laying of the foundation of his comprehensive scheme in his "Antiquities of Masonry," and the last finish to the superstructure. It comprises twelve lectures on various topics. "Revelations of a Square" and "Institutes of Masonic Jurisprudence of the Craft," were other works by this industrious and distinguished ornament of this curious fraternity, and even so late as 1863, when the author was an octogenarian. "The Freemasons' Treasury" was issued by him, a work in fifty-two short lectures, "adapted for delivery in open Lodge, and in which many passages in the ritual are explained; errors corrected, landmarks classed, old traditions ventilated, and the whole system simplified and made easy of attainment to any industrious brother." The Master of a Lodge, who is desirous of instructing his Lodge, will find this a useful book.

We have already stated that the reverend divine was initiated into this peculiar fraternity a Freemason, of which he was so distinguished an ornament, at Peterborough, in 1801, and that he immediately began to study the science in an earnest and industrious spirit, and it is not, therefore, surprising that on his appointment to the head mastership of the Grammar-school at Grimsby, in 1809, that he should seek to disseminate a knowledge of its principles and its benefits. He consequently set himself to introduce genuine Freemasonry into the town, and succeeded in establishing a Lodge—the Apollo—in the borough, and was its W.M. for the long period of fourteen years—it being at that time no uncommon thing for the same brother to be reappointed to the office of Master for a series of consecutive years, though at the present and for some years past a Master cannot serve more than two consecutive years without a special dispensation. This Lodge under Dr. Oliver's excellent management flourished so satisfactorily that on the 25th of August, 1812, he had the pleasure of laying the first stone of a Masonic hall in a town in which Masonry scarcely had a single representative prior to his advent within the borough. "About this time he was exalted to the degree of R. A. M. in the Chapter attached to the Rodney Lodge, Kingston-on-Hull. He also obtained the several superior degrees in Masonic knighthood, &c., in chapters and consistories attached to the same Lodge, which at that time was superior in number, opulence and respectability to most provincial Lodges." To his exertions are almost exclusively due the revival and present satisfactory prospects of the Craft in the province of Lincolnshire. In 1813 he was, while a member of the Apollo Lodge, appointed P. G. S., and in 1816 P. G. Chaplain, in 1833 D. G. Master, and it was during his tenure of the last office that he effected so much.

In 1838 Dr. Oliver became a joining member of the Witham Lodge, Lincoln, from the Apollo Lodge, Grimsby, and he always appeared, and indeed professed a peculiar regard for this Lodge, and he wrote and published a short history of its career. In the month of April, 1841, he assisted in laying the foundation stone of the new Masonic hall, Saltergate, in the city of Lincoln, on which occasion he preached a sermon in St. Peter's church, from the 1st verse of the 5th chapter of the 2d Book of the Epistles to the Corinthians, "A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He also assisted at the dedication of the new hall in June, 1842, and delivered an oration thereon. [On this occasion the deceased's father was present, also his son, and his son's sons—four generations of Masons in one family.] About this time it was that the learned and universally respected doctor was removed from the office of D. P. G. M. of Lincolnshire by Bro. D'Eyncourt, who was then the P. G. M., but who it was believed acted upon orders from the G. M. of England, the Duke of Sussex, who had taken offense where none was intended or committed. Two years later he was elected an honorary member of the William Lodge, and so continued till his decease. In that year a splendid testimonial or Masonic offering, contributed by Masons in all parts of the world, and consisting of a splendid silver cup and service of plate, was presented to him. The Witham Lodge also presented him with a handsome silver salver in 1839, and the Apollo Lodge with a handsome gold jewel. His name and reputation having extended to all parts of the world, he received numerous testimonies of regard and esteem, besides those already mentioned.

The Daughters of Rebekah.

The frequent allusions in the Masonic periodical literature of the present day to "Masonry of Adoption," justifies us in some remarks concerning a system quite similar to ours, practiced in Odd-Fellowship under the name of "The Daughters of Rebekah." This department was invented by the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, present Speaker of House of Representatives, in the American Congress, a gentleman of fine abilities and a Freemason. We are not so familiar with the dates of the origin of this system as we should be, but find that it has been in use at least fifteen years. Brother Colfax met with considerable opposition in its first promulgation, and there are perhaps but few persons in that society that could have introduced it into such general use through the influence of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of the United States.

A copy of the "Constitution and By-Laws of the Benevolent Society of Daughters of Rebekah" is before us, which is stated to have been "Organized December 28, 1854." The emblem upon this copy is Hope reclining upon the Anchor. This society is composed of "Daughters of Rebekah, whose husbands are in good standing in the Order of Odd Fellows, and widows of members who have died as such." The initiation fee is but one dollar. The officers are President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, all ladies. "The sister having charge of the door shall admit none but Daughters of Rebekah, except an Odd Fellow having the degree of Rebekah, and then only upon an order of the Society." Odd Fellows may become contributing members by paying one dollar, but cannot attend the meetings except as above. All money "shall be kept and devoted to no other purpose but the relief of sick and distressed Odd Fellows and their families." This brings its charities within small compass.

It is the duty of all members to give immediate information of any sickness or distress which may come to their knowledge. The introduction to this pamphlet is quite interesting:

"Daughters of Rebekah, the degree which you have taken entitles you to the rights of membership in this the Benevolent Society. Then come with us, not only in principle and good will, but in the exercise of the practical duties of the Order. A wide field is open for the exercise of those generous impulses and charitable feelings which should ever distinguish a Daughter of Rebekah. The willing engagement you have entered into, which as members of the Order you are called upon to discharge, are sufficient to arouse any latent sympathy of your souls, and bring into active play all the quick energies of your appreciative powers.

"Come, then, and assist us in this our undertaking—in scattering deeds of charity to our distressed brothers and sisters, and whisper the words of comfort and consolation in the ear of the sick and afflicted. Be not discouraged that its duties may often call you to make sacrifices of personal comfort and ease; remember the cause in which we have engaged is the cause of humanity, and in raising a fund for the benefit of helpless widows and dependent orphans, you will not only be blessed with their gratitude, and a consciousness of doing good, but in that day beyond the reckoning of time, when God, the great Father of us all, comes to make up his jewels, you will find these charitable dispensations in which you have engaged amongst the brightest and best offerings of your earthly pilgrimage.

"Go, visit the sick bed—turn not away,
Haste, haste, to relieve them, nor longer delay;
List to those low moanings, they call for relief,
See how the frame trembles with sickness and grief.

"Go, soothe their repinings—their murmurings still,
Teach them resignation to God's holy will.
Go, cheer the dejected, bring smiles to the face
That, bathed now in tear-drops, of joy bears no trace.
Go, God will reward you each kindness here given,
He will richly repay you in yon glorious heaven!"

Come and See.

BY BRO. DR. HAYNES.

The question was once asked. "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" The answer was, "Come and see." What say the orphan children who are cared for by the beneficence of our brethren? Who cared for the tender plants by the wayside of life, who are exposed to the crush of every careless foot, to the pluck of every cruel hand, and to the withering blast of every immoral gale? Who smooths the path of life for their youthful feet to tread on; who succors with the hand of charity the tottering steps of want and inexperience; and brings to the pinnacle of self-reliance the trembling hands of meek dependence? Ah, brethren, this society requires no monuments of pride, no temples of fame to perpetuate its honor and worth. Yet have you erected, in the hearts of thousands, monuments of praise and temples of thanksgiving, monuments and temples whose altitude is inaccessible, and whose endurance is eternal.

The children of our brethren are near and dear to us, and as such they should be:

Ah! they are spring flowers with wreathèd smiles,
Flinging the morning glories of their youth
Heavenward; unconscious of weeds and wiles,
That strangle beauty in her budding truth.
Their mellow hearts with angel kisses warm,
Make joy more joyful; and the rosy rays
Of their young souls vie with the purple morn,
Nor dream they once of sorrow's weeping days.
Life's summer drought and autumn's withering blight
Have not yet struck the hope-buds of their years,
And heart-flowers, blooming in perennial light,
Are not yet moistened with their dewy tears.
Mirth laughs with merry accents, blithe and gay,
And starry love, bedewed with heart-throbs stray,
With wild enchantment charms their fear away.—
Oh! that their hearts were but for ever young!

No less attention has been bestowed on the heart-stricken and sorrowing widows of your departed brethren. Like good Samaritans, you have poured the oil of consolation on the terrible wounds of disappointed expectations. You have wiped the tears from the weeping eyes of disconsolate sorrow; and from the heart bowed down by weight of woe have you removed the heavy burdens of grief and despair. You have washed and sanded the bleeding feet of family affliction, and succored the weak and tottering limbs of broken-down bereavement. You have caused the forlorn wilderness of deep dejection and the barren desert of poverty and humiliation to bud and blossom like a rose.

And to-day there are thousands of hands and eyes that were once dejected, that are now uplifted to the great Architect of Heaven, who is the ever living fire on the altar of our great Masonic Temple.

Family Circle.

LITTLE ROSIE.

Rosie, my posy,
You're weary, you're dosy;
Sit upon Grandmamma's knee.
Songs will I sing you,
Sweet sleep to bring you;
Cuddle up cozy with me.

I will sing ditties
Of birds and of kitties—
The "Song of the Well" to begin;
How young Johnnie Stout
Pulled pussy-cat out
When Johnnie Green let her fall in;

Of timid Miss Muffit,
Who fled from the tuffit,
Of Bobby, who sailed on the sea;
Of Jack and his Gill,
Of the mouse at the mill,
And baby that rocked on the tree.

Rosie, my Rosie,
As sweet as a posy—
Ah! now she is coming, I see,
Sleepy and dozy,
To cuddle up cozy,
And hush-a-by baby with me.

A Serious Joke.—Boys often think it a very smart thing to get one of their number into temporary difficulty, thereby causing an embarrassment of behavior which greatly excites their mirth and ridicule, though often the poor boy who is the victim finds, like the frogs in the fable, that although it is sport to them, it is death to him. In other words, being the butt of his fellows wounds his feelings and makes him truly wretched, while the enjoyment that arises from the sufferings of another is indeed fleeting pleasure.

Two years ago the writer of this article attended a picnic where the children were ranged around tables and waited upon by kind ladies, who furnished them with an abundance of good things. All seemed happy and contented except one little boy, who, sad and silent, stood apart from the rest. "He has been forgotten," I thought, and drew the attention of a lady near me to the child.

"There is a little boy who looks wistfully at the pies and cakes," I said, "but he seems to be eating nothing."

"Why, do you not know that he cannot eat?" the lady asked in evident surprise, and then she told me his sad story. Here it is:

Two boys were playing together in a backyard of a dwelling where one of them lived. They had every thing to make their lives pleasant, friends, fortune, health, and no future was brighter than theirs. As they ran through the yard, one of them stopped a moment before a vat of dark, clear liquid, and asked his playmate what it was.

"I know," was the reply, "taste it."

"Is it good?"

"Yes, real good; taste it!"

The little fellow put his mouth down and took one swallow of the liquid. It was strong lye, and it shrunk the membranes of his throat and destroyed his palate, and from that day to this he has never partaken of solid food. Bread, broth, or sugar and water is all the nourishment his feeble life receives. The story is true. It was a cruel joke, and the boy who perpetrated it will bitterly repent it, for it will yet probably cost a human life.

Some boys were playing on a frozen pond that had several spots of weak ice. One of the boys tied his skates together and whirled them to the centré of one of them, where he left them lying. "Just wait," said he to the boy near, "till Joe Burke comes down and we'll have some fun."

Joe was a small, poorly dressed boy, who suffered much at the hands of his elder and more knowing companions. When he came to the pond, the boy to whom the skates belonged was sitting on the ice, looking quite forlorn. "If I only had my skates, I'd go home," he was saying. "Maybe you will just run over and get them, like a good fellow; there they are," pointing to the spot. Joe, who was possessed of an accommodating spirit, ran briskly to get them, and, as the other boy had planned and foreseen, broke through the ice, that was only strong enough to bear the skates, and got a thorough wetting. There was great laughter at his rueful face as he scrambled out, but he was poor and had no clothes to exchange for his wet ones. The cold and dampness struck into his feeble frame, and he died in less than a month—of typhus fever, the physicians said, but the drenching "for fun" sowed the seeds.

I have related two practical jokes with the results. They were not so very funny, after all. Even if they had not ended so fatally, you have only to imagine what your feelings would be in such positions, and avoid an amusement that has for its foundation even the temporary unhappiness of a fellow-being. There are a thousand sports that involve no peril or suffering. Embrace them all, to the entire exclusion of such questionable pleasures as practical jokes.

Reverence for Religion.—Impress your mind with a reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others ever betray you into profane sallies. Besides the guilt thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance to youth, then the reflection of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind, which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere. At the same time, you are not to imagine that when exhorted to be religious you are called upon to be more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years, or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and kindness. It is social, kind, cheerful—far removed from the gloom and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world by neglecting the concerns of this.

Too Much Reading.—I never knew but one or two fast readers, and readers of many books, whose knowledge was worth anything. Miss Martineau says of herself, that she is the slowest of readers, sometimes a page in an hour; but then what she reads she makes her own. Do impress this on E——. Girls read too much, and think too little. I will answer for it that there are few girls of eighteen who have not read more books than I have; and as to religious books, I can count upon my fingers in two minutes all I ever read, but then they are mine. Sir Erskine Perry said the other day that, a fortnight ago, in a conversation with Comte, one of the most profound thinkers in Europe, Comte told him that he had read an incredibly small number of books these last twenty years—I forgot how many—and scarcely ever a review; but, then, what Comte reads lies there fructifying, and comes out a living tree with leaves and fruit.

Multifarious reading weakens the mind more than doing nothing, for it becomes a necessity at last, like smoking, and is an excuse for the mind to lie dormant, whilst thought is poured in, and runs through a clear stream, over unproductive gravel, on which not even messes grow. It is the idlest of all idleness, and leaves more of impotency than any other. I do not give myself as a specimen, for my nervous energies are shattered by stump oratory, its excitements and reactions, but I know what reading is, for I could read once, and did. I read hard or not at all, never skimming, never turning aside to merely inviting books; and Plato, Aristotle, Butler, Thucydides, Sterne, Jonathan Edwards, have passed like the iron atoms of the blood into my mental constitution.

Too Late Regrets!—The moment a friend, or even a mere acquaintance, is dead, how surely there starts up before us each instance of unkindness of which we have been guilty towards him. In fact, many and many an act, or word which, while he was in life, did not seem to us to be unkind at all, now "bites back" as if it were a serpent, and shows us what it really was. Alas! 'twas thus we caused to suffer him who now is dust; and yet then we did not pity or reproach ourselves. There is always a bitterness beyond that of death, in the dying of a fellow-creature to whom we have been unjust or unkind.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

A Magnanimous Freemason.—During the wars that raged from 1652 to 1660, between Frederick III. of Denmark, and Charles Gustavus of Sweden, after a battle, in which the victory had remained with the Danes, a stout burger of Flensborg was about to refresh himself, ere returning to have his wound dressed, with a draught of beer from a wooden bottle, when an imploring cry from a wounded Swede, lying on the field, made him turn, and with the very words of Sidney, "thy need is greater than mine," he knelt down by the fallen enemy to pour the liquor in his mouth. His requital was a pistol shot in the shoulder from the treacherous Swede.

"Rascal!" he cried, "I would have befriended you, and you would murder me in return! Now will I punish you. I would have given you the whole bottle; but now you shall have only half." And drinking off half, he gave the rest to the Swede.

The King, hearing the story, sent for the burger, and asked him how he came to spare the life of such a rascal.

"Sire," said the honest burger, "I could never kill a wounded enemy."

"Thou meritest to be made a noble," the king said, and created him one immediately, giving him as armorial bearings a wooden bottle pierced with an arrow!

The family only lately become extinct in the person of an old maiden lady.

Sir Walter Scott was not taught to read until his seventh year, and he distinguished himself at school more as a good fighter than a good scholar. At the Edinburgh University he went by the name of "The Great Blockhead," and Professor Dalpell pronounced upon him the severe sentence that dunce he was, and dunce he was to remain. But "The Great Blockhead" published the Waverly novels anonymously, and became "The Great Unknown," and died, full of honors and glory, "The Great Walter Scott," "The Wizard of the North."

Rufus Choate.—Occasionally Mr. Choate would catch a Tartar in his cross-examinations. In a district court case he was examining a government witness, a seaman who had turned State's evidence against his comrades, who had stolen moneys from the ship on a distant shore. The witness stated that the other defendant, Mr. Choate's client, instigated the deed. "Well," asked Choate, "what did he say? Tell us how and what he spoke to you?" "Why," said the witness, "he told us there was a man in Boston named Choate, and he'd get us off if they caught us with the money in our boots." Of course a prodigious roar of mirth followed this truthful satire; but Choate sat still, bolt upright, and perfectly imperturbable.

Douglas Jerrold.—One day some one in his hearing exclaimed angrily:

"How is this? I can see a duke or a prime minister any time in the morning, but I never can see Mr. Elliston."

"There's one comfort," Jerrold replied; "if Elliston is invisible in the morning, he'll do the handsome thing any afternoon by seeing you twice, for at that time of day he invariably sees double."

Or, "There's one comfort; if Elliston won't see you in the morning, he'll do the handsome thing in the afternoon by seeing you double?"

Which Stitch is the Best?

The two leading sewing machine stitches are the "twisted-loop" or "Wilcox & Gibbs" stitch, made with *one* thread, and the "lock-stitch," made with *two* threads. At the "Great Island Park Trial," where the contest was between machines representing these two stitches—each of them claiming superior merit on account of its peculiar stitch—their respective claims were submitted to the ordeal of thorough practical tests; each machine being "required to use the thread from the same spool, make the stitch of the same length, and perform the test work on the same piece of goods, with the lines of sewing side by side. The results were all decisive, and in every test in favor of the Wilcox & Gibbs Machine." And the judges decided that "The twisted-loop stitch, made by the Wilcox & Gibbs, is, for general purposes, superior to the lock-stitch."—*Report of Grand Trial.*

The National Freemason,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1867.

R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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CLUB RATES—5 copies, $18; 10 copies, $35; 15 copies, $47 50, with extra copy to getter up of Club; 20 copies, $60; clergymen, $3.

One paper free to a brother sending a Club of 8 at full price.

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On Editorial Business, address Dr. McMurdy, box 5903; for Subscriptions and Advertisements, Ezra L. Stevens, box 5903, N. Y. City.

Dr. McMurdy is always ready to welcome his friends at his office, during business hours. It is second floor. 432 Broome Street, corner Crosby and Broome, one block from Broadway.

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☛ Our Washington Office is No. 217 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, opposite Willard's.

This is appropriate, as the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, by a unanimous resolution, approved of the National Freemason, and recommended it as a weekly to the whole fraternity.

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If any brother has paid an agent, and has not received the paper, let him send the receipt to this office, or a copy of it, or reasonable evidence that he has paid for the paper, and to whom he has paid, and he will be certain to have the National Freemason, although we may lose the money.

Brethren should promptly advise us of their changes of residence.

Among our visitors during the week have been our friend of many years, Hon. and Bro. Garret Davis, U. S. Senator, Kentucky; Comp. Lockwood, Past Grand High Priest, of Connecticut; Comp. Hatch, Grand Lecturer, of Connecticut; Sir Knight Ben. Perley Poore, P. E. C., of Mass., and Bro. Smith, Grand Chaplain, of New Jersey.

The next number of the National Freemason will be delayed a day or two to give the latest proceedings of the Grand Lodge of New York.

Stories.—We have engaged the popular and useful writer of Masonic stories, known over the American continent, to write exclusively for the National Freemason. Our brethren thus see, while promising nothing, we are doing much. The first story will appear in a few weeks.

Can any brother furnish us with the sketch of the Masonic career of George IV., of England, by Bro. Ellis, a Prov. Grand Secretary, England? It is said to be full and very interesting.

Bro. Faulkner is agent for the National Freemason in Washington City, and can be found at 439 Massachusetts Avenue.

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Bro. Pendleton, 1368½ Third Avenue, between 85th and 86th Streets, is headquarters for the National Freemason at Yorkville.

∴

We will give fifty cents for a perfect copy of No. 8, Vol. II., January, 1865, of the National Freemason.

The Age of Freemasonry—Bigotry.

When a point is to be gained, when a victory is to be won and an antagonist humbled, the Masonic schismatic does not scruple means. He avails himself of whatever will serve his purpose for the moment, no matter what bearing his argument may have on other subjects of our art and other interests connected with the cause of fraternity and truth. At one time he is the champion of uniformity of work, exaggerating the discrepancies between what he terms the old and the modern, and under this banner really organizing faction, demanding whether the craft will be so base as to depart from the ancient landmarks—whether they will presume to alter the Masonic ritual created by the wisdom of early craftsmen and sealed by the blood of persecution.

At another time he attempts to manufacture degrees and ceremonies *ad libitum*, and sneers at tender consciences and doubting, hesitating brethren.

Again, under the plea of antiquity, he attempts to palm off on the unsuspecting the most modern shams, the invention of his own unchastened imagination. There is no subject on which he agitates more successfully than the claims of antiquity; and under the cry of innovation and revolution he too often serves to rouse a factious opposition against the best considered and most necessary measures.

Distance lends a charm to the most rugged landscape; frowning rocks, yawning chasms, and dreary mountain barrenness melt on the vision into one uniform, undulating plain of liquid azure. Something similar is the illusion of antiquity. There is a mysterious charm in the past, to which few minds are insensible. It ennobles the mean, magnifies the little, beautifies the deformed, and sanctifies all things. The interest with which we explore the past, and labor to fathom its depths, and pierce onward still the gloom of eternity, furnishes a pleasing proof that man possesses faculties which have not room to expatiate in the spot to which his body is confined, and in the brief space of his earthly existence. The pleasures of *memory* are among the sweetest we are permitted to enjoy. With what kind partiality does it pass over all that was once painful and robbed the heart of rest! The friendly shade of oblivion falls on every scene of sorrow, while on the sunny spots of life (few, alas, and evanescent!) memory loves to linger, lightening the landscape with colors not its own, and diffusing a fresher fragrance around the bowers where friendship or affection were wont to repose. Those times, alas! can never return; and, if they did return, they could not bring with them the happiness with which their fleeting hours were fraught. Yes, even in the gloom of life, the darkest shades are gilded with this precious light. The pains of the past are forgotten, or lose their sting, in the retrospect. "The very hedges are in blossom;" and memory culls flowers from the thorns that once caused the heart to bleed. How merciful to man are the arrangements of Divine Providence! Goodness lies at the bottom of every mystery.

As we travel beyond the confines of our own experience, and, guided by history, ascend towards the fountain of civilization, literature, religion and Divine Masonic universal fraternity, we feel like an ancient worshiper looking along an almost interminable row of pillars to the inmost sanctuary of the temple, where all was darkness and mystery.

I am not one who would willingly depreciate the claims of antiquity, nor would I pluck a single laurel from the wreaths that adorn the founders of our institution.

Nay: the claims of Freemasonry to remote antiquity have never been fully and sufficiently regarded by the craft. Its past is a precious inheritance, and its great principles and landmarks must never be altered, for they are Divine, existing in the very organization of man, everywhere, both as an individual and as society, and there will ever remain the same necessity for them in the future as in the past. Yet no society can be as wise at its infancy as in its maturity. What we are accustomed to call the antiquity of Masonry is apart from the material of it as an art, and its physical exhibitions but its childhood. The present time, and not that which has long since past, Lord Bacon wisely remarks, is the old age of the fraternity. * *

The workmen engaged in constructing a building cannot see its proportions so well as those who stand at some distance; neither can men who take a part in passing affairs judge so impartially of their character as others who have an opportunity of surveying them deliberately in all their bearings and consequences. The knowledge of the present is enriched by the hoarded treasures of past ages; and the wisdom of former times, which was then fresh from the mine, and mingled with much alloy, has been often submitted to the fire, and is now gold purified seven times. * * * * *

These things should be taken into account, when antiquity is appealed to, to silence discussion and perpetuate intolerance. Our consciences may be sarcastically denounced as "erring," because they are not sufficiently pliant; and as weak, because they are not seared. Intolerance is too hateful to stand before the Masonic public naked; it seeks shelter under some plausible pretense, and what more plausible to a Masonic people than that of antiquity?

We shall not again, perhaps, build such magnificent temples as did our craftsmen in former days, but they understood less the spiritual laws of fraternity and charity. And while revering the material of the past and maintaining the great principles which our remote Masonic forefathers suggested, let us continually develop the *spirituelle* of Freemasonry, fraternity and charity, individually and in the whole body of Freemasonry, until the whole earth shall be one vast temple of praise to God and love to man.

Relief for the South.

It seems impossible to break through the shield of apathy which has apparently incrusted the Masonic heart in relation to the pitiful condition of our friends in the Southern States dying of hunger. We hear of all the sad details of the famine plague, we know that men, women and children beg for the most simple element of human sustenance, that in many cases they have actually died because there was not at their command food of any kind, however coarse; we know that vast tracts of country have been overflowed by the Mississippi, and that miles upon miles where a short while since there were habitations and men with means for tilling the earth, there is now but a wide waste of water, destroying all hope of crops for the present year—and yet we do not open our hearts or our granaries, and in most instances appear to treat the appeal of human beings for succor as we might the cry of the beasts that perish.

The reason for this we cannot undertake to furnish; each one must seek for it in his own conscience, and we hope that when that day arrives in which each will be compelled to render an account of his sins of commission and omission, every one who has neglected this duty will be able to justify the fact that to the appeal of his countrymen he has turned a deaf ear, to the cry of the hungry he has not given heed.

If the amount required were a severe tax upon our resources, likely to cripple our energies and prevent us from executing the designs upon our trestle-board, we could understand that there might be some hesitation; but when we count our numbers and reflect how large a sum would result from a small individual contribution, we are at a loss to comprehend how it is that men can satisfy their consciences, how fathers of families can look upon their children, and, knowing that thousands like them are dying for food, neglect for a moment the imperative duty of contributing their mite to the relief of the destitute and dying. We know very well that Masons are not devoid of the common failings of humanity; that there is weakness and selfishness among them as among others; but we have a right to expect that they should be willing to give some evidence, at least, that the tenets they profess are not utterly hollow. We have heard of a brother whose sympathies were so actively enlisted that he proposed that the Grand Lodge should cease its efforts to build an asylum and cast every dollar of the accumulated fund raised for that purpose into the Southern relief fund—forgetting, in his generous enthusiasm, that the Grand Lodge has no control over the money alluded to, and forgetting also how vastly more practical and benevolent it would have been to have given the smallest modicum of his own rather than suggesting the employment of means not attainable.

Will not the brethren consider this appeal of our countrymen as one made to them as individuals, their response as an act of conscience which cannot be thrown upon others, and thus, each for himself casting his bread upon the waters, seek reward, if reward he desire, in the Divine promise that after many days it shall be restored them?

The amount received by us thus far is two hundred and eighteen dollars. Of this amount we have sent one hundred and eighteen dollars to R. W. George Frank Gouley, Grand Secretary of Missouri, who informs us that it has been applied in the northern part of Alabama. We have authorized R. W. Edward M. Hastings, Grand Treasurer of Alabama, to draw on us for the balance, and thus the contributors may know that their generous intentions have been carried out. Any sums entrusted to us will be sent where we learn the need is greatest, and we shall be equally gratified if the contributions be sent to any other almoner, the object being to relieve the distressed as amply and as speedily as possible.

We subjoin the following letter, written to Bro. C. Moore, of Cincinnati, and published by him in his *Review*. Read it, brethren, and you will see that it appeals to you. Let not that appeal be in vain.

"BRO. MOORE — Yesterday Dr. Henry L. Battle, W. M. of Lawrence Lodge, No. 246, Bethany, Georgia, told me he had written to you some six or eight weeks ago in regard to the terrible destitution existing in this State, and especially in this part of the State. He says he told you the destitution was not immediately among the Masonic brotherhood of this section, but mainly among others. Since he wrote, however, want has developed among Masons to an alarming extent, and there are numbers of brethren and their families, as well as the widows and orphans of Masons, good and true, *that will die of starvation in less than two weeks from this time*, unless help is sent from abroad. They have no money, nor any means to get any; they are as honest and industrious a people as the sun shines on; but the unprecedented drought of last summer, following the sirroco-like march of Wheeler and Sherman, has brought thousands of people in Georgia to the borders of famine. In fact, *many have already died and others are dying of starvation*, and we, poor miserable wretches, are powerless to save them. I know plenty of Masons in this and adjoining counties whom the kind-hearted, amiable and accomplished Bro. Battle can reach, if you, Masons of Ohio, can send him the means.

"I give you the following references, &c., &c. * *

"Fraternally, yet very sadly, yours,

"WM. HAUSER, M. D."

Grand Lodge of Connecticut.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY,
HARTFORD, CONN., *May* 24, A. L. 5867.

At the Annual Communication of the M. W. Grand Lodge, F. and A. M., of Connecticut, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge would most cheerfully recommend to the brethren the NATIONAL FREEMASON, as supplying a great need of the craft, as worthy of the patronage of every Mason, and as well conducted for the diffusion of correct Masonic knowledge, for the incitement of brotherly love, for the cultivation of peace and harmony, and for the general good of the craft.

Attest, JOSEPH R. WHEELER, *Grand Secretary*.

Grand Lodge of New York.

Next week the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge will be held, commencing on Tuesday at 2 P. M., at Irving Hall. As the Craft is constantly increasing in numbers, there is every reason to suppose that the representation will be the largest ever gathered under the banner of a single Grand Lodge, and vastly more imposing in numbers than the general assemblies of the Craft in the days when even the youngest Entered Apprentice had voice and vote. The actual representatives present and entitled to vote will number not far from one thousand, and there will be as many more visiting brethren—a much larger body, we take it, than entered into the calculations of those who revived the craft in 1717.

Various matters of interest will come before the assembly which it would not be proper for us to discuss at this time. There is one subject, however, not likely to receive attention at present, and to which we may refer without incurring the suspicion of wishing to exercise undue influence on Grand Lodge legislation—we refer to the growing and already unwieldly proportions of the body itself. Out of this greatness grows an ever increasing amount of business to be disposed of in the same limited time as when the body comprised but one-half its present numbers, and consequently a greater amount of haste in the closing hours of the session when all are anxious to get home. To this haste must inevitably be committed a greater or less number of questions requiring calm and deliberate attention, and sometimes involving principles of surpassing interest to the fraterternity. It is next to impossible, in the present nature of Grand Lodge economy, that the committees on appeals and grievances should be prepared to report until Friday afternoon or evening, when the pressure to leave having already begun, the general mind is not in a state for careful consideration of abstract questions, many of which are connected with cases of appeal and grievance. It is evident that sooner or later there will have to be divised a plan by which judicial matters will be kept out of the Grand Lodge, and it would seem to be wise to forestall that necessity by the inauguration of a Masonic judicial system separate and apart from Grand Lodge legislation, while it may be done with some degree of care and calmness, rather than wait till the spur of necessity drives us to the adoption of a hastily prepared and ill considered plan, which will but add to the difficulties it is intended to cure. The tendency of Grand Lodges to over-much legislation has made our general system of jurisprudence decidedly intricate, and surrounded Masonic trials with a network of difficulty, which it takes a well read lawyer to understand, and in the unraveling of which ordinary people are much more apt to be wrong than right. Questions like these ought not to be submitted to the sudden inspiration of men unprepared by previous study to comprehend and intelligently decide them.

If, on the other hand, the Grand Lodge were to divest itself of its judicial functions, and create in each Masonic District a Board of Appeals, to whom all matters arising out of charges and trials in the district should go, there would be secured the certainty of speedier and generally more satisfactory results, and the Grand Lodge would save the time now given to such questions, or, what amounts to the same thing, apply it to the transaction of business more within the scope of a legislative body. That the difficulties in the way of effecting this reform are great, there can be no doubt, and that the plan which is to accomplish it must emanate from clear heads and careful deliberations is unquestionable; still we think it can be done. We therefore trust that the committee appointed last year to consider the subject will at least give us at the coming session the corner-stone on which the edifice is to be erected.

We regret a previous engagement prevented our attendance upon Dr. Osgood's lecture, under the auspices of New York Lodges.

Our Mistakes about each Other.

Not one brother in ten thousand sees those with whom he associates as they really are. If the prayer of Burns were granted, and we could all see ourselves as others see us, our self-estimates would, in all probability, be much more erroneous than they are now. The truth is, that we regard each other through a variety of lenses, none of which are correct. Passion and prejudice, love and hate, benevolence and envy spectacle our eyes, and utterly prevent us from seeing accurately. Many whom we deem the porcelain of human clay are mere dirt, and a still greater number of those we put down in our "black books" are no further off from Heaven, and perhaps a little nearer, than the censors who condemn them. We habitually undervalue or overvalue each other, and in estimating character the shrewdest of us only now and then make true appraisal of the virtues and defects of even our closest intimates.

It is not just or fair to look at character from a standpoint of one's own selection. A brother's profile may be unprepossessing, and yet his full face agreeable. We once saw a young man, whose timidity was a standing joke with his companions, leap into a river and save a boy from drowning, while his tormentors stood panic-stricken upon the bank. The merchant who gives curt answers in his counting-house, may be a tender husband and father and a kind helper of the desolate and oppressed. On the other hand, your good humored person, who is all smiles and sunshine in public, may carry something as hard as the nether mill-stone in the place where his heart ought to be.

Such anomalies are common. There is this comfort, however, for those whose misjudgments of their fellow-mortals lean to the kindly side—such wrongs go to their credit in the great account. He who thinks better of his neighbors than they deserve cannot be a bad man, for the standard by which his judgment is guided is the goodness of his own heart. It is only the base who believe all men base—or, in other words, like themselves. Few, however, are all evil. Even Nero did a benevolent turn to somebody, for when Rome was rejoicing over his death some loving hand covered his grave with flowers.

Public men are seldom or never fairly judged—at least while living. However pure, they cannot escape calumny. However corrupt, they are sure to find eulogists. History may do them justice, but they rarely get it while living, either from friend or foe.

Bro. SIDNEY HAYDEN, the Masonic antiquarian and historiographer, who has done so much to illustrate Masonic biography, is adding to his famous work, "Washington and his Compeers," another and popular portrait of General Washington. The portrait in Bro. Hayden's last edition is the true and Masonic portrait, which his friends are not willing to see superseded, but the addition to it of another portrait will enhance the value of the work.

Obligations to the Templars.

Sir Knt. Roger, 1130, returning from a Crusade, collected some Greek manufacturers of silk and established them at Palermo, whence the silk trade was disseminated over Italy.

So also lace-making was introduced into Lower Europe by the Crusaders on their return from the Holy Land.

Our friends who are desirous of possessing
WOODRUFF'S MASONIC CODE,
Will find it at the
MASONIC PUBLISHING & MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
432 Broome Street, New York.
This work is meeting with a very great sale, both within and without the jurisdiction. It places its author among the eminent Masons of the land.

Answers to Correspondents.

OHIO.—The article "The Jews lived under the rule of our blind brother," &c., was original to the NATIONAL FREEMASON.

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Bro. James Wicks, of Morris County, N. J., sends five dollars to the Hall and Asylum Fund as "a small offering from a poor working man."

∴

THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA joined the Masonic society at the close of the 14th century, at which time the Orders of St. John and the Templars were united.

∴

Almost every Lodge in Ireland for many years held *Encampments*, walked in processions and displayed the Banner of the Order.

∴

CHARITY.—Communication cannot be published. It is too long, and abuse, slander, denunciation and impeachment of motives will not be tolerated in the NATIONAL FREEMASON.

∴

LORD RAMSAY, a Scottish Grand Master, was induced to become a Mason by witnessing its effect upon his tutor, who was a clergyman. As walking with his tutor on one occasion, a wretched beggar, who appeared to be a foreigner, entreated his charity; the clergyman, after questioning the suppliant, grasped his hand in a moment with cordial kindness. Lord Ramsay was surprised. The stranger was a Freemason; he was fed, clothed and supplied with the means of transport to the coast of Syria, whence he came.

∴

CHAPITRAL.—This we suppose, has been formed from the French "Chapitre." It has gradually been finding its way into the reputable family of words. It ought not to have been admitted, but its contest for introduction has been successful.

Good use has three attributes, which are present, reputable, and national use. These three attributes concurring upon any word, its claim to acknowledgment is undoubted.

∴

ALDEN.—The law of residence and jurisdiction should be strictly complied with, not as a matter of courtesey merely, but as of American Masonic custom and propriety. Where a difference arises between the consenting and the initiating Lodge respecting the fees, let it be adjusted by the Masters or a joint committee, on the great law of charity. Courtesy would suggest that the consenting Lodge should decline any demand for the money, and courtesy would suggest also that the initiating Lodge bestow the fee on the consenting Lodge. If both courteously decline the fee, let it be appropriated to some charity. Lodges should never have any controversy with each other about funds. There is a higher law than worldly maxims—that of charity.

∴

THE EARLY MASONS, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, started their Lodges in May, and it was in May that *Dante* is said to have met Balne in his fine vision of Freemasonry.

∴

President Johnson has definitely determined that he will not go to Boston June 24.

∴

VINDICATOR.—Your article is severe and personal. It is true that you have suffered unprovoked wrong; but should not the Mason cultivate the spirit and example suggested in the following lines?

He loved the world that hated him; the tear
That dropt upon the Bible was sincere.
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was, a blameless life.
And he who forged and he who threw the dart
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.

∴

PATMOS.—"I judge from one of your answers to a correspondent last week that you would be in favor of conferring the Templar orders on companions of the Jewish faith as a means of converting them to Christianity. Was such your meaning, or did I misapprehend the purport of your remarks?"

ANSWER.—We did not certainly mean to say that it would be advisable to confer Templar orders as a means of propagating the Christian faith, but that circumstances might arise when perhaps it would be unjust to refuse one who, having been a Jew, sought of his own motion access to the courts of the true faith; but more especially that snap-judgment should not be pronounced against any man, Jew or Gentile. Perhaps we cannot better state our position on this question than by quoting a recent decision of the Grand Commander of Illinois:

"In reply to an inquiry from a Commander, 'There are here three worthy R. A. Masons who are desirous of receiving the orders of Knighthood. They were raised in the Jewish faith, but do not practice its rites or ceremonies, and can hardly be called Jews.'

"Sir Knights, this Order we have been taught is a Christian Order, founded upon the Christian religion, and the practice of the Christian virtues. In olden times, and at present in the grand conclave of England and Wales, it was and is held, as the first requisite for admission, that a candidate must believe in the Holy and undivided Trinity. Unfortunately, when the present system of Templarism was cooked up by the illustrious Masonic inventor, Thomas Smith Webb, this requisition was abolished, and almost anybody can now take these orders. How any man professing a faith in God, without believing in His only son, our blessed Lord, our Saviour, Mediator, and Intercessor, can take upon themselves the vows of this order of Knighthood, has always been a mystery to me. My decision was, 'Ask them if they now profess Christianity? If they believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Saviour of man? If they cannot answer these questions in the affirmative, they cannot enter our asylum. For no man can consciously promise to draw his sword in the defense of Christianity, unless he is a Christian himself and a believer in the Divinity of its founder.'"

∴

G. V. T.—It is a mistake to suppose that when a Lodge U. D. surrenders the Letters of Dispensation it goes out of existence, as if it had not been organized. It merely suspends labor until the further pleasure of the Grand Lodge is made known. Its organization remains intact up to the moment when the Grand Lodge refuses a warrant of constitution, otherwise there would be no one to grant the warrant to. The petition for a warrant sets forth that certain brethren have been working under a dispensation, and that they now pray for a warrant. If they were disbanded they would have no right to petition for a warrant. This ground is covered by the decision that the jurisdiction of a Lodge U. D. is not lost between the time of surrendering the Dispensation and being regularly constituted under a charter.

The jurisdiction of a Lodge U. D., in this State at all events, is the same as that of a warranted Lodge, that is to say, it extends in every direction to a point half way to the nearest Lodge, but a Lodge U. D., being established in a place where no Lodge has before existed, does not thereby acquire jurisdiction over Entered Apprentices or Fellow Crafts, made so before it came into existence. They belong to the Lodge in which initiated, unless for convenience sake they choose to transfer their allegiance, in which act, however, the mother Lodge would have a word to say.

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OLD TI.—The subject is one upon which we prefer not to express an opinion at present. The event is so near that it is useless to speculate, unless you want to bet; and in that case we cannot accommodate you unless you will enter into an agreement to pay if you bet

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M. M.—There is no restriction on the choice of a mark; you may, if you like, select a representation of the Declaration of Independence, or Bonaparte crossing the Alps. Since, however, you ask our advice, we suggest a combination of straight or curved lines only, as being more in keeping with the idea of a mark. The marks used by the builders of the great cathedrals of Europe, some of which are visible to this day, are of the kind we suggest, and it stands to reason. A workman might cut on one side of the stone a cross, an angle, a square, or part of a circle, but he would hardly waste time in carving a spread eagle or a ship under full sail. One of the most appropriate and suggestive marks we have seen for a long time is the printers' sign called a *dele*, meaning to strike out, and used by the brother in the sense that when you meet with vice or error you are, if possible, to strike it out.

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R. H. H.—Shall be happy to advise with you if you call on us personally, but cannot undertake more at present.

Extracts—Letters.

ALDEN, N. Y.

Your paper is the highest toned in the country. My whole family are more anxious to get it than any paper among the seven I take.

The *New Hampshire Chronicle* says:

The NATIONAL FREEMASON is well worth the patronage of members who desire to keep themselves posted in all matters pertaining to the Order.

THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND—Terms, 50 cents per annum. A splendid premium for ladies. Send 10 cents for specimen copy and list of premiums. Address W. T. HORNER, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Pleasant Visit.

We were honored on Monday last by a visit from Mrs. Geo. W. Dilks and Mrs. Cantrell, a committee of Alpha Chapter, No. 1, sisters of the Eastern Star, under convoy of Inspector Dilks. M. P. The object was to place in our custody a check for one thousand dollars, being net proceeds of the Ladies' Reception at Irving Hall, last winter, in aid of the Masonic Fair for the Hall and Asylum Fund. The ladies deserve all honor and gratitude for their noble labors and sacrifices in this great cause, and though, unfortunately, we can only pay them in words, we know that the Father will openly reward them for their kindness and charity, while on earth the blessing of the widow and the orphan will follow them, and make smooth the path that at last we must all tread. We understand that it is the intention of the ladies of Alpha Chapter to repeat the entertainment next year. We cheerfully pledge them our assistance in advance, trust that they may all be spared to participate, and that we may be there to see.

Confidence, the Nation's Want.

The most important social element is confidence between man and man. Without it society cannot exist, and associated effort is impossible. It is the bond of union in the family, the Lodge, the State, the Nation, and among the nations of earth. Without it there is no family fellowship, no social union, no international intercourse.

It is one of the elements, the union of which constitutes that power of moral gravitation, that binds man to man, and nation to nation, into the unity of a common and universal brotherhood. It is the bond of union between husband and wife, parents and children, the buyer and seller, the teacher and his pupils, the physician and his patients, the lawyer and his cliants, the employer and his workmen, the representative and his constituents, the ruler and the people.

Without confidence there could be no trade, commerce and business; no law, science, art, government or religion; no social progress, individual growth, nor national advancement. Without faith, there can be no spiritual, temporal, physical, commercial, political or social salvation. Take from man confidence, and neither Howard, Washington, nor Newton can do anything for his education, moral and social elevation or personal and national salvation. Unbelief is a non-conducting link in the chain of universal sympathy that binds on to one family the different races and nations of the earth. It stops the flow of the electric stream of kindness, that but for it would thrill the hearts of every individual member of the human family, with the heavings and throbbings of the same mighty life-tide of universal love.

The man who cherishes unbelief in his fellow-man isolates and cuts himself off from the sympathy, friendship and help of universal society. He digs between them and himself an impassable moral gulf, that is spanned by no bridge as a tie of union between them. Unbelief is an element of discord, and a power of universal destruction. It is social, moral, and spiritual death. As the poison of the rattlesnake acts upon the blood of the body, so acts this principle upon the life-blood of society, it dissolves and destroys it. A want of confidence in our fellow-men palsies effort, dampens energy, cools ardor, chills sympathy, discourages enterprise, prevents success, and causes failure. There is no more successful method known and practiced among men to make individuals mean than to convince them that you have no confidence in them, that you think they are mean, and you are therefore afraid to trust them. Let society lose confidence in a man and he soon loses confidence in himself; and when a man has no confidence in himself and no one has any confidence in him, it is impossible for him to withstand temptation so as not to fall into crime. To act thus towards a man is to take from him the strongest motive to honorable action that has ever been addressed to depraved man—that is, a desire for the esteem, confidence and love of his fellow-men. On the other hand, there is no more successful method of reforming, elevating and improving even bad men, than to show them that you have confidence in them, that you are not afraid to trust them. Try this, and if there is a spark of honor, or a principle of manhood remaining in his nature it will be aroused and fired, and under its influence he will be saved. A few failures in individuals is no evidence of general corruption; the fall of a man from honor and a woman from virtue is no proof that there is no such thing as honor and virtue; the fact that you may have been deceived by one man or more, is no reason why you should doubt others, and question the honesty and integrity of all. There are honor and virtue among men though we may have often been deceived, and it is no less our duty than it is to our interest to recognize this fact, and to act upon the principle it embodies. This principle we should apply to all classes, races and conditions of men, if we wish to benefit them, or desire them to help and benefit us. Confidence in humanity is the mighty lever that is to uplift and elevate the race. There is in our country a want of this confidence in its active form.

The spirit of sectionalism which has severed the country in twain and made us two people, though we now live under one government, has materially interfered with the active exercise of confidence between us. The loss of confidence was the beginning of the breach, and it can never be healed until confidence is restored. Every lover of his country, then, whether North or South, should labor to restore it. This is dictated by a wise policy, a true selfishness, as well as a noble patriotism.

Masonry is a generator of confidence and the great means of restoration of social harmony and unity.

Ho! for Boston.

Manhattan Commandery of this city resolved at their last conclave to be present as a body at the dedication of the Masonic Temple on the 24th inst. They have made arrangements for sleeping rooms and a reduction of fare going and coming, and will be pleased to have Sir Knights of other Commanderies who propose to visit Boston on the occasion unite with them on the same terms as their own members.

It is understood that no one will be admitted in line unless equipped with regulation fatigue uniform—that is, cap, baldric, belt, sword and white gloves. We trust that the rule will be strictly enforced, or otherwise there will be some erratic individual with white pants and Kadosch regalia.

All things being equal, we propose to be among the boys, and hope they will do themselves pretty.

Our learned and worthy brother, Dr. Humphreys, LL.D., desires something to do in his department. His scholarship, capability and Masonic worth are vouched for by hosts of scholars, Masonic and otherwise. Dr. H. proffers a rare opportuity for schools and parents:

PRIVATE TUITION—LECTURE COURSES.

Dr. E. R. Humphreys, LL.D., &c., recently for six years Principal of the Collegiate School, Boston; author of manuals of "Greek and Latin Composition for Colleges," "Civil Law," "Political Science," "Moral Philosophy," "Lyra Hellenica," "Lessons on the Liturgy," Editions of Livy and Horace, etc., is prepared to read with private pupils, ladies or gentlemen, in any of the subjects with which he is familiar. Besides the FIRST-CLASS HONOR and SCHOLARSHIP course of the English Universities, he is capable of instructing in Hebrew and several modern languages, philology having been the chief study of his life. He would accept engagements to lecture in first-class schools. His references and testimonials are of a high order, including the Bishops of Massachusetts and Colòrado, the President of Columbia College, New York, and Professor Drisler, and many of the most eminent clergy of New York, Brooklyn and Boston. Dr. H's training and former practice as a PHYSICIAN have enabled him to lecture with success on PHYSIOLOGY and HYGIENE. Two young men of quiet, steady habits and gentlemanly manners, desiring either general or special medical instruction, would be received as boarders. Monroe Street, off Franklin Avenue, first door north, Brooklyn.

Read the intelligence under the head of "England," in its appropriate department.

The Faith of Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Pythagoras, Heraclitus, Xenophon, Cyrus — Whence Derived?

Plato and Aristotle are the two types of thought—the subjective and the objective—the one developing the interior life and nurturing the soul, the other inventing mechanisms and applying sciences—the latter the arch-mechanist, the former the arch-priest of the world—the latter putting knowledge into practice, embellishing human existence and multiplying conveniences, the former disciplining the intellect and the soul, cultivating the moral being and subduing the body—the latter teaching how to live, and the former how to die. The one, the type of the earlier and older, and the latter of the later and more developed Masonry.

Socrates, a plain man, professing his ignorance and desiring information, receiving the truth, taught by some associates, he develops it. Plato becomes his pupil eight years before his teacher dies.

Plato was no orthodox heathen. He believed in one Supreme God, Creator and Protector of the Universe, with attributes such as the Bible exhibits of Deity. He believed in the immortality of the soul. Plato was clear on these points, and developed towards the fuller and later Masonic light. Aristotle, his pupil, again was more physical, and frequently leaves doubt about his views, or rather so gives prominence to the material as to obscure the spiritual. Plato was born 430 B. C., and for forty years lived near Athens, temperate and sober, amiable, modest and chaste, a noble man, practicing the universal Masonic virtues. Clement, of Alexandria, attributes his views to inspiration, as following Malachi, the last of the prophets, who died this year. Quintilian also credits him with Divine inspiration (Lib. x., c. 1-81).

Socrates held the Masonic doctrine of the immortality of the soul, but Plato thoroughly investigated it and supported it upon solid arguments. Socrates' idea is embodied by Xenophon in the death-bed address of Cyrus in "Cyropædia." Plato's is found in the "Phædo," through the mouth of Socrates.

Socrates, Pythagoras and Heraclitus were brothers, the first affording morals; the second, metaphysics; and the third physics to Plato, who, as a Grand Master, wrought from them the system of his own.

Christian writers have been sadly perplexed to account for this brotherhood having so much of their truth. They have attributed it to inspiration. They have made Plato travel in Egypt and there acquire it from some accidental copy of the Greek version of the Old Testament. But Plato, in Phæd., 35 D., explodes these theories. He never was in Egypt.

There are allusions to secret sources of instruction. What were these? Were there no mystic societies in existence then? If our Masonic theory be correct, what were these? Whence did Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, Cyrus, Xenophon, Pythagoras, Heraclitus, and many other centres of a true Masonic faith derive their belief, and how maintain it? Has Masonry nothing to do with all this?

A Valuable Document for which an Owner is Wanted.

The Rochester (N. Y.) *Advertiser* says:

There is now lying on our table a piece of parchment in the form of a Charter for a Masonic Lodge, which was issued over ninety-two years ago. It is still quite perfect and legible, and every word contained therein may be read.

This Charter was issued on the 13th of April, 1775, just six days before the battle of Lexington, by John Montfort, Esq., of Halifax, N. C., to John Crawford, Joel Sturdevant, Sr., and William Simmons, Jr., and several other brethren residing near Cabin Point, Surry County, Colony of Virginia, who are constituted a regular Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, to be opened at Cabin Point; and to be known by the name of "The Cabin Point Royal Arch Lodge."

In this Charter Mr. Montfort states that, "Whereas his Grace, Henry Somerset, Duke of Beaufort, and Grand Master of the Most Ancient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, hath been graciously pleased (by patent, dated the January 14th, Anno Latomorrum 5771, Anno D. 1771, of London), to constitute me Provincial Grand Master of and for America, with full power, &c."

The question will naturally be asked, "How came this document in Rochester?" That can readily be answered. During the late war, when Virginia was occupied by Federal soldiers, some one of them picked up this parchment and brought it North. After passing from hand to hand it came into the possession of Mr. John McElhene, contractor. He holds it subject to the order of its proper custodians, if they can be found, and would be very happy to restore it to its rightful owners. If the Virginia papers will notice the fact that the Charter is here, it may lead to its restoration.

The following is one of the responses to the National Freemason for aid to the South:

Waverly, Luzerne Co., Pa., *May* 21, 1867.

Dr. McMurdy: *Dear Sir and Brother.*—Our Lodge, at its last communication, appropriated $50, which, with $17 of individual subscriptions, makes the enclosed $67.

I read in open Lodge the editorial in National Freemason of May 11, which, by the way, was an urgent appeal. Charity is the great Masonic virtue, and *now*, if *ever*, is the time to show to the prejudiced profanes that the Masonic is indeed a charitable institution. * * * Sterling Bedford.

Another response:

Warren, R. I., *May* 22, 1867.

Dr. McMurdy, New York:

Rev. Sir and Bro.—At a regular communication of Washington Lodge, No. 3, of F. & A. M., Warren, R. I., circulars from several Masonic Lodges in Virginia, Mississippi and Georgia, all soliciting aid for different Masonic purposes, were read, and referred to a committee who subsequently reported that, as we cannot discriminate between the several petitions before us, and as the state of our treasury will not admit of our contributing to all, that the Treasurer be requested to forward to our worthy brother, the Rev. Dr. McMurdy, editor of the National Freemason, New York, the sum of twenty dollars, in answer to his appeal in that paper of May 11th.

Agreeably to the above instructions, with the addition of five dollars contributed by our worthy Master, C. R. Cutler, Esq., I herewith enclose W. P. Freeborn's, Esq., Cashier, check on Central National Bank, New York, for twenty-five dollars, receipt of which please acknowledge. Regretting our inability to make the amount larger, I am, fraternally yours,

F. A. Burgess,
Treas. Wash'n Lodge, No. 3, Warren, R. I.

A Wandering Thought.

BY A KENTUCKY BROTHER.

Freemasonry furnishes the account of many important events in the course of human chronology nowhere else recorded. Amid the gloom that shrouded the human mind in early ages *its light* shone with the same undying lustre that it shines upon our altars today! Sometimes when we reverently contemplate that sacred symbol—the letter G—our thoughts turn upward to Him, the Great Source of Light, who created this mighty world in which "we live, and move, and have our being," together with all the other unnumbered worlds and systems of worlds that roll through the sightless distances of the deep remote.

Can the thought escape without reverence? Nay! for far back in the dateless calendars of eternity Deity legislated for our existence, and his own unoriginated intelligence enacted the laws of our being before one single ray of *light* had ever shot across the deep and dread profound of black, chaotic darkness.

Will all the Masonic bodies of New York city, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, who have not furnished lists of officers, the residences of Masters and Secretaries, and time and place of meeting, do so at once, and oblige the publisher of the forthcoming directory?

Bro. Quimby, who, as proprietor, is so successfully introducing the Hawley Lightning Rod, is a member of Stella Lodge.

Fearful.

Last fall, when the now celebrated "Muffin Match" was announced, there was a considerable amount of indignation at the impropriety of the thing, a reasonable number of weather-wise gentlemen who prophesied failure, and who, in order to make their forecast as true as possible, refused to buy a ticket, spending the money for cigars instead. These gentlemen were easily known by a certain elongation of countenance whenever the word "muffin" was pronounced in their hearing. When, however, the result was known, in the form of a respectable addition to the Hall and Asylum Fund, their facial muscles took another direction, deploying to the right and left, as human faces will do when their possessors are suddenly made the owners of an unexpected quota of the circulating medium.

We mention this historical circumstance because it is likely to be repeated, thus demonstrating that some things can be done as well as others, and that history repeats itself, the occasion being a challenge from Central Lodge, No. 361, to Stella Lodge, No. 485, to meet them on the field of honor some afternoon during Grand Lodge week in a match at base ball—"muffin" of course, the proceeds to go to the Masonic Board of Relief. The Grand Lodge will be invited to attend in a body, and the Grand Marshal to officiate as short stop. Those who fail to be present will miss a good time.

Persecution.

Bro. Hughan, in his History of Freemasonry, relates the following:

"A Lodge of Emergency was held April 28th, 1820 (in Cornwall, England), to initiate two gentlemen, whose stay was very uncertain, being seafaring men. The visitors were Bros. Corfield, Hyslop and Wynterbottom. C. Suærey being a Spaniard, and unacquainted with the English language, Bros. Hyslop and Wynterbottom kindly acted as interpreters. These three had just arrived from Carthagena, South America, where Bro. Hyslop was thrown into prison at the instance of Morilla, the Spanish General, for refusing to declare the names of the Masons in the province. On his persisting in his refusal, he was, amidst increased sufferings and privations, thrice bound and led out for execution, but was each time saved by the interposition of Colonel Torey, who had secretly visited him in prison, encouraged him to persevere in his fidelity, and on one or two occasions had watched over him whilst he slept.

"Morilla at length left Carthagena, and Hyslop was set at liberty. A meeting was held as early as possible after his release, and it was not until then that Hyslop knew that Torey was a brother. They embraced each other most ardently, the former telling the Colonel he had thrice saved his life, and, amidst much joy and gratitude, the remaining brethren hailed Hyslop as the man who had, in all probability, by his fidelity and courage, saved the lives of many who had become members of the craft."

* * *

They Know Their Business.—Great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it; but they think not much of themselves on that account.

Arnolfo knows he can build a good dome at Florence; Albert Durer writes calmly to one who had found fault with his work, "It cannot be better done;" Sir Isaac Newton knows that he has worked out a problem or two that would have puzzled anybody else; only they do not expect their fellow-men therefore to fall down and worship them; they have a curious under-sense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not in them, but through them; that they could not do or be anything else than God made them. And they see something divine and God-made in every other man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly and incredibly merciful.

Now, I find this character in Scott and Turner preeminently. I do not find Scott talking about the dignity of literature, nor Turner about the dignity of painting. They do their work, feeling that they cannot well help it; the story must be told, and the effect put down; and if people like it, well and good; and if not, the world will not be much the worse.

* * *

Age is not reckoned by years, but by the wounds of the heart.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Last of Earth.—Lexington Lodge, No. 310, Brooklyn, appeared in public on Sunday to pay the last tribute of respect to Bro. Carr, who, it may be recollected, was brutally assassinated by being shot with an air-gun as he was returning to his home at night. The turnout, as might be expected under the circumstances, was very large. We regret to say, however, that there was the usual lack of taste and sense of propriety displayed by individuals in the procession. The man with the white hat was there, as well as several with caps, and the inevitable light pantaloons were represented. We do not for a moment suppose that these brethren had any idea of violating the proprieties of such an occasion, but we wish it could be understood that at a Masonic funeral hat and clothes should be black, or at least dark colored, and that caps are not in order.

'Tis Well.—At the last regular convocation of Manhattan Chapter, No. 184, Royal Arch Masons, in this city, the Deputy Grand High Priest made his first official visit, accompanied by M. E. Comp. William Dixon, High Priest of Zetland Chapter, No. 141.

At the conclusion of the ceremony usual to official visitations, the Deputy briefly addressed the Chapter on the special duties of the craft, concluding by presenting to the High Priest, M. E. Wm. T. Woodruff, in behalf of the companions, an elaborately wrought tobacco box, intended as a passing memento of their appreciation of his devoted and constant labor in behalf of his Chapter.

As the season for such mementoes occurs somewhat earlier in the year, Comp. Woodruff was fairly surprised, but he accepted his fate with commendable grace, and made a fitting response to the very handsome compliment of his friends and companions. Being in favor of the motion we homologate.

Taylor Lodge, No. 23, Salem, Roanoake Co., Va., acknowledges the receipt of the following from New York city Lodges: St. John's Lodge, No. 1, $10; Benevolent Lodge, No. 28, $5; Chancellor Walworth Lodge, No. 271, $5; Adelphi Lodge, No. 23, $10; National Lodge, No. 209, $5; Worth Lodge, No. 210, $5.

Gramercy Lodge, No. 537, presented their Master, C. L. Van Zandt, Secretary of the American Bank Note Company, a testimonial of the *cartes de visite* of the members.

NEW YORK.

Organization of the several bodies Subordinate to the Supreme Council of Sov. Gr. Insp.-Gen., 33°, for the Northern Jurisdiction, U. S. A., in Albany, N. Y:

Ineffable and Sublime Grand Lodge of Perfection, founded by Henry Andrew Franklin, Deputy Inspector-General of all the Superior Degrees of Masons in the West Indies and North America, on the 29th day of the month called Kisler, 7767, A. M. 5528, equal to 20th December, 1767: Jefferson Peterman, T. P. G. M.; Cornelius Glen, D. G. M.; Townsend Fondey, V. S. G. W.; Robert H. Waterman, V. J. G. W.; Henry Lansing, G. T.; Samuel Goodman, G. S.; Lewis G. Hoffman, G. O.; Peter Wendell, G. M. C.; Eli C. Clark, Jr., G. C. of the G.; Thomas D. Newcomb, G. H. B.; Amaza Fuller, G. T.

Grand Council of Princes of Jerusalem, founded by Henry Andrew Franklin, as above: Cornelius Glen, M. E. S. P. G. M.; Townsend Fondey, T. G. H. P. S. D.; Robert H. Waterman, M. E. S. G. W.; Peter Wendell, M. E. J. G. W.; Henry Lansing, V. G. T.; Samuel Goodman, V. G. K. of S. and A.; Thomas D. Newcomb, V. G. M. C.; Eli C. Clark, Jr., V. G. M. of E.; Amaza Fuller, G. T.

Rose Croix Chapter.—Cornelius Glen, M. W. and P. M.; Townsend Fondey, E. and P. K. S. W.; Robert H. Waterman, E. and P. K. J. W.; Henry Lansing, R. and P. K. T.; Samuel Goodman, R. and P. K. S.; Peter Wendell, R. and P. K. M. of C.; Richard L. Van Denburgh, R. and P. K. C. of G.

Albany Sovereign Consistory.—Cornelius Glen, Ill. S. C. in C.; Townsend Fondey, Ill. 1st L. C.; Robert H. Waterman, Ill. 2d L. C.; Peter Wendell, V. M. S.; Richard L. Van Denburgh, V. G. C.; Samuel Goodman, V. G. S.; Henry Lansing, V. G. T.; David Newcomb, V. G. M. A.; Thomas D. Newcomb, V. G. E.; Amaza Fuller, V. G. S.

White Plains Lodge, No. 473, mourns the loss by death of W. Bro. Hiram P. Rowell. He was a warden of Sing Sing, and lately has been clerk in Westchester County.

VIRGINIA.

Salem, Roanoke Co.—Taylor Lodge, through the NATIONAL FREEMASON, acknowledges the receipt of Masonic Odes from Lodge of Antiquity, New York, and various sums of money, for which see New York city intelligence and District of Columbia.

INDIANA.

Grand Council met May 21, 19 Councils represented. M. P. G. M.'s address was eloquent, and suggested adding to the Council Degrees that of Super-Excellent Master, and changing annual meeting from May to October. The following officers were installed: Thomas Pattison, M. P. G. M.; Wm. W. Austin, D. P. G. M.; M. H. Rice, G. T. I. M.; Alex. Thomas, G. P C. of the W.; Charles Fisher, G. T.; Wm. Hackett, G. R.; John H. Lozier, G. C.; Joseph Freeman, G. C. of the G.; Wm. M. Black, G. S. and S.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston.—The Knights of St. Bernard Encampment will parade on the 24th of June, on horse.

IOWA.

Dubuque Lodge.—Dubuque, Iowa, May 16, elected the following officers: E. A. Guilbert, M. D., W. M.; John Melhop, S. W.; D. W. Hewitt, J. W.; A. Levi, T.; Wm. E. Weihe, S.

GEORGIA.

The Georgia Masonic Mutual Life Insurance Company is an institution organized some few months ago to afford the members of the Masonic fraternity an easy, sure and cheap method of securing (at their death) to their widows and orphans an amount which, under any contingency, would place them above want. It is organized on the precise plan of *our Mutual Relief Association*, which the NATIONAL FREEMASON first brought before the public. The initiation fee is six dollars; the only additional expense being the payment of one dollar and ten cents upon the death of each brother. (See the advertisement. of the New York Mutual Relief Association in our advertising columns.)

This plan is very simple. It is *sure*, as there is no room for speculation. If the directors fail to give satisfaction, they can be removed by the votes of the insured, and each person insured has but one vote each.

We rejoice that this system is being used in every part of the country, and only fear that it may be injured by a too rapid multiplication of institutions. One for a State at first is safe.

The Board of Directors for the Georgia Company embrace the best and official Masons of the State, and we heartily wish abundant success to the association. To our numerous subscribers in the South and in Georgia Bros. George S. Obear, J. T Boifeuillet, J. Emmet Blackshear, J. E. Jones, Geo. S. Jones, J. W. Burke, C. J. Harris, W. J. Lawton, W. Massenburg, A. L. Maxwell, O. F. Adams, J. F. Greer, R. W. Cubbege, are well known.

ALABAMA.

When Norris Lodge, at Pollard, was broken into, and its Charter, jewels and other property destroyed or carried off, the jewels of the Lodge fell into the hands of a Federal soldier not a Mason. While the army was on its march to Montgomery, they were discovered by another soldier who was a Mason, who purchased them of his comrade, and on his arrival at Montgomery placed them in the hands of Bro. Strenna, to be returned to Norris Lodge. This instance of fidelity meets our warmest commendation.

LOUISIANA.

Louisiana Relief Lodge, No. 1, reports during the past year, as during all previous ones, much good has been accomplished that cannot be figured in dollars and cents, and which makes no appearance in our report. Brothers have been assisted by counsel and advice, free passages have been secured, sick beds watched, and funerals attended—the combination of brethren covering so great a number of every profession and occupation, that many comforts and necessities have been procured, and many pressing wants administered to "without money and without price."

The Grand Lodge at its last meeting unanimously adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the resolution adopted February 15, 1861, viz.: "That electioneering for Masonic offices is unmasonic, and is reprobated by this Grand Lodge," is in full force and vigor, and that the same be hereafter published with the resolutions and edicts of this Grand Lodge."

NEW JERSEY.

Dedication and Presentation in Jersey City.—On Monday evening last, May 27th, the new Lodge Rooms in Newark av., Jersey City, fitted up by "Hiram Lodge," and to be occupied by this and other Lodges, as well as by Enterprise Chapter and the Commandery, was regularly dedicated by Bro. Whitehead, Grand Master, assisted by Robt. Rusling, D. G. M., James H. Stevens, Senr. G. W., Warren C. Abbe, J. G. W., Wm. E. Pine, S. G. D., Geo. H. Pancoast, J. G. D., Wm. D. Rutar, G. S., Wm. Hersel, G. Sword Bearer, Wm. Weed, G. L., and Chas. Knopf, guest and friend of Grand Master

The services were rendered more imposing by the very excellent music furnished by the choir of the Lodge, conducted by the organist, Bro. C. W. Mabie.

The Rev. Bro. Coleman delivered a pleasing and eloquent address, dwelling principally upon dedications of temples practiced since the days of our G. M., King Solomon.

Owing to the number present (upwards of 400), and the evening being so uncomfortably close, the speaker did not enlarge as he otherwise would have done.

The thanks of the Lodge were tendered to G. M. Whitehead, officers and the Rev. Bro. Coleman, for the prompt manner in which they responded to their call.

The W. M. of Hiram Lodge, Bro. Joseph Rennie, in behalf of the Lodge, presented W. Bro. Hilton, P. M., with an elegant Past Masters' Jewel, accompanied by a few appropriate remarks, which were responded to in a feeling an appropriate manner.

Among those seated in the East was W. Bro. Crane, M. of Hoboken Lodge, W. Bro. Lazear, M. of Jersey City Lodge, W. Bro. Jas. Mathers, M. of Arcturus Lodge, N. Y. City, W. Bro. Page, M. of Enterprise Lodge, Jersey City, W. Bro. Hilton, P. M. of Hiram Lodge, W. Bro. Post, P. M. of Newburgh Lodge, N. Y., W. Bro. McCord, P. M. of Albion Lodge, N. Y., W. Bro. Johnstone, P. M. of Hiram Lodge, W. Bro. Higginbotham, M. of Varick Lodge, W. Bro. Crawford, P. M. of Hiram Lodge, W. Bro. Case, H. P. of Empire Chapter, W. Bro. McCallum, P. M. of York Lodge, N. Y. City, W. Bro. Dunning, M. of Joppa Lodge, Patterson, N. J., W. Bro. Brown, P. M. of Stoney Point Lodge, N. Y., W. Bro. Ferry, P. M. of Hoboken Lodge.

W. Bro. Reaney, in behalf of Hiram Lodge, invited the Grand Lodge, together with the Masters, Past Masters and their other guests, to a banquet in the rooms below, where ample justice was done to the choice and plentiful collation.

The Hall is 80 ft. x 34, lighted from above, and the walls frescoed with Masonic pictures. It is beautifully furnished. Its organ is one of great power. The Hall will seat 400.

The Committee of Arrangements, Bro. Hilton, P.M., Parsons, S. W., Grieves, Wilson and Fox, deserve great credit for the success of this grand affair.

Newark.—On Sunday, Newark Lodge accompanied the remains of Bro. John C. Herrick, late master of repairs on the New Jersey Railroad, to their final resting place.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Installation of the Officers of the Grand Chapter.—The display on the 23d was a grand affair. The line was formed at 5.30 P. M., at the Masonic Hall. First the Marine Band, then Hon. B. B. French, P.·. G.·. M.·. Templars U. S., Washington Commandery (J. B. Will, E.·. C.·.), Columbia Commandery (E. L. Stevens, E.·. C.·.), the Chapter and Lodges of the District, then Members of the G.·. R.·. Arch Chapter of the D. C., preceded by a band, and the G.·. L.·. D. C., preceded by Heald's band, in full uniform. Bro. Johnson reviewed the procession at the Presidential Mansion. After reaching Wall's Opera House, Bro. Geo. Whiting, G.·. M.·. D. C. presided. A Masonic choir of 30 male voices opened with a voluntary in fine style, eliciting great applause. Bro. Coombs, G.·. C.·., offered a prayer. Bro. Whiting, G.·. M.·., then introduced Bro. Albert G. Mackey, P.·. G.·. H.·. P.·. of the Grand Chapter U. S., who delivered an address, a part of which we give below and the rest will follow in a future number.

Bro Mackey said:

We have assembled this evening for the performance of a ceremony peculiarly Masonic—which to Masons themselves is unusual, to all others must appear strange and inexplicable. But it is the great peculiarity of the Masonic institution that it is founded on ceremonies—ceremonies which, in other societies, are but incidental, but in the Masonic are vital. Elsewhere they are but the clothing which ornaments the body—with us they are the body itself. And this arises from the very nature of Freemasonry, of which the best definition that has ever been given is, that it is a science of morality vailed in allegory and illustrated by symbols. It is a science of morality—a science whose object is to teach great moral and religious truths, and these lessons of truth are inculcated and developed by the ancient method of symbolism. It is this symbolic character of the institution which causes it to differ from every other association which the wisdom or ingenuity of man has devised, and gives to it that attractive form which has always secured the unwavering attachment of its disciples and its own unalterable perpetuity.

There is no science so ancient as that of symbolism, and no mode of instruction has ever been so universal as was the symbolic in former times. The first learning in the world, says an eminent antiquary, consisted chiefly of symbols, so that the wisdom of the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, and of all the ancient world that has come down to us, has been symbolic in its character.

In fact, man's earliest instruction is by symbols. The objective character of a symbol is best calculated to be grasped by the infant mind, whether the infancy of that mind be considered nationally or individually. In the first ages of the world all propositions were expressed in symbols. The first religions were eminently symbolic, because when language was yet in its infancy, visible symbols were the most lively means of acting upon the mind and senses of the multitude. And we must bear this fact of the primary existence and predominance of symbolism in the earliest times constantly in mind when we are investigating the nature of the ancient religion of which the history of Freemasonry is so intimately connected. The older the religion the more the symbolism abounds. Modern religions may convey their dogmas in abstract propositions; ancient religions always did so in symbols. And this is a good test of the comparative antiquity of a religious cast. There is more symbolism in the Egyptian religion than in the Jewish; more in the Jewish than in the Christian; more in the Christian than in the Mohammedan. The older the religious faith, the greater is its symbolic form.

The science of symbolism, of which Freemasonry is at this day the only perfect exponent, presents itself to us, then, not only as something venerable for its antiquity, but as sanctioned by the highest authority; for we know that the most divine of all teachers instructed the multitudes to whom He gave the bread of life in parables, which, it must be remembered, are only spoken symbols.

Such is the system adopted in Freemasonry for the development and inculcation of the great religious and philosophical truths of which it was for so many years the sole conservator.

Thousands of years ago this science of symbolism was adopted by the sagacious priesthood of Egypt to convey the lessons of religious truth which they conveyed to their disciples. Their science, their history and their philosophy were thus concealed beneath an impenetrable vail from the profane, and none but those who had passed through the severe ordeal of initiation were put in possession of the key which enabled them to decipher and read those mystic lessons which we still see engraved upon the obelisks, the tombs, and the sarcophagi which lie scattered at this day in endless profusion along the banks of the Nile.

From the Egyptians the same method of symbolic instruction was diffused among all the nations of ancient heathendom, and was used in all their religious mysteries as the medium of communicating to the initiated the esoteric and secret doctrines for whose preservation and promulgation those singular associations were formed.

Moses, too, who, as Holy Writ informs us, was skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, brought with him from that cradle of the sciences a perfect knowledge of the science of symbolism as it was taught by the priests of Isis and Osiris, and applied it to the ceremonies with which he invested the purer religion of the chosen people of God.

The Mysteries, which were the asylums in which the true religious doctrine of the ancient peoples was secreted and preserved, have left their form and features to the more modern institution of Freemasonry, and that mystical association at this day teaches in the same allegorical and symbolical method the same divine lessons of a supreme God, an immortal soul, and a resurrection to life eternal.

We are here this evening to inaugurate the truth in this community, and to secure by appropriate legal ceremonies the permanent existence of one of those bodies to whom will be entrusted the sacred deposit of those truths which I have said it is the peculiar province of Freemasonry to inculcate in this ancient method of instruction.

It is therefore, I think, appropriate that before proceeding to those mystical ceremonies which we are here to perform, and to which we have invited your attendance, we should devote a few moments to such an explanation as we are permitted to give of the character of that association whose organization in this city we are about to celebrate.

There are, perhaps, few persons so ignorant of Freemasonry—none, indeed, who have been within its sanctuary—as not to know that it is divided into two classes, the one consisting of Master Masons, who cultivate what is called the doctrines of Ancient Craft Masonry, and another less numerous but more elevated class who devote themselves to an investigation into the arcana of Royal Arch Masonry. But separated as these classes are from each other by lines of demarcation which it would be neither proper nor possible to elucidate in a public address of which the uninitiated were auditors, they do not at all differ either in the design of their distinct associations nor in the method in which that design is executed. Each is engaged in the search after divine truth, and each pursues that search by means of the science of symbolism.

To attempt even a bare catalogue of all the symbols which go to make up the Masonic science, would far transcend the limits of a brief introductory address. Nor is it necessary, on the present occasion, to advert to more than one.

Of all the objects which constitute the Masonic science of symbolism the most important, the most cherished by Masons, and by far the most significant, is the Temple of Jerusalem. The spiritualizing of the Temple is the first, the most prominent and the most pervading of all the symbols of Freemasonry. It is that which most emphatically gives it its religious character. Take from Freemasonry its dependence on the Temple, leave out of its ritual all reference to that sacred edifice and to the legends and traditions connected with it, and the system itself would at once decay and die, or at best remain only as some fossilized bone, serving merely to show the nature of the once living body to which it had belonged.

(To be continued)

After an ode by the choir, Bro. Mackey installed Bro. James E. F. Holmead, P.·. G.·. M.·., as High Priest. Bro. Holmead delivered an address (which will be noticed when received), giving a detailed account of the reasons for separation from the G.·. C.·. of Md. and D. C., and the formation of a new G.·. C.·.

The following officers were then installed:

E. L. Stevens, D.·. G.·. H.·. P.·.; G.·. T.·. John C. Smith; G.·. S.·. Noble D. Larner; G.·. C.·. of the H.·. William Middleton; G.·. C.·. C. H. Hall; G.·. P.·. S.·. John Locke; G.·. R.·. A.·. C.·. J. B. Wills; Masters of the Veil: J. B. McGrotty, third; H. A. Wilson, second; and J. Daniels, first; and G.·. S.·. H. A. Stoddard.

Bro. Mackey made a closing address, and the exercises closed with the doxology by the choir, and prayer by the G.·. C.·.

Taylor Lodge, No. 23, Salem, Roanoake Co., Va., acknowledges the receipt of $20 from Lafayette Lodge, and $10 from Acacia Lodge.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

ENGLAND.

Our British Brother, John R. Brewer, aged 72, is a candidate for the third time for election into the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution. He was sun-struck some years ago, and has always been a prudent man. We trust our Anglican brethren will enlarge and multiply their admirable benevolent institutions, so as to embrace all their needy and worthy brethren.

⁂

The Royal Freemasons' School for Female Children closed its 79th anniversary May 5th, with 130 stewards present. The committee of the institution in their address say:

"This establishment consists of a matron, a governess, and four assistants; a gardener, whose wife assists in the household duties, and three female servants. An enlarged system of education has for some time past been in operation; and, by a recent enactment children remain in the establishment till sixteen years of age. The number in the school, hitherto limited to eighty, has within the last two years been increased to one hundred, and an additional wing has been erected for that purpose. This, together with the maintenance of the number of children thus brought together, involved at the time a serious outlay. Nevertheless, in order that the institution should be as perfect as possible in every respect, new dormitories, by which increased space for sleeping room will be afforded; an infirmary, shut off from the general building, and approached by a separate staircase; a convalescent room, additional baths and lavatories, &c., are at present in course of construction; and the covered play-ground, now merely a wooden erection, will be permanently walled in, and form the basement of the new apartments. The contract for this work amounts to £2,889." * * * *

"The children are employed by turns in all the domestic duties of the house, and great care is taken to make them expert in needlework, so that whilst cultivating the more purely educational branches, they shall not lose sight of the humbler but equally useful qualifications so necessary to fit them for their several stations in life." * * * * *

Florence Catharine Weaver was the girl who gained the silver medal for good conduct. The chairman said, upon presenting it: Florence Catharine Weaver, it is to me a very great privilege to present this medal to you on this interesting occasion. You belong to a school instituted and maintained by Masons in fraternal remembrance of brethren who have been taken from us, and I have much pleasure in presenting you with this medal which you have well earned. As the daughter of a Mason I wish you happiness and every prosperity in your after life. I have also to present you with this purse, containing five guineas, given annually by the Mabury Lodge to the girl who wins the silver medal, a prize which does honor to the Lodge for the manner in which they have chosen to assist our Masonic charities. I have great pleasure in presenting them to you.

Bro. Huyshe said: "Of all the children who had passed through their education in that school, not one had ever disgraced it in after life. Now, that was a great honor to it, and proved the success of those who had the management of it."

∴

The Grand Master, the Right Honorable the Earl of Zetland, it has been beautifully said, will shortly celebrate his silver marriage to the craft, having been Grand Master of Masons nearly twenty-five years.

∴

East Lancashire (England) has 300 Lodges and 3,000 subscribing members.

BOOK NOTICES.

History of the Knights Templar of the State of Pennsylvania, from February 14, 1796, to November 13, 1866, prepared and arranged from original papers, together with the constitution, decisions, resolutions and forms of the R. E. Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania. By Alfred Creigh, LL.D., K. T. 33°, Historiographer of Knights Templar of Pennsylvania and of the United States; author of "Masonry and Anti-Masonry," &c. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

This work is replete with interest not only to the Sir Knights of Pennsylvania, but also to those of other jurisdictions of our Templar domain.

The Introduction is an invaluable history of the rise and progress of Templarism in America.

After giving a succinct history of Templarism in Pennsylvania, Sir Kt. Creigh gives a detailed account of each Templar organization. We have heretofore published the argument and claims of Pennsylvania for Templar priority, as set forth by Bro. Creigh.

By-Laws for the Regulation and Government of Mt. Lebanon Lodge, Boston, with Appendix. Boston: Rockwell & Rollins, Printers, 122 Washington Street. 1867.

This book of 100 pages is got up in the very finest typographical style, on the best paper the market affords. It reflects great credit on the printers and the Lodge. As items of general interest, we extract the following:

"August 4, 1817. Refreshments were dispensed with and the fee imposed upon visitors abolished."

"July, 1819. Boston Masonic Board of Relief was organized."

"March 22, 1852. A fragment of rock from the far-famed temple of Solomon, and some other relics of olden time, were presented to the Lodge by Bro. Smith, and enclosed in a beautiful case."

In 1856 it appears that Mount Lebanon Lodge, of Boston, and St. John's Lodge, of New York, exchanged Lodge Representatives, and Bro. Edwin Smith was appointed the Representative of Mount Lebanon Lodge, near St. John's (No. 1) New York.

"May 13, 1861, the Lodge took measures in advance to relieve the families of such members as may volunteer in the war."

Hall's Master Key to the Treasures of the Royal Arch, containing also Ceremonies of Installation, Visitation and form of Procession. By Jno. K. Hall, P.·. H.·. P.·. St. Paul's R. A. Chapter, Boston, and author of "Hall's Master Workman." Boston: A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington Street. 1866.

This neat pocket Royal Arch companion is worthy of high commendation. Comp. Hall, in his preface, rebukes the practice of making the capitular degrees simply preparatory steps to Templarism, and unfolds the beauties and excellence of this portion of Freemasonry. This work is invaluable to officers and companions.

St. Cecile Lodge, No. 568, F. & A. M.—Regular Communications 1st, 3d and 5th Tuesdays of every month, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the Lodge Rooms, No. 594 Broadway.

GEORGE F. ILSLEY, W. M.
DAVID GRAHAM, Secretary.

Manitou Lodge, No. 106, F. & A. M., has removed from Egyptian Room, Odd Fellow's Hall, to No. **594 Broadway.** Nights of meeting, Second and Fourth Tuesdays in each month.

L. W. SAUTELLE, Master.
James A. Ovington, Secretary.

Olive Branch Chapter, A. and P. R., Rose Croix, No. 6, meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 159 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn. Ill. A. G. Bishop, Most Wise; Ill. J. Windle Fowler, Kt. Senior Warden: Ill. Lawrence Tower, Kt. Junior Warden; Ill. Manuel G. J. Bonnell, Kt. Orator; Rev. J. E. Rockwell, Kt. Prelate.

Primitive Chapter, No. 5, Rose Croix, A.·. & P.·. R.·. M.·., meets 1st, 3d and 5th Fridays, in Encampment Room, Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Grand and Centre Streets.

George Russ, M.·. W.·., address 45 Gold Street, N. Y.; R. B. Hardy, S.·. W.·.; John R. Moore, J.·. W.·.; W. H. Dayas, Archivist, address Holman's, corner Centre and White Streets.

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☞ For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see the edition of this paper of April 6, 1867.

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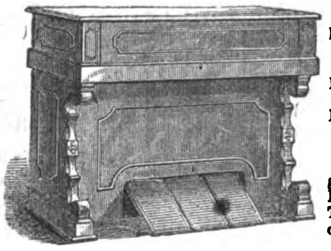

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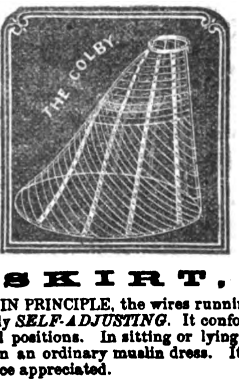

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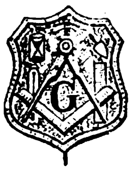

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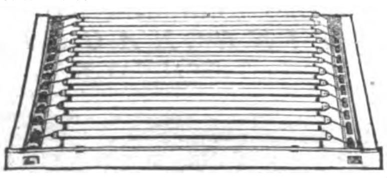

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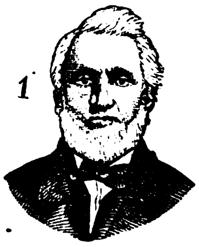

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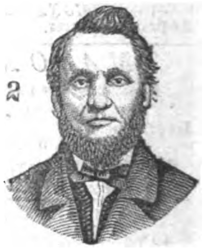

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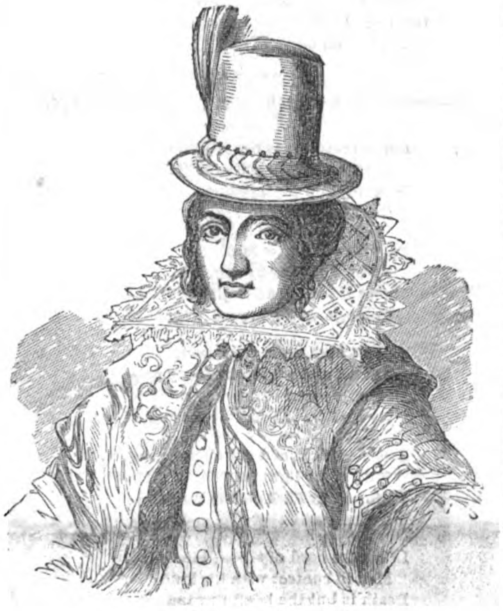


POCAHONTAS.

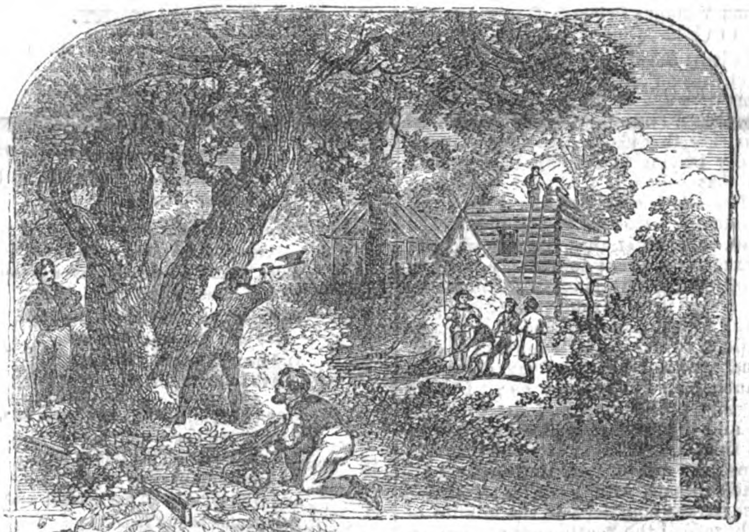
From the sweet Indian maid, the favorite daughter of Powhattan, have descended so many noble and eminent Virginia Freemasons, that we may well preface their biographies with a sketch of Pocahontas herself. Powhattan was not the family name of the father of Pocahontas, but the title of Emperor, as that of *Pharaoh* was applied to Egyptian kings. Powhattan was Emperor of a confederacy of Indian tribes, when Captain Smith, a bold adventurer of the English settlement, penetrating the interior, was taken prisoner. He was carried in triumph to the Emperor, the Powhattan, in his forest palace at Werowocomoco, upon the north side of York river, 25 miles below the junction of the Pamunkey and Mattopony rivers, Shelly, opposite Queen's Creek. Smith was condemned to die. When the executioner had lifted his club to dash out the brains of Smith, whose arms were pinioned and his head placed upon a stone, Pocahontas, but eleven years of age, leaped from her father, clasped the head of Smith in her arms, and implored his life. Our poetical brother, Wm. Gilmore Sims, thus describes the scene:

How trembled then the maid as rose
That captive warrior, calm and stern,
Thus girded by his wolfish foes
His fearless spirit still would spurn.
How bright his glance, how fair his face,
And with what proud, enfranchised grace
His footsteps free advance as still
He followed firm the bloody mace
That guided to the gloomy place
Where stood the savage sent to kill.
Then turns—with eye grown tearless now,
But full of speech, as eye alone
Can speak to eye, and heart in prayer—
For mercy to her father's throne!

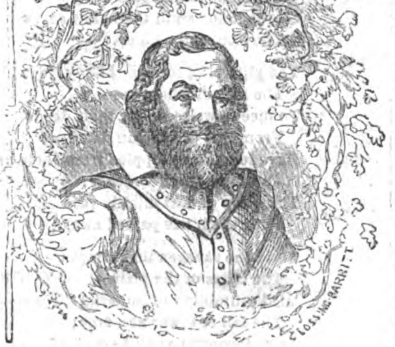
* * * * *

How could that stern old king deny
The angel pleading in her eye?
How mock the sweet, imploring grace
That breathed in beauty from her face,
And to her kneeling action gave
A power to soothe and still subdue?
Until, though humble as a slave,
To more than queenly sway she grew.
Oh! brief the doubt!—oh! short the strife—
She wins the captive's forfeit life;
She breaks his bands; she bids him go,
Her idol, but her *country's* foe!
And dreams not in that parting hour,
The gyves that from his limbs she tears
Are light in weight, and frail in power,
To those that round her heart she wears.

Smith's life was spared. The natives became friends, and Smith was sent to Jamestown, with a guard of twelve men. Two years later a plan was matured by the natives for utterly exterminating the colonists. Again Pocahontas was the guardian angel. On a dark and stormy night she hastened to Jamestown, revealed the plot, warned Smith of his danger, and had returned to her couch before day dawn.



BUILDING OF JAMESTOWN.



CAPT. JOHN SMITH.

When Smith had left the colony, Argall, a rough, half-piratical mariner, desirous of extorting advantageous terms of peace from her father, bribed a savage, by the gift of a copper kettle, to betray her into his hands. Powhattan loved his child tenderly, and offered five hundred bushels of corn, and a promise of friendship towards the English for her ransom. But other bonds, more holy than those of Argall, now detained her. While on the ship, a mutual attachment had budded and blossomed between her and John Rolfe, a fine young Englishman, of good family. With the consent of her father, Pocahontas received Christian baptism, with the title of "the Lady Rebecca," and she and her lover were married. The former ceremony is depicted in the painting gracing one of the panels of the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

In 1616 Pocahontas accompanied her husband to England, where she was received at court with all the distinction due to a princess. But the king on the throne was highly indignant because one of his *subjects* had dared to marry a *lady of royal blood*, and absurdly apprehended that Rolfe might lay clay claim "to the crown of Virginia!" Afraid of the royal displeasure, Captain Smith, who was then in England, would not allow her to call him *father*, as she desired to do. She could not comprehend the cause; and her tender, simple heart was greatly grieved by what seemed to be his want of affection for her. She remained in England about a year; and when ready to embark for America with her husband, she was taken sick, and died at Gravesend, in the flowery month of June, 1617, when not quite twenty-two years of age. She left one son, Thomas Rolfe, who afterwards became quite a distinguished man in Virginia. His only child was a daughter, and from her some of the leading families in Virginia trace their descent. Among these were the Bollings, Hemmings, Murrays, Guys, Eldridges and Randolphs. The late John Randolph, of Roanoke, boasted of his descent from the Indian princess.

Mr. Steth, in his History of Virginia, says:

> All this while, Sir Thomas Dale, Mr. Whittaker, Minister of Bermuda Hundred, and Mr. Rolfe, her husband, were very careful and assiduous in instructing Pocahontas in the Christian religion, and she, on her part, expressed an eager desire and showed great capacity for learning. After she had been tutored for some time, she

openly renounced the idolatry of her country, confessed the faith of Christ, and was baptized by the name of Rebecca. But her real name, it seems, was originally Matoax, which the Indians carefully concealed from the English, and changed it to Pocahontas, out of a superstitious fear lest they, by a knowledge of her true name, should be enabled to do her some hurt. She was the first Christian Indian in these parts, and perhaps the sincerest and most worthy that has ever been since. And now she has no manner of desire to return to her father, neither could she well endure the brutish manners or society of her own nation. Her affection for her husband was extremely constant and true, and he, on the other hand, underwent great torment and pain out of his violent passion and tender solicitude for her. But Sir Thomas Dale, in a letter to the Bishop of London, dated June 18, 1614, thus writes:

Powhattan's daughter I caused to be carefully instructed in the Christian religion, who, after she had made some good progress therein, renounced publicly her country's idolatry, openly confessed her Christian faith, was, as she desired, baptized, and is *since* married to an English gentleman of good understanding (as by his letter unto me, containing the reasons of his marriage of her, you may perceive), another knot to bind this peace the stronger. Her father and friends gave approbation to it, and her uncle gave her to him in the church. She lives civilly and lovingly with him, and I trust will increase in goodness as the knowledge of God increaseth in her. She will go into England with me, and were it but the gaining of this one soul, I will think my time, toil, and present stay well spent.

* * * * * *

The house of Rolfe and Pocahontas was about two miles from the city of Henrico, down James river, where the Court House afterwards stood. Broken bricks are still to be found, which have been worn by the ploughshare of two centuries on this well known spot.

We append Captain Smith's letter to Queen Anne, soliciting her attention to Pocahontas. It is well worth a thorough reading for its own excellence.

To the Most High and Virtuous Princess, Queen Anne of Great Britain:

Most admired Madam: The love I bear my God, my king and my church has so often emboldened me in the worst of extreme dangers, that now honesty doth constrain me to presume thus far beyond myself to present to your majesty this short discourse. If ingratitude be a deadly poison to all honest virtues, I must be guilty of that crime if I should omit any means to be thankful. So it was, that about ten years ago, being in Virginia and being taken prisoner by the power of Powhattan, their chief king, I received from this great savage exceeding great courtesy, especially from his son, Nantiquaus, the manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit I ever saw in a savage, and his sister Pocahontas, the king's most dear and beloved daughter, being but a child of twelve or thirteen years of age, whose compassionate, pitiful heart of my desperate estate gave me much cause to respect her. I being the first Christian this proud king and his grim attendants ever saw, and thus enthralled in their power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of those, my mortal foes, to prevent, notwithstanding all their threats. After some six weeks fattening among these savage courtiers, at the minute of my execution she hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save mine; and not only that, but so prevailed with her father, that I was safely conducted to Jamestown, where I found about eight and thirty miserable, poor, and sick creatures to keep possession of all those large territories in Virginia. Such was the weakness of this poor commonwealth, as had not the savages fed us, we directly had starved. And this relief, most gracious queen, was commonly brought us by the lady Pocahontas.

Notwithstanding all those passages, when inconstant fortune turned our peace to war, this tender virgin would still not spare to dare to visit us, and by her our fears have been often appeased and our wants still supplied. Were it the policy of her father thus to employ her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her his instrument, or her extraordinary affection to our nation, I know not. But of this I am sure; when her father, with the utmost of his policy and power, sought to surprise me, having but eighteen with me, the dark night could not affright her from coming through the irksome woods, and with watered eyes gave me intelligence with her best advice to escape his fury, which, had he seen, he had surely slain her.

Jamestown, with her wild train, she as freely visited as her father's habitation; and during the time of two or three years, she, next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine, and utter confusion, which in those times had once been dissolved, Virginia might have lain as it was at our first arrival till this day. Since then this business, having been turned and varied by many accidents from what I left it, is most certain; after a long and troublesome war, since my departure, betwixt her father and our colony, all which time she was not heard of. About two years after, she herself was taken prisoner, being so detained near two years longer, the colony by that means was relieved, peace concluded, and at last, rejecting her barbarous condition, she was married to an English gentleman, the first Virginian who ever spoke English, or had a child in marriage by an Englishman—a matter surely, if my meaning be truly considered and wisely understood, well worthy a prince's information. Thus, most gracious lady, I have related to your majesty what, at your best leisure, our approved histories will recount to you at large, as done in your Majesty's life. And however this might be presented you from a more worthy pen, it cannot from a more honest heart.

As yet I never begged anything of the state, and it is my want of ability and her exceeding deserts, your birth, means, and authority, her birth, virtue, want and simplicity, doth make me thus bold humbly to beseech your majesty to take this knowledge of her, though it be from one so unworthy to be the reporter as myself, her husband's estate not being able to make her fit to attend your majesty. The most and least I can do is to tell you this, and the rather of her being of so great spirit, however her stature. If she should not be well received, seeing this kingdom may rightly have a kingdom by her means, her present love to us and Christianity might turn to such scorn and fury as to divert all this good to the worst of evil, when, finding that so great a queen should do her more honor than she imagines, for having been so kind to her subjects and servants, would so ravish her with content as to endear her dearest blood to effect that your your majesty and all the king's most honest subjects most earnestly desire. And so I humbly kiss your gracious hands, &c. (Signed),

JOHN SMITH.

MASONRY.

Three thousand years have rolled away
Upon the tide of time,
Since Masonry began her march
Of noble deeds sublime.
And though the angry storms of war
Have swept the earth with fire,
Her temple stands, unscathed, unhurt,
With sunlight on its spire.

Old empires, long the praise of men,
Have faded from the earth;
Kings, with their thrones, have passed away,
Since Masonry had birth.
The sceptred monarch, in his pride,
Has long since met his doom,
And naught is left of his domain,
Save solitude and gloom.

Proud Egypt, with her wondrous arts,
Her mysteries of old,
Has slept beneath the tide of time,
As swift his current rolled,
And Greece, with all her ancient wealth
Of genius and of fame,
Scarce holds amid the nations now
The honor of a name.

The glittering towers of Troy, to which
The foes of Priam came,
To meet a welcome for their deeds
From lips of Spartan dame,
Have long since toppled from their base,
And mouldered to decay;
The glory of that mighty race
With them has passed away.

Amid the ravages that swept
The cities of the plain—
'Mid crumbling of imperial thrones—
The fall of tower and fane;
Fair Masonry has still survived
The nations' horrid doom;
A beacon 'mid the night of years,
To gild the clouds of gloom.

Through every age stern bigotry
Has sought to crush her form,
But unsubdued, she bravely met
The tempest and the storm.
The clouds of persecution fled
Before her steady ray,
As shades of deepest night before
The rising orb of day.

From Oriental climes she came,
To bless this Western world,
And rear her temple 'neath the flag
That Liberty unfurled.
Fair Freedom welcomed to our shores
This maid of heavenly birth,
While thousands of our humble poor
Now own her generous worth.

Ten thousand widows, in their weeds,
Have blest her advent here,
And many a homeless orphan's heart
Has owned her tender care.
Full many a frail and erring son,
To dissipation given,
Has heard her warning voice, and turned
His wayward thoughts to heaven.

Long may her beauteous temple stand,
To light this darkened sphere;
To gild the gloom of error's night,
And dry the falling tear.
And when the final winds of Time
Shall sweep this reeling ball,
Oh, may its glittering spires be
The last on earth to fall.

WHILE 'TIS DAYTIME LET US WORK.

Every brother has his mission
In this world of active strife,
Whether in a high position
Or a lowly walk in life.

He it is, who, now fulfilling
Every duty day by day,
Shows the mind and spirit willing
To perform its onward way.

Life's a bark upon the ocean,
Tossed and rocked by every gale;
Now scuds on with speedy motion,
Now with rent and tattered sail.

Life's a bright and sunny morning,
With some light refreshing showers,
Followed by dark cloudy warning
Of the storm that o'er us lowers.

Life's the cord of silver, binding
Man in contact with his kind;
Death is but the bond unwinding,
Setting free the earth-bound mind.

Life's the pitcher of the fountain
Whence immortal rills descend;
'Tis the fragile wheel surmounting
Cisterns where pure waters blend.

Life's the day and deed for action,
Death the rest, the time of night;
He who works with satisfaction,
Works while yet the hour is light.

Forward, then! the day is waning,
Westward sinks the setting sun;
Onward! on! without complaining,
Work, while yet it may be done.

"RAIN IN THE HEART."

[The following lines were found by a Confederate soldier in a deserted house on the Peninsula, Va., and sent to the NATIONAL FREEMASON by Miss Helen Maurice.]

"Into each life some rain must fall,"

If this were all; oh! if this were all,
That into each life some rain must fall,
There were fainter sobs in the poet's rhyme,
There were fewer wrecks on the shores of time.

But tempests of woe pass over the soul,
Since winds of anguish we cannot control;
And shock after shock we are called to bear,
Till the lips are white with the heart's despair.

The shores of time with wrecks are strewn—
Unto the ear comes ever a moan—
Wrecks of hopes that set sail with glee,
Wrecks of love, *sinking silently*.

Many are hid from the human eye,
Only God knoweth how deep they lie;
Only God heard when arose the cry,
"Help me to bear—oh! help me to die.'

Into each life some rain must fall,
If this were all—oh! if this were all!
Yet there's a refuge from storm and blast—
Gloria Patri, we'll reach it at last.

Be strong, be strong, to my heart I cry,
The pearl in the wounded shell doth lie;
Days of sunshine are given to all,
Tho' "*into each life some rain must fall.*"

◆

The Rejected Bank Note.

"What is the price of this dressing gown, sir?" asked a sweet-faced girl, entering the elegant store of Huntley & Warner, in a city and a street of a city which shall be nameless.

It was a cloudy day. The clerks lounged over the counter and yawned. The man to whom Alice Lake addressed herself was jaunty and middle-aged. He was head clerk of the extensive establishment of Huntley & Warner, and extremely consequential in manner.

"This dressing gown we value at six dollars—you shall have it for five, as trade is dull to-day."

"Five dollars!" Alice looked at the dressing gown longingly, and the clerk looked at her. He saw that her clothes, though made and worn genteely, were common enough in texture, and that her face was very much out of the common line. How it changed!—now shaded, now lighted by the varied play of her emotions. The clerk must almost have sworn that she had no more than that sum, five dollars, in her possession.

The gown was a very good one for the price. It was of common shade, a tolerable merino, and lined with the same material.

"I think"—she hesitated a moment—"I think I shall take it," she said; then seeing in the face before her an expression she did not like, she blushed as she handed out the bill the clerk had made up his mind not to take.

"Jennis," cried Torrent, the head clerk, in a pompous, quick tone, "pass up the bank note detector."

Up ran the tow-headed boy with the detector, and down ran the clerk's eye from column to column. Then he looked over with a sharp glance and exclaimed:

"That's a counterfeit, Miss."

"Counterfeit! Oh, no, it cannot be! The man who sent it could not be so careless; you must be mistaken, sir."

"I am not mistaken; I'm never mistaken, Miss. This bill is counterfeit. I must presume, of course, that you did not know it; although so much bad money has been offered us of late that we intend to secure such persons as pass it. Who did you say sent it?"

"Mr. C——, sir of New York. He could not send me bad money," said the trembling, frightened girl.

"Humph!" said the clerk. "Well, there's no doubt about this; you can look for yourself. Now, don't let me see you here again until you can bring good money, for we always suspect such persons as you that come on dark days with a well made story."

"But, sir"——

"You need make no explanations, Miss," said the clerk, insultingly. "Take your bill, and the next time you want to buy a dressing gown, don't try to pass your counterfeit money," and as he handed it the bill fell from his hand.

Alice caught it from the floor and hurried into the street.

Such a shock the girl had never received. She hurried to a banking establishment, found her way in, and presented the note to a noble looking man with gray hair, faultering out, "Is this bill a bad one, sir?"

The cashier and his son happened to be the only persons present. Both noticed her extreme youth, beauty and agitation.

The cashier looked closely and handed it back, as, with a polite bow and somewhat prolonged look, he said:

"It is a good bill, young lady."

"I knew it was," cried Alice, with a quivering lip—"and he dared"——

She could go no further, but, entirely overcome, she bent her head, and the hot tears had their way.

"I beg pardon—have you had any trouble with it?" asked the cashier.

"Oh, sir, you will excuse me for giving way to my feelings—but you spoke so kindly, and I felt so sure it was good. And I think, sir, such men as one of the clerks in Huntley & Warner's should be removed. He told me it was counterfeit, and added something I am glad my father did not hear. I knew the publisher would not send me bad money."

"Who is your father, young lady?" asked the cashier, becoming interested.

"Mr. Benjamin Locke, sir."

"Benjamin Locke—Ben. Locke—was he ever a clerk in the Navy Department at Washington?"

"Yes, sir; we removed from there," replied Alice. "Since then"—she hesitated—"he has not been well—and we are somewhat reduced. Oh, why do I tell these things, sir?"

"Ben. Locke reduced!" murmured the cashier; "the man who was the making of me! Give me his number and street, my child. Your father was the best, perhaps the only friend I had. I have not forgotten him. No. 4 Liberty street. I will call this evening. Meantime let me have the bill—let me see, I'll give you another. Since I have come to look, I haven't got a five—here's a ten; we'll make it all right."

That evening the inmates of a shabby, genteel house received the cashier of the M—— Bank. Mr. Locke, a man of gray hair, though numbering but fifty years, rose from his arm chair, and, much affected, greeted the familiar face. The son of the cashier accompanied him, and while the elders talked together, Alice and the young man grew quite chatty.

"Yes, sir, I have been unfortunate," said Mr. Locke, in a low tone. "I have just recovered, as you see, from rheumatic fever, caused by undue exertion—and had it not been for that sweet girl of mine, I know not what I should have done. She, by giving lessons in music and French, and writing for periodicals, has kept me, so far, above want."

"You shall not want, my old friend," said the cashier. "It was kind Providence that sent your daughter to me. There's a place in the bank just made vacant by the death of a valuable clerk, and it is at your disposal. It is my gift, and valued at twelve hundred a year."

Pen cannot describe the joy with which this kind offer was accepted. The day of deliverance had come.

* * * * * *

On the following morning the cashier entered the handsome store of Huntley & Warner, and inquired for the head clerk. He came obsequiously.

"Sir," said the cashier, sternly, "is that a bad note?"

"I—I think not, sir," stammeringly replied the clerk.

The cashier went to the door. From his carriage stepped a young girl in company with his daughter.

"Did you not tell this young lady, my ward, that this note was counterfeit? And did you not so far forget self-respect and the interest of your employers as to offer an insult?"

The man stood confounded—he dared not deny; he could say nothing for himself.

"If your employers keep you, sir, they will no longer have my custom," said the cashier, sternly. "You deserve to be horsewhipped."

The firm parted with their unworthy clerk that very day, and he left the store disgraced, but punished justly.

Alice Locke became the daughter-in-law of the good cashier. All of which grew out of calling a genuine bill counterfeit.

◆

The Haunted Ship.

The following narrative by Washington Irving is not included in his collected works:

The world abounds with ghost stories, but it is exceedingly difficult to get them at first hand; that is to say, from persons who have actually seen the ghosts; this may be the reason why they have fallen into discredit with the dubious. I once heard a story of the kind from one who came within an ace of being an eye witness, and believed in it most honestly. He was a worthy Captain of the sea; a native either of Nantucket or Martha's Vineyard—I forget which; at any rate, a place noted for its breed of hardy mariners. I met with him in the ancient city of Seville, having anchored with his brig in the Gaudalquiver, in the course of a wandering voyage. Our conversation, one day, turned upon the wonders and adventures of the sea, when he informed me that, among his multifarious cruisings, he had once made a voyage on board of a haunted ship. It was a vessel that had been met with, drifting, half dismantled, and with flagging sails, about the sea near the Gulf of Florida, between the mainland and the Bahama Banks. Those who boarded her found her without a living soul on board; the hatchways were broken open; the cargo had been rifled; the decks fore and aft were covered with blood; the shrouds and rigging were smeared with the same, as if some wretched beings had been massacred as they clung to them. It is evident that this ship had been plundered by pirates, and, to all appearance, the crew had been murdered and thrown overboard.

The ship was taken possession of by the finders, and brought to Boston, in New England; but the sailors who navigated her to port declared they would not make such another voyage for all the wealth of Peru. They had been harrassed the whole way by the ghosts of the murdered crew, who at night would come out of the companion-way and the forecastle and run up the shrouds, station themselves upon the yards and at the mastheads, and appear to perform all the duties of the ship.

As no harm had resulted from this ghostly seamanship, the story was treated lightly, and the vessel was fitted out for another voyage; but when ready for sea, no sailors could be got to embark in her. She lay for some time in Boston harbor, regarded by the superstitious seamen as a fated ship; and there she might have rotted, had not the worthy captain who related to me the story, undertaken to command her. He succeeded in getting some hardy tars, who stood less in awe of ghosts, to accompany him, and his brother-in-law sailed with him as chief mate.

When they got fairly to sea, the hobgoblin crew began to play their pranks. At night there would be the deuce to pay in the hold; such racketing and rummaging, as if the cargo was being overhauled; bales tumbled about, and boxes broken open, and sometimes it seemed as if all the ballast was shifted from side to side. All this was heard with dismay by the the sailors, and even the captain's brother-in-law, who appears to have been a very sagacious man, was exceedingly troubled at it. As to the captain himself, he honestly confessed to me that he never saw nor heard anything; but then he slept soundly, and when once asleep was hard to be awakened.

Notwithstanding all these ghostly vagaries, the ship arrived at the destined end of her voyage, which was one of the South American rivers under the line. The captain proposed to go in his boat to a town some distance up the river, leaving his ship in charge of his brother-in-law. The latter said he would anchor her opposite to an island in the river, where he could go on shore at night, and yet be on hand to keep guard upon her; but nothing could tempt him to sleep on board. The crew all swore the same. The captain could not reasonably object to such an arrangement; so the ship was anchored opposite to the island, and the captain departed on his expedition.

For a time all went well; the brother-in-law and his sagacious comrades regularly abandoned the ship at nightfall, and slept on shore; the ghosts then took command, and the ship remained as quietly at anchor as though she had been manned by living bodies instead of hobgoblin spirits. One night, however, the captain's brother-in-law was awakened by a tremendous storm. He hastened to the shore. The sea was lashed up in foaming surges; the rain came down in torrents—the lightning flashed—the thunder bellowed. It was one of those suden tempests only known in the tropics. The captain's brother-in-law cast a rueful look at the poor tossing and laboring ship. He saw numbers of uncouth beings busy about her, who were only to be descried by the flashes of lightning, or by the pale fires that glided about the rigging; he heard occasionally the piping of a boatswain's whistle, or the bellowing of a hoarse voice through a speaking trumpet. The ghosts were evidently trying to save the ship; but a tropical storm is sometimes an overmatch for a ghost, a goblin, or the —— himself. In a word, the ship parted her cables, drove before the wind, stranded on the rocks, and there she laid her bones.

When the captain returned from his expedition up the river he found his late gallant vessel a mere hulk, and received this wonderful account of her fate from his sagacious brother-in-law. Whether the wreck continued to be haunted or not he could not inform me; and I forgot to ask whether the owners recovered anything of the underwriters, who rarely insure against accidents from ghosts.

Such is one of the nearest chances I have ever had of getting to the fountain-head of a ghost story. I have often since regretted that the captain was so sound a sleeper, and that I did not see his brother-in-law.

◆

Hon. D. C. Grove, Ex-Mayor of Utica, who is now in the South, visiting relatives and friends, thus writes from Georgia:

Lieut Wiswell introduced us to a venerable looking man, named Barber, at the cemetery, with the remark that he narrowly escaped hanging for his Union sentiments. "Yes," said the old gentleman, "I stood on the platform with the halter around my neck, ready to be launched off, and I told the villains to go on." Our curiosity was aroused. "Why did they not finish the job?" we asked. "Well," he replied, "the fact was, that I was a Freemason! and among those who were engaged in the affair were many other Freemasons; and during the excitement the Masons thought better of it, and managed to get the rope off, and hustled me out of the way." Lieut. Wiswell added, as an illustration of Masonry during the war, that he had known Federal officers to pass through the rebel lines to attend Masonic

meetings, returning safely after "the Lodge was duly closed." Masonry plays a prominent part in many anecdotes of the war hereabouts; it is an institution held in great respect; Federals and Confederates alike. nearly all that we meet, belong to it. A Masonic Hall now being erected in Atlanta is one of the most imposing buildings of the city, and the finest monuments in the Cemetery are surmounted with the emblems of the craft.

◆

The Theory of Evil, as it is set forth in the beginning of the Book of Genesis—Symbolism—Tubal Cain. (No. 1.)

[While not approving of all the statements in the following. and protesting against its theory, there is so much profound Masonic Symbolism in it that we cannot withold it from our readers. It is from a profoundly learned brother, who was made a Master Mason in the *Lodge de la Fraternité des Peuples*, at Paris. Our brother is the author of "Job," and thinks him a good Mason, but cannot exactly vouch for him.]

In order to make some statement of the Hebrew theory of the nature and origin of evil, we will give an outline of the famous symbolical history under which is expressed, after a hieroglyphic manner, a supposed solution of the entire problem. Omitting the parts which have no direct bearing on our subject, we will endeavor, as we go on, to translate the symbolical history into philosophical statements, and to replace the hieroglyphics by intelligible illustrations.

On the sixth day of the creation, "THE ELOHIM created *Adam* after HIS own image." The texts inform us that Adam, as so created, was not a single individual, but many persons, and that each of these persons was at once male and female. "God (ELOHIM) created Adam in his own image: *in the image of Elohim* created he *him; male and female* created he *them.*" *Genesis* i. 27. "In the day that Elohim created man. (Adam,) *in the likeness of Elohim created he him; male and female* created he *them;* and he blessed *them*, and called *their* name ADAM, in the day when they were created." *Gen.* v. 1-2. There was not (as will presently become perfectly evident) one man created and one woman; but many individuals of the human race were simultaneously produced, and each individual was man-woman.

It will be noticed that the name Elohim is a plural noun, used as a collective singular; it denotes the essential unity, by way of totality of the corelated divine energies; it denotes an indissoluble union, a unity in multiplicity—not many in one, but one from many. Moreorer, since the Supreme has neither body, parts, nor visible form, the image of God in which Adam was made is not an image in any sense that would imply a material and visible resemblance between the Creator and the creature. The words *in the image of Elohim*, are used hieroglyphically in the text, or symbolically, to signify that Adam, not an individual man, but the collective race of mankind, is, like his Creator, a unity in multiplicity, a collective whole; to signify, moreover, that Adam is *essentially active*, and *the object of his own activity*. For the asserted bi-sexuality of the Supreme, or the coexistence in him of the male and female principles, is a mere symbolical definition of the Creator, as a Living Force, who is the object of his own action.*

Plato, in his dialogue of "The Banquet," gives a burlesque account of the bi-sexuality of the earliest men, and of the cause and circumstances of the original separation of the sexes. The theory of the bi-sexuality, not only of the earliest members of the human race, but also of the Architect of the Universe, is common to nearly all the primitive religions whose records have come down to us. Without it, the interpretation of the Kabbala would become impossible. "Every form," says *The Book of Light*, "in which the male and female [subjective and objective] elements are not conjoined, is inferior and incomplete."

The creation recorded in the first chapter of Genesis took place in the architectural plan only, or bare intention, of the Almighty. The creatures that were made on the first six days, were made in mere virtuality, and not actually. This is clearly intimated in the text: for we read that, after Adam was created, and had his function assigned to him, "The Lord God made every plant of the field, *before it was in the earth*, and every herb of the field *before it grew;* for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, *and there was not a man to till the ground.*" *Gen.* ii. 5. We are told in *The Book of Light*, that there are creations dating back to times anterior to the six days: The ancient worlds, like sparks born between the blacksmith's anvil and hammer, were incapable of subsisting, because the Ancient of Days (hallowed be his name!) had not yet clothed himself with his form, and the workman was not yet at his work. * * Why were all these ancient worlds destroyed? Because man existed not as yet. The human form includes all things, and by it are all things maintained. As soon as the form of man was established, all these ancient worlds came again into existence, but under new names."

It is written, "The Lord God (Jehovah Elohim) formed man of the dust (symbolically, *sublimations*) of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and Adam became a living soul." *Gen.* ii. 7. That is to say, the Supreme formed a body for the man he had already virtually created, united the man with this body, and Adam (mankind) began to actually exist. But Adam, as actually existing in a body, was not a man, as contradistinguished from a woman; for he was still (as will shortly appear) bisexual, or a man-woman.

The Hebrew theories cannot be completely understood until we have obtained a clear conception of the principle of *solidarity*—a principle that is implied in all of them. By *solidarity* we mean that mutual inter-relation of things which makes the existence of any one of them to be the condition of the existence of the others, and the existence of the others to be the condition of the existence of that one. It is repeatedly affirmed in the Kabbala that man and the universe exist *in solidarity*, and an intimation to that effect is found in the extract from *The Book of Light*, which is quoted a few lines back. According to *The Book of Mystery*, "The form of man includes all things, whether they be things in heaven or things upon the earth; and therefore it is that the Eternal manifests himself in it. No world and no form existed before the form of man; for that form contains all things, and all things subsist by it only. But there is a man from above, and a man of the earth, and these two are diverse; and the one cannot exist without the other. Therefore there was seen above the chariot (see *Ezek.* i. 26) the figure of a man." Naturalists tell us that the inferior animals are the prophecy and promise of man, and that the constitution of man is the key to the constitutions of all living creatures; they tell us also, that the relation of living things to the universe is such, that a slight change in the constituion of the world would suffice to insure the destruction of man and of all sentient creatures. The Hebrews held that the bond between man and the universe is mutual, the universe being as dependent upon man for its form and existence as is man upon the universe for his form and existence.*

When Adam came into existence, the Supreme made him to be instinctively aware that, if he ate the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil (or, in other words, passed from a state of original innocence to the state of distinct consciousness of *self*), he would die to the environment in corelation with which his life consisted. It appears that it was not revealed to him that if he died to his unconscious existence, he would be raised again to the flesh and to *self*, or that the result of his own change would be a further materialization of the universe; he was merely informed that he would die.

Correctly rendered, the text contains no menace or threat. There is no question of any act of disobedience. Interpreters competent to explain these ancient texts, have usually, there is reason to believe, been restrained from explaining them by binding obligations imposed upon them in the process of regular initiation. "It is forbidden," so reads *The Mischna*, "to explain *the history of the creation* to two persons at a time, or *the history of the Chariot* (the first chapter of Ezekiel) to a single person even: nevertheless, if the person be a wise and discreet man, the summaries of the headings may be confided to him." *The Guemara*† is still more strict; for it allows the headings and summaries to be divulged to none except men in high and responsible stations, "whose hearts are full of anxiety." It may be well to state, therefore, once for all, before going further, that the story of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden is, in the opinion of the present writer, a transcript from the lectures of a very ancient secret association, and the ritual of an initation into a special mystery. Pictures are extant, said to be copied from Egyptian originals, showing the circumstances and the details of this initiation. Of course, the present writer cannot vouch for the authenticity of these pictures. He, like the reader, must base his conclusion upon the internal evidence furnished by the texts, and upon such external evidences as can be obtained.

The commentators usually affirm that evil entered the world through the woman's act of disobedience; but the commentators usually fail to set forth the true point of the initiation. There is no question of forbidden fruit. Evil was already in the world, before the woman obtained a distinct existence. It will be noticed that the Almighty is represented as saying, at the end of every act of creation, "Behold, it is very good!" Nevertheless. in the eighteenth verse of the second chapter of Genesis it is written: "And the Lord God said, *It is not good* (or it is evil) that the man should be alone." This is the first intimation we have of *evil* as connected with man's existence in the world; and the evil specified is not a consequence of man's fault, but appears to have been an integral part of the plan of the Creator.* It was to obviate this already existing evil that the woman was formed.

It is written, "Jehovah Elohim caused a deep sleep (Heb. KDM) to fall upon Adam." *Gen.* ii. 21. These words, "a deep sleep," are full of mystery. They denote the prophetic trance, wherein inspired seers are rapt from earth to heaven, and whereby, through a contrary operation, angels are brought into corelation with terrestrial existences. When Daniel saw the great vision, and his comeliness was turned into corruption, and no strength remained in him, and he heard the voice of words, "then was he in a deep sleep," (Heb. KDM,) "on his face, with his face to the ground."† *Dan.* x. 9. While Adam was in a deep sleep, or trance, his nature became transfigured. When he awoke, he found himself to be no longer an etherial (or, as it were, supernatural) man-woman, as he had formerly been, but a natural man *and* a natural woman; for God had cloven him in twain, and had separated the sexes, which before were united in *him*, and had reconstituted him as two distinct persons. Intelligent commentators affirm that it was by no means a mere rib, but a whole side that was taken from Adam in order to the formation of woman. Adam said, concerning the woman the Lord formed from him, "This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called *Isha* (woman), because she was taken out of *Ish* (man.)" *Gen.* ii. 23.‡

(To be continued.)

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* It must be remembered that the author of the document wrote in a language incapable of directly expressing philosophical ideas. Desiring to state that there is a multiplicity in the existence of the Supreme, he first says that man is made in the image of God. thus establishing man as the symbol or analogue of the Creator; and then draws attention to the fact that the human race is composed of many individuals, co-ordinated into *one whole*, which is mankind, MAN, or *Adam*. Desiring also to state that the Supreme is, at once, the subject and object of his own action, he states that *man*, the analogue of the Supreme, is male-female. This symbolical method of expressing philosophical ideas is now almost obsolete; but it was familiar to the first readers of the Book of Genesis, and in the beginning it led to no misapprehension. It will be observed that the writer calls the Supreme by the name Elohim (a name implying multiplicity), and not by the name Jehovah, (which implies a strict unity.

* The inferior animals exist in man, as rudimentary realizations exist in their type or ideal. In the order of time, the animals appear before man; but in the order of the Divine plan, man existed before the animals. When an artist is painting a picture, it is long before his design becomes manifest in his work. In the order of the communication of his thought to other men, the work of the artist is anterior to the effect it produces; but in the order of his own intentions, the effect is anterior to the work; the effect being the end, to produce which the work was disposed. A picture is a realized idea: an idea that is not realized, is, like an executed act which realizes no idea, no work of art.

† The Mischna and the Guemara are orthodox and not Kabbalistic books.

* It is true that this evil was natural, and not moral; but it was a natural evil, in which moral evil (as will shortly appear) was implicitly contained, as the chicken is contained in the egg.

† The next verse gives us some of the circumstances of the magnetic trance: "And behold, an hand touched me, and set me upon my knees, and upon the palms of my hands." *Dan* x. 10.

‡ It is obvious that the interpretation of the words in the first chapter, "male and female created he them,"as affirming the creation of men and women on the sixth day, is not consistent with this passage, which shows that the woman was not "created" but was "formed" from the pre-existing substance of Adam. Moreover the separation of the woman from the man took place after the seventh day, that is, after the Creator had rested from his work.

◆

A Thorough Domestic Test.

We have for some time contemplated effecting a thorough domestic test—through regular and diversified use—of all the varieties of Sewing Machines that compete for the public favor; and have accordingly invited the several manufacturers to lend proper facilities for testing their machines. We give our first notice to the Willcox & Gibbs:

The machine is exceedingly simple. Very slight instructions and ingenuity are required to understand its parts and their use; and there is no excuse for getting it out of order until the parts are fairly worn out. As a consequence, it always works at a moment's notice, though it may have been laid aside for months. The needle is short and straight, and consequently not liable to break; in six months' use we have not broken or bent a single needle. The tension" is the most manageable and certain contrivance of the kind, and never baffles the operator. It never misses a stitch. The thread is taken directly from the spool, without rewinding. The work can be raveled with the greatest ease, if desired, while it is perfectly secure against raveling if left to itself. After much wear and many washings, the stitching is found to retain all the roundness, evenness and firmness which are so much admired at first. We have tried it on every kind of garment, and have not yet found a broken thread in its work. As a single-threaded machine, we were prejudiced against it—believing that its work would rip, pucker in washing, etc.; but all objections on this score are found to be groundless. We stand ready to do justice to every other manufacturer but we advise our readers to put no faith in disparaging criticisms, for we are satisfied that none of any importance can be sustained.—*The New York Sun.*

◆

Grief flies from the light of day and seeks the cover of friendly night.

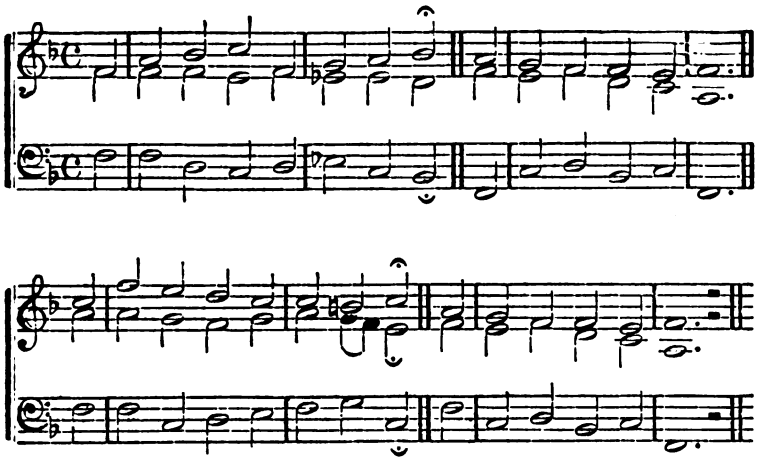
THE MASONIC HARMONIA; a Collection of Music, Original and Selected, for the use of the Masonic Fraternity. By HENRY STEPHEN CUTLER, Doctor in Music, Director of the Cecilian Choir, etc. Published under the auspices of St. Cecile Lodge, No. 568, City of New York. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Co., 432 Broome Street. 1867.

This is a work long needed and has been executed by a great master, who has been at least *primus inter pares* in the musical world. This is a movement in the right direction. Too many of our compositions hitherto have been without merit, or have been associated with other and exterior bodies. As Masonry has its own signs and ceremonies, so should it have its own music. We mistake if tens of thousands of copies of this work are not sold within six months. Price, single copy, postage free, $1, and by the dozen, $10.

The following are illustrations of the work:

MASONIC HARMONIA. 9

19. **OPENING. C. M.**



20. **Opening.**

WITHIN our temple, met again,
With hearts and purpose strong,
We'll raise our notes of grateful praise,
With union in our song.

Around our altar's sacred shrine,
May love's pure incense rise,
Bearing upon its mystic flame
Our music to the skies.

21. **Opening.**

JEHOVAH, God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

O may we all in love abound,
And charity pursue;
Thus shall we be with glory crowned,
And love as angels do.

22. **Opening.**

PARENT of all! Omnipotent
In Heaven and earth below;
Thro' all creation's bounds unspent,
Whose streams of goodness flow.

Teach us to know from whence we rose,
And unto what designed;
No private aims let us propose,
Since linked with human kind.

Teach us to feel a brother's grief,
To calm the troubled breast,
To suff'ring man extend relief;
And blessing to the blest.

23. **Opening.**

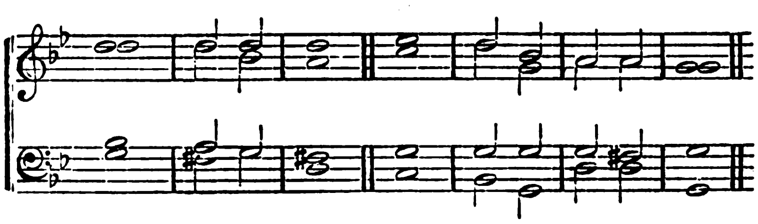
COME, Masters of the Art, unite,
And may this meeting prove,
To all th' assembled sons of light,
A strengthened bond of love.

May Friendship and Morality,
With true fraternal love,
Be found in every Mason's heart,
And all his actions move.

MASONIC HARMONIA. 13

31. **OPENING.**

Chant No. 3. **Dr. WALTER.**



PSALM 24. ***Domini est terra.***

THE earth is the LORD'S * and all that · *therein* · *is:* the compass of the world and · *they that* · *dwell there-* · *in.*

2. For he hath founded it up- · *on the* · *seas:* and prepared · *it up-* · *on the* · *floods.*

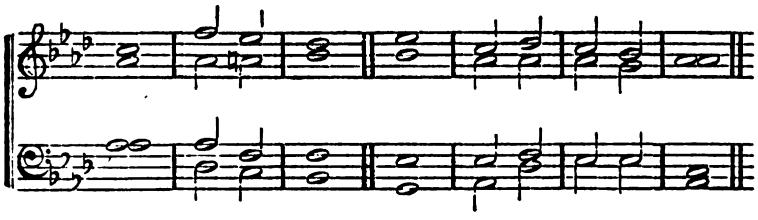
3. Who shall ascend into the hill · *of the* · *Lord:* or who shall rise up · *in his* · *holy* · *place?*

4. Even he that hath clean hands and a · *pure* · *heart:* and that hath not lift up his mind unto vanity * nor · *sworn to de-* · *ceive his* · *neighbour.*

5. He shall receive the blessing · *from the* · *Lord:* and righteousness from the · *God of* · *his sal-* · *vation.*

32.

Chant No. 4.



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MASONRY IN TIME OF WAR.

V.

THE FRENCH PRIVATEERSMAN AND THE SKIPPER OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

The following beautiful and romantic incident is an undeniable official vindication of the truth there is in Freemasonry; and with this narration we are done with privateersmen; the compass and design of our work forbids elaboration under this head.

In the month of December, 1812, during the war between England and France, the sloop "Three Friends,"* Captain James Campbell, trading from Limerick, in Ireland, was captured by the French privateer "Juliet," commanded by Captain Louis Marencourt. Signals of Masonry were exchanged between the two captains, when the French commander, finding in his prisoner a brother of the mystic tie, immediately gave him and his crew their liberty, and restored the ship and cargo.

On the 6th of February, 1813, Captain Marencourt, who was then in command of another privateer, Le Furet, was captured by the British frigate Modeste, and sent as a prisoner of war to Plymouth. When the news of Captain Marencourt's misfortune reached Limerick, the residence of his former prisoner, two of the Lodges of that city were convened, and unanimously adopted resolutions, which, as they afford an evidence of that kind and brotherly spirit which not even the asperities of war can erase from the Masonic breast, are entitled to a place in such a work as this. The letters will be found in Joyce Gold's "Naval Chronicle," vol. xxix., pages 194 and 195.

At a meeting of Ancient Limerick Lodge, No. 271, holden in the city of Limerick, on Thursday, the 18th of February, 1813, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of this ancient body be, and are hereby, presented to Captain Louis Marencourt, of Le Furet, French privateer (lately captured by the Modeste, British frigate), for his generous, humane, and praiseworthy conduct to Brother James Campbell, of the sloop Three Friends, of Youghall, in restoring to him his ship and cargo, and rescuing himself and crew from captivity, in December last, when captured by him, at the time he commanded the Juliet, French privateer.

"*Resolved*, That as men peculiarly attached by the most unshaken loyalty to our most gracious Sovereign and the British Constitution, we exult at the prosperity of his Majesty's arms, both by sea and land—yet, as Masons, we are bound to commiserate the unfortunate, and pour out the balm of consolation into the wounds of those who are deprived of the greatest blessing in life—liberty.

"*Resolved*, That we sympathize with Captain Marencourt in his present state of captivity and absence (perhaps from a family and most tender connections), yet, at the same time, we must console him with the pleasing reflection that he is a prisoner in a land and under a government whose monarch has been, through a long reign, the father of his people and the friend to the unfortunate, and we most ardently hope that the man who has held forth to the world so meritorious a pattern of generosity and kindness to a British subject, when in his power, may meet with that lenity which his former conduct so loudly calls for.

"*Resolved*, That these our resolutions be transmitted by our Secretary to the Worshipful Master of No. 79, at Plymouth, and that he be requested to communicate them to Captain Marencourt, and the officers and brethren of the Lodge.

"*Resolved*, That the foregoing resolutions be inserted in our transaction book, and published in the Limerick newspapers, and in the Dublin *Evening Post*."

Rising Sun Lodge, No. 952, of Limerick, also unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That we do fully approve of the resolutions entered into by our brethren of Lodge No. 271, expressive of their thanks to Captain Marencourt, lately captured by the Modeste, British frigate, for his humane and generous conduct to Captain Campbell, of the sloop Three Friends, in December last, in not only restoring him to liberty and his country, but with the disinterestedness of a true Mason giving him his sloop and cargo, captured by Captain Marencourt, when commander of the Juliet, privateer.

"*Resolved*, That generosity, even in an enemy, has a peculiar claim on Britons and Irishmen—it is characteristic of those countries to feel and cherish its influence. We cannot, therefore, suppress the expression of our sympathy for the present captivity of this generous brother and stranger, and could we constitutionally supplicate the high personage who now rules these realms, and who in himself is a splendid example of the purity of Masonic principles, would implore his royal interposition in favor of Captain Marencourt, fortified as we are by the Christian maxim of 'Do unto others as you would wish to be done by.'

Resolved, That our Secretary be instructed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to our Right Worshipful Brother and Grand Master, the Earl of Donoughmore, as the sentiments of our Lodge, and that we ardently hope some measure, not inconsistent with the high offices of the State, may be speedily adopted, to give efficacy to our prayer, so that our nation may not yield to an enemy in generosity or gratitude.

"*Resolved*, That our Secretary do also send a copy of these resolutions to the Worshipful Master, officers, and brethren of No. 79, at Plymouth, and that they be requested to communicate the same to Captain Marencourt.

"*Resolved*, That these our resolutions be published in the *General Advertiser* or *Limerick Gazette*, and *Limerick Evening Post*, and that our highly esteemed brother, Alexander McDonnell, proprietor of the *Advertiser*, be requested to transmit the same to the proprietors of the *Freeman's Journal* and *Patriot*, Dublin, and the *Globe*, London."

Lodge No. 13, of Limerick, was equally ready to bestow its commendations on the gallant and generous Frenchman, and, as a testimonial of its high opinion of the Masonic conduct of Captain Marencourt, it voted him a silver vase of the value of one hundred guineas, on which was engraved the following inscription:

"To Captain Louis Marencourt, of the French privateer Le Furet, to commemorate the illustrious example of Masonic virtue his conduct to Captain Campbell displays, the brethren of Lodge No. 13, on the registry of Ireland, present and dedicate this cup. Limerick, 1st May, 1813."

The vase was sent, through the British consul, to the Grand Lodge of France; but the gallant Marencourt had, in the meantime, lost his life in Africa, and the vase was returned to the Lodge, where it is still preserved as its brightest ornament.

We shall turn, after one more incident, from the charm with which the dangers and adventures of the sea invests everything, to the struggles between duty and passions upon the shore. This is too good to be omitted, although it may not be strictly relevant to our subject.

During the severe winter of 1857 there was a large number of vessels frozen fast in the ice of the Chesapeake Bay. So thick was the ice and intensely cold the weather, that not even the steam-tugs could force their way through the fields of ice to extricate themselves, or render assistance to vessels which depended on their sails to save them from this perilous situation; to add to their helplessness, some of them had their crews badly frost-bitten. Among them was Captain C——, a young man who had followed the sea from a boy, and had a year or two previously married a young woman in New England who had been a schoolmate when a child. After marrying he invested all he had laid up during his seafaring life, together with her small patrimony, in a fine fore-and-aft vessel which, next to his wife and child, was the pride of his life. Being in the coasting trade during the winter season, he found himself in this unpleasant predicament, and with many others was rendered nearly helpless by having his crew so badly frost-bitten that they could not handle a rope or give him any assistance in case of necessity. To add to his trouble a gale came on, and the ice taking a drift was hurrying his devoted schooner on a reef of rocks where she would inevitably be lost.

Then came uppermost in his thoughts his young wife and child, who, if he and his vessel were lost, would be a widow and orphan, and if, perhance he should be saved, he would return to them a beggar—everything was vested in this schooner and her cargo. A signal of distress had been hoisted all the day, but it brought him no aid, as nearly all the others were in the same state as himself, and fully occupied with their own vessels, and none had found time to come to him; he must, therefore, trust to an "All-seeing eye," and abide the result; when, as if by inspiration, the thought struck him that he was a "Freemason," and possibly there might be some brother Mason in command of a vessel in his vicinity. He immediately made the Masonic signal of distress, and to his great joy, in less than twenty minutes he saw no less than three boats put off to his vessel. Coming alongside, they sang out—

"Hallo! Captain, don't you see that reef astern? why don't you get up your anchor, get on sail, and try to wind it?"

He replied, "I am alone; all hands are below badly frost-bitten, and cannot do anything."

They waited for no more, but springing aboard, in a few moments the anchor was a-peak, sail made on the vessel, and she not only cleared the reef, but was brought in a place of safety where they came to anchor, and then went below to take something to drink.

The captain, after thanking them for their timely aid, asked them if they had seen his flag with the union down, and if so, why they had not come to his assistance before.

In reply, they asked why he had not come to theirs; he said he could not, as he was alone.

They replied, "How were we to know that? we had our hands full to look out for our vessels, and no time to attend to others; but when you made the signal of a brother Mason in distress we came to your assistance.

Captain C—— remarked, "Well, captain, I think the Masonic tie in this instance has fully compensated for all I have ever done, or shall have in my power to do, for the cause of Masonry."

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* It has been suggested, upon the grounds of a mere conjecture, it is true, that, as an ingredient in the romance of this incident, the name of the "Three Friends" was intended as an allusion to Solomon, King of Israel, and the two Hirams.

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

THE BOY HERO.—There is a story told of a little boy of Haarlem, a town in Holland. He was returning one night from a village to which he had been sent by his father on an errand, and his way home lay along the side of one of the canals which are so numerous in that country. As he came near one of the large sluices, which are used for regulating the force of the water, he was examining it, and discovered a hole in the wood through which the water was flowing. With the instant perception which every child in Holland has in such matters, he saw in a moment that the water must soon enlarge the hole through which it was now dropping, and that utter and general ruin would be the consequence if the hole was not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell of the sad disasters which happened from such small beginnings, how in a few hours the opening would become bigger and bigger, and and let in the mighty mass of waters pressing on the dyke, until, the whole defense being washed away, the rolling, dashing, angry waters would sweep on to the next village, destroying life and property, and every thing in its way. Should he run home and alarm the villagers? It would be dark before they could arrive, and the hole might even then be so large as to defy all attempts to close it.

Prompted by these thoughts, he seated himself on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently waited the approach of some villager. But no one came. Hour after hour rolled slowly by, but there sat the heroic boy in cold and darkness, shivering, wet, and tired, but stoutly pressing his hand against the dangerous breach. All night he staid at his post; at last the morning broke. A clergyman walking by the canal heard a groan, and looked around to see where it came from.

"Why, my boy!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing there?"

"I am keeping the water from running out," was the answer from the boy, who during that whole night had been evincing such heroic fortitude and undaunted courage, and who was now so benumbed with cold, that he could scarcely move or speak.

The astonished minister relieved the boy. The dyke was closed, and the danger which threatened hundreds of lives was prevented.

"Heroic boy! what a truly noble spirit of self-devotedness he showed!" every one of my little readers will exclaim.

A heroic boy he indeed was; and what was it that sustained him through that lonesome night? Why, when his teeth chattered, his lips trembled, and his heart was wrung with anxiety, did he not fly to his warm home? What thought bound him to his seat? Was it not the *responsibility* of his position? Did he not forget to brave all the fatigue, the danger, the darkness, and the cold, in thinking what the consequences would be if he should forsake it? His mind pictured the quiet homes and beautiful farms of the people inundated by the flood of waters, and he determined to stay at his post or die.

Now there is a sense in which every person, every boy and girl, occupies a position of far weightier responsibility than that of the little Hollander on that dark and lonesome night; for, by the good or bad influence which you do and shall exert, you may be the means of turning a tide of wretchedness and eternal ruin, or a pure stream of gladness and goodness, on the world. God has given you somewhere a post of duty to occupy, and you cannot get above or below your obligations to be faithful in it. You are responsible for leaving your work undone, as well as for having it badly done. You cannot excuse yourself by saying "I am nobody—I don't exert any influence;" for there is nobody so mean or obscure that he has not some influence, and you have it whether you will or no, and you are responsible for the consequences of that influence, whatever it is. Take your stand before the world, then, with the determination to devote your influence to virtue, to humanity, to God. Dear children, begin life and grow up with these solid principles of action, to fear and honor God, to be true to your conscience, and to do all the good you can. Then will your path indeed be like that of the just, which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

GOOD FEELINGS.—We know a blunt old fellow who sometimes hits the nail on the head more aptly than philosophers. He once heard a man much praised for "good feelings." Every body joined and said that the man was possessed of excellent feelings.

"What has he done?" asked the old genius.

"He is possessed of the most benevolent feelings," was the reply.

"What has he done?" cried the old fellow, again.

By this time the company thought it necessary to show some of his favorite doings. They began to cast about in their minds; but the old man still shouted, "What has he done?" They owned they could not name any thing in particular.

"Yes," answered the cynic, "you say that he is a man that has good feelings. Now, gentlemen, let me tell you that there are people in this world who get a good name in this world simply on account of their feelings. You can't tell one generous action they ever performed in their lives, but they can look and talk most benevolently. I know a man in this town that you all would call a surly, rough and unamiable man, and yet he has done more acts of kindness in this country than all of you put together. You may judge people's actions by their feelings, but I judge people's feelings by their actions."

◆

RUSKIN refers to our Masonic divisions of the Orders of Architecture, and then adds:

There are only two real orders, and there never can be any more till doomsday. On one of these orders the ornament is convex: those are Doric, Norman, and what else you recollect of the kind. On the other the ornament is concave; those are Corinthian, Early *English*, Decorated, and what else you recollect of that kind.

The work of the Lombard was to give hardihood and system to the enervated body and enfeebled mind of Christendom; that of the Arab was to punish idolatry, and to proclaim the spirituality of worship. The Lombard covered every church which he built with the sculptured representations of bodily exercises—hunting and war. The Arab banished all imagination of creature form from his temples, and proclaimed from their minarets, "There is no god but God." Opposite in their character and mission, alike in their magnificence of energy, they came from the North and from the South, the glacier torrent and the lava stream; they met and contended over the wreck of the Roman empire; and the very centre of the struggle, the point of pause of both, the dead-water of the opposite eddies, charged with embayed fragments of the Roman wreck, is Venice.

The Ducal Palace of Venice contains the three elements in exactly equal proportions—the Roman, Lombard, and Arab. It is the central building of the world.

The "Old Dominion."

Charles II., the restorer of Masonic institutions prostrated by Cromwellian vandalism, originated this term, as applied to Virginia:

During the Protectorate of Cromwell, the colony of Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority, and declared itself independent. Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to send a fleet and army to reduce Virginia to subjection, alarmed Virginians sent a messenger to Charles II., who was then in exile in Flanders, inviting him to return in the ship with the messenger and be King of Virginia. Charles accepted the invitation, and was on the eve of embarkation when he was called to the throne of England. As soon as he was fairly seated on his throne, in gratitude for the loyalty of Virginia, he caused her coat of arms to be quartered with those of England, Ireland and Scotland, and as an independent member of the Empire—a distinct portion of the "Old Dominion." Hence arose the origin of the term. Copper coins of Virginia were issued as late as the reign of George III., which bore on one side the coat of arms of England, Scotland and Virginia.

◆

The *Talmud* says: Whoever says Solomon sinned is in error.

Family Circle.

"I AM PAPA'S."

"Come, Lily, be my little girl,
And love me every day,
And I will give you pretty birds
And toys with which to play."
She glanced up with her sweet gray eyes,
And looked into my face
A look of innocent surprise,
Then said with modest grace,
"I am papa's, and even in play,
I cannot give myself away."

"But think," I urged, "how many things
I'll give you if you will;
A garden full of rarest flowers,
Where you may pick your fill."
A smile played on her dimpled face.
But yet she answered low,
"Though dearly I do love sweet flowers,
I'm sure I cannot go.
I am papa's, and even in play
I cannot give myself away."

A little pony you shall have,
With saddle of the brightest red;
And every day with grass and oats
He shall by your own hand be fed."
Her bright eyes sparkled—"I should like
To ride that pony very much,
To feed him all myself, and find
He was obedient to my touch.
But I'm papa's, and even in play
I cannot give myself away."

"Dear child," I cried, and clasped her tight,
"I'm glad you love your father so,
But there is ONE whom 'twould be right
To love even dearer still, you know.
He gives you all your daily food,
Your many pleasures, too, He gives,
He gave that loving father good,
'Tis due to God that He still lives.
Dear child, oh! may you ever say,
I am God's child, and Him obey."

TILL WE SHALL MEET.

[Of all the poems breathing conjugal love that death had no victory over—love which even the strong years failed to conquer—of all such poems written in an age that witnessed more devotion than any before or since, this inspired communing of the Bishop of Chichester with his buried wife is the most elegant and beautiful.]

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted!
My last good-night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age or grief or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in the tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay,
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desires can make or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step toward thee.
At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale.

. . . .

But hark, my pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow howe'er my marches be
I shall at last sit down by thee.
The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear (forgive
The crime), I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we meet and never part.

How the Street-Sweeper became a Minister.—"A penny, ma'am?" said a pale-faced, blue-eyed, thinly clad little boy to a lady, as she was crossing one of the streets down-town some years ago. Taking out her purse, she gave the little street-sweeper a half dime, and passed on. In her haste she dropped her purse, which the little boy picked up, and was in the act of following the lady to return it, when he was surrounded by several others who, like himself, were engaged in sweeping the crossings.

"How much is in it?" "What will you do with it?" were some of the questions put to him.

"I am going to give it to the lady," was his noble answer.

"What a fool!" shouted the others. "Catch *us* so green as that!" "No, no—come!" says the biggest of them, "we will have a good time."

"*No, I won't;* and, breaking from them, the little fellow started off in the direction the lady had gone. After running several blocks, and making some mistakes, he found the lady, and, taking off his torn cap, he handed her the purse. Surprised, not till then discovering her loss, she asked him where he had got it. The little boy told his story. The lady, interested in him, asked his name. "Robert M——." And where he lived. "I live nowhere."

"Why, have you no father—no mother?"

"No, ma'am; my father died when *I* was a child, and my mother was buried some months ago;" and, passing his coat sleeve across his eyes, he wiped away the tears that were beginning to flow.

"And what do you do for a living?"

"I sweep the crossings, and do what little I can to buy bread; then at night I sleep in some wagon, or on some step."

"Are you not afraid, little boy?"

"Sometimes; but mother told me before she died that if I would pray every day to God, and read this book"—taking a well worn Testament from the breast of his jacket—"that God would send some one to care for me."

This was enough for the kind-hearted woman. She had lost a boy—her only boy—some short time ago, just about the age of the little street-sweeper. So, following him off into one of the back streets, where the boy said his mother had lived, she had his statement confirmed; and taking the little fellow to her own beautiful home she cared for him as if he were her own child. He was sent to school, and finding his desire was to be a preacher, he was sent to college, and last spring he became a minister, and is now preaching the Gospel. Little children, do you think Robert ever regretted his returning the purse, or his daily prayer to God and reading the Bible?

A **lazy** boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers and criminals have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were taught to be industrious.

The Lost Children—A Touching Incident.—Our exchanges contain an account of the death of two little twins, a boy and girl, four years old, the children of Mr. G. W. Dunbar, of Limestone County, Texas, who were lately lost in the woods. The day was mild and pleasant, and they had been playing between the house and a spring, not far distant, where their mother was engaged in some household duty. Near by the woods were of thick growth and extended for several miles. How the little innocents were tempted into its depth is not known, but darkness came on, and the children were missed and did not return. The country there is sparsely settled, and no neighbors could be called on to assist in the search until the next morning. The alarm was given, and numbers joined in the vain effort to find some trace of the lost ones. This was continued until the evening of the third day (the searchers then numbering nearly a hundred) when they were discovered in a thicket about two miles distant from the house, lying side by side, dead. They were the nephew and niece of our friend, Captain Lane, of Dallas, the Governor's private secretary, and he has read us a portion of a letter from his sister, the unfortunate mother, which has sensibly affected us, and from which we have gathered some of the additional details of this melancholy affair, given above. She mentions another fact, which, simple as it is, touched our heart to its core. The shoes and stockings of the little darlings had been taken off and were found near them. The explanation of this to our mind is plain. When night came on, there was a sudden change in the weather, peculiar to this region, called a wet norther. The effect of the cold on the human system is well known. The children became more and more drowsy, and as the piercing wind chilled through and through their tender bodies, until they could resist the influence no longer, and then, in a half unconscious state, thinking they were at home, they pulled off their shoes and stockings, and, as it seemed to them, went to bed. And so locked in each other's arms, they fell asleep to wake in heaven.

A **celebrated** novelist once amused himself by describing the imaginary contents of an imaginary boy's pocket. But the other day a distressed mother in Potsdam, New York, removed from the trousers pockets of her young hopeful thirty-two distinct articles of juvenile property. The list consisted of one old stage ticket, one top, one old printed dunning letter, two corner posts of a toy house, seven engraved buttons, one piece of cord, cloth patch—formerly in the seat of his trousers, but found not to be extensive enough—an old bill of goods, one old envelope, one bunch or roll of listing, one wooden spool, a very dirty pocket handkerchief, that had not been unfolded or used since it was washed and ironed, an accident insurance advertisement, three more buttons, the two little brass caps for the wick or burner of a fluid lamp, and the chain connecting them, an axle of a small cart of his own manufacture, a whittling stick, advertisement of Bateman's Drops, piece of claret-colored morocco, cover of tin cup, one large iron screw, small iron key, one shingle nail, one twelvepenny nail, one string, another string, a small string, a large string, a middle-sized string, a cord, a string, a lead pencil.

Good Counsel.—Sydney Smith cut the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself:

"When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it, at least, for twenty-four hours. But if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time into eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through the day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of one year. And supposing you only live forty years after you commence that course of medicine, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred beings happy, at all events, for a time."

A Lesson to the Strong.—When Moscow burned, it seemed as if the earth was lighted up, that the nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea gathered, and heaved, and rolled upwards, and yet higher, till its flames almost licked the stars, and kindled the whole heavens, it did seem as though the God of nations was writing in burning characters, on the front of His throne, that doom that shall fall upon the strong nation that tramples in scorn upon the weak.

Read no bad or immoral book—except that of your own life and heart.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

Choate was arguing a cause in Dedham to obtain his legal costs, it having been dismissed. This was resisted, on the ground that the court no longer had jurisdiction over the case. Choate replied, speaking very slowly, saying: "The construction of my brother cannot prevail. We must have our costs now or never. If we should apply to the court to be allowed them *before* the final adjudication, your honor would say to us, *fraternally*, "Wait till your cause is done!" The truth is, we lawyers have, in the progress of the case, a few fees, a little *refreshment* by the way, but we wait till all is over for the full banquet." The court granted his motion.

Jackson.—When the treasury building was in progress of erection it was the practice of General Jackson to come out of an evening and watch the work. He would often be seen sitting on the blocks of stone in the awkward attitude produced, especially in a person of long legs, by drawing the heels near to the seat, bringing the knees toward the chin. His hat would lie by his side, a large red bandana handkerchief protruding from it, while in his mouth the inevitable clay pipe would be tranquilly puffed. The laborers frequently exchanged with the President the smoker's courtesy of a light, and once accidentally breaking his pipe, he did not scruple to borrow that of the Irishman.

Once while thus engaged, he overheard an Irishman cursing with great energy, after every few syllables, ejecting with loud vehemence the fearful "By the Eternal"—an imprecation which had come to be associated with himself. Suspecting some impudent droliery in the man, he sent to inquire into the trouble. The Irishman promptly laid down his shovel and boldly advanced to the grim old general.

"What are you swearing about, sir?"

"Please your honor, yer inimies put the same bad words in your own mouth, bad luck to them, says Martin O'Rourke—that's meself, yer honor's humble servant."

"Well," said the President, "if I swear by the Eternal, that is bad enough; it is no reason why you should."

"Sure—may God forgive us both—the eternal is no bigger to the least of Pat Rooney's great-grandchildren than to Gineral Jackson himself!"

The company present laughing, but it is said that Jackson looked very grave. He kindly gave the man a dollar and sent him off forthwith to his work.

The National Freemason,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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☞ Our Washington Office is No. 217 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, opposite Willard's.

This is appropriate, as the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, by a unanimous resolution, approved of the National Freemason, and recommended it as a weekly to the whole fraternity.

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If any brother has paid an agent, and has not received the paper, let him send the receipt to this office, or a copy of it, or reasonable evidence that he has paid for the paper, and to whom he has paid, and he will be certain to have the National Freemason, although we may lose the money.

Brethren should promptly advise us of their changes of residence.

Responsibility of the Press.

The leading secular dailies are discussing the subject of the Responsibility of the Press. The conclusions reached appear to be that it is an editor's special business to know whether what he publishes is true or false—that a plea of ignorance is simply a proof of incompetency for his position or of inadequate performance of duty voluntarily assumed—that a wrong done by a newspaper is done intentionally—that a libel published by an editor is published with a deliberate intent—that the law of libel is necessary for the protection of private character and conducive to the dignity and influence of the press itself—that a newspaper is a tremendous power, especially when directed against private character, and that it is essential to the public safety that it should be directed by men who feel the responsibility which its use involves—and that those who do not feel it naturally should be held to it by rigid provision of law. It is argued that the press is falling into careless, reckless and malicious hands; that public men are assailed, not only in their public acts, but in their private characters with great violence, no regard being paid to the truth or falsehood of statements made, and a tone of irresponsibility pervading the columns of many public journals. One leading and elevated journal asserts that this has already gone to such an extent *that very many public men make it a rule to take no notice of any thing that newspapers may say about them, and the public have come to regard this silence as a proof of innocence rather than guilt.*

◆

Ashlar Lodge, No. 584, Greenwich, N. Y., donates twenty-two dollars and fifty cents to the aid of our Southern brethren, to be sent to Lodge at Anderson C. H., S. C., which has been done.

Relief for the Starving.

An organized attempt is about to be made to send such assistance to the famishing people in the Southern States as will be worthy of the name and fame of Masons in this neighborhood. The proposition, which emanates from W. Bro. Alfred A. Valentine, Master of Ivanhoe Lodge, No. 610, is to organize a monster entertainment at the Academy of Music, and thus afford to the whole craft an opportunity by the purchase of tickets to contribute to a sum which in the aggregate shall be large enough to afford relief of a permanent character. The entertainment will be literary, musical, and perhaps dramatic in its character, and will doubtless be the most imposing of its kind ever offered to the public. There will be an address from one of the most gifted orators in the country, whom the fraternity have not before had the pleasure of hearing, and the other parts of the entertainment will be first-class. An opportunity is now afforded to Lodges and brethren to discharge a great duty promptly, with satisfaction to themselves and doubtless with great benefit to the distressed and famishing people for whose benefit the money is to go. A very slight effort made in each Lodge in this vicinity will fill the Academy to its utmost capacity, and the financial result will be such a sum as the fraternity ought to contribute when starvation confronts a portion of their own household. We shall be able to give further details next week, and meanwhile we urge upon every Mason to be prepared to do his share of the duty. But little time can be given to preparation, for the need of the people is great, and tardy relief will in many cases be too late. We trust that an energetic committee will be named and that they will go right to work, so that in ten days, or two weeks at the furthest, the affair may come off and the money be sent on its mission of mercy. Recollect, friends, that women and children are starving; that the husbands and fathers to whom they look for aid have it not to give them; that their pale lips appeal, their trembling hands are extended to us, that out of our plenty we give them a tithe that they may not die. Any Mason who can resist such an appeal must have a heart of stone, and has made a mistake in connecting himself with a fraternity whose corner-stone is benevolence. Believing that there are but few such among us, we expect that the response that goes forth from the Academy will be worthy of the craft.

Charity Begins at Home.

Charity, as a principle of action, consists in the love of God and our neighbor or brother, or the disposition of loving God with our heart and our neighbor and brother as ourselves. But it is also used for the *effect* of this principle or moral virtue, which consists in supplying the necessities of others, whether with money, counsel or assistance.

True Masonic charity, however, includes both the principle and the legitimate effects which naturally follow. And whenever the genuine principle exists, acts of kindness, benevolence and love will naturally flow forth, even as streams issue forth from the ever living and overflowing fountain. Charity is the first of the three cardinal graces. "Now abideth faith, hope and charity; but the greatest of these is charity." This is true Masonic fraternal love, a principle of action whose *effects* are true to the *cause*, and well deserves the name of charity. Without further commending the principle, we write of the sentiment of the maxim. Naturally, charity begins at home. If we neglect objects of charity at home, or in our own Lodge, or within the circle of our immediate acquaintance, to extend our good deeds to Lodges and Masons abroad, our sincerity, our motives and our character are suspected, and there is ground of suspicion. For it is in the order of nature to relieve, first, by our liberality and benefactions, those connected with us—our families, our brethren around us, those of our own Lodge and of our own jurisdiction. If we neglect to provide for *these*, we evince that disaffection towards them which will belie all pretense of liberality abroad, and we violate plain Masonic injunction. But *true Masonic charity does not end at home.* The circle of its contributions and benefactions, beginning at home, is ever enlarging, and if ability and means allow, even until it circumscribes the remotest bounds of Masonic domain—the whole body of Masonry. But some brethren use or rather abuse this maxim, by making it an excuse for not extending their generosity to their brethren now suffering in the South. This is not Masonry; this is not the fruit of true charity. *Masonic charity begins but never ends at home.*

The Masonic Fair.

This enterprise, so long past as in the ordinary course of events, in this latitude, to be forgotten, has in reality been going on all the while, and it is only by the most strenuous exertions on the part of the Executive Committee that it has been made possible to close up its accounts and make a final report to the Grand Lodge. The reason is that, at the close of the Fair, many of the Lodges had about as much merchandise on hand as at the opening, and it was generally resolved that the goods should not be sacrificed at auction. Each Lodge, therefore, took charge of its own, and disposed of the material on hand to the best advantage. This was a proceeding requiring time, and time has at last succeeded, enabling the Treasurer to pay over to the Trustees of the Hall and Asylum Fund the convenient sum of $50,881.66. Various amounts given to the Hall and Asylum Fund through the influence of the Fair, but not passing through its treasury, will increase this amount to about $55,000, which may be set down as the net result of the Masonic Fair of 1866. We venture the assertion that, considering the want of experience on the part of the committee, the apathy in some quarters, the direct opposition in others, the impossibility of obtaining, for love or money, a building large enough for the wants of the enterprise or the proper accommodation of the throngs of visitors, the dullness of business throughout the country just then commencing and more severely felt on that account, and the general holding back of purchasers in the hope of securing bargains at the close, the result is an immense success, creditable in the highest degree to all who labored to secure it. There are, doubtless, some who will still carp and say that much more ought to have been achieved. But generally it will be found that those who make such assertions did all they could to put stumbling blocks in the way of the committee and to prevent the measure of success obtained.

We shall not quarrel with them, but will, on the other hand, assist them with all our might whenever they are willing to undertake a plan likely to add a larger or even a corresponding sum to the sacred trust, to aid which the Fair was given. So long as the fund increases we are indifferent as to who does the work. If any one can do more or better than we have thus far succeeded in doing, let him step forward and we will hold the candle while he delves. There is one thing which, not being personal, we are disposed to censure, and that is, that notwithstanding the National Freemason, from the inception to the close of the undertaking, devoted its space and influence without stint or reluctance to promoting the objects thereof, and received no part of the money expended for advertising, no one, so far as we know, has had the grace to acknowledge the labor or to admit that it was of the slightest account. We are aware that it is the general opinion that the Masonic press feeds on brotherly love and gets its type and paper for nothing, but still, words are cheap, and they sometimes act as lubricators to make the wheels go easier.

Making all due allowance for the wearisome labors of the committee and the unexpected length to which they have been drawn out, we propose to—as, indeed, we must—let this pass; but we hope that in future perfect oblivion will not be the sole reward Masonry will have to offer the press for its labors.

The Volatility of Freemasonry.

When first the light of Freemasonry shines on the mind, we enter into a world where all is new, and fresh, and full of interest:

> "So breaks on the traveler, faint and astray,
> The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn."

As the morning sun reveals to the benighted wanderer, not only the situation of the country and the road which he should pursue, but also a thousand beauties of the landscape which darkness had concealed; and as at every step some new object of interest presents itself—a flowery dell, a meandering stream, a shady grot, a sloping glade, a verdant lawn, or a fruitful field, rising to the view in that endless variety which it is Nature's sole prerogative to exhibit—so it is with the newly introduced candidate. Our ritual lays open before him its beauties and its treasures, and for a while enraptured curiosity feasts on them with unsatiated avidity. This excitement, of course, always rises higher in persons of ardent temperament, who, in the present anticipation, are ever prone to forget the past disappointment, fondly dreaming that the bloom of spring will be perennial, and that blossoms are certain presage of fruit. But they do not long continue to find in our institution the interest of romance or the charms of novelty. The coloring of fancy fades as the glow of feeling subsides. This coloring was, in fact, the tincture of the outer world, which disguised the features of truth, "most beautiful when least adorned;" and, like all false ornament, it impaired the relish of the mind for that genuine simplicity, which alone can yield a pleasure, at once permanent and exquisite.

In persons of this class, the subsidence of feeling causes a reaction in reference to Freemasonry whose consequences are injurious. It should ever be remembered that our art must be *searched* and *studied*, if we would elicit its meaning and feel its power We must penetrate beyond the surface and dig for its contents as for hidden treasures. If this be done, and the exercise be accompanied by the aid which learning furnishes, we shall be ever discovering. not new truths, perhaps, but new bearings and applications of our old truths, analogies, allusions, resemblances and references—cogencies in argument, beauties in illustration, truth and accuracy in painting, a comprehension and depth of meaning unknown before, and as far surpassing most human performances as nature, in its variety and immensity, its beauty and sublimity, surpasses the mimic operations of art.

It is partly owing to a neglect on the part of Masters and lecturers of our Lodges, that our lectures so soon lose the thrilling power which they possessed when the candidates were first brought to light.

Our lecturing is too often superficial and commonplace, proceeding in a beaten track, and dealing in trite Masonic generalities which, owing to their incessant and monotonous repetition, drawled out in a tone which may not improperly be called the *Masonic brogue*, are listened to with impatience or with slumbering inattention—or its inanity is concealed by a superfluity of meretricious ornament, which can satisfy none but the most frivolous minds. The necessary consequence is, that whatever promises to warm the chilling atmosphere of our Lodge-rooms, though it be strange, unmasonic fire—or to break its leaden slumbers, though it be a wild, uncertain sound—is hailed with delight by many excitable persons who have long heard without interest and worshiped at our altar without pleasure. Hence they are easily tossed about by every wind of Masonic doctrine. With an eager eye they hunt down every Masonic novelty till it becomes familiar, or till some new game is started, when it is left to sleep in oblivion for a season, then to be, perhaps, unearthed by another Masonic generation. This disposition indulged for some time grows into a diseased craving for something new—

> "That something still which prompts the eternal sigh."

A passion for change which renders intolerable every thing that is ancient, and has settled down into an established order every thing which proceeds regularly and wears the appearance of system. * * * *

Among brethren of such tempers and habits it is natural that there should be collision and discord. This fortuitous flying about of feathery substances can never settle into any thing like order, and if the rolling thistle down is not blown off to be connected with some body, worthless as itself, it will be like tinder to catch the sparks of strife, and communicate the flame to the more solid materials of which the Order is composed. The weak-minded are always most difficult to deal with. Having no *stamen*—no settled principles, they never can be edified, for there is no foundation on which to build. A single word from a stranger, like a wave on a sand, may efface the Masonic labors of years.

But by a wayward inconsistency the most fickle are often the most obstinate. Conscious of weakness, they strive on certain occasions to purchase a character for firmness by wrong-headed pertinacity. Hence their whims and fantasies, their new fangled Masonic theories and upstart dogmas are pressed on the Order with a zeal rendered vehement by opposition, but expiring in the moment of victory. Were not the air agitated by resistance they would fall like paper kites to the earth.

The way to destroy them is to let them alone. But unhappily a different policy is often pursued, and many a Grand and Constituent Lodge is pestered for years with figments and factions which, if treated with silent contempt, would have fallen still-born from the brain or the heart that engendered them.

Hence, we say, concerning volatile, mushroom Freemasonry, let it alone, neither favoring nor persecuting. It will die of neglect.

The Starving Children.

Will fathers and mothers read these lines, taken from an English periodical, and make the application to the little ones in the South who are dying for bread, and make the application as, under similar circumstances, they would have others do unto them?

"Oh ye within whose hearts are strung
  Those sacred cords whose tender tone
By childhood's loving fingers woke,
  Discourses music all its own.

"Think on your rosy little ones,
  So safely kept from hap and ill;
From slighting word, from deed unkind,
  From summer's heat and winter's chill.

And for your tender nursling's sake,
  And His dear sake who loved them all,
Open the charitable hand,
  Answer the urgent, pleading call.

Yes!

We met a brother yesterday, and asked him to take part in disposing of tickets for the coming demonstration at the Academy of Music. Yes, said he, promptly, send me as many as you like, and I will keep on selling as long as there is need to help the suffering. This is the right spirit. Let us all imitate it, and a voice will go forth from the brethren that shall be as sweetest music in the ears of the dying Southerners.

* * *

The National Freemason, eight months ago, struck the key-note first of Northern duty, Northern charity, and Masonic obligation for *Southern Relief*. It has grown into a stream of refreshing charity from Masons, Lodges, and our whole people. Let it flow on until a hundred thousand human beings are not only relieved from starvation, but from any apprehension of it. It is *suffering together* that will make us once more a united and happy nation.

Maximilian.

The capture of Maximilian is a topic of great interest. In Austria, as brother of the Emperor and heir to the Hapsburg throne, and as an able and liberal ruler, he is regarded with popular sympathy. He was more favorable to our ancient institution than any other Austrian ruler has been. Joseph II. threw his sanction over the toleration of Freemasonry; Maximilian has himself taken Masonic vows. In Belgium our craft feel an interest in him, as the consort of the beautiful and accomplished Carlotta, the daughter of that devoted Masonic sovereign, King Leopold. As Austrian Governor of Venetia he endeared himself to our Italian brothers by his liberality and generosity.

While at fault in going to Mexico to serve the Emperor of the French and royal European ideas, he has endeared himself to many even of his enemies by his private virtues and personal kindness. The following anecdote illustrates his character:

While taking a walking tour, and having lost his way, he went into a cottage to inquire the road. The poor woman to whom it belonged instantly desired her little boy to accompany the young man to the turn of the road, and show him which path he was to take. This service having been faithfully performed, the officer gave the child money. The boy refused, remarking that military men never had money. "Ah!" said the officer, "how do you know that?" "Because my brother is in the army, and he never has any. My mother sold her last stack of corn this very day in order to send him some." Touched by the story, he returned to the cottage, and leaving his purse with the poor woman, promised to protect her son.

Rejoicing that his reign has terminated in Mexico, we trust that he may be banished from the country. His execution cannot serve the cause of liberalism in Mexico.

Taking the Little One Home.

Stopping for an hour in the Union Depot, at Indianapolis, I met a Masonic brother wearing the marks of mourning, who, after the usual greetings, pointed me to a little box lying by, in which he said were the remains of a beloved daughter. He was taking the body to his former residence at Taylorsville, to bury her in the family sepulchre.

Taking the little one home to rest,
  Child of love, child of mirth;
Taking her from her mother's breast
  To lie upon mother earth.
    Sad the journey, weeping friends,
    Heavy grief your steps attends;
Oh, it is hard this beautiful day
To carry the babe away.

Giving the little one up to death,
  Child of grace, child of light;
Trusting to Him in perfect faith
  Who doeth all things right;
    Weep, but not in hopeless grief,
    Christ will give you sweet relief.
Oh, it is well midst earthly pain
To know we shall meet again.

Relief—Five Hundred Dollars.

The following letter has been sent us from the W. Master of Mount Moriah Lodge, Utah, Bro. James M. Ellis:

My Dear Sir and Bro. * * * The National Freemason has awakened a deep interest in behalf of our destitute brethren of the South.

Bro. Robertson, Bro. Mc. Curdy and myself have taken the matter in our hands, and are happy to say we succeeded in raising the little sum of $500 in cash from our brethren and the liberal business community, saints and gentiles, and to-day. accompanied with a consoling letter, have forwarded the same through Wells. Fargo & Co. to the R. W. Bro. Daniel Sayer, Grand Secretary of Alabama, for him and the G. M. to distribute, as meets their approbation.

Well done, brethren of Salt Lake City!

* * *

The *National Democrat*, (Michigan) says:

"No intelligent Mason can afford to be without the National Freemason. We consider it the most valuable exchange we receive, without exception."

Answers to Correspondents.

FERGUSON.—The brother poet Ferguson wrote the poetical epitaph on Burns, commencing with

"O Robert Burns, the man, the brother—
And art thou gone, and gone forever?"

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WHEN THE TYLER votes, the Junior Deacon should step out and take his place in the mean time.

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CORN is the emblem of nourishment and plenty, *wine* of refreshment, and *oil* of consolation and joy.

∴

SCANDAL might make the NATIONAL FREEMASON more interesting to such as ought never to have been admitted within our fraternity. Read Sheridan's comedy "The School for Scandal," and profit by its brilliant epigrams and cutting repartees. Take its lessons honestly to heart. Scandal is now, as when Sheridan wrote, the bane of society.

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THE BLAZING STAR.—We deal with facts as far as possible. There is no doubt but that the star has long been a Masonic emblem. * * * The Egyptians employed the rising of a magnificent star, *Thaaut* or *Thayaut*, called in Egyptian *Anubis*, and in Puenician, *Hannobeeh*, near the constellation Cancer, as the infallible sign of the sun's passing under the stars of Leo and *the beginning of the inundation*. This star was the *public mark* warning of the overflow of the Nile. This star *was the most remarkable point of the heavens* to the Egyptians, as indicating that of their great river, upon which their wealth and prosperity depended, the overflowing of the Nile. This star was also called by the people the *Nile star*, or barely *the Nile*. If there were Egyptian Masonry, a star would be a prominent symbol. This does not militate against the use of it by the fraternity, for hundreds of years, as the emblem of the light of Providence pointing out the way of truth, and as suggestive of a system of infinite value and surpassing grandeur, which is the delight of angels.

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CLAIMS AT WASHINGTON CITY.—No widow nor orphan needs fear the entrusting of anything to Bros. French, Whaley & Stevens, of Washington. They will do all business entrusted to their care with Masonic scrupulousness and the money will be promptly paid—a rare thing in these days. We would implicitly entrust our honor and our money with such brethren.

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SUBSCRIBER.—Certainly you have the right to unite in the petition for a dispensation, and according to modern decisions you need no dimit. You ought to have, however, an official statement of your having been made a Freemason, as you suggest, to avoid all contentious cavil.

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The NATIONAL FREEMASON occupies a position too elevated to permit itself to be governed in its notice of any enterprise or effort by the unworthiness of any supporter of it. No measure is to be condemned because of unfortunate leadership, but to be judged purely on its merits. When some ancient worshipers went up to the House of Prayer, Satan also went with them. Should they therefore have ceased their devotions?

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The articles "Solomon and Franklin," "A True Mason," "Shall Masons neglect their lights," "For whom shall Masons pray," "The capstone and the mark, by Bro. Baxter," are all original to the NATIONAL FREEMASON. It is nearly as economical and as just to give credit to the NATIONAL FREEMASON" as to "Exchange."

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VINDEX.—The various matters on which you ask our opinion will come up in some shape before the Grand Lodge at the present communication, and we prefer not to forestall its judgment. Our report of the proceedings in next week's paper will contain authoritative answers, while we could only give you opinions.

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HAVANA.—We are informed by one of the most active promoters of the transfer of the People's College property to the custody of Masons, that a full and satisfactory statement of the whole proceeding, what has been done, what is to be done, what they want, and what they do not want, will be laid before the Grand Lodge. We propose to be governed in our future course by the decision of the body. If, after duly considering the proposition, they are satisfied, why then we shall be ready to assist in carrying it forward; if not, not.

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T. C. R.—Consistency, you know, is a jewel, and although the Grand Lodge sometimes commits legislation which has to be undone at another time, there is always the intention to do right, and you will find it safe to rely upon the spirit of fairness always evident in the body. More we cannot say at present.

NON-AFFILIATED.—There is no particular time for which a dimit is good, but there ought to be a rule that, if not presented within a year for the purpose of affiliation, it should lose its value and require to be endorsed anew by the Lodge granting it. As it is now, dimits are too often but certificates of idleness, held by men who use them to prove that they are Masons, and at the same time to cloak the fact that they are doing nothing to further the work committed to the Fraternity.

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VARIOUS CORRESPONDENTS must wait till after Grand Lodge. This is a busy week with us, and once its affairs terminated we shall be in order for routine business again.

Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

The Grand Lodge of the State of New York commenced its sessions on Tuesday evening at 2 o'clock. The Grand Master and the officers of the Grand Lodge were received by the largest representative Masonic body in the entire world, filling to overflowing the spacious Hall. As the Grand Officers entered the Hall, Priest's March in Athalia, by Mendelssohn, was finely executed by the 71st regiment band. The Grand Lodge ode was then sung by St. Cecile Lodge, under direction of their efficient Master, W. Geo. F. Illsly, Bro. J. R. Thomas executing the solo.

GRAND LODGE OPENING ODE.

Written by Brother A. J. H. DUGANNE.
Music composed by Brother J. R. THOMAS.

CHORUS.

Once more beneath the Lights
That rule our days and nights,
We mingle on the corridors of Time;
Once more our mystic band
Prepares for labors grand—
Convening in Fraternity sublime!
Our faithful watch is set,
And on the LEVEL met
Our Labor and our Mystery we share,
Until the Gavel's sound
In Harmony profound
Shall call us up, to part upon the SQUARE.

SOLO.

Grand Master supernal!
Grand Master eternal!
To Thee! only Thee!
Our devotion we render:
To Thee! only Thee!
Our ovation we tender;
From temple and shrine
All praises are Thine,
Grand Master supernal!
Grand Master eternal!
Enthroned in the Arches divine!

CHORUS.

O! pure immortal Art,
That in each Mason's heart
The Ashlar of his destiny conceals;
Ye mysteries of mind
By ancient lore designed,
And only on the Trestle-board revealed;
O! be it ours to rear
Beneath our Arches here,
The beauty and perfection of each shaft,
Until on high, at length,
Established in its strength,
We consecrate the Temple of our Craft!

Prayer followed by the Grand Chaplain, Rev. R. L. Schoommaker. All then united in singing the opening ode to Old Hundred, and the effect of two thousand voices, accompanied by the instruments, produced an effect difficult to describe. The Grand Master, in a most admirable manner and in ample form, opened the Grand Lodge.

The session was occupied with the Address of Grand Master Holmes, which we reproduce, and the reports of the Financial Officers and Trustees of the Hall and Asylum Fund. The principal items in their report were the amount raised by the Masonic Fair and the donation from the Ladies of Binghamton, through Mrs. C. F. Paige. Adjourned to Wednesday morning at 9 A. M.

(From the "Daily World.")

There were present Rev. Dr. R. McMurdy, representative of the Grand Lodge of District of Columbia; Past Grand Masters O. Welsh, Clinton F. Paige, Judge J. L. Lewis and others. Judge Stephen H. Johnson, D. G. M., then introduced M. W. P. G. M. Winslow Lewis, representative of the Grand Lodge of the State of Massachusetts, who made a few feeling remarks. Grand Secretary, Dr. James M. Austin, made his report, stating that he had received during the past year $62,164.59. There are now 556 regular Warranted Lodges in this State. There has been added to the membership the past year 9,017 new members, making a membership of 59,454.

The Grand Treasurer, M. W. John W. Simons, the past year reported he has received $62,164.59, with the balance of last year making the sum of $64.913 now on hand.

The Trustees of the Hall and Asylum Fund report that they have received during the past year $50,840 from the proceeds of the Fair held in this city last fall, from Lodges and private individuals, with what was on hand last year making an amount of $200,552.19. After appointing committees on the several grand officers' reports, the Grand Lodge adjourned till 10 o'clock to-day.

The *World* is in error. Bro. Evans introduced Bro. Lewis. Bro. Holmes's remarks to Bro. Lewis were very cordial and earnest. We also noticed Bro. Pearson, P.·. G.·. M.·. of Maine, among the visitors.

WEDNESDAY, A. M.

Grand Lodge was opened with prayer by Rev. Bro. Platt, Grand Chaplain. The opening ode was sung. Minutes were read and approved. Various memorials were presented and referred.

[The remaining proceedings of the Grand Lodge will be given in our next number.]

The *Le Monde Maçonique* is somewhat disturbed because a lady writes a Masonic story for the NATIONAL FREEMASON. His criticism is remarkable, as from France, where adoptive Freemasonry is so well organized, and whence many Masonic novelties have proceeded. Our female writers develop that part of Freemasonry which our wives, sisters and daughters can best understand, that of charity, morality and truth.

Our good brother recommends Findel's *History of Freemasonry*. If he has read over the journal carefully, he would have seen that we have published more of Findel's work than the *Monde*—even entire chapters—and in advance of even a notice from our French contemporary.

GENERAL GARIBALDI, the eminent Italian Mason, in accepting the Honorary Presidency of the *English* League, writes:

HONORARY PRESIDENT OF THE GREAT LEAGUE OF THE ENGLISH WORKING MEN—this is indeed the most precious title that you could offer to me, your countryman, myself truly a son of the people, and a working man in heart and arm. In the immense laboratory of the human family England *is justly the captain in the great movement for our rights and emancipation*, and our unhappy but good population here will be proud to follow your example in the glorious path which you have traversed. Hundreds of years ago even, your strong and brave population overthrew the tabernacle of idolatory and falsehood, which still weighs down the energies of this beautiful country. We will boldly follow your courageous initiation, and, in the place of impurity, irreligion, misery and tyranny, substitute the true religion of God the Father and Saviour of all, and the true brotherhood of free nations.

G. GARIBALDI.

Music in Lodges.

An eminent musical brother thus writes us:

On looking over No. 21 of the NATIONAL FREEMASON I find the subject of Music in Lodges again alluded to; this in itself did not surprise me, for the subject is inexhaustable. You announce to your readers that it is becoming fashionable to form quartette clubs to lead the singing. You also say, it would seem that the *material* for such a club might be found in almost every Lodge. Now, my dear brother, you do most egregiously err if you have seriously imbibed such an idea. The compass of voices for a quartette, where there are only admitted sturdy men, is not so probable a circumstance as you seem to imagine, and were they to be found, and duly qualified, they would require music written for such a purpose. Our popular airs would become useless unless the *four* parts were each allowed to scramble for the ascendency.

A series of odes arranged for *three* male voices, is a desideratum, but if the air is a popular one, some ambitious tenor will extemporize the most discordant interpolations, with a *vim* perfectly horrible to listen to. That Masonry should have its own peculiar music I have long considered a desideratum, which can be attained only by an abandonment of the idea of using airs that are popular among the masses outside the pale of the institution.

T.

Grand Master's Address.

Officers and Brethren of the M. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New York:

Once again, under the benign providence of the Supreme Architect of the Universe, we are permitted to assemble together under auspices much happier than could have been supposed when we last had the pleasure of exchanging brotherly greetings on an occasion similar to this. At that time our intercourse with our brethren of the South had only recently commenced its renewal; but since then, the bond which once held us together has grown stronger day by day, and the Masonry of these States is now a unit. We have been enabled, under the great cardinal virtue of our fraternity, to extend to those of them who have suffered and now suffer in the South, aid, comfort, and cheering words. It is proper now, in the very foreground of my address to you, that I should strongly call your attention to the fact, that although much has been done to relieve the fearful distresses of our brethren and those who are dependent upon them in that section of our country, yet much true Masonic work still remains ready for our hands. I earnestly hope that this Grand Lodge, in its collective capacity, that subordinate Lodges as such, and that individual Masons throughout the State, and indeed of the whole North, will, by an united effort, continue our labor of love, and still further evidence to our brethren and to the world that the sincerity of our desire to do good is fully equaled by the means which we can command. Famine, distress, and want point the road to duty. A labor of charity is before us; let it be promptly and generously performed. A touching wail of distress is on the air; let us heed it.

It has happily been said of these States, as I may now say of the various Masonic jurisdictions, that they are like the ocean, that though each wave is a billow by itself, they still roll upon the breast of a single sea. We are separate in our governments, but still united under the dictates of the cardinal principles of our Craft, and form one great brotherhood.

During the past year we have been called upon to mourn the deaths of those who have achieved eminence as members of this Grand Body; but I am happy in being able to say that the afflicting dispensations of Deity have been less severely visited upon us during the past Masonic year, in the loss of prominent brethren, than on any previous one, as compared with the numbers of the fraternity. M. W. Bro. Joseph Enos was Grand Master of Masons in this State, and for several successive years presided over one of the divisions of the body arising from the troubles of 1823. He was, however, best known in connection with Bro. Wadsworth, as Grand Visitor, whose functions embraced those now separately exercised by Dist. Dep. G. Masters and G. Lecturers. He was an earnest and zealous Mason, and for many years filled a large space in our history. Of late years his attention has been more particularly given to Royal Arch Masonry, the highest honors of which had been awarded him, and where, too, he had long rendered efficient service as instructor in the ritual. At last, like a shock fully ripe, he has yielded to the divine mandate, and gone, let us hope, to that rest prepared from the beginning.

R. W. Dan. S. Wright was a Past Grand Senior Warden, and well known to many of the present members of this body. Failing health has for some years past prevented his attendance at our annual communications; but he is none the less to be kindly remembered as one who labored zealously to promote the general welfare, and to increase the stability and prosperity of the Craft.

I recommend that, out of respect to the virtues of our deceased brethren, the precedent that was inaugnrated at our last communication be now followed, and that memorial pages be devoted to their memory in our Transactions, and that a proper Committee be appointed to take such action in regard to our bereavement as to them shall seem proper.

During the past year, I am gratified to state that I have received from my staff the most prompt responses whenever they have been called upon for the performance of duty. The District Deputy Grand Masters throughout the State, without an exception, have been most assiduous in performing the work allotted to them. In every case the most careful attention and consideration have been bestowed upon the matters which I have referred to them, and it is a source of pride to me that I have been so fortunate in the selection of those who were to fulfill the very grave and important duties which have fallen to their charge. The office of District Deputy Grand Master is one of great labor, requiring an extended knowledge of precedents, and that official is called upon to perform duties as grave, and which are to be as carefully considered, in the light of Masonic jurisprudence, as those which fall to the Grand Master to perform. Hence it is, that when officials are found who are able to do all the things which are entrusted to them, with promptitude and fidelity, and with the enlightened exercise of Masonic law, the interests of the Craft would seem to demand that they should be kept in their office or position as long as possible, and I respectfully but earnestly recommend to my successor a consideration of this remark in view of the formation of his staff for the coming Masonic year. In this connection I feel compelled to recommend the addition of one or more officers of this grade for the district, which has now but one District Deputy Grand Master, consisting of Kings, Queens, and Suffolk Counties. That district is of such magnitude that no brother can fully perform the duties which may fall to him, without great sacrifices of time and labor, and to a certain extent the abandonment of his ordinary pursuits. Lodges are fast increasing there, and the labor of supervising their work is very great.

I have also to return thanks to the R. W. Grand Secretary, for the aid and assistance which he has rendered to me during the past year, in the performance of my duties.

I present to you the letters which I have received and acted on, that they may be placed in the archives of the Grand Lodge for future reference, and recommend that my successors should do the same. There may come a time when they will be valuable to the Masonic historian. The correspondence of all Grand Masters of this Grand Lodge from its foundation to the present time, if in possession of this Grand Lodge, would be jealously guarded and treasured. It is a pity that we are not in possession of it; but we can do for posterity that which our ancestors have not done for us. Over one half of these letters it was not necessary to write. They are now shown to the representatives of Lodges that they may know their volume, and, in view of it, hesitate before they write to the Grand Master, and ponder whether such a course is necessary in many instances.

I am somewhat pained to state that recently, in the city of Brooklyn, a convention of Masons was called for the purpose of taking into consideration the modification of the fees demanded from initiates by our Grand Lodge regulations, and of nominating in advance of the session of the Grand Lodge a brother for the office of Deputy Grand Master. It appears by the report of the District Deputy Grand Master of the district that the representatives of seventeen Lodges, composed of Masters, Past Masters, and Wardens, did assemble under the call, it having been signed by some brethren of those various ranks, and, after deliberating, the Convention issued printed circulars to every Lodge in the State, asking co-operation in abolishing the $3 tax referred to as being levied upon the initiate in aid of the Hall and Asylum Fund, and also nominating a candidate for the office of Deputy Grand Master, and asking for him the suffrages of the Fraternity. The brethren who composed that convention are high-toned Masons and honorable gentlemen, who, I cannot think, would knowingly violate the laws of the Fraternity, though it seems almost incredible that they have erred through ignorance. Had I been made aware in time of the meeting of the intended convention, I should then have issued my edict, forbidding the brethren referred to, or any brethren, to assemble as Masons for the purpose of taking action upon important Masonic subjects, one of which certainly belongs to the Grand Lodge, and the other of which I deem a discussion of to be unwise, impolitic, and tending to discord among the Craft. I could have made an edict to prevent the issuing of the circulars referred to, but deeming that the matter was such an evil as would promptly cure itself, I hesitated to do so. In my view of this matter, no convention of Masons, nor body of Masons, except it be the Grand or a subordinate Lodge, can be legally called together to act on Masonic questions, whether of jurisprudence, finance, or any other matter connected generally with Masonry, unless it be under the order, or direction, or by the permission of the Grand Master. Jealous of this prerogative which I hold, and which I am bound to transmit intact to my successor, I should be unfaithful to the trust which you have reposed in me did I not bring this matter before you for your most earnest consideration and decision. In saying this, I do not desire to impugn the purity of the motives which have dictated the course of the brethren referred to, nor do I desire that this Grand Lodge shall look upon their error in a punitory point of view; but I desire that an inflexible precedent should be now and for all time established, that the prerogative of the Grand Master to which I have referred must never be invaded. I therefore recommend that the Committee on Jurisprudence, or that a committee special in its character, be directed to take the matter into consideration and report as speedily as possible. A precedent will be found in the Proceedings of this Grand Lodge in 1854, I think, when a Masonic convention was called in Rochester, and denounced by this Grand Lodge for the reason that it was not authorized by the then Grand Master.

During the year I have issued dispensations for the establishment of fifty-three Lodges. This, at the first glance, may appear to be a large number, but, in my judgment, and in the belief of brethren on whose opinions I can confidently rely, they are not more than the increasing wants of the Fraternity have demanded. The reports as to all of them, with five or six exceptions, are of a most highly favorable character, as to their numbers, finances, and efficiency in the performance of their work.

I recommend that hereafter all Lodges U. D. shall, immediately on receiving their dispensation, notify the District Deputy Grand Master of the district in which the Lodge may be situated, of that fact. This more especially applies to Lodges out of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and is a great necessity.

I also recommend that the names and post-office addresses of the Master and Secretary of every Lodge, located out of the last named cities, be forwarded to the Grand Secretary, and that they be published in the Transactions. This course will relieve the District Deputy Grand Masters of much annoyance. Many Masters and Secretaries do not reside in the places in which their Lodges are held.

I sincerely congratulate the Craft on the fact that but very few causes of trouble exist in the jurisdiction. One of the most prominent ones remaining, and the only one worthy of serious notice, being the continued action of the Grand Lodge of Hamburg in sustaining two of her dependents here without regard to our territorial rights. This evil has become chronic, and is a source of evil. I have no advice to offer on the subject, former discussions having covered the whole ground.

At the last session of this Grand Lodge its attention was called to the fact that I had deposed a brother who was claimed to have been regularly elected Master of Americus Lodge, No. 535. The legality of my course in that respect went to a Committee, and I was overruled by a majority of that Committee, but a minority report was adopted and my course sustained. The result justifies the action of the Grand Lodge; for since then, the parties who were charged to have been implicated in a fraud said to have been perpetrated at the election, have been tried, found guilty, and disciplined. The Lodge proceeded with its labors, but it became more and more apparent, from day to day, that a spirit of discord was within it which would eventually destroy its usefulness and paralyze it for good. Under these circumstances, I deemed it proper to demand that the troubles should be healed, or that they surrender the warrant and properties of the Lodge. The warrant was surrendered, and I subsequently issued a dispensation forming a new Lodge under the same name. The warrant was so surrendered by the votes of over four-fifths of the members of the Lodge, as I am informed, and those who voted against the surrendry of it, subsequently memorialized me, claiming that so long as a sufficient number of Master Masons remained to do the work of the Lodge, the warrant should not have been given up. That memorial I have ordered to be referred to the Committee on Grievances to be appointed at this session. The questions involved are two:

I. Has the majority of the members of a Lodge the right, under the belief that the Lodge is retrograding in influence and usefulness, and that the peace and harmony of the Craft will be best preserved by such a course, to surrender its warrant.

II. Has the Grand Master the power to issue a Dispensation to establish a new Lodge, if it be done within three months previously to the communication of the Grand Lodge?

These questions are neither new nor novel. I do not, however, care to discuss the matters of fact involved, nor to give my opinion upon the law of the case, inasmuch as such a course might create prejudice in the minds of those who may form the Committee on Grievances; but I leave the whole matter to the consideration of the Grand Lodge.

There are several very important matters contained in my last address, which were not acted upon at your last communication, which will yet, I hope, be brought before the proper committees to be disposed of. I refer more particularly to a uniform system for the government of Boards of Relief, and to a series of questions which I proposed should be propounded to every candidate previous to initiation, and which can be found by reference to the address referred to. Other matters of grave importance, in my estimation, are contained in it, which should be acted upon with promptitude.

There is yet a deficit in the purchase money of the Washington letter and the lock of hair of our great brother, amounting to about $550. I had at first thought to make an additional call upon the Lodges, but deeming it proper that the representatives of Lodges should be enabled to know the character of the document, I determined to postpone the matter until your present communication, and let such action be taken upon it as you might deem proper. That the brethren may know the importance in a Masonic point of view of the letter referred to, I have directed that one for each Master or representative of a Lodge be placed on the Grand Secretary's desk, where they can be had upon proper application. They are *fac similes* of the original, and of the miniature of Washington, and are lithographed. I desire that the Masters of Lodges should take them, and the miniatures which accompany them, to their several Lodges, and exhibit them to the brethren and state to such as desire them, that they can be had for the trifling sum of forty cents from Bros. Macoy & Sickles of this city, the returns of which will be kindly paid, without any commission being charged by them on the sales, into the fund for the benefit of the Hall and Asylum.

I desired that these relics should be presented by the Subordinate Lodges to the Grand Lodge, and I am loth to abandon the hope that this will yet be done.

A few months ago the fact was brought to my notice by several brethren, prominent among whom were R. W. Bro. Wm. Sinclair, and W. Bros. Walter H. Shupe and George W. Nelson, that the People's College, located in Havana, Schuyler County, was not being used for the purpose intended by the Legislature when it was chartered, and, indeed, was not being used at all, and that it could be purchased for a very small sum —over $160,000 less than it and the grounds had originally cost. I did not, either as Grand Master or as Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Hall and Asylum Fund, take any official action in the matter whatever, but replied in writing to the brethren that if they demonstrated to me that this purchase could be legally and properly made. I would place the subject, immediately upon their report, before the Trustees of the fund referred to. The report which they made was a highly favorable one; but desiring to see the premises myself and thus act knowingly, I visited Havana and inspected the building and grounds, with a view, if it was feasible and right, to obtain possession of them through the proper action of the Board of Trustees, and use the property for an asylum, as contemplated by our act of incorporation. I was surprised and pleased to find a very finely constructed and commodious building of great strength and unusual beauty, situated in a desirable position, and surrounded by over one hundred acres of land of a diversified character, the building being capable at the present time of accommodating over two hundred and fifty people; with all the necessary appliances for carrying on the objects contemplated within an asylum. It was said that the property, which is now worth at least $175,000, could be purchased for less than $10,000. Interviews were had with the Trustees having the property in charge, and all of them professed themselves desirous of having it pass into the hands of the Masonic fraternity. I requested the committee of brethren who had first called my attention to this building and the grounds to get the advice of several eminent lawyers in that section of the State upon the legal questions involved, prominent among which were those as to whether the property could be alienated, whether we could surely take the title, and whether, under the present act of incorporation, or under an enabling act of the Legislature, we might be permitted to devote it to the sacred purposes contemplated by our act of incorporation. Prominent in that committee, which was composed of three lawyers of great eminence, all Masons, was M. W. Bro. John L. Lewis, from one of whose letters I make the following extract: "The conclusion at which I have arrived is that the transfer of the People's College property may be made by the Trustees beyond a doubt, and carry a perfect and valid title to the purchaser, and, indeed, upon examination, I find the whole question less embarrassed by difficulty than I apprehended." This property—an asylum built and ready for our use —which will cost the asylum fund a trifle, and, perhaps, nothing, will be a magnificent addition to our means of doing good. It is tendered to the craft, and I look upon the fact of its obtainment with inexpressible pride, and as one of the very brightest features of my administration. In my judgment, it is all that can be desired for our purposes, and I think that its coming to us almost "without money and without price," is a special dispensation of the Great Architect of the Universe.

It was said at the last previous communication of this Grand Lodge that the Trustees of the Hall and Asylum Fund, being an incorporated body, had sole and exclusive control over all matters connected therewith, and that this Grand Lodge had not the right to legislate upon it, or in any manner interfere with the action of the Trustees. This may be correct in strict view of law; but these matters are of great interest to every individual brother, and I hope that during your present session full latitude will be given for the discussion of every matter connected with that fund, no matter what time may be consumed, and that an expression of opinion of the members of this Grand Lodge may be fully had upon them. It is fitting and proper that this board should be guided by the collective judgment of this Grand Lodge, which may stand as an advisory body, and though, perhaps, not technically in law entitled to order or even direct the Trustees, yet still the opportunity of giving advice should be afforded in the largest degree.

During the past year I have decided a very great many questions of Masonic law; but, inasmuch as nearly all of them were only repetitions of the decisions of this Grand Lodge, or of those of my predecessors, I do not care to report the whole of them, not deeming it necessary. Those which I now call your attention to are of some importance. Some of them have precedents; but having been applied to recent and individual cases, they may be of interest and of use in your deliberations. I have decided:

I. That a member of a Lodge U. D., if in affiliation with a Warranted Lodge, within a reasonable time, and before the By-Laws of the Warranted Lodge make the installment of his dues—after the granting of the Warrant to the Lodge U. D.—payable, must notify the Warranted Lodge, either in writing or orally in person, and in open Lodge, of his intention to remain with the Lodge formerly U. D., and pay all of his dues up to that time, or he becomes liable to be struck from the roll for the non-payment of dues by the older Lodge, as prescribed by the laws of that Lodge, or the Constitution. That being thus stricken from the roll he becomes non-affiliated in both Lodges. In view of this decision, I recommend that a penalty be prescribed by this Grand Lodge, and inflicted upon brethren who neglect their duties in this respect.

II. That when charges are drawn loosely or without sufficient certainty, and for either of these causes are dismissed by a commission, the accused is not thereby discharged from liability, but new charges may be preferred to the Lodge or to the Grand Officers having jurisdiction, as jurisdiction is defined by Sections 54, 60, and 62 of the Constitution. That as to mere clerical errors, or errors in dates, the charges can be amended before the commission on the motion of the complainant, or by action of the commission, who may, of their own volition, make the complaint conform to the facts; and if the accused should claim to be surprised by the motion, that time be given to him for the purpose of preparing his defense as to any newly added matter which he may assert that he was unprepared to meet.

III. That no proxy to represent a Lodge in this Grand Body can be appointed by the Master, or conjointly by him and the Wardens of a Lodge, during the recess of the Lodge; but that such an appointment must be made in open Lodge at a regular communication, if possible; but if not,.then at an emergent communication after the members have been duly summoned for that specific purpose.

IV. That it is improper to propose a profane in a Lodge for "initiation and membership," he not being eligible to such membership until he shall have become a Master Mason; that the proposition should be for initiation and *advancement;* and if the brother should receive the degrees, he can then, if there be no objection, sign the By-Laws, and thus become a member of the Lodge; and that, hence, an objection to his so signing them can be entertained by the Lodge; and that, on the other hand, the brother cannot be compelled to sign them, there being no power in the Masonic law to enforce him to do so. I may here remark, that I approached the decision of this subject with delicacy and deliberation; but the naked question was presented, whether a Mason of any grade less than that of a Master Mason, or whether a profane could be *elected* in advance of receiving any degree to membership in a Lodge. Believing this to be the privilege of a Master Mason alone, and that no other can be eligible to membership, and that a Lodge of Master Masons must be composed of such only, I, upon due consideration, decided the question as I have stated.

V. That during the interim between the return of a dispensation for the formation of a new Lodge to the Grand Secretary, and the application to the Grand Lodge for a Warrant, the territorial jurisdiction of the Lodge U. D. still remains intact; and that it is a Masonic offense for any Warranted Lodge to invade it by using any material in it.

VI. That a record of conviction for a felony, by a court having competent jurisdiction is *prima facie* evidence of the guilt of the brother placed on trial before a Masonic commission, and is all the testimony that the prosecution is forced to produce in the first instance. That a party on such a trial should not be sworn as a witness on his own behalf, but must be permitted to make any statement which he may see fit, which should be reduced to writing, and form a portion of the record of the trial. That the relevancy of all evidence offered on such a trial is a question for the consideration of the commission alone, and not to be touched in any manner, except advisorily and by request of the commission and parties, by any Grand Officer, no matter what may be his grade, except upon appeal, and certainly not during the pendency of the case. During the progress of the trial, no matter connected with it can be decided outside of the commission, unless all parties unite in asking the opinion of some proper official. The commission may, in other words, authoritatively ask advice, if all parties consent, from those who (by law) are called upon to decide questions of jurisprudence. That in all cases where a brother is charged with crime, and a record of conviction is produced in evidence against him, and he offers to prove his innocence to the satisfaction of the commission, that evidence should be received, and he not be barred by the record; and that the prosecutor is at liberty, when the record of conviction has been assailed by evidence, to introduce testimony to sustain the original charge stated in the record and contained in the specifications.

Our foreign relations are of the most favorable and flattering character, and with the exception of the Grand Lodge of Hamburg, to which I have before referred, there is not the slightest discord or difference of opinion existing in the jurisdiction.

The young and healthy Grand Lodge of New Brunswick has been recognized by twenty-three Grand Lodges. She is now one of the great Masonic sisterhood of the Continent, and I recommend that she be immediately recognized by this Grand Lodge, and that we nominate a representative near that new Grand Orient.

Recently M. W. Bro. Millinuet, Grand Master of Masons of France, issued a circular, in which he solicited the presence of the representatives of all the Grand Lodges of the world at Paris, on the occasion of the Grand Exposition, and he stated in it that, on the 15th of this month, it was intended that a grand banquet at that city should be given, the guests at which should be such representatives, and the affair be conducted under the auspices of the Grand Orient of France. Deeming it proper that a special envoy should represent the Grand Lodge of the State of New York on so interesting and important occasion, I issued a credential letter under the Seal of the Grand Lodge, appointing R. W. Bro. Jotham Post as the representative of this Grand Lodge for the time being. I instructed him to place himself in communication with Bro. Renny, the resident representative of this Grand Lodge near the Grand Orient of France. From my knowledge of the high character and zeal of the brother to whom I have thus extended this honor, I have no doubt but that the duty which I have cast upon him will be most fully and efficiently performed.

I have also written to R. W. Bro. Post, requesting him to avail himself of the occasion which will be created by the meeting of the representatives of the Grand Lodges of the world, at Paris, to place as far as possible before them, in conjunction with our representative Bro. Renny, the fact that the two Lodges under the care of the Grand Lodge of Hamburg, are still sustained in this city, and to point out to those who may represent the different Grand Lodges, as far as possible, the evil under which we labor in having our territorial jurisdiction invaded by the continuance of those Lodges, to the end that we may have an expression of the opinions of the Grand Lodges of the world upon so grave a departure from duty as that committed and persisted in by the Grand Lodge of Hamburg. I desire and submit to you, that this might lead to a declaration of non-intercouse with that Grand Lodge, by the Grand Lodges of the world, until she should retrace her steps, apologize to us, and recall the warrants of her subordinates here or declare them to be null and void.

In 1866, M. W. Bro. Hamilton, Grand Master of Tennessee, called my attention to the alleged fact that one of our Lodges had been guilty of a jurisdictional offense against that Grand Lodge. I promptly appointed a committee of one to investigate the matter, and promptly reported the result to him by mail. To my great surprise I find the following in his last annual address to his Grand Lodge: "We wrote to Bro. Robert D. Holmes, Grand Master of the State of New York, August 19, 1865, calling his attention to the fact that a subordinate Lodge in his jurisdiction had conferred the three symbolic degrees on a resident of Tennessee, and that the Master of the Lodge conferring the degrees knew that the applicant had been rejected in a Lodge in this jurisdiction less than one year previous. M. W. Bro. Holmes wrote us that he had placed the matter in the hands of one of his District Grand Masters for investigation. During this year we called and left a communication on his desk, again calling his attention to the matter, but up to this good hour we have heard nothing from him. We present the above facts, that you, in your good judgment may take such action in the matter as you may deem proper."

I have nominated M. W. Bro. Whitehead, Grand Master of New Jersey, as our representative near that

Grand Lodge, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of our lamented brother, R. W. Wm. Kirwood. It gives me pleasure to state that the M. W. brother has accepted the trust, with expressions of great gratification.

With regard to the standard work I have but little to say. I find that generally throughout the State attempts have been made to practice it, as is reported to me by the District Grand Masters. As to it, I can only say that I should like to have clearly defined at this session of this Grand Body, what is indispensable in the work and must be done, and that which may be left at the option of the Master or other brother conferring a degree. From my personal observation I find that it is utterly impossible that the ritualistic duties of all Lodges can be performed exactly alike, and questions have been frequently addressed to me as to what was indispensably necessary to be done in the conferring of degrees, and as to what omissions could be made. Being unable to answer these questions, I advise that the matter should be placed in charge of the Committee on Work and Lectures, and that they should give decisions upon those points.

At the last session of the Grand Lodge the case of Bros. Weiber and Levy was confided to me. That case is still pending, I having hoped, up to within a few weeks, to have an amicable settlement. Finding it still impossible, I have, after the dismissal of one set of charges for irregularity, directed that other charges be preferred, and a commission now have them under consideration.

The Committee on Warrants will have some very delicate duties to perform; the brevity of the session will prevent them, if they act as they ordinarily have done, from gaining from applicants for warrants a full knowledge of the exact condition of every Lodge U. D. I therefore recommend, to the end that they may perform their duties understandingly, that they summon before them, on every occasion when they act upon the question of recommending a warrant to be granted by the Grand Lodge, the District Deputy Grand Master of the district in which the Lodge is situated, and that the information which may be obtained from those officials shall be given to them with closed doors, so that no influence of a personal character shall impair their ability, or tend so to do, to give the correct exhibit of the condition of each inchoate Lodge.

I feel constrained to call the attention of the Grand Lodge to the fact that, notwithstanding the efforts which have been made to the contrary, the devotions in subordinate Lodges in many cases are sectarian in their character. Universality and freedom from sectarianism have in all ages been the pride and boast of the craft, and I earnestly desire that all things which have a tendency towards indicating, in any particular, that Masonry favors or encourages the practice of any distinct belief or creed should be declared to be irregular.

Toward the close of the year 1866, the Masonic Fair, to which a reference was made at your last communication, was held in this city. It is gratifying to state that the Lodges of the country appeared to vie with those of the city in making it a success. I cannot too strongly commend the spirit which has been evidenced throughout the whole craft, with some few unfortunate exceptions here and in this vicinity, to give aid and assistance to this noble charity. The results of that effort go beyond my most sanguine expectations, and, I think, of those of the craft engaged in it. Over $50,000 has been realized after paying all expenses, and is now in the hands of the Treasurer of the fund. I cannot leave this subject without paying a tribute to those noble-hearted women, who day after day, and week after week, devoted themselves to the successful accomplishment of the work. Matron and maid and child were all equally assiduous in promoting the success of that enterprise, and I recommend that a vote of thanks of this Grand Body be tendered to them in view of their zealous and devoted efforts.

Of the $1,000 placed in my hands two years ago, to distribute to the Boards of Relief in this city and Brooklyn at my discretion, there still remains $300, which I recommend be confided to my successor for the same purpose as it was confided to me.

During the year I issued a letter of dispensation to form a Lodge in Brooklyn, to be called Cambridge Lodge. At the time of its issue my professional and private business and my Masonic duties combined, rendered severe scrutiny impossible. To my astenishment I found, a short time ago, that the Master and Senior Warden named in that dispensation had signed their names to a circular letter to the craft, copies of which were extensively distributed, in which the honor and integrity of the Trustees of the Hall and Asylum Fund were severely assailed. They were placed by my direction under charges for that alleged offense, which charges are now pending, each of the eighteen defendants having, as I have been informed, demanded a separate trial, though the offense was a joint one and could have been jointly met. Immediately upon ascertaining the fact that the two brethren named were prominent in the dispensation, I revoked it, and dissolved the Lodge, and I earnestly hope that the Committee on Warrants will not look favorably upon an application of those brethren to be constituted a warranted Lodge as it is at present officered. In my judgment brethren under charges, as a matter of just policy, should not be nominated to prominent positions in the craft, and certainly not when by a dilatory and vexatious plea they seek to obstruct the path to justice.

The property to which I called the attention of the Grand Lodge, in my last annual communication, as being proper for the site of a hall in this city, situated on the west side of Broadway, between 18th and 19th streets, forming the front portion of that block, is now unfortunately beyond our reach. I held the refusal of it as an individual, and feeling conscious of its great value, was desirous, indeed very anxious, that the Masonic fraternity should possess it, thus yielding up any private interest in the matter. It then could have been purchased for $400,000, as I stated to the Grand Lodge, $200,000 in cash and $200,000 on bond and mortgage. $680,000 have recently been offered for it and declined, and I am credibly informed that $400,000 was refused for one half of it. This vexed question of the location of a hall I have heretofore referred to, and have only recurred to it for the purpose of showing the brethren that if the property which the brethren now possess is not a proper place upon which to locate the proposed structure, it is necessary that a speedy determination should be arrived at with reference to some other place in which it shall be located. Property is so rapidly increasing in value that a selection cannot be made too soon.

At nearly the close of this Masonic year, I deemed it proper to make the Hon. (now Brother) James T. Brady a Mason "at sight," and I did so. I am aware that such an honor is but seldom accorded. Setting aside warm personal friendship, I desire to state my reasons for this somewhat unusual step. The brother named stands second to none as an advocate in our whole country, and is the exemplar of the younger members of his profession throughout our land—pointing out to them the way that they should go to achieve honor, distinction and usefulness in their toilsome walk of life. These qualities, combined with his unswerving love of country, his eminent social position, his largeness of heart, and his life-long practice of some of the most prominent and beautiful tenets of our profession, demonstrated his fitness to receive the honor conferred, and were some of the prominent causes that impelled to the course which I have pursued. There was, however, another reason that had its influence on my conduct, which I will briefly state. The tendency of modern Grand Lodge legislation, here and elsewhere, has been toward abridging the powers of the Grand Master as the sole and absolute head of the craft; and, among other things, the right of that official to make Masons "at sight" has been criticised, if not doubted. I desired to bring to the surface a power and prerogative that had been gradually sinking out of view, and to exercise them, to the end that the present generation might know that they had an existence and recognize them. This I have done, and the records of our proceedings of this session will show to the Masonic world that one, at least, of the prerogatives of a Grand Master has been rescued from deseutude in this jurisdiction.

In conclusion, brethren, without being vainglorious, permit me to state that I feel great pride in my official record of the last two years. Every trouble of a domestic character of any magnitude has been definitely settled. Our foreign relations, with a single exception, are all that the most enthusiastic member of the craft could desire. Obedience to the laws of the Grand Lodge is rendered with alacrity, and a conscientious discharge of duty on the part of all officials of subordinate Lodges is favorably reported upon to me by the District Deputy Grand Masters; and when I surrender to you the great powers with which you have clothed me, I have the gratification of knowing that my successor will have no vexed or intricate questions to pass upon, but that quiet, peace, and good-will pervade the whole of this vast jurisdiction.

Let us still and during the whole of the present session, be enabled to congratulate each other in view of this happy condition of the fraternity. Some have expressed to me fears that the exciting questions which will be brought before you for action and discussion may excite anger and uncharitableness, and lead to dissension and discord. I entreat you to remember your solemn and binding vows taken at the sacred altar of Masonry, in which you have called God to witness your fidelity to its laws, your obedience to its dictates, and your unswerving devotion to its holy principles and tenets. I solemnly charge you to ponder over every act that you may propose to commit within this place, which your presence has transformed into a Temple, to thoughtfully weigh each impulse and to keep watch and ward over every expression which may rise to your lips, to the end that unkindness and raucor may not invade our deliberations, and that unity and harmony, the one the cement that unites and the other the bond that binds us together, may still remain, and gentle peace still hover over our councils. Let me thank you for the three-fold evidence of the confidence which you have reposed in me. To be the head of the second Masonic jurisdiction in the world for a single year is a high honor, but to receive a ratification of official conduct in the exercise of great powers and delicate duties is a higher honor still. This you have generously done, and through it my pride becomes mingled with my gratitude; gratitude first to God, who has given me physical health and mental strength for the performance of my exacting duties, as well as those due to my family and profession; next to you, who generously extended to me your approval and confidence. I have now no Masonic ambition nor aspiration to be gratified for your partiality has fully satisfied any and all that I have ever possessed. I hope to be spared many years to colabor with you in the noble and benign work of Masonry, inculcating good actions in the living, binding up the wounded hearts of those stricken with grief, ministering to the afflicted, smoothing the pillows of the dying, burying the dead, and training the friendless orphan to tread the path that leads to virtue here and a blessed immortality hereafter. Brethren, the evidences of my acts are before you; they await your verdict. Should it be favorable once again, I shall feel inexpressible pleasure through life, and leave it with the consciousness that my memory will be honored by my having received the approbation of one of the most enlightened and beneficent associations on the globe.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

Bro. Harvey Dodworth, who has conducted the orchestra at Niblo's for five years, retires from the position, from the pressure of other public calls.

∴

Tecumseh Lodge, No. 487, gave a public entertainment May 30th, in honor of the opening of their new hall, corner 7th Street and 3d Avenue. Bros. Anderson, Davis and McWhinnie were the committee of arrangements. The following was the order of exercises, viz.:

Prayer, by Rev. Dr. McMurdy; "Winged Messenger," by Mr. Wm. H. Harden; Address, by M. W. J. W. Simons; "Ye Merry Birds," by Mrs. H. J. McAlister; Address, by R. W. J. H. Anthon; "De'l Rammenti," by Mrs. McAlister and Mr. Harden; Address, by Rev. Dr. McMurdy; "Consider the Lilies," by Mrs. H. J. McAlister; "Love's Request," by Mr. Wm. H. Harden; Benediction, by Rev. Dr. McMurdy. Mr. J. A. Holden officiated at the piano.

While there was a deficiency of music, owing to the absence of one of the performers, it was amply made up by the address of Bro. Anthon, which was amusing and yet earnest and highly instructive. Bro. A. discoursed elequently of the use, progress and triumphs of Freemasonry. Bro. McMurdy's address was on the doctrine, practice and fruit of Freemasonry. We were pleased to notice the absence of refreshments at this festival. This is a good example. The less expensive these festivals the more frequently they may occur.

Tecumseh Lodge was organized June 19, 1860, Bro. Simons being Grand Master. Bro. Thornton was the first Master and has continued to the present, with the exception of one year, when Bro. Anderson was Master. Bro. Lathrop was Senior and Bro. Smith Junior Warden at its organization.

∴

The body of our late brother, "Artemus Ward," reached here on Friday last, and has been forwarded to Maine for interment.

∴

St. Cecile Lodge.—R. W. Bro. McCoy conferred the Eastern Star Degree on 52 ladies May 30. It closed with the ceremonies of the sixth degree, which consisted of ice cream, cakes and other delicacies.

∴

Abrams Lodge.—May 31, after the conferring of the Eastern Star Degree upon a number of ladies, a presentation was made to W. Bro. Kirk of a gold watch and chain by the members of the Lodge, through Bro. Grover. The Master responded in a feeling manner. While presentations are quite too frequent, in this case it was richly deserved.

6. He that hath not given his money upon | u-su- | ry;|| nor taken reward a | gainst the | in-no | cent.
7. Whoso doeth | these | things, || shall | nev | er | fall.

The lines drawn between the words or syllables correspond to the bars in the chant, and the dot (·) indicates the second period in the measure.

I would suggest the following mode of pointing or dividing the psalm as more consistent with its reading:

1. Lord, who shall | dwell in · Thy | tabernacle;|| or who shall rest up | on · Thy | ho-ly | hill?
2. Even he that leadeth an | incor · rupt | life,|| and doeth the thing that is right, and | speaketh · the | truth from · his | heart.
3. He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done | evil · to his | neighbor,|| and | hath · not | slandered · his | neighbor.
4. He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in | his · own | eyes;|| and maketh much · of | them · that | fear · the | Lord.
5. He that sweareth unto his neighbor and disap | pointeth · him | not,|| though it | were · to | his · own | hindrance.
6. He that hath not given his | money up · on | usury,|| nor taken re | ward · a | gainst · the | innocent.

The seventh verse had better be sung to the second half of the chant, and be divided thus:

7. Whoso doeth these | things · shall | ne · ver | fail.

Such a version will enable intelligent singers to give as much force to the text when chanting as when reading, and every listener will be much more highly edified.

The selection of chants are, to a great extent, original, which is by no means an objection, as the Good Old Chants would have required so much trimming to avoid the false harmonies before alluded to as to render them so new in character as to require as much musical skill to execute as the new ones.

It is not necessary to follow the compiler through the entire volume. He has produced a work long desired. The faults we have alluded to have grown out of a popular and prevailing custom, and are the result of habit.

Where there are so many points of excellence as well as novelty, the talented author has done himself credit, and deserves the grateful thanks of the fraternity for having produced so meritorious and useful a book for their use.

T.

MARRIED.

McMurdy—Coleman.—On Wednesday, June 5th, at the church of the Rev. Dr. Spring, John McMurdy, Esq. (brother of Dr. McMurdy), to Helen E., only daughter of E. W. Coleman, Esq., all of New York City.

St. Cecile Lodge, No. 568, F. & A. M.—Regular Communications 1st, 3d and 5th Tuesdays of every month, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the Lodge Rooms, No. 594 Broadway.

GEORGE F. ILSLEY, W. M.
DAVID GRAHAM, Secretary.

Manitou Lodge, No. 106, F. & A. M., has removed from Egyptian Room, Odd Fellow's Hall, to No. **594 Broadway.** Nights of meeting, Second and Fourth Tuesdays in each month.

L. W. SAUTELLE, Master.
James A. Ovington, Secretary.

Olive Branch Chapter, A. and P. R., Rose Croix, No. 6, meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 159 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn. Ill. A. G. Bishop, Most Wise; Ill. J. Windle Fowler, Kt. Senior Warden: Ill. Lawrence Tower, Kt. Junior Warden; Ill. Manuel G. J. Bonnell, Kt. Orator; Rev. J. E. Rockwell, Kt. Prelate.

Primitive Chapter, No. 5, Rose Croix, A.·. & P.·. R.·. M.·., meets 1st, 3d and 5th Fridays, in Encampment Room, Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Grand and Centre Streets.

George Ross, M.·. W.·., address 45 Gold Street, N. Y.; R. B. Hardy, S.·. W.·.; John R. Moore, J.·. W.·.; W. H. Dayas, Archivist, address Holman's, corner Centre and White Streets.

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That asks questions (?) is in great request now, as every one is asking sick friends why they do not take

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S. T.——1860——X.

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The Proprietors of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized The Great American Tea Company, to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea Trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much Tea or Coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete, send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post Office money-orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

☞ For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see the edition of this paper of April 6, 1867.

After the first club, we send blanks.

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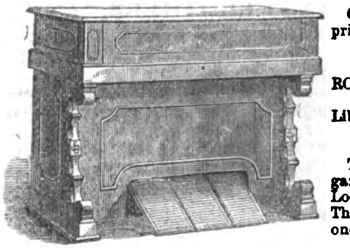

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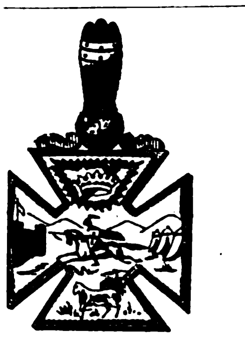

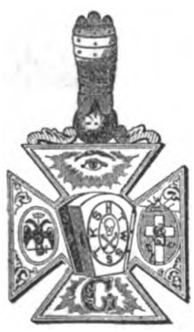

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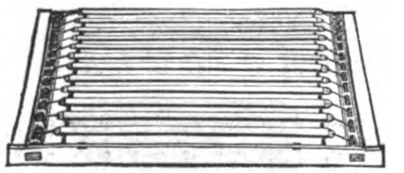

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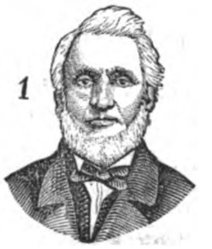

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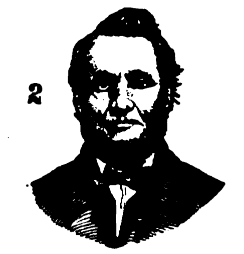

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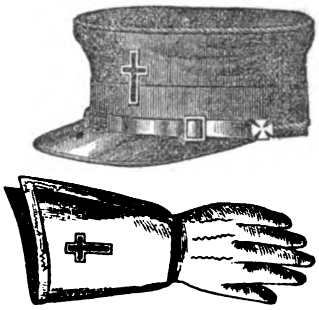

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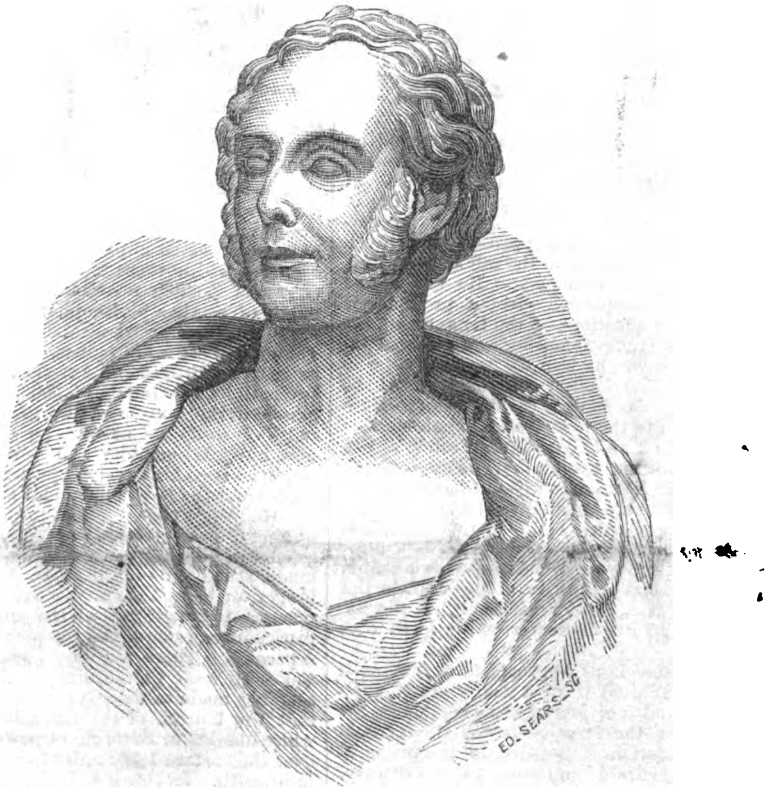

Sir Archibald Allison, Bart., the Masonic Scottish Lawyer, and the World-Renowned Historian of Europe.

Our eminent brother, Sir Archibald Allison, was born in the parish of Kinley, in the parsonage house of Shropshire England, in 1792. By the accident of birth merely, Sir Archibald was an Englishman. His father was a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, senior minister of the Episcopal chapel, Cowgate, Edinburg, and afterwards of St. Paul's, York Place, and was celebrated as a preacher and writer. He was the author of "Essays on Taste." Both paternally and maternally, Sir Archibald could boast of a long line of Scottish ancestry. When eight years of age, young Allison removed to Edinburg, and at an early age entered the University of Edinburg, where he had the advantage of studying under such professors as Dugald Stewart, Playfair and Leslie, and the other celebrated men who, by their genius and learning, at that time adorned the Scottish capital, and where he carried off the highest honors in the mathematical and Greek classics. In 1814 he was called to the Scottish bar. For some years afterwards, while the courts were not in session, he traveled extensively on the Continent. He was in Paris in 1814, when the allied armies entered it, and it was, as he himself tells us, when gazing on the splendid but humbling sight before him, and when reflecting on the sudden rise and ignominious fall of Napoleon, that he conceived the idea of writing the History of Europe, beginning with the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789, and closing with an account of the scenes of which he was then a witness. Although he resolved to make this the labor of his life, and commenced at once to collect the requisite materials, he was not inactive in other departments of literature. He had already become a frequent contributor to the pages of "Blackwood" and other periodicals. In 1822 he was appointed to the office of Deputy-Advocate, and held that office till the close of the Wellington administration in 1830. In 1832 he gave to the world the benefit of his legal experience in an elaborate work on the "Principles of the Criminal Law of Scotland," which was succeeded in the following year by the "Practice of the Criminal Law of Scotland"—two volumes which rapidly became standards, and which have since maintained their places. In 1833 appeared also the first volume of his History of Europe. Successive volumes were published at brief intervals until the original plan was completed, in 1842. In 1840, while still busy with his history, he gave to the world two volumes on the "Principles of Population," a work in which he combats with great force and ability the doctrines of Malthus. By this time, Allison had filled for some years one of the most onerous and responsible judicial situations in Scotland, having been appointed by Sir Robert Peel, in 1834, Sheriff of Lanarkshire. In 1845, in a special work, entitled "England in 1815 and 1845, or a Sufficient and Contracted Currency," he set forth those views in favor of a full, yet properly limited paper currency, to which he always so tenaciously clung. In 1847 he published a kindred work under the name of "Free Trade and a Fettered Currency." Same year, 1847, appeared from his untiring pen, the "Military Life of John, Duke of Marlborough." In 1850 he collected and published, in three volumes, "Essays, Historical, Political and Miscellaneous," which had originally appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine." Subsequently, in 1852, he resumed his History of Europe, with the intention of carrying it down to the accession of Louis Napoleon, but which was ultimately brought forward to the close of the Crimean War. The continuation was completed in nine octavo volumes. The last work which Sir Archibald gave to the world was a Memoir of Viscount Castlereagh, with notices of the Marquises of Londonderry. It would have been strange if so laborious and fruitful a literary life had gone unrewarded, especially when we remember with what devotion that life was given to party. To the Conservative party, from first to last, he did good and substantial service. Nor was that party ungrateful. The votes of Conservative students twice secured for him the honorary office of Lord Rector, first of Marischal College, Aberdeen, in 1845, and second of the University of Glasgow, in 1851. Conservative influence procured for him the degree of D. C. L. from the University of Oxford. Sir Robert Peel, the Conservative Prime Minister, appointed him, in 1834, to the lucrative post of Sheriff of Lanarkshire. Earl Derby, another Conservative Prime Minister, induced the Queen to confer upon him, in 1852, the title of Baronet. The same influence, it is well known, would long since have made him one of the Lords of Session, in Edinburg, had it not been that the office he held barred the appointment.

There are many points of view from which the life of Sir Archibald Allison may be looked at. There is one point of view in which it is singularly instructive. Since 1834, almost since the time he commenced his history, he has, with the exception of very brief intervals, spent a large and that the best portion of every day in the discharge of his official duties in the Glasgow Courts. Yet his literary labors have yielded an amount of fruit which, in point of bulk, to leave their excellence for the present aside, is scarce surpassed by that of our most prolific novelists, and which finds no parallel among the historical labors of the age. Of this man, one thing at least must be admitted—he was no idler. His working power was immense, and was well and profitably employed.

Notwithstanding the merits of his legal, political, financial and biographical works, which would have sufficed to make the reputation of a less industrious man, the fame of Sir Archibald Allison must rest mainly on his history. Its descriptions are imbued with life and spirit, and throughout there is an equally visible disposition to give both sides of a question a hearing. For really practical purposes it is one of the most valuable books of the age. It is not too much to say that the knowledge which is possessed by the English-speaking people of the present generation in regard to the French Revolution and the period which has since intervened, has been derived more from Allison than from all other sources combined. No other history of equal bulk was ever so general and so useful a book of reference. What library, public or private, is complete without its Allison? The place which he has left vacant in the high places of literature it will be difficult to fill.

Notwithstanding that his shoulders were slightly rounded, as the result of his literary labors, Sir Archibald was physically a fine specimen of humanity. He stood considerably over six feet in height; his figure was firmly and gracefully built; and he had a noble, intelligent and benevolent countenance. He was always elegantly though not showily dressed. In Sir Archibald's face there was nothing of that sickly, careworn look so common to the literary character. His noble form will not soon be forgotten by any one who has ever seen him as Provincial Grand Master heading a Masonic procession. The last sad duties which, as a brother, he often helped to perform for others, others have now performed for him.

"Requiescat in pace."

It will be gratifying to many to know that neither name nor title has perished with the deceased baronet. Sir Archibald has left behind him three children, two sons and a daughter. His sons served with distinction in the Crimea, and also on the staff of Lord Clyde in India. Colonel Allison, the present baronet, lost an arm at the relief of Lucknow. Lady Allison, one of the Tytlers of Woodhouselee, we believe, still survives.

Sir Archibald Allison was a devoted Freemason, and was initiated in the Glasgow Kilwinning Lodge, No. 4, and was Provincial Grand Master since 1848. He distinguished himself by his untiring activity and zeal in everything appertaining to the welfare of the craft in general, and of the particular province under his charge. This is the more deserving of notice when we consider the nature of his magisterial duties as Sheriff of Lanarkshire, and the amount of work which in this capacity alone he went through. It is illustrative of his immense powers of application that, in addition to the calls upon his time as Provincial Grand Master, he laid the foundation-stones of many of the public buildings in that city and throughout the west of Scotland, and presided at nearly all the Masonic gatherings within that district.

He thus beautifully and touchingly exhibited his interest in our institution, and gave the reason for it in laying the corner-stone of the Grand Lodge of Scotland:

There is no individual who has so great cause, perhaps, to say that he is grateful to the cause of Freemasonry, for I am sure there is none who now hear me who have a family anecdote so interesting to narrate, or which shows how much the principles of Freemasonry may surmount even the animosities and the anger of war. In the American war there was a young English officer who was wounded, and had a bayonet pointed towards his breast in one of the intrenchments that he was storming in the United States. When the bayonet was at his breast, he got hold of a young American officer, to whom he gave the Freemason's grip—(cheers). The young American officer knocked up the bayonet, and saved the Englisman's life. He brought him to his own home, and treated him as a brother; and for two or three months he lived in his family. That young officer, thus saved by Freemasonry, came back to Scotland afterwards, married a young lady, a relative of the noble family of Erskine, and the issue of that marriage was Lady Allison, my wife, and mother of two who have bled for their country in India—(loud and continued cheers). I think, therefore, no man has more reason to be grateful to Freemasonry than I have. While I regard the grand demonstration which took place today as a proof that the great cause of Freemasonry which was flourishing when the temple of Jerusalem was built—(cheers)—which has survived the tyranny of the Romans—the conquests of the Goths—and the inroads of the Saracens—is now as rife as it was when Solomon laid the foundation of the temple of Jerusalem. I feel assured that it will be to the end of the world as permanent as the principles of the Gospel, of which it was the prototype, and of which it was the completion—namely, the principles of peace to man and good will to mankind.

Thus spoke he at the burial of the late Duke of Athol, Grand Master of Scotland:

Provincial Grand Master, Grand Wardens and Brethren:—We are now assembled to discharge one of the most momentous, but, at the same time, melancholy duties which belong to our fraternity.

We have met to celebrate a solemn funeral service to the memory of the Duke of Athol, Grand Master of the whole Scotch Freemasons, and whose premature disease in the prime of life has, I am sure, realized the prediction of the Grand Lodge in the circular announcing it, that it has been a matter of deep regret to the Freemasons of Scotland in every part of the world. So various, indeed, have been the merits to our craft of our late Grand Master, that we can scarcely hope to see his place adequately supplied. It is no sinecure which is devolved upon the nobleman who is nominated to that high and dignified office. Independent of the actual laying of the foundation stones of the most distinguished edifices in all parts of the country which are constructed during his time —a duty which, from their number of late years, has been very considerable—he is expected to mingle frequently in social intercourse with the Lodges, how distant soever, to contribute largely to the relief of the distress of members, and since all of our fraternity are not always actuated by its spirit, sometimes to reconcile their differences. In a word, a Grand Master, who really discharges the duties of his office, must live more for others than himself. And it is fitting that it should be so; for what is the spirit of Freemasonry, but a constant readiness to sacrifice self to others? and what can be so good a model for its head as that which embodies its spirit? All these various duties our late lamented Grand Master discharged, as long as his health permitted, in the most exemplary manner. The foundation stones of the chief public edifices constructed in Scotland during the last quarter of a century have been laid by him. In Edinburg he officiated in that character at the foundation of the Waverly Monument, and many others, which are now the chief ornaments of that beautiful capital; in this city, of the Stockwell Bridge, the Gartnavel Asylum, and the Scott Monument; and at Stirling, in the presence of a hundred thousand spectators, and surrounded by five thousand Freemasons, the Wallace Monument.

A more fitting person to discharge that important duty could not have been selected, for, five hundred years before, one of his direct ancestors, the Earl of Athol, had been one of the companions and fellow-soldiers of Wallace in the great struggle for Scottish independence. It is not surprising that our late Grand Master took such an interest in the proceedings of our fraternity, and was so active in discharging its duties. He belonged to a race which, for above a century, had repeatedly given a Grand Master to the Freemasons of Scotland, and had never ceased to feel an interest in their proceedings. His own disposition rendered him peculiarly open to its influences. At once energetic and active, patient and enduring of suffering, resolute and humane, his spirit was unwearied, his heart was warm, his disposition was chivalrous. His ear was ever open to the tale of suffering, his hand ever ready to assuage it. He was liberal without ostentation, hospitable without prodigality. While he secured the affections of the tenantry on his great estates by his kindly demeanor and uniform attention to their interests, he won the hearts of all who approached him by his affability and courtesy. At the same time, he nobly discharged the duties of a Highland chieftain, often to the most exalted characters.

A Queen of England and Empress of France at different times shared his hospitality. Few eminent strangers visited the Highlands without having a tale to recount of the princely hospitality of Blair Athol.

Nor was his kindly spirit confined to the highest classes. Many of you, brothers, can testify how ably, with what heartfelt benevolence he laid aside his rank, and joined in the social festivities of the craft in this city and neighborhood. But most of all, on the approach of death did his character shine forth with peculiar lustre.

When the inevitable hour approached to him, as it must do to all, he awaited it in a noble spirit. His was neither the blind stoicism of the skeptic nor the wrapt enthusiasm of the fanatic—it was the intrepid demeanor of a Christian. Assailed in the prime of life by a slow but incurable and most painful disease, he bore his suffering with fortitude, and looked forward to the issue without dismay. For three months he was face to face with the King of Terrors in his most apalling form, and he never flinched from the sight. His whole thought was of others; his whole anxiety to discharge his duty to his Queen, his people, and his country. His last effort was to rise from the bed of death to meet his sovereign, who, with graceful courtesy, had come to Blair Athol to give a public testimony to his worth. His firm reliance was on his Saviour; and when at length the "silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl broken, and the spirit returned to the God who gave it, and his sufferings were terminated, he yielded up his last breath with the hope of a Christian, with the courage of a Highlander, and in the spirit of a Freemason."

But as the great historian, with his philosophic mind and his study of wars, their causes and a remedy, in the following lines he speaks to the fraternity in such language as shows their great responsibility for the peace of nations. These words were uttered when Provincial Grand Master:

He was sure that it was the desire of all present that the principles of Freemasonry should spread widely throughout society, and he could assure them, from a recollection which he was sorry to say extended over sixty years, that the world has seldom, if ever, in the course of his experience, been so divided or the principles of Freemasonry so much set at naught as at present. Since those reunions began, wonderful changes had taken place, and most of these changes for the worse had arisen from setting the principles of Freemasonry at naught. The expected reign of peace, justice and equality in the Republic of America had been broken by a contest of unprecedented vehemence and devastation, a contest which, in four years, had cost the lives of about 400,000 men and the contraction of 600,000,000 of debt. If they looked to the other side they saw in Germany nothing but the indulgence of the selfish passions. They saw Denmark spoliated without a vestige of protection. They had likewise seen a great power conclude a dreadful war in seven days. South of the Alps they saw the Pope about to be driven from his capital, which his predecessors had held for a thousand years. Again, on the other side, westward, he was sorry to say, they found that the demon of war had even infected our own shores. They were every day in expectation of an outbreak, and that very day they had received intelligence of the first serious act of hostility.

Where would they find a remedy for this state of society, in which the angry and selfish passions had acquired so great a preponderance? He had no hesitation in saying that it could only be found in the spread and increased influence of the principles of Freemasonry. They need not be surprised at greater results arising from less promising causes. Let them recollect that the fate of the world had been changed by a faith which began from still smaller numbers.

Eighteen hundred years ago, principles were preached on the shores of Galilee which then had the most unpromising of all appearances, for they were surrounded by hostility on every side. Where were these principles now, and where were the powers which endeavored to oppose them? The principles of Freemasonry were the principles of loving their neighbors as themselves —the principles of the Gospel. Having laid Freemasonry on that foundation, he left it there to take its chance in all future ages. There was another circumstance which he thought he should bring under their notice on this occasion, as commemorating an event of unprecedented importance and interest which had occurred within these few months. By the patriotic efforts of English merchants, aided by the skill and talent of English philosophers, among whom, he was happy to say, their friend and countryman, Sir William Thomson, bore a high place, they saw a cable laid betwixt Great Britain and America. They saw, as it were, two nations, separated by 3,000 miles of ocean, shaking hands at the bottom of the great sea. They might well be astonished at such an event, and to observe how human ingenuity and perseverance and talent acquired such a marvelous power over the most evanescent and the most ephemeral power of nature. We saw that these powers of nature gave way to the effects of human perseverance. So rapid was the progress of science in these respects, and so wonderful the changes made, that he did not despair, if he lived a few years longer, of being able at this annual festival to send a message to New York at the commencement of the proceedings, and to get an answer in return before they separated. There was one peculiarity of this which was even more extraordinary. It was, that the researches made to discover the lost cable had shown that the bottom of the Atlantic was composed of a white blanket or covering of powder, which stretched over the surface 1,500 miles in length, and 1,300 miles in breadth. In this soft bed the Atlantic cable was lying, and the power of the electricity was every day acquiring additional force, so that it was found the lost cable, which had lain in this white bed had an electric power far greater than that sent in by the hands of the workmen. Here, then, was this provision of a snowy bed for the Atlantic cable by the hands of nature; and by whom was it made? Was it made by the giants who were said to have once inhabited the earth? No. Was it made by the conquerors who had brought to bear on it the powers of empires? No. It was made by little creatures, so small that they were quite invisible to the naked eye, and could be detected only by the power of a microscope, and 10,000 of which could be put into a walnut shell. Was it possible to conceive of anything so extraordinary as that a substance of this description should have been spread over such a surface from time immemorial, and done by living agents like these, and that it was by means of their agency that the great problem of uniting Great Britain and America, he trusted in perpetual bonds, had been accomplished? This was a most extraordinary proof of the Divine prescience; and if any man, after seeing that, and how it had come about, did not believe in the existence and superintendence of a Supreme Power, he would not be converted though one rose from the dead. But there was more in that than this. This powder lying at the bottom of the ocean was made of limestone, a most fertilizing ingredient. Now, observe what has been going on. By the operation of these little impalpable creatures, while the world had been fighting on the shore, why the creation of a new continent had been going on, not under our eyes, but almost under our feet. The Atlantic was stored with vegetable matter, and also with the remains of fishes, and there was also this white powder made by these little laborers, which was of this essentially fertilizing character. Down below in the bowels of the earth there was an enormous mass of perpetual fire. It was not generally known, but it had been ascertained that at the distance of 35 miles below the earth where we stood, the heat was so intense that not only would it melt any metal, but hold the very rocks of granite themselves in solution. What was the purpose of nature in covering so large a part of the earth with the waves of the ocean? The object he apprehended was, it was a speculation of interest, but he could not avoid mentioning it, that the Atlantic ocean was the great workshop in which Nature was preparing additional land for the use of man. The time would come when the superabundant heat would expand, when the ocean would be raised up, and a new earth would rise out of the bottom of the Atlantic. Thus, should the old world become chocked up with inhabitants and new space be required for the human race, this space would be found provided in this new continent created by the little laborers, and from the animal remains at the bottom of the ocean. Should that time ever come, they might feel assured of one thing, that the new earth for man would be as well adapted to his necessities and to promote his happiness as that which we now inhabit. They might be sure that the earth would be inhabited by a happy, industrious and prosperous race, and they might be sure that the labor of man would overcome all obstacles. And when that time came, the voice of praise, he trusted, would ascend from the temple, the song of birds be heard in the fields, and the principles of Freemasonry overspread the earth as the waters cover the sea. The learned and eloquent baronet concluded with the lines—

"Then shall the flocks on thymy pastures stray,
And shepherds dance at summer's opening day.
Each wandering Genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men.
And silence mark on woodland heights around
The village curfew, as it tolls profound."

THE MARK-MAN.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

[What description can be more perfect of an honest man and a true Mason, than this by dear George Herbert?]

Who is the honest man?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue
To God, his neighbor, and himself most true;
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpinne, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honestie is not
So loose or easie that a ruffling winde
Can blow away, or glittering look it blinde;
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behinde.

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shunnes them; but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing and the example weigh;
All being brought into a summe,
What place or person calls for he doth pay.

Whom none can work or wooe,
To use in anything a trick or sleight,
For above all things he abhorres deceit;
His words and works and fashion, too,
All of a piece, and all are cleare and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close tentations; when the day is done
His goodnesse sets not, but in dark can runne;
The sunne to others writeth laws
And is their vertue; vertue is his sunne.

Who when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way;
Whom others faults do not defeat;
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runnes bias from his will,
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend the ill,
This is the *Mark-man*, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prayes to be so still.

LINGERING MUSIC.

"Hymning Masons' Mysteries."

Lingering notes the echoes stir,
Soft and sweet, these walls along;
Softly, sweetly, they concur
In the pleasant tide of song;
Night-birds cease their plaintive lays,
Listening to this hymn of praise.

Angels gliding through the air,
On celestial mission bent,
Pause, the sacred hymn to hear—
Fold their wings in soft content—
Join their notes divine to these,
Hymning Masons' mysteries.

Now the solitary room,
Peopled with a countless throng—
Now the stillness and the gloom
Kindle with the tide of song,
Filling our delighted ears—
Music of three thousand years!

Every emblem pictured there,
On the ceiling, wall or floor—
Gavel, Trowel, Apron, Square,
Column rent or open Door—
Blends a light and yields a tongue
With this softly lingering song.

Now the anthem dies away,
One by one the voices cease;
Birds resume their wonted lay,
Angels on their mission press;
But the latest note that moves
In this mystic song is LOVE'S!

THE EMBLEMS OF THE CRAFT.

BY ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

Who wears the SQUARE upon his breast
Does, in the face of God attest—
And in the face of man—
That all his actions will compare
With the divine, the unerring SQUARE,
That squares great Virtue's plan:
And he erects his edifice
By *this* design, and *this*, and *this*.

Who wears the LEVEL, says that pride
Does not within his soul abide,
Nor foolish vanity;
That man has but a common doom—
And from the cradle to the tomb
A common destiny.
And he erects his edifice
By *this* design, and *this*, and *this*

Who wears the G—that mark divine—
Whose very sight should banish sin,
Doth trust in God alone;
His Father, Maker, Friend, he knows;
He vows and pays to God his vows
Before the eternal throne:
And he erects his edifice
By *this* design, and *this*, and *this*.

Who wears the PLUMB, behold how true
His words and walk! and could we view
The chambers of his soul,
Each hidden thought, so pure and good,
By the stern line of rectitude
Points up to Heaven's goal:
And he erects his edifice
By *this* design, and *this*, and *this*.

Thus life and beauty come to view
In each design our fathers drew,
So glorious and sublime;
Each breathes an odor from the bloom
Of gardens bright beyond the tomb,
Beyond the flight of time,
And bids us build on *this*, and *this*,
The walls of God's own edifice.

THE KEY-STONE.

CHAPTER III.

After the departure of Carl, Col. Day and Rosalind became eager for news from the army. Letters came frequently, and after a little time Rosalind learned to submit quietly, hopefully, to the new aspect of affairs; but sometimes, when she seated herself at her father's well spread table, the thought that perhaps Carl might be subsisting on coarse, unwholesome food, and mayhap a scarcity of even that, would present itself to her mind, a choking sensation would come over her, and with great effort she would crowd back the coming tears.

At such times, Mr. Day, comprehending all her fears, would say, "Never mind, Rosa. Carl will procure a furlough soon, and come and visit us. And he is so brave and patriotic, I am certain we shall be very proud of him yet."

Rosalind was very grateful for this delicate comforting of her father; but there were times when her fears for his safety almost overcame even her brave endurance, and then she sought her own room, and kneeling at her bedside, with the fair hands clasped above the aching, fearful heart, she besought her God to watch over her dear one, to shield him from danger, to provide him with friends, and return him in safety to his home. And then a feeling of trustful confidence would come into her heart, and she would remember Carl's last request, that she would not grieve in his absence, and she would resolve to be cheerful, and hopeful and happy.

"Come into the library, my daughter," said Mr. Day, one evening, after tea. "The postman has just handed in the mail. A great battle has been fought, and I would like you to read me the details."

Rosalind followed her father, and seated herself on a low stool at his feet. Her hands trembled as she unfolded the paper he placed in them, and her voice faltered as she began to read.

First came a description of the ground, and the position of the opposing armies, how brave generals had wheeled battalion, division and regiment into line, planted their batteries and disposed their guns. Then followed the opening of the fight, the storm of grape, the bursting of shells, and the effort to attend at once to the wants of the wounded, and remove them beyond further danger.

"O father, how dreadful!" exclaimed Rosalind, dropping the paper in her lap.

"Read on, daughter," said Mr. Day, excitedly. "Carl's regiment is in the fight."

Rosalind's cheek paled at mention of Carl; but she resumed her reading.

Next came an account of an effort on the part of the enemy to flank the left wing of the Federal army, and the necessity of the commander-in-chief communicating directly with the general in command of the division on the extreme left. A volunteer had been called for to perform the perilous journey, and a private of the Seventeenth Regiment, by the name of Stoughton, had conveyed the message in safety, in the face of almost certain death, had been cheered by that portion of both armies that had witnessed his bravery, had been made captain on the spot, and placed in command of a company.

"Hurrah!" shouted Col. Day, springing from his chair, and quite forgetful of his age and a rheumatic limb, he fairly capered about the room. "I tell you, Rosalind, I knew the boy was of the right metal. He will be a general yet, rely upon it, and I shall have the happiness of placing my daughter's little hand in that of a man who has fairly won the honors and the gratitude of his country;" and Col. Day seized the little hand in question, lifted Rosalind from her seat, and kissed her gayly, as if he had been a boy.

Rosalind knew not whether to rejoice most at the good fortune of Carl or to tremble at the danger he had encountered; but the smiling lips wore a sweet, satisfied expression, and in her woman's heart she was very proud of her lover.

"But, Rosa, you did not read it all," said Mr. Day, suddenly. "Come, let us have it all."

Again she resumed her reading. The confederates had been driven from the left, and greatly discomfited; but a battery near the left of the confederates' front was damaging the Federal right greatly, and Capt. Stoughton and Company K had been sent against it. The attack had been successful; but the brave young captain had fallen badly wounded, and, if he lived, was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy.

A low groan escaped the blanching lips of Rosalind, her head sunk upon her father's knee, and Col. Day could only fold her in his arms, and murmur, "My child, my poor child!"

Rosalind did not faint. No such blessed unconsciousness was granted her; but, within the first five minutes after this terrible intelligence, she seemed to live a whole life of misery; and when Col. Day tenderly lifted the bowed head, and gazed into the sad, tearless eyes, he comprehended, for the first time, how great had been her love for Carl Stoughton, and what might be the fearful result of her despair. Shocked as he himself was at the probable fate of Carl, great as had been the reaction from joy and excitement to sorrow and hopelessness, his child was his first care, and out of the poor materials left to encourage hope, he strove to extract something which might serve to comfort her.

"Rosalind, my daughter," he said, "Carl will not die; so brave a man will be spared to his country. Had he died upon the field, or been hopelessly wounded, he would not have been taken therefrom. Courage, my child. We shall hear from him soon."

Rosalind tried to be comforted; but it is difficult to hope when there seems only room for despair.

"My father," she said, "I will try to bear this as becomes your daughter; but make you every possible effort to ascertain the fate of Carl. The truth, however dreadful, will be better than uncertainty."

Mr. Day kissed the white cheek, and bade her go to her room, for he rightly judged that she, with her woman's nature, would endeavor to conceal the depth of her woe, as she had ever done the strength of her love. Alone with her God, the fountains of her grief would be unsealed, and she would find strength to bear the shock.

Days and weeks went by, and no news came from Carl. Every item relative to the army was extracted from the newspapers; lists of names of exchanged prisoners were eagerly read; but still the name so earnestly sought did not appear, and it seemed impossible to hope longer.

It was a lovely evening in the early September. Rosalind sat upon a rustic seat beside the vine trellis. She was quite alone, for Col. Day had driven out to the village, three miles away. The night breeze floated lazily through the whispering leaves of the tall poplars, the western sky was filled with sunlit clouds, as if the day-king would vail his face as he retired before the silver queen, who had already climbed the eastern height, and sat in state awaiting the approach of night. The sweet influences of the hour crept lovingly into the heart of Rosalind, and if a tear drop trembled on the silken lashes, it was a tear of holy love and trust in that God who had made the earth so beautiful.

Col. Day came dashing up the carriage-way beside the poplars, sprang out of his vehicle with an agility quite unusual, threw the reins to a servant, and was about entering the house when, discovering Rosalind, he approached and stood before her. An unusual light was in his eye; a smile was playing over his features, despite his effort to appear natural.

With a sort of secret intuition, Rosalind knew that he had heard from Carl. Springing from her seat, she cried: "What is it, father; *tell me, tell me!*"

"Prepare yourself for good news, my child. Did I not tell you to hope?"

"Then he is alive! O, father, is he well—will he return to us?"

"Yes, Rosa, he is well, and will visit us soon," and he directed her eyes to a paragraph in the daily paper that ran thus:

"Promoted.—Capt. Stoughton has been received in exchange and given a Colonel's commission. He will be unable, in consequence of his wound, to enter the field again during the present campaign, and has already made arrangements to return to his home and spend the winter."

Rosalind read the welcome words again and again, and when at length she lifted her eyes from the paper they rested not upon her father's face, but upon Carl Stoughton. One low, quick, joyful cry, and his arms were around her, her head resting upon a noble, upright, manly heart.

"Carl, Carl! I thought you were dead; what, oh, what has preserved you?"

For answer he drew forth her last present and held it before her.

"Here is the talisman that insured my safety, that preserved my life, and returned me to you."

Col. Day now appeared from behind a pyramid of honey-suckles, where he had been wiping his eyes, and Carl told them of all that had befallen him, and how his surgeon had said he must not enter upon active duty till the following spring.

CHAPTER IV.

Swiftly the happy days, weeks and months flew by, and Col. Stoughton, bidding adieu to the tearful Rosalind and her father, sought again the National Capital. Company K cheered heartily when he appeared to take command of the regiment to which they belonged, and a few days later he lead them to battle. Honors seemed to come easily to him now, for he was always brave, and the brave will be discovered on a battle-field. At the end of three months he was breveted Brigadier-General, and was placed in charge of a large body of captured Confederates from Gen. Lee's army.

Remembering his own experience, and the kindness he had received from Confederate soldiers, he was very solicitous for their comfort.

As he passed again and again through the prisoners' quarters, he noticed a young lieutenant whom he thought he had met before, but where he had met him he could not decide. Suddenly, however, he thought he recognized in the young man's features a resemblance to Mr. Randolph, his Southern host and Masonic brother, and pausing in his walk, he inquired the name.

"James Randolph," was the reply.

"Are you a son of H. L. Randolph, of Virginia?"

"I am."

Gen. Stoughton grasped the hand of the astonished prisoner, and there was something peculiar in that grasp, for the countenance of Lieut. Randolph lighted up joyously, and he said, quickly:

"Then you are a Mason?"

"I am," replied the General, and drawing the prisoner's arm within his, they walked to the further side of the barracks, and seated themselves on a rude bench.

"This is a very great kindness in you, General," said the Lieutenant.

"My dear brother," said the General, "you may address me as Carl Stoughton. On the battle-field we are enemies. I am Gen. Stoughton there, you are Lieut. Randolph; but *here*, apart from all those circumstances, we are simply *brothers*."

And then Carl told him the story of his own imprisonment, of the discovery of the key-stone by his mother, the kindness of his parents and of the brethren of Charity Lodge, No. 13, of which James was a member.

"And," said Carl, "I believe that Masonry is the only chain binding the North to the South that is not severed. Its strength has been fearfully tried, but not a golden link is broken. It has been called upon to sustain the weight of a fearful moral and political conflict, but it only shines with a purer luster, to elicit the admiration and command the respect of the wise and good."

"And now," placing a purse in the hand of James, "you are to use that as if it were your own. I will procure you greater freedom on your parole of honor, and you shall return to Virginia as soon as practicable."

A month later Lieutenant Randolph returned to his anxious parents, and many and fervent were the prayers of the overjoyed mother that God would bless the brave Federal officer, while Mr. Randolph, with unwonted tears in his eyes, said:

"Ah! James, had the gentle voice of Masonry been heard, our beautiful land had not been drenched in fraternal blood, and the pall of mourning shrouded in darkness so many happy homes and loving hearts."

But now the sweet angel, Peace—who had been driven so rudely from our unhappy country—returned, and folded her white wings over the land she loved best, and Gen. Stoughton sought again his Western home. A crowd of citizens were assembled to meet him at the railroad station, and Col. Day was the first to grasp his hand as he stepped from the platform of the car. Amid the firing of guns and beating of drums, Carl was conducted to the residence of the Colonel.

Rosalind met him at the door, for this time she was prepared for his coming, and as he tenderly embraced her, she said:

"Did I not tell you, Carl, the whole country would yet be hurrahing for Gen. Stoughton?"

And when due justice had been done to the sumptuous dinner, and friends and *brothers* retired with a parting salute, and left Carl alone with Col. Day and Rosalind, he told them of his meeting with young Lieut. Randolph, and of everything of a dangerous or adventurous nature that had befallen him. And Rosalind pointed to the keystone, which he did not now hesitate to wear upon his watch-guard, and said, archly, that "that little article was of no value now, for she supposed his adventures among rebel Masons were over."

The Indian summer was arraying nature in a bright robe of rustling golden foliage, and Carl Stoughton's cup of happiness was full, for the dream he was indulging when we first introduced him to our reader was fully realized. Rosalind Day was brightening the old home with her presence, and the sweet, dreamy light in the mild eyes, and the content that ever rested on the smiling lips told how perfect was her bliss. The military coat and hat had found a place in the closet, and as Carl superintended the gathering in of the bountiful supply of golden corn, that emblem of plenty suggested to his mind all the blessings of peace, and often was his clear, rich voice heard in the tune of "Old Lang Syne,"

"Behold how pleasant and how good
For brethren such as we,
Of the accepted brotherhood,
To dwell in unity."

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Reverent Spirit Necessary in Masonry.—As a man cannot profitably study nature without a reverent spirit, reverent to truth, reverent to science, willing to accept its teachings, depending not so much on his own previous notions as upon its actual unfoldings, and often yielding his prejudices under the power of new facts, so a man cannot properly and profitably study the Bible without a reverent spirit—reverent to truth, reverent to piety, reverent to God. So no man can be a true Freemason without the spirit and practice of prayer. He must begin and end with prayer.

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Ladies who have used the WEED SEWING MACHINE find it so serviceable and satisfactory in its operations that their own sewing can be accomplished with more ease, celerity and pleasure than when it is given out to be done. A thousand pretty trifles may be manufactured any number of tucks, the most intricate quilting or elaborate stitching, without tedious exertion. It runs lightly, and owing to the simplicity of its construction is comprehended with but little explanation. Weed S. M. Co., No. 613 Broadway.

Historical Sketch of Lodge.

JORDAN LODGE.

It is gratifying to find Lodges appointing brethern to write out their history, and thus furnish the material for the history of Grand Lodges and for the history of Catholic or Universal Freemasonry.

Jordan Lodge, Danvers, Mass., presents a model for Lodges in this regard.

From its sketch we learn that a Charter was granted May 1, 1778, for a Lodge at Danvers, under name of "United States Lodge," by Saint Andrew's Grand Lodge. This Lodge became extinct, and the Charter and furniture were burned in the house of Bro. Skedmore, in 1808. The brethren reorganized in 1808, and obtained a Charter from the G.·. L.·. of Massachusetts.

Some of the records of the Lodge are interesting and instructive. We present a few:

Feb. 8, 5809.—The committee, to whom was referred the purchase of furniture for the Lodge, reported the following charges:

Charter from the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Massachusetts	$75 00
Jewels of Bro. Morgan	34 12
Collars of Bro. Dow	54 64
Alterations of the Lodge-room	7 22
Total	$170 98

The committee appointed to make arrangements for the consecration of Jordan Lodge and the installation of its officers, report the expenses to be:

For furniture and clothing now in Lodge-room	$34 91
Dinners for Grand Lodge, invited guests and music	54 50
Cash paid to the band	54 00
" " Tyler and Doorkeeper	6 25
" " for printing	11 50
Total	$137 16

The dinner for the Grand Lodge, invited guests and music, amounting to $54.00, rather reflects upon the Masonic extravagance of the present.

Nov. 23, 5814.—$154.67 is loaned on interest to the proprietors of the South Meeting House.

Jan. 1, 5817.—The committee appointed *to wait on* the R. W. and Rev. Bro. Bartlett and request a copy of his address for the press, reported that they attended the duty assigned them, and that he declined granting the request. [Masons were not so anxious then to see their names in the newspapers and in print as at present.] R. W. Bro. Nichols accordingly moved that a committee be appointed to present him with a set of books (value not exceeding ten dollars), as a small token of gratitude and esteem. The vote was passed, and the R. W. Andrew Nichols and R. W. Jos. G. Sprague appointed to carry the same into effect. Bro. Nichols then moved that a committee be raised to collect, if possible, by subscription, among the members of this Lodge, the sum of thirty dollars, to be by them transmitted, in the name of the Lodge to our worthy and Rev. Bro. Daniel Poor, missionary in India, for the purpose of supporting and educating, a youth of that country in the useful arts and sciences and in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures; provided, also, that, should a larger sum be subscribed than is contemplated above, the surplus shall be paid over to the Treasurer, and there remain, subject to be disposed of as the Lodge may think proper.

A vote was passed approving of the motion, and Bros. A. Nichols, A. W. Putnam, S. Proctor, J. Shays and M. Preston were chosen a committee for the purpose.

Under the following form of subscription we find the names of twenty-eight members of the Lodge contributing $32.50 annually. The sum proved sufficient to educate three heathen youths in the principles and habits of the Christian religion and Christian civilization. They received the names of **Jordan Lodge**, **Danvers**, and **Ebenezer Porter**.

"The subscribers agree to pay annually the sum set against their names, to be transmitted in the name of Jordan Lodge to the Rev. Bro. Daniel Poor, Missionary at Ceylon, for the purpose of supporting and educating in the knowledge of the Christian religion and the useful arts and sciences, one of the native youths of that Island or of some other part of Pagan India."

The youth bearing the name of Jordan Lodge was a young man of good parts, and made such proficiency in his studies as to qualify him for the position of a native helper or assistant teacher in the mission. He afterwards married. At the time of Rev. Bro. Poor's visit to this country, one of his daughters was married to a young man who held a subordinate office under the British Government. At the time of Bro. Poor's departure from India for home, he received from her a letter of farewell, remarkable for its expressions of gratitude to him as her spiritual guide and benefactor. It was written in a good style of penmanship, and for literary excellence would command praise as a production of any young lady of our advanced schools.

It may be proper here to state that previous to the departure of the missionaries, which occurred in 1815, from Newburyport, in the brig Dryace, commanded by Bro. James Buffinton of this Lodge, they were made Masons in St. Peter's Lodge, Newburyport. The names of the other missionaries were Messrs. Bardwell and Meigs.

May 5, 5819.—The following was adopted as an article in addition to the By-Laws. It provides for the making of honorary or life members.

SEC. 1. Every member of this Lodge who shall pay three dollars annually for the term of fifteen years, shall be considered an honorary member for life, exempted from the payment of any quarterages thereafter, provided he conducts himself agreeably to the rules and regulations of Masonry.

SEC. 2. Any brother, on being elected a member of this Lodge, who shall pay, in addition to the fee required for membership, twenty dollars, shall thereby become a member for life, exempted from quarterages.

SEC. 3. Any member who shall have paid his quarterages any number of years may be constituted a member for life by paying in advance one half the amount of the regular quarterages on such a term of time as shall amount, together with the time he has been a member, to fifteen years.

March 14, 5821.—The R. W. Master read a letter from Bro. Daniel Poor, of Ceylon; likewise a letter from a young man, a native youth in Ceylon, expressing his gratitude to his benefactors, who are a part of the members of Jordan Lodge, who have furnished Bro. D. Poor with funds to educate a heathen youth. The name of the person above alluded to is Ebenezer Porter. R. W. Bro. N. Poor, Bro. J. W. Proctor, and R. W. Andrew Nichols were appointed a committee to make extracts from said letters for publication.

Dec. 25, 5830.—According to previous arrangement, there was a public installation of officers, a large number of ladies and gentlemen being present. A hymn was read by the R. W. Master and sung by the choir, after which a very impressive prayer was made by the Chaplain, Bro. Ebenezer Poor. Another hymn was then sung to the tune of Pleyel's Hymn. The installation of the R. W. Master elect then took place, by the R. W. P. M., J. G. Sprague. He was introduced by the Marshal, J. W. Osborne, when Bro. Sprague read a very interesting charge, and then gave him (the Master) the several working tools of his office, and explained their uses; he then read the articles of a Master's duty from the By-Laws, closing the very interesting and solemn service by some original and pertinent remarks. The other officers were severally installed in due form. After the installation, Bro. Nichols read a poem entitled "The Spirit of Freemasonry," which was afterwards published.

Nov. 23, 5836.—Voted, that a document signed by Bro. Andrew Nichols and twenty-seven brethren be placed on the records.

We, the undersigned, believing that the funds of Masonic Lodges are not the property of the members of such Lodges, but held by them in trust for charitable uses, designated by the Charter under which they were accumulated, hereby covenant and agree with each other to resist all attempts to divide, dissipate or use the funds of Jordan Lodge otherwise than to apply them to the relief of the destitute and suffering brethren or their widows and orphans; and that we and our associates will continue to hold in trust for such purposes the whole of the funds of said Lodge, or such part thereof as may be placed under our joint or several control during our lives, or until the same can be, without violation of our trust, expended for the purposes aforesaid; and we further agree, that should the number of ourselves, Trustees as aforesaid, be reduced below the number of seven, by death or removal to the distance of more than twenty miles from Danvers, before said funds shall be expended, each vacancy shall be filled by the election of some suitable person, who shall become invested with all the powers and duties of an original Trustee, by signing this covenant and agreement or a copy thereof.

Dated, DANVERS, Jan., 5836.

(Signed,) BRO. ANDREW NICHOLS, &c.

To understand the above, it is proper to say that it was drawn in the midst of the excitement of political anti-Masonry, when the meetings of all Lodges were held at long intervals and thinly attended. Under these circumstances, there was difference of opinion among the members of Jordan Lodge in regard to the security and disposition of the funds. The above paper gives the views of the majority on the question, and the result has proved the wisdom of the sentiments adopted and of the course recommended.

March 27, 5850.—A dispensation was granted from R. W. William Fersen, D. D. G. M., for the initiating, passing and raising of the Ojibeway Chief, Maungwadaus, who was a temporary resident, and desired to receive the degrees of Masonry. Subsequently the three degrees were conferred the same evening, after which an address was made by the D. D. G. Master.

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Light—What King Solomon Said to the Workmen—Temperance.

BY W.·. DR. CLAPP.

When this green and beautiful earth came into existence, the fiat of the Almighty went forth proclaiming, "Let there be light," and there was light.

> "God said: 'Let there be light!'
> Grim Darkness felt his might,
> And fled away;
> Then startled seas and mountains cold
> Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
> And cried "'Tis day! 'tis day!'
> 'Hail, holy light,' exclaim'd
> The thunderous cloud that flam'd
> O'er daises white;
> And, lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
> Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast,
> And, blushing, murmured, 'Light!'"

The production of light was the master-stroke in creation; it became the symbol of wisdom, and symbolical of the Creator himself, for the evangelist John tells us that God is light. Says the poet:

> "When God reveals His march through Nature's night,
> His steps are beauty, and His presence light."

Light, then, is the symbol of wisdom.

> "Wisdom sits alone, topmost in heaven;
> She is its light—its god.
> And in the heart of man she sits as high,
> Though groveling minds forget her oftentimes,
> Seeing but this world's idols."

To become wise is the height of human ambition, when properly directed. "In search of light" is a significant expression among Masons.

Light is also symbolical of human advancement. It is the Mason's watchword; and in ancient times, previous to the building of King Solomon's Temple, Freemasons were called the "Sons of Light," because the object of their banding together was for the purpose of seeking light in Masonry, as they termed it; or, in other words, of increasing the knowledge of their business, of studying minutely and thoroughly the different orders in architecture, and of obtaining a thorough knowledge of geometry, which was the basis of this art. These "Sons of Light" were in the habit of traveling from nation to nation for the purpose of erecting temples and other buildings; and whenever they fixed near the site of an edifice for its erection, they would make an encampment of huts. They appointed from time to time a Surveyor Governor-in-Chief, and every tenth man was called a Warden, and overlooked each nine. When, however, Solomon, King of Israel, was about to erect that stupendous edifice which has been and always will remain the admiration of the world, Hiram, King of Tyre, having been called upon to assist him in the execution of his design, sent him a band of these "Sons of Light," at the head of which was Hiram Abiff, a widow's son, of the tribe of Napthali, and, consequently, an Israelite by his mother's side, though his father was a man of Tyre, and was beyond all competition the best designer and artificer upon earth. It was at this time the name of the band was changed from *Lux* to that of Masonry, and assumed its speculative form. A remodeling of its organization also took place, and King Solomon was made the first Grand Master, and Hiram, King of Tyre, and Hiram Abiff, were chosen his deputies. It was at this time, also, that they received the name of *Free* and *Accepted* Masons, because those initiated were declared free and exempted from all imports, duties and taxes for themselves and their descendants. This was for the purpose of distinguishing this *favored band* from the Canaanites, a large number of whom were employed upon the Temple as laborers and bearers of burdens, and were kept subject to the general taxation. But I said at this time it had assumed its speculative form. King Solomon was reputed to be the wisest man of the age. When divinely assured that he should receive whatever blessing he should ask, he prudently and modestly desired—*not riches and honor*, but a wise and understanding heart. Says the poet:

> "Wealth without wisdom may live more content
> Than wit's enjoyers can debarred of wealth.
> All pray for riches, but I ne'er heard yet
> Of any since Solomon that prayed for wit."

The wisdom of our first Grand Master was no less distinguished in the government of his kingdom, and in many learned treatises which he wrote upon the nature of plants and trees, and of beasts, birds and fishes. Peace and plenty were well diffused throughout his dominions. and by his extensive alliances and commerce, gold and silver were brought to him in such abundance that the riches of the world seemed to have been gathered together in the city of Jerusalem. Having, by these means, added a vast quantity of materials to those which David had collected, he applied himself to the great work which his father had so much at heart, and built a Temple to the Lord. It was the most beautiful and magnificent edifice in the world, and was erected on Mount Moriah, where Abraham had offered up his son Isaac, and where God appeared to David when He stopped the pestilence. The grandness and richness of it exceeded all power of description; and when the ark was deposited in it, a *shekinah*, or divine light, it is said, filled the building. The fame of the wisdom and magnificence of this prince spread over the whole earth, and drew many persons of wealth and learning from distant nations to his court.

Hiram, King of Tyre, had always been an ardent admirer of David; and when Solomon succeeded to the throne, he sent an embassy to congratulate him. Solomon soon after applied to him for cedar-wood, fir-wood and stone, for the construction of the Temple, which Hiram sent down on floats from Lebanon to the port nearest Jerusalem. In preparing and transporting the materials to Jerusalem, about one hundred and eighty thousand operators and others were engaged, during the seven years in which this great work was being accomplished. Under these circumstances, it is impossible to conceive that materials wrought by so many hands could have been made to fit, each in its place, in the same edifice, without some common head to preside over and direct the whole concern; nor then even, but with the aid of a sufficient number whose duty it should be to dispense the instructions and oversee their execution; for we read in sacred history that the house, when it was building, was built of stone, made ready before it was brought thither, so that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house while it was building.

Here, then, we arrive most manifestly to the first systematic organization of *operatives* who, by their professional employment, are, in Scripture, denominated *Masons*.

King Solomon, then, being the embodiment of wisdom, the light of the Jewish nation, the chosen leader of the "Sons of Light," and the divinely appointed servant of God, would naturally be expected to do just what he is supposed to have done; and that is, to have taught these *operative* Masons the moral application and symbolical teaching of those very utensils which they were employing in the construction of that sacred Temple, thus making the organization both operative and speculative.

To the workmen in the quarry he is supposed to have said, "My brethren, as the gavil is used by you to knock off the superfluous corners of rough stones, the better to fit them for the builder's use, so should we. as *speculative* Masons, symbolically make use of it for the more noble and glorious purpose of divesting our hearts and consciences from all the vices and superfluities of life, thereby fitting our minds as living stones for that spiritual building—that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and directing their attention to a couple of stones lying near, one in its rude and natural state as taken from the quarry and the other already prepared by the workmen, he says, "By this stone, my brethren—by this rough ashlar—we are reminded of our rude and imperfect state by nature; by this perfect ashlar, of that state of perfection at which we hope to arrive by a virtuous education, our own endeavors and the blessing of Deity;" and turning to Hiram Abiff, who is busily engaged drawing his designs upon the Trestle-board, he continues: "And as the operative workman erects his temporal building in accordance with the plans laid down upon the Trestle-board by the master workman. so should we endeavor to erect our spiritual building in accordance with the plans laid down by the Supreme Architect of the Universe, in the Great Book of Nature and Revelation, which is our Spiritual, Moral and Masonic Trestle-board."

And as he passes among the carpenters who are preparing those cedars sent by Hiram, King of Tyre, from the forests of Lebanon, for the purpose of inspecting their work, he is supposed to have moralized upon the symbolical teaching of the very instruments they were employing, saying, in substance: "My brethren, as the plumb is an instrument made use of by you operative workmen to try perpendiculars, the square to square your work, and the level to prove horizontals, so should we endeavor to make use of them for far more noble and glorious purposes. The plumb admonishes us to walk upright in our several stations before God and man, squaring our actions of the rule of virtue, and ever remembering that we are traveling upon the level, by time, to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

And ascending the scaffold to complete the inspection of the work, he accosts those at work with the trowel thus: "My Fellows, as the trowel is an instrument made use of by you operative Masons to spread the cement which unites this building into one common mass, so should we, both operative and speculative, endeavor to make use of it for the more noble and glorious purpose of spreading the cement of brotherly love and affection—that cement which will unite us into one sacred band or society of friends and brothers, among whom there should no contention exist, save that noble contention, or, rather, emulation, of who can best work and best agree."

Thus were the implements of operative Masonry, very anciently, made symbols of moral duties. "From the nature and interpretation of those symbols, handed down to us by tradition, we learn that the purport of them was to form good men; to inspire a love of fidelity, and truth and justice; to promote friendship and social manners; to associate men under the banners of voluntary order and virtue, and cement them together in fraternal relations, for mutual aid and assistance.

But Masonry, like all other human institutions, has much to contend against within herself. Her discipline frequently fails to make good men; but that is no fault of the institution. What institution does not? Curiosity, as well as pecuniary profit, is too often the motive that actuates men to seek admission into our Order. Such receive the letter, but do not enter into the spirit of Masonry.

Yes; all such as are actuated by motives of curiosity, or pecuniary profit, dishonor the fraternity, and disgrace themselves. Do you wish to know who they are, my brethren? All such as flagrantly and persistently disregard the four cardinal virtues of Masonry, which are Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice; the observance of which was so impressively enjoined upon them at their initiation. Should any of you, my friends, in the future, see a man calling himself a Mason reeling under the influence of intoxicating drinks, say to him, if you please, for me, that he is no Mason in character, but a Mason only in name, and did his Lodge but do her duty, he would not long be a Mason in name.

Let me admonish my brethren to faithfully observe the first of the four cardinal virtues of our profession, which is Temperance. I mean, by that, the temperate use of, not total abstinence from, distilled and fermented liquors as a beverage. It has been my misfortune, within the past year, to have seen Masons so seriously under the influence of liquor that every muscle and ligament of the body, every thought and conception of the mind, every feeling and sensibility of the soul, seemed chained to the bar of the bottle or the still-house, and down they were rushing with headlong fury to the dungeon of despair or the prison-house of woe. My brethren, intemperance has swayed the fortunes of man long enough.

Freemasonry and Christianity.

Bro. White, in the *Freemasons' Magazine*, attempts to prove that Christianity is the foundation and copestone of Freemasonry. This he does mainly by references to the New Testament and the Old Lectures which were in vogue before the union of the two Grand Lodges of England. He wishes the brethren clearly to understand that he does not assert that all the New Testament references go to prove the necessary connection between Masonry and Christianity; the main portion of them do, but some of them are usefully brought to mind by the language of the Ritual, whilst others are merely coincidences between that language and the language of the Sacred Volume.

He continues:

In making the references my object is, if possible, to raise the science of Masonry to a Divine level, not to bring down the precepts of Christianity to a par with a human institution; and, in so doing, I believe and hope that I am altogether actuated by a spirit of reverence and humility.

I will proceed by first referring to portions of our ceremonies, and illustrating them in the manner before mentioned. I have no doubt my style will appear to be somewhat unconnected, but for the reasons I have already suggested this cannot well be avoided.

FIRST DEGREE.

BALLOT.—"Give not that which is holy unto dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet."—Matt., chap. vii., 6.

"Many are called but few are chosen."—Matt., chap. xxii., 14.

PREPARATION.—"I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me."—Matt., chap. xxv., 36.

"Take nothing for your journey, neither staves nor scrip, neither bread, neither money," &c.—Luke, chap. ix., 3.

ADMISSION.—"Ask and it shall be given unto you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."—Matt., chap. vii., 7.

"I am the door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved."—John, chap. x., 9.

"Thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold, &c., and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed, &c., and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve that thou mayest see, &c. Behold I stand at the door and knock." —Rev., iii., 17.

RECEPTION. — "*Are you free?*" *&c.*—"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." —John, chap. viii., 32.

"If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."—John, chap. viii., 36.

LIGHT.—"The people which sat in darkness saw great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up."—Matt., chap. iv., 16.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father, which is in heaven."—Matt., chap. v., 16.

"In him was life; and the life was the light of men, &c. That was the true light which lighted every man that cometh into the world."—John, chap. i., 4 and 9.

"I am the light of the world: he that followed me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—John, chap. viii., 12.

"I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness."—John, chap. xii., 46.

"But ye brethren are not in darkness, &c. Ye are all the children of light."—1 Thess., chap. v., 4 and 5.

"He that saith he is in the light and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now. He that loveth his brother abideth in the light."—1 John, chap. ii., 9 and 10.

FOUNDATION STONE.—*N. E. Corner.* "*And from the foundation, &c., may you.*"—"The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner."—Matt., chap. xxi., 42.

"Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens, &c., and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Ephes., chap. ii., 19 and 20.

"Behold I lay in Sion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious, and he that believeth on him shall not be confounded."—1 Peter, chap. ii., 6.

"According to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise master builder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon. For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."—1 Cor., chap. iii., 10 and 11.

"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him, rooted and built up in him." —Col., chap. ii., 7.

CHARGE.—"*Let me recommend,*" *&c.*—"Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life and they are they which testify of me."—John, chap. v., 39.

"Duty to neighbor citizen of the world."—See Romans, chap. xii., 9 to 18, and chap. xiii., 1 to 8.

G. A. O. T. U.—"In the beginning was the word, &c. All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made."—John, chap. i., 1 to 3.

"For by him were all things created, that are in in heaven, and that are in earth, &c.; all things were created by him and for him."—Col., chap. i., 16 and 17.

BROTHERLY LOVE.—"A *new* commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that *ye are my disciples if ye love one another.*" —John, chap. xiii., 34 and 35.

"Let brotherly love continue."—Heb., chap. xiii., 1. See also 1 John, chap. ii. and iv.

RELIEF.—"To do good and to communicate, forget not."—Heb., chap. xiii., 16.

"Whoso had this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"—1 John, chap. iii., 17.

TRUTH.—"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth and the life."—John, chap. xiv., 6.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.—"And now abideth Faith, Hope and Charity, these three; but the greatest of these is Charity."—1 Cor., chap. xiii., 13. See also 1 Cor., chap. xiii., 1 to 8, and chap. xiv., 1.

FROM THE OLD LECTURE.

Q. Our Lodges being thus finished, furnished and decorated, to whom are they dedicated? A. To King Solomon. Q. He being a Hebrew, and dying long before the Christian era, to whom do we *as Christians* dedicate them? A. To St. John the Baptist. Q. Why to him? A. He, being the forerunner of our Saviour, preached repentance, proclaimed that salvation which was at hand, and drew the first line of the Gospel. Q. Has St. John the Baptist any equal? A. He had, St. John the Evangelist. Q. Why is he equal to the Baptist? A. He, coming after St. John the Baptist, finished by his learning what the other began by his zeal, and drew a line parallel to his. *We acknowledge* the testimonies which he gives, and the Divine Logos which he makes manifest.—(End of 4th Sec., 1st Lecture.)

Q. How is prudence depicted in a Mason's Lodge? A. By a blazing star, &c. We may apply this emblem to a still more religious import: it may be said to represent the star which led the wise men to Bethlehem, proclaiming to mankind the nativity of the Son of God, and *here* conducting our spiritual progress to the author of our redemption. (End of Sect., 1st Lecture.)

FROM THE "POCKET COMPANION AND HISTORY OF FREEMASONS," 1764.

A prayer to be used of Christian Masons at the empointing of a brother, used in the reign of Edward IV.:

"The mighty God and Father of Heaven, with the wisdom of His glorious Son, through the goodness of the Holy Ghost, that hath been three persons in one Godhead, be with us at our beginning, give us grace to govern in our living here, that we may come to His bliss that shall never have an end."

So far I have, in this first degree of Masonry, by few out of very many references to the New Testament, and otherwise, sought to show that true Masonry is founded on Christianity; in the third degree, the same Scripture references are, in many cases, applicable, whilst, in the old Lectures, as I hope hereafter to be able to show, the Christian references are, in that degree, much more numerous.

We are taught that the three grand principles on which Masonry is founded are, brotherly love, and relief, a charity strictly enjoined and accurately defined; whilst there can be but one truth, taken as a whole, and our blessed Saviour has declared that He is "the way, the truth and the life."

The Sacred Number Three.

The late John Henry Bernhard Draseke, Protestant Bishop of Magdeburg, and Master of the Lodge "Olive Branch," at Bremen, in one of his addresses thus alludes to the sacred number three: "In the whole of nature, in all the manifestations of its vitality, in all the wonders of its glory and majesty, in every portion of its vast laboratory, presides and governs and reigns, preeminent in its power, the mysterious 'three.' It is the mistress of all the harmonies of the universe. It is expressive of the relation of the Almighty Architect to his creation. It dwells in the existence of man, ever and incessantly repeating itself, as Body, Soul, Spirit; as Thought, Perception, Will; as the Past, Present, Future; as Faith, Hope, Love. As a Mason, also, man is ever surrounded by its irresistible magic, and the sacred number meets his view at every step of his progress. Does he consider what is pre-supposed by the building on which he is engaged? He will perceive it in the Power, the Plan, the Execution. Does he ask what will be the appearance of the edifice? He beholds it conducted by Wisdom, supported in Strength, and adorned by Beauty. Does he reflect on the object for which this spiritual temple is erected on earth? The mystic triad again greets him—Peace of Mind, Welfare of Mankind, Glory to God."

A Difficulty Overcome.

One great difficulty experienced in the use of nearly all kinds of Sewing Machines is found in setting and properly adjusting the needle. This difficulty is the result of defective construction; a defect which is not limited to any one machine or class of machines—but which is common to all, excepting one—the Willcox & Gibbs. In this machine that difficulty is entirely overcome, as will be seen by the following decision:

"The needle is secured in its place by a patented device, which renders it self-adjusting, so that neither skill nor experience is necessary in setting it."—*Decision of the Judges at the "Great Island Park Trial."*

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

The Emperor of Austria has proclaimed an universal amnesty, which includes our eminent brother, Kossuth.

The Family Circle.

GOD KNOWS IT ALL.

In the dim recess of thy spirit's chamber
Is there some hidden grief thou may'st not tell?
Let not thy heart forsake thee, but remember
His pitying eye, who sees and knows it well—
God knows it all!

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation,
And would'st do good, but evil still prevails?
Oh! think amid the waves of tribulation,
When earthly hope, when earthly refuge fails—
God knows it all!

And dost thou sin! thy deeds of shame concealing
In some dark spot no human eye can see?
Then walk in pride, without one sign revealing
The deep remorse that should disquiet thee.
God knows it all!

Art thou opprest, and poor, and heavy hearted,
The heavens above thee in thick clouds arrayed;
And well-nigh crushed, no earthly strength imparted;
No friendly voice to say, "Be not afraid?"
God knows it all!

Art thou a mourner? Are thy tear-drops flowing
For one so early lost to earth and thee?
The depth of grief no human spirit knowing,
Which moans in secret like the moaning sea—
God knows it all!

Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning;
Forward, and tremble for thy future lot?
There's One who sees the end from the beginning;
Thy tear of penitence is unforgot.
God knows it all!

Then go to God! Pour out your hearts before Him,
There is no grief your Father cannot feel;
And let your grateful songs of praise adore Him—
To save, forgive and every wound to heal!
God knows it all!

THE COW.

Oh, the cow, the beautiful cow,
Nibbling the hay from the fragrant mow,
Into the thistles and clover so fresh,
Poking your nose with a sweet relish,
Maunching—
Maunching—
All in a mash—
Beautiful cow, you will one day be hash.

Oh, the cow, the playful cow,
Meeting the pail with a playful bow,
Giving it generously all of your milk,
Winking and blinking your lashes of silk,
As it
Streams and
Splashes,
With frolicksome dashes,
A failure to give it soon settles your hash.

RUMOR NOT TO BE TRUSTED; OR, JOHN'S WIFE.

"We shall never like John's wife; she's so proud, hateful and selfish!" exclaimed a young girl of sixteen, as almost breathless she rushed into the room where her mother and elder sister were sitting.

"Bessy, what do you know about her?" asked her mother.

"Why, mother, Julia Thornton has just come home from Philadelphia, and she says people do say that Jenny Carrol thinks no one good enough for her to associate with; that she wouldn't be so much thought of if her father was not rich; and she isn't pretty, either."

"And, Bessy, of what value is beauty unless the heart is good?" and the mother looked searchingly into her daughter's face, which was glowing with excitement.

"But all John has ever written about her was, 'I shall not ask you to love my wife for my sake, surely not, until I see you do not love her for herself. I think she possesses qualities that will ennoble the name I shall give her; and I believe the hearts that love me will give her a place'—not a word whether she is pretty or plain."

"How provoking!" was the elder sister's response.

"It was wise in John to say but little about her; he prefers her to all others, and it is better that we be not prejudiced either for or against her," the mother said.

Julia said she never thought John would make such a miserable choice. "Why she is"——

"Tut! tut! tut!" said the father, who, entering unobserved, had heard all, and laying his hand on Bessy's mouth, added, "Never mind what Julia says; no doubt she would have been better pleased if John had married a certain girl of her own age and size; but I guess he was capable of choosing for himself."

"Julia's aunt lives near Mr. Carrol's, and she says——

"Tut! Bessy; if there was nothing for you to do in the house, you had better have been out riding old Dobbin than listening to gossip about John's wife. Get your bonnet and go with me to the station and see how you like her."

Playfully kissing the hand of her father, and tossing it from her, the frolicsome girl bounded from the room, and Mr. Hall, turning to his wife, said:

"I have not forgotten the day when I took my wife home, and do you think we should have been so happy if we thought brother and sisters were prejudiced against you by some idle rumor?"

Mrs. Hall's only reply was a smile, while a blush lingered on her matronly cheek; and he said:

"I married to please no one but myself; and let the boys choose for themselves."

"And the girls, too," said Bessy, who came in, twirling her straw hat in her hand.

"And the girls, if they decide wisely; but come, we shall be late;" and the father and Bessy went out, and stepping into the old family carriage, drove to the station to meet John and his wife.

There was more truth than poetry in the remark that Julia might have thought differently if John had selected herself. He was a great favorite with the farmers' daughters in his native town, and during the few weeks spent at home in summer was besieged with invitations to attend pic-nics, or to join a horseback party, or a "select few" were to have a moonlight sail upon the Delaware, and all wished Mr. Hall to join them; and as he had no business engagement which he could offer as as an excuse, he almost invariably accepted such invitations, and rumor often whispered that Julia Thornton was the chosen one. Yet never by word or look had he intimated that he prized her society more than that of any other friend; but what the maiden's thoughts were no one knew, as she very wisely kept her own secrets, though more than one noticed with what bitterness Julia Thornton spoke of John's wife.

John Hall was the son of a well-to-do farmer living upon the western bank of the Delaware, and eight years before the opening of our sketch he left the paternal home and entered the store of a dry goods merchant in Philadelphia. He soon won the confidence of the merchant, and after five years was admitted as junior partner of the firm; and now, having married the daughter of the senior partner, he, with his wife, was expected at the farm-house that evening.

Twilight was throwing her dusky drapery over the landscape as the carriage turning off from the river road, passed up the shady lane leading to the farm-house. Lights were streaming out the parlor windows where the family were assembled, momentarily expecting the guests. Mrs. Hall had just left the supper room after seeing that all was in perfect order, for the house-wifely mother had many fears that her daughter-in-law, who had been accustomed to all the luxuries of a city home, would not only dislike the country relatives of her husband, but their old-fashioned home and plain fare also. She was sitting with her youngest child upon her lap, a little girl of four years, who was talking in her childish way of John's coming home, when, hearing steps in the hall, she exclaimed:

"Mamma, I guess John's wife's come now, don't you?"

John entered the room, and all eyes were fixed eagerly upon the small, sylph-like being at his side, who, with blushing cheek and drooping eyelid, awaited the congratulations of her new friends. The mother rose to welcome her son, then with a kind, gentle smile, she kissed the cheek of the young bride, whose eyes were raised so timidly to that mother's face. The mother's cordial reception reassured her, and with less embarrassment she received the greetings of brothers and sisters. Little Rosa, after "tissing John," had climbed upon a chair near the door and sat a silent spectator of the scene, and the young wife, not having observed her till she was leaving the parlor to lay aside her traveling dress, said:

"This must be the little Rosa of whom I have heard you so often speak," and she put out her hand toward the child.

A moment Rosa, with her eyes fixed upon the strange, beaming face, hesitated, then throwing her chubby arms about the young wife's neck, and kissing her, she said:

"Mamma said John's wife'd by my new sister; be you her?"

"Yes, darling, I'm your sister, and will you love me?"

"Oh! I know I shall like you most as well as Bessy!" and the child followed the young wife up the staircase, prattling innocently while the family were discussing her merits in the parlor.

"Now, depend upon it, she's all right, and there's not one word of truth in what Julia Thornton says—only see how quick Rosa took to her, and children know what is what!" said Mr. Hall.

"Well, it is strange that Rosa went to her so willingly; she is naturally rather shy; and whether we like or dislike her, I hope none of us will make any remarks, or repeat again what Bessy heard to-day," was Mrs. Hall's reply.

"Jealousy and envy are at the bottom of it all, I'll warrant; Rosa reads her right off like a book, and we'll see what she'll say," as the pattering of little feet were heard on the stairs.

"Tee, mamma! papa, tee! she give me all 'ese!" and her face and eyes were glowing with joy, as she held up an exquisite toy, and displayed an apron-full of nuts and candies; "and she has brought 'em all for me!"

Rosa being the youngest, was the household pet, and the gray-haired father, catching his darling and tossing her upon his shoulder, laughed and chatted as gayly as a man of half his years. John's wife had taken the heart of little Rosa, thus winning her way instantly to the hearts of all the family; had the sensitive child shrunk from her, they might have more readily listened to the unjust remarks of the envious; but they trusted to the instinctive love or dislike of their pet, and the result proved to them that children often have an instinctive knowledge of character.

Weeks passed pleasantly, and though John was not so often urged to join the merry-makings of the young people in his native town, as he had been during his former visits, yet he occasionally had a pleasant moonlight sail with his country friends; and the unassuming demeanor and gentleness of his young wife soon won the esteem of all who became acquainted with her, with the exception of Julia Thornton, who always passed her with a scornful glance—why, we leave to the reader to conjecture.

John and his wife were making preparations to return to the city, when the little Rosa was taken ill, and business requiring the immediate departure of the brother, his wife remained, for she had learned to love the fair child with a tender love. And it was there, in that sick room, that the golden qualities of her heart were discernable—that the family saw how gentle John's wife was; and even the neighbors that had listened to Julia Thornton's unjust remarks, said none but the truly good could be so self-sacrificing, and remain so long from her luxurious home to nurse a suffering child. Often, in the delirium of fever, the loving mother was forgotten, and "Jenny" was the name that trembled upon the thin, parched lips; and when the crisis came, and the weeping family were grouped around, thinking that death was about to bear away their darling, and the stricken mother, in speechless agony, knelt by the couch, the head of the little sufferer was pillowed upon Jenny's arm, and her hand moistened the pale lips, while her eye was dim with the dew of sorrow, and her heart raised in prayer that the life-blood might again flow healthy through the veins of the loved child.

The crisis passed, and slowly Rosa came back to health; but Jenny tarried at the old farm-house until that sweet child-voice again echoed joyously through the rooms, when she returned to her city home. The family had found John's wife the opposite of what she had been represented to be; she was gentle, loving and unselfish, and the heart of each went out toward her in love; and ever after, whenever a neighbor came in to repeat the idle gossip that was afloat upon the sea of community, that person was checked by the remark from some one of the family that "*Rumor could not be relied on.*"

"MY BOY DRUNK!"—"Drunk! my boy drunk!" and tears started to the mother's eyes, and she bent her head in unutterable sorrow. In that moment the visions of a useful and honorable career were destroyed, and one of worthlessness, if not absolute dishonor, presented itself. Well did she knew that intemperance walks hand in hand with poverty, shame and death, and his mother's heart was pierced as with a sharp pointed steel. Ah! young man, if the holy feeling of love for her who bore you is not dead within you, shun that which gives her pain—adhere to that which gives her joy. If she is with her Father in heaven, shun that course of life which shuts the gates of heaven against you, and debars you from society for ever.

HUMAN LOVE.—Consciousness of being loved gives comfort and strength, and makes trust in God a real, living feeling that influences the daily life. If there is no love above us, if all men turn their glances of dislike upon us, and close their hands against us, then our hearts grow hard, and we find it difficult to raise at once, without the aid of human steps, above earthly pain and desolation to love and confidence in God; all has a tendency to become dark above as it is around; whereas love and kindness keep our hearts open; dear, loving people are to us witnesses of the love and tenderness of God—are His angels whom He sends to show us that He has not forgotten us.

The National Freemason,

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R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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One copy will be sent free also to each person making up a club of seven or more.

The Way to Reform Freemasonry

is not to create any new machinery for working out the principles of our institution. Its bare proposal arouses the most vehement prejudices, and does violence to the most cherished habits. Names and forms are longest loved and last relinquished. The shell is zealously protected when the internal substance is wasted away, and receives a superstitious homage, like the relics of a departed saint, who was neglected while he lived.

To talk of reforming our forms is to inflame and aggravate the symptoms which we would remove. It is only by the breathing of the true Masonic spirit into the various bodies and degrees of Freemasonry that they can be made life unto life among us. When the mighty heart of universal Freemasonry beats warm with the full tide of Masonic life, the current of Masonic love will flow perfectly into all her members, and she will spontaneously cast off cumbering garments and burst crippling bandages.

We need Masonic reform, not so much in the *letter* as in the *spirit*. We need that *spirit* which will extinguish all the smouldering fires of faction and personal ambition in Lodges, grand and constituent, and throughout the whole body of the Fraternity. We need charity (a gracious want), much more than uniformity.

We should be particularly on our guard that our unions be Masonic and not those of Lodges; that if they *must* be in form that of a particular Lodge, they may be in spirit Masonic, having none of the selfishness and pride of a corporation. It is lawful for Lodges as well as individuals to be emulous in doing good, not to build up a selfish ascendancy, but to push furthest the fructifying influence of Masonic charity. But let not our husbandry be cut up into patches, enclosed by hedges that shelter devouring birds and ravening reptiles, and by walls that exclude the sun. Let the fresh air of heaven circulate freely, and let the fences separating our several Lodges be just such faint lines of demarkation as may secure division of labor without precluding unity of purpose—as may excite our emulation without dampening our love—as may stimulate our persevering diligence without preventing or interrupting our mutual fellowship and joy.

Schism in church and state is produced by ignorance. Why not so in Freemasonry also? Masonic intelligence and reading root out prejudice, crush in the bud the antipathies which are the bane of life, and pre-occupy the heart with the sentiments of brotherly kindness. We are all prone to narrowness of mind, to unfounded prepossessions, to cherish dislikes and partialities which are as unreasonable as they are pernicious, no less inimical to happiness than to truth. This is made worse by an ignorant Freemasonry, by Lodge associations which are full of bigotry and party spirit.

Lodges should not teach more forcibly than by words that Freemasonry is a source of division and discord. It is in vain that Masters or Wardens proclaim brotherly love, while their theory is refuted by the fact that brethren of their Lodges do not associate freely with members of other Lodges or of other jurisdictions. Their intercourse is restricted to those of their own Lodges. Our charity—charity in the abstract—is not charity. To love our fellow-creatures we must know them, and to love Freemasonry intelligently and wisely, we must know it.

The habit, also, of learning the lectures and passively receiving the instruction of the Lodge-room without *thinking and acting out* the knowledge acquired, is inexpressibly pernicious. It wears away all susceptibility of Masonic impressions and renders Masonic knowledge a nullity. It makes *opinions and forms* everything in Freemasonry, and places Masonic benevolence on a par with that of the mere novel reader; as the latter spends itself in the tear that drops on the pathetic page, so the former deems its task accomplished while duteously guarding the black letter of the old ways.

Much depends upon the Masters, and, therefore, that they should be, if not educated, certainly *reading Freemasons*, is a matter of primary importance. Ignorant and bigoted Masters are either the passive, immovable obstacles, or the impetuous and fiery enemies, of all that tends to unite and develop the body of Freemasonry.

The Arch—Its Chronology.

No *savant* locates the arch this side of the age of the Roman kings, at the very latest. The *cloaca maxima* is of the ages of the water-courses of Hezekiah and of the mural sculptures of Sennacherib. The arch can be traced with great certainty to the date of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty. By the time of Ancus Martius a true vaulted structure had replaced the stepped, receding, triangular roofs, yet to be seen in the Oscan tombs. The Roman builders blended this sublime and prime secret of Freemasonry with the use *of columns* and entablatures.

The next number of the National Freemason will contain a portrait and biography of Hon. Judge Lyons, who has just been buried at Richmond, Va. No one was more respected and beloved by the fraternity and community of Virginia than our late lamented Brother Lyons.

We are much obliged for the kind proffer of the "Flag of Our Union" to make his office our headquarters, that he "might show us some little fraternal attention." We regret our inability to have been at the Grand Festival at Boston. When our brother of the "Flag" comes to New York, our office, near the Metropolitan and the St. Nicholas, will gladly welcome so genial and noble and talented a brother.

Our English brother, Earl De Gray and Ripon, Deputy Grand Master of England, derives a direct and undoubted descent from the protector, Oliver Cromwell. The coffin-plate and coat-of-arms of the protector, as well as Cooper's fine miniature of Cromwell, are in the possession of Earl De Gray and Ripon.

Our obligations to the Grand Master Templars, Mass. and R. I., for the invitation to have accompanied the Grand Encampment, June 24, and our regrets that clerical duties prevented our acceptance.

We remind the friends of M. W. Bro. Holmes that a meeting will be held on Saturday evening of this week at the Lodge-room, corner of Third Avenue and Seventh Street, entrance on Seventh Street, at 8 o'clock, and earnestly request their attendance.

Bro. Chas. K. Latour is no longer one of the agents of the National Freemason.

The Memory of the Just is Blessed.

Let all Freemasons merit the commendation of the first five words of the caption of this article—one of the proverbs of our ancient Grand Master, King Solomon.

All men respect integrity of character. Even the fraudulent deceiver, the dishonest and unjust man himself, yields, it may be a reluctant, but no less a real tribute of respect to the monument of the truly just man and Mason. They know that when our just brother is deposited in the tomb, that it is only the visible embodiment of worth which is departed, while his real virtues, his true moral worth, and all the intrinsic excellencies involved in habitual integrity of life still live in the memory of his Lodge and brethren. The memory of our just brother is blessed. The recollection itself is sweet and blessed, embalmed in the inner temple, the sacred shrine of the heart. It also lives to exert its salutary and hallowing influence upon our surviving affections, our life, and our Lodge. It sheds the light of practical instruction upon our minds, seeking light. It awakens a strong desire to imitate so ennobling an example. It inspires us with the love of doing right, that we also may live in the sweet remembrances of all who may follow us.

Thus, while the joy of the formal and hypocritical Mason and the expectations of the mercenary shall utterly perish, epitaphs, tokens, and monuments of virtuous, upright, just Masonic character will be engraven upon the tablet of the immortal mind.

The following is from the Grand Commander of Templars of Tennessee:

NASHVILLE, *June 19th*, 1867.

The NATIONAL FREEMASON is regarded by Masons here as the exponent of truth and charity. The paper is taken to our homes and placed upon the family table, so that all may read, confident that no improper ideas, language or sentiments can be derived from the perusal of its pages. We value it, too, for the manly appeals which it contains to the noble hearted Masons of the North to come forward to the assistance of their unfortunate brethren of this devastated section of our once happily united country. We are grateful. We are "bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh;" we have knelt at the same altar, and have derived, we hope, some benefit from the same divine teachings. We still thank God that our late troubles have not "destroyed humanity" in our brethren of the North. We may have grievously erred, but gratitude still remains, and the best evidence we have to offer you that we are not irreclaimable is the assertion, to you and our Masonic brethren of the North, that our hearts are filled with gratitude for your noble contributions.

You are performing the noblest duty of humanity, and your highest reward will be to see a reunited country, through the influence of an ever united Order—an Order strong in its universality, in the character and number of its members, its sublime teachings, and the lofty and ennobling duties which it inculcates.

Our duty is plain. We must pour on oil until fierce hate has been extinguished. Then, perhaps, like our brethren of old, we may be permitted to deposit our implements and working apparel at the base of an arch of a temple erected to universal liberty, and shout, "Grace unto it."

Is it not strange that it should not long since have discovered that strife and discord never do good, except to overwhelm, ultimately, those who engendered it, and to heap upon their heads the wrongs of the widow and the orphan?

Then let the good work go on. The Masonic lessons practiced and the truth vindicated by six hundred thousand good men, will have the effect of finally smothering the fires of discord and rancor in the great heart of the nation. Yours fraternally,

JNO. MCCLELLAND.

Regrets at being unable to accept invitation to the wedding of Bro. James A. Ovington to Miss Mollie N. Offer, at St. James' Church, Painesville, Ohio, June 26, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The shaft, the framework and strength of architecture are from the race of Japheth; the spirituality and sanctity of it from Ismael, Abraham and Shem.

Answers to Correspondents.

ALTAR.—Maimonides, the great Jewish commentator, in his "*de domo electa*," says that the spot where David erected his altar on the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite, and where Solomon afterwards placed his in the temple, was the same where Abraham found Isaac and where Noah and Cain and Abel offered up their sacrifices, and where Adam presented his first gift to God when he was created.

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SHIBBOLETH signifies a *stream.*

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TEMPLAR.—The ancient Templars did not wear aprons, nor require previous initiation into a Masonic Lodge for admission into their order. The apron came into existence after the dissolution of the Templar order and the retreat of a large proportion of the members into the Masonic institution. From these Masonic Templars are our Sir Knights descended. Our Templars are Masonic and not military Templars. The Military Order was abolished by the bull of Clement V., May 2, 1312. The Knights concealed themselves under other names. In England and Scotland they assumed the apron, becoming Freemasons, in Portugal they became the "Knights of the Holy Ghost," and in France the "Order of the Temple."

Templarism cannot prosper independently or separate from Freemasonry.

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DIMIT.—It should, under our American system, always be granted, if a brother is free of the books, unless a brother is unworthy and then he should be put upon his trial. There is an exception also where the granting of dimits under excitement or a conspiracy would break up the Lodge.

Every brother should be affiliated, and yet a member by compulsion cannot benefit a Lodge.

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PATRONS.—They may be either of the St. John's or both. The time of the dedication, whether near June or December, does not determine the patron. It is a mere question of taste. The following may aid our brother:

Masonic Lodges in ancient times were dedicated to King Solomon. Tradition informs us that they were thus dedicated from the building of the first temple at Jerusalem to the Babylonish captivity. From that time to the coming of the Messiah they were dedicated to Zerubbabel, the builder of the second temple, and from that time to the final destruction of the temple by Titus, in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, they were dedicated to St. John the Baptist; owing to the many massacres and disorders which attended that memorable event, Freemasonry fell into decay. Many of the Lodges were broken up, and but few could meet with sufficient members to constitute their legality. Under these circumstances, a general meeting of the craft was held in the city of Benjamin, when it was observed that the reason for the decline of Masonry was the want of a Grand Master to direct its affairs. They therefore deputed seven of their most eminent members to wait upon St. John the Evangelist, who was at that time Bishop of Ephesus, to request him to take the office of Grand Master. He returned answer that though well stricken in years, (being upwards of ninety,) but having been in the earlier part of his life initiated into Masonry, he would take upon himself that office. He did so, and completed by his learning what St. John the Baptist had completed by his zeal. After his decease the Christian Lodges were dedicated to him and St. John the Baptist, both of them being regarded as eminent Christian patrons of Masonry.

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THE CAPSTONE AND THE MARK, by Comp. Baxter, was original to the NATIONAL FREEMASON.

MASONIC BENEVOLENCE.—The Anderson (S. C.) *Intelligencer* says:

The last number of the NATIONAL FREEMASON says: "Ashlar Lodge, No. 584, Greenwich, N. Y., donates twenty-two dollars and fifty cents to the aid of our Southern brethren, to be sent to Lodge at Anderson C. H., S. C., which has been done."

We can assure our esteemed brother, Dr. McMurdy, that this donation is gladly welcomed, and the amount has been properly applied. The destitute in the jurisdiction of Hiram Lodge, No. 68, have rejoiced even at the small relief afforded them, and the members of Ashlar Lodge will be remembered by them in their petitions to the Throne of Grace.

The Dunkirk *Union* (N. Y.) says:

THE NATIONAL FREEMASON.—This is the ablest and best Masonic paper we have the pleasure of reading. It contains an authentic history of some prominent person every week, besides a large variety of useful and valuable information to the craft, and not only interesting to the craft, but also to all.

The Great Masonic Festival at Boston, June 24.

(From a Visitor, Reporting especially for the NATIONAL FREEMASON.)

* * * * * *

New York was represented by the oldest Lodge in our State, St. John's, No. 1. presided over by R. W. Oliver G. Brady, and having in its ranks ninety Master Masons; Manhattan Commandery of K. T., commanded by E. Sir John Hoole, accompanied by sixty Sir Knights, and Hudson River Commandery of K. T. of Newburgh, commanded by E. Sir David Scott, accompanied by twenty-five Sir Knights, among whom were our distinguished brethren R. W. Robert Macoy, John S. Perry and Joseph B. Chaffee. In the ranks of Manhattan Commandery was seen R. E. Sir George B. Glendenning, now of Stamford, Conn., who, more than thirty years ago, was an active and influential member of the Grand Commandery of the State of New York, and who had the honor to confer the orders of knighthood upon that illustrious Sir Knight Benjamin B. French, the Past Grand Master of Templars of the United States, who, by the way, was also present in the ranks of Sir Knights of Washington, D. C.

The presence at the Hub of the Sir Knights from New York was entirely forgotten or overlooked by the fraternity of Boston. No attention whatever was paid to the New Yorkers by any body of Masons belonging to the city of Boston. We are sorry to have to record this fact, but are compelled to do so. It stood out in such bold relief that it became a subject of general remark, not only among the Sir Knights and brethren interested, but also among other visitors from various parts of New England. It came to the knowledge of a noble and courteous body of Sir Knights from Springfield (100 miles from Boston), known as Springfield Encampment of K. T., who, feeling unwilling that the well known hospitality of the noble old Commonwealth of Massachusetts should be compromised, stepped into the breach and extended to the Templars from New York the knightly courtesies usual on such occasions, for which the Springfield Sir Knights have already received the silently expressed gratitude of the New York Templars, and will ever be held in respectful remembrance by Manhattan and Hudson River Commanderies of New York.

At the proper time the Springfield Encampment, numbering about 150 Sir Knights, accompanied by a splendid band of music, came down to the quarters of the Manhattan Commandery, and escorted the Commandery to the quarters of Hudson River Commandery, where they were joined by the last named Commandery, and thence they escorted both New York Commanderies to the Common, and to a place in the line among the visiting bodies.

Thousands of Masons were present in Boston who did not form with the bodies in the procession, either because they did not possess the proper accoutrements and paraphernalia or because they could not endure the burning rays of a midsummer noonday sun.

The stores and dwellings all along the route of the procession were nearly all most beautifully decorated with bunting, flags, streamers, banners, mottoes, Maltese crosses, emblems of morality, and other Masonic emblems almost without number. The ladies of Boston wore their sweetest smiles, and a very large majority of them were dressed in white or very light dresses. The white dresses of the ladies at the windows and on the stoops and balconies of the dwellings along the route of the procession, contrasting with the gay colors of bunting, flags and banners, formed a *coup d'œil* which was truly magnificent.

The citizens of Boston occupying the stores and dwellings on the streets through which the procession passed more than made up for the neglect which the Sir Knights from New York received at the hands of the fraternity of Boston. Men, women and children seemed to vie with each other to see who could show the most respect and pay the most attention to all in the line, but more especially to visitors from a distance. The merchants of Franklin street contributed $1,000 for the purchase of lemonade and ice water to be distributed along the route, and some of them had tables spread in their stores on which was an abundance of substantial food as well as some things good to drink. Many a brother will have reason to feel grateful to those wholesouled men so kindly considerate for the wants and wishes of those who, sweltering in the burning sun, must have been compelled for safety of life to leave the ranks, unless refreshed as they were by the merchants of Franklin street and their friends.

In as many as fifty places along the line the citizens placed in front of their dwellings hogsheads, tanks, tubs or pails, containing lemonade or ice water, with an abundance of drinking vessels to enable all in the procession to refresh themselves at almost any time with a cooling draught. It made the heart glad, and brought the tear of gratitude to the eye to witness and experience the cordial and fraternal hospitality of the quiet and good people of Boston. The event will be cherished in the heart of hearts, and long remembered by many a brother who visited the city of Boston entertaining a jaundiced opinion of its excellent people, induced by the too often repeated charge that they were narrow-minded and puritanical in their actions and sentiments. All such will go home wiser and better men—better, because their minds will have become disabused of their erroneous opinions, and will be only too well pleased to recognize in the people of the metropolis of New England the true exemplars of the teachings of our fraternity.

The procession was arranged into eighteen divisions; there were in the line forty-eight bands of music, averaging fifteen pieces in each band.

The first division embraced the Grand Marshal and his aids, the Grand Encampment of Knights Templars of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and the following named Encampments and Commanderies: St. Omer, Newburyport, Springfield, Pilgrim, Lowell, Palestine, Calvary, Haverhill, Old Colony, Sutton, Bethany, Winslow Lewis, Hugh De Payens, all of Massachusetts; Manhattan and Hudson River Commanderies of New York; the Knights of New Hampshire, comprising the following named Commanderies: St. Paul's, Trinity, De Witt Clinton, North Star, Mount Horeb, Hugh De Payens, Sullivan, St. George, and Maine and Portland Commanderies of Maine; Washington and Columbian Encampments of Connecticut; Washington and Columbia Commanderies of Washington, D. C.; St. Bernard Encampment, of Boston; Rockland Commandery, of Maine; De Molay Encampment, of Boston; New London Encampment, of Connecticut, and Milford Encampment. The foregoing comprised 1,975 Sir Knights, not including musicians.

The second division embraced the following named Lodges of Master Masons (there are no numbers to the Lodges in Massachusetts), Winslow Lewis, St John's, St. Andrew's, Joseph Warren, Revere, Bualbec, Mount Lebanon, Mount Tabor, Columbian, Massachusetts and Germania Lodges, numbering in all 1,465 Master Masons.

The third division comprised the following Lodges: Henry Price, Mount Hermon, Star of Bethlehem, Wyoming, Mount Vernon, Mount Carmel, King Solomon's, Amicable, and a Mount Vernon of Malden, numbering in all 910 M. M.

The fourth division comprised a delegation of Knights Templars from St. Omer Encampment of South Boston, and the following Lodges: St. Paul's, Adelphi, Gate of the Temple, Union, Dalhousie, Bethesdale, Washington, Meridian, Middlesex and Union of Dorchester, comprising in all 845 M. M.

The fifth division comprised Amicable, Putnam, Mount Olivet, John Abbott, Pequossette, Monitor and Corinthian Lodges, numbering in all 530 M. M.

The sixth division comprised Essex, John T. Hand, Liberty, Jordan and Tyrian Lodges, numbering in all 395 M. M.

The seventh division comprised John Hancock, St. Matthew's, Warren, Grecian, St. Marks, Merrimack, St. Johns, and Tuscan Lodges, numbering in all 575 M. M.

The eighth division comprised Pentucket, William Parkman, Mount Horeb, and St. Paul's Lodges, numing in all 305 M. M.

The ninth division comprised Hope Lodge of Gardner, numbering 55 M. M.

The next 8 divisions, from 10th to 17th inclusive, comprised Cincinnatus, Hiram, Eden, Quaboag, Hampden, Jerusalem, Thomas, Day Spring, North Star, Mount Zion, Doric, Morning Star, Montacute, Trinity, John Warren, Montgomery, Mount Hollis, Webster, Solomon, Hyde Park, King David, Blue Hill, Rising Star, Bristol, Orient, Mayflower, Pioneer, King Hiram, De Witt Clinton, Orpheus, Hap, Cohasset, John Cutter, Paul Revere, Plymouth, Norfolk, Union, Corner Stone, Revere, Fellowship, Old Colony Lodges; St. John's Royal Arch Chapter, Ancient York of Lowell, St. John's Lodge, No. 1, of New York, and Orient of Thomaston, Maine, comprising in all 3,045 Master Masons and 150 Royal Arch Masons.

The eighteenth division, which was on the extreme left of the line, comprised the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, officers of the Grand Chapter and visiting brethren from sister jurisdictions in carriages, followed by his Excellency Andrew Johnson and suite, under an escort of 300 Knights Templar.

The rear of the line was covered by a platoon of 100 policemen, making in all over eleven thousand persons in the procession.

Nearly every Lodge, Chapter, Commandery or Encampment carried a banner of some kind, and some of the banners were very beautiful.

Taking the demonstration for all in all, it was the largest, most brilliant and most successful Masonic celebration that ever took place in this country, if it has ever been exceeded in the world.

May our memories of it never grow dim.

MANHATTAN.

The President's Visit to Boston—The Masonic Temple—Ceremonies and History.

On clear and balmy Friday of last week, our brother (32°) the President of the United States left Washington, accompanied by Bro. Randall, Postmaster-General, Mr. Seward, Baron Stoeckl, Russian Minister, Comp. Gen. Rousseau and son, Col. Moore, Bro. Hanscom and others, and escorted by P.·. G.·. M.·. French, acting Battalion Com. Washington and Columbia Commanderies, with Sir Knights Jos. B. Will and E. L. Stevens, E.·. CC.·., Sir Knts. Allen and Davis, Gens.·., and Sir Knts. Champion and Dole, Capt. Gens. The Commanderies were out in full force, and well dressed and drilled. The Marine Band accompanied the party.

At Annapolis Junction Gov. Swann, accompanied by Bros. Berry, Latrobe and Webster, gave the President an invitation to visit Annapolis upon his return.

At Baltimore a delegation of Templars joined the party.

At Jersey City the Templars of New York (Sir Knts. Cassidy, Van Vliet and Gardner acting as marshals), preceded by the band of Bro. Dodworth, met the Templars of Washington City. At pier No. 1 they received the Presidential party, paying their compliments in crossing the stream to Bro. Admiral Farragut, on his magnificent flagship *Franklin*, on the eve of starting for European waters.

The President was received by a Committee of Templars, consisting of Sir Knights John A. Lefferts, D. G. C., Dr. McMurdy, G. E. U. S., Robert Macoy, G. R., J. A. Reed, E. C., T. A. Cassidy, E. C., and John Hoole, E. C. Dr. McMurdy addressed to the President a few words, assuring him of cordial and fraternal welcome and extending the same to those accompanying him. The President expressed his thanks.

The procession was then formed, and marched to the Fifth Avenue Hotel in the following order: Platoon of Police, 71st Regiment Band, 71st Regiment, Dodworth's Band, Templars of New York, Templars of Washington and Baltimore, President and company in carriages, Boards of Aldermen and Council, &c., and Police.

At the hotel a committee, headed by Bros. Hillyer, Simons, Valentine and Banks, from the Masonic Southern Relief Convention, waited upon the President to invite him to be present at the meeting at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening.

Saturday morning the party continued their trip to Boston, duly escorted to the New Haven depot.

Much credit is due to Sir Knights Leffert, Macoy and others for getting up a demonstration so creditable upon a notice so brief.

The bearing and appearance of the Washington Sir Knights were much complimented, and their zeal and generosity also in meeting several thousands of dollars of expenditure in the trip.

It is to be regretted that politicians did not permit the President, according to his own wishes, to proceed upon his trip as one purely Masonic.

The influence of our institution is very manifest in those widely opposed to the President politically, doing him demonstrative honor as President and as an eminent brother.

Our conversation with him on Friday evening satisfied us that the President is not a merely formal Mason, but appreciates highly our principles, and is even amid the duties of his station, studying our mysteries. He discoursed earnestly, freely and beautifully for several minutes of one of our degrees, its moral teachings, its humane aspects, and closed with saying that he believed fully in our two great doctrines, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

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The Presidential party and the Knights Templars resumed their journey on Saturday morning, and were cordially greeted at many points on the route. At Bridgeport a Mason shook hands with the President, saying, "I hope you will lay the top-stone well." "Yes," said the President, "but there is a great deal in having a good foundation." Bro. Gen. Rousseau appeared to be a favorite along the route. A committee of the Masonic fraternity of Massachusetts joined the party at Springfield. The reception at Boston was very enthusiastic and popular.

The first visit of a President was that of the first President. Gen. Washington, Master of Alexandria Lodge, Va. He reached Boston October 24, 1789, and was then styled "The Man of the People."

Andrew Jackson, the seventh President, and Past Grand Master of Tennessee, visited Boston June 21, 1833, and was greeted especially by the school children, clad in white.

President John Tyler visited Boston in 1843, at the dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument.

President James K. Polk, also a brother, visited Boston June 29, 1847.

President Fillmore reached Boston September 17, 1851, at the completion of railroad communication between Boston, the Canadas and the West.

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The Templars of Washington and Baltimore were met at the Worcester Depot at Boston by the DeMolay Encampment, under M. E. C. Dadmun with the full Germania Band, and by them escorted to the American House.

Sunday, June 23, the President and party and municipal authorities visited the State School-ship. The boys were ranged at their desks in the lower cabin. The President was seated at the head of the room, with Bro. Postmaster-Gen. Randall, Bro. Gen. Banks and others. Worship was conducted after the forms of the Episcopal Church, one hundred boys executing the chants. Bro. Gov. Banks, one of the founders of this school-ship reform system, addressed the youths, and asked them to read the history of our Masonic President, and said while they may not all become Presidents, they can all become true and good men.

"Father Taylor," another brother, the venerable missionary and seamen's preacher, delivered an address, affecting the President and the whole audience to tears. Bro. Randall made an address full of encouragement to the boys.

St. John's Lodge, No. 1, New York, numbering 100 members, exhibited to the President the Bible in their possession upon which our American Masonic exemplar, George Washington, was sworn, when he first took the oath of office as President of the United States, administered by the eminent brother Chancellor Livingston. President Johnson congratulated the Lodge on possessing so valuable a memento of the father of his country.

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Monday, St. John Baptist Festival, will be remembered in Boston to latest generations as the occasion of the greatest display known in the city previous to 1867. By eight o'clock the streets were filled with spectators and flags were hoisted over the city. The decorations at the location at Freemason's Hall were magnificent. They consisted of an inverted arch of bunting, running nearly the whole length of Sumner street, with a profusion of American flags and Masonic insignia.

At half-past eight o'clock a committee of the Grand Lodge waited upon the President at the Tremont House, and escorted him, with other dignitaries, in a quiet way to Freemasons' Hall, where he was informally received by Grand Master Dame. Then the Boston Encampment of Knights Templar, in full regalia, formed in line, and, under command of C. Edward Powers, marched from the new Temple over the designated route to the Hall, where the President was in waiting, and received the Grand Lodge. The Boston Encampment then escorted the President of the United States and other grand dignitaries to the Corinthian Hall, in the new Temple. The crowd at this time was immense. Every avenue leading to the structure was densely crowded. The housetops in the vicinity were covered with people. Ladies were grouped in the windows, and waved their handkerchiefs at the alighting of the President; and every available point on the Common immediately opposite was darkened by human figures. The Knights Templar numbered some four hundred, and the pioneer company of twenty-five Sir Knights, in the full regalia of the Red Cross, attracted great attention. They bore the time honored red cross ensign of the Knights of Malta, with its enviable motto, "*In Hoc Signo Vinces*," and the Templars' "*Beausant*," half white and half black. The scene presented at this time was peculiarly impressive and inspiring. Corinthian Hall, where the dedicatory exercises took place, could accommodate but about three hundred persons. Only the members of the Grand Lodge, the Masters and Wardens, and a few past members, were able to witness the exercises.

The dedicatory exercises commenced at ten o'clock. After the opening of the Grand Lodge, prayer was offered by the Grand Chaplain, which was followed by the dedicatory ode by the choir, commencing:

"All hail to the morning that bids us rejoice!
The Temple's completed; exalt high each voice!
The capstone is finished—our labor is o'er;
The sound of the gavel shall greet us no more."

Following the ode, the architect's address and return of the working tools, by R. W. Bro. S. K. Hutchinson, occupied a short time; and after the customary "Examination of the Hall," by the Grand Lodge, followed the reports of the Grand Masters, Grand Masters' address to the architect, and an address by the Deputy Grand Master. An original hymn, by R. W. Bro. John H. Shephard, was then sung.

Immediately after the ceremonies at the Temple, the Grand Lodge took its assigned position on Boylston street. The grand procession was formed on the Common, facing Pleasant and Charles streets, under the marshalship of Wm. D. Stratton, assisted by Capt. John Kent, Chief of Staff, and a large number of deputies. Following the escort—which consisted of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and its 153 Subordinate bodies—were the various divisions under their respective chiefs. Division eighteen brought up the rear of the procession, and consisted of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, invited guests, and Boston Encampment Knights Templar as Guard of Honor.

Between divisions seventeen and eighteen were Masonic bodies from other States, among which were St. John's Lodge of New York, instituted 1751. It carried its old Washington Bible, upon which George Washington took his first oath of office as President of the United States, it having been administered to him by Chancellor Robert Livingston. The Bible was escorted by a special guard of Knights, and was carried by Henry Glasser, of New York.

There were also Lodges from Maine, Illinois, New York; the city of Washington and other cities and States were in line, with a strong representation of various organizations in England and the British Provinces.

Then there were the two Commanderies of Knights Templar from Washington, which accompanied the President hither, besides Commanderies from Maine, New Hampshire and Connecticut. While the town clocks were striking the hour of eleven, the air quivered with the concussion of a signal gun for the procession to take up its line of march over the prescribed route. Deftly the Grand Marshal leaped into his saddle, and in five minutes more than a hundred brass bands crashed forth magnificently. The rudimentary military formula was strictly complied with, and the immense body moved with grace and precision, as one man. The streets through which the procession passed to Music Hall, were appropriately decorated. American flags coquetted in the breeze, streamers hung pendant in profusion, and the display of Masonic emblems and mottoes complimentary to the President was liberally employed. The route was packed solid with humanity. Windows, balustrades, and even the roofs of houses were peopled with men, women and children eager to witness royal pageantry in its most significant and splendid forms. Throngs of ladies gracefully grouped at every window and on every balcony vigorously clapped their dainty white hands as the procession passed by; but the popular applause reached its height when the President, in full Masonic uniform, appeared in his barouche, surrounded by statesmen, publicists and warriors. He was kept busily employed to acknowledge the popular plaudits by nods of his head. The dress, banners and other regal paraphernalia of the Masons made a peculiarly impressive display, and a finer looking body of men has never before been seen. The Knights Templar formed the most attractive feature of the occasion. The "craftsmen," who moved in procession along the *Via Sacra* of Eleusis when the Acropolis there was completed, did not attract more attention than they, while the "white apron," more honorable than the Roman Eagle, lent its spotless white to the magnificence of the occasion.

The procession occupied three hours passing a given point. Not less than 16,000 Masons were in procession, forming a column seven miles long.

Bostonians say that never before to-day was there a time when politics were so successfully excluded from a public demonstration in honor of a public man, and many are glad to have the President among them in order that they may express their respect for him as the Chief Magistrate and as a fellow-citizen, irrespective of the issues which disturb the country.

The exercises at Music Hall were of the most interesting Masonic character. Although the largest hall in the city, it was of course impossible for all the Masons to gain entrance; but, in accordance with previous arrangements, a limited number was admitted. The scene presented was a brilliant one for the eye to look upon. The body of the hall was filled with Knights Templar, and the spacious galleries were packed with others of the Masonic Order. Beneath the shadow of the great organ, on the platform, were seated men high in the mysteries of Masonry. Such a collection was never before seen in New England. The exercises commenced with a voluntary on the organ, followed by a prayer by the Grand Chaplain and a *Te Deum*.

The Past Grand Chaplain, Rev. William S. Studley, then delivered the oration. It treated of the origin, moral rank and offices of Freemasonry.

Bro. Studley closed with the following:

And now, Most Worshipful Grand Master, I congratulate you and your worthy predecessor, and those who have been associated with you and him in the arduous and responsible duty of erecting this new temple, upon the successful completion of the work. It is a noble edifice which you have reared—an ornament to this city, where Freemasonry in America had its origin, and a substantial attestation of the vigorous life which still animates the heart of Masonry in this ancient commonwealth.

May this Temple be the house of virtue, piety and true beneficence! May the lives of its architects and builders attest that its corner-stone is Truth, and that its cap-stone is Purity; that its walls are Reason, Fortitude, Temperance and Justice, and that its pillars are Wisdom, Beauty and Strength! May every Mason who comes under its roof remember that the secrets of the Lord our God are with them that fear Him!

And as the hour when the workmen were about to elevate to its place the headstone of this Temple was signalized by the burial of all feuds between two eminent but widely separated Masonic bodies, so may this Temple always be the habitation as it was then the harbinger of Peace. May the works which are wrought here not only spring from but result in Faith and Hope and Charity.

At the conclusion of the oration, an original ode, by P. R. W. Henry Grafton Clark, was sung in splendid style by a choir of sixteen voices, music by Lucian Southard. The exercises were closed with a prayer, the singing of the doxology and benediction.

REMARKS OF THE PRESIDENT.

In response to the general desire, President Johnson then addressed the brethren, saying:

It is not for the purpose of making an address on this occasion that I now rise, but simply to express my sincere thanks—first, for the invitation that I have received to be here and witness and participate in the dedication of this building to Freemasonry; and in being here I would be doing myself injustice were I to conceal the sincere and the profound gratitude that I have experienced in being introduced and made the guest of this Grand Lodge. This will be one of the events in my life to be remembered so long as the current that is now flowing from the central stream shall continue to flow. The remembrance of this occasion and of this event will only expire or terminate with my existence. I am proud, I am gratified that the opportunity has been afforded me to participate with you on the present occasion, and to be with you here as a brother. It has been one of the boasts of my life, though not often expressed, that I belonged to an association which, although it was not political, embraced principles that were not confined to particular localities or points, but were coextensive with the universe, and interested the whole human race. One of my boasted expressions has always been that the world was my home and every man in it my brother. Gentlemen, or brothers, as I should say, please accept my sincere thanks—for they are sincere—for this cordial welcome.

Banquet and Speech of the President.—On leaving Music Hall, the President, escorted by the Grand Lodge, returned to the new Masonic Temple, where a banquet had been prepared in the Egyptian Hall. After the usual festivities, the Grand Master, in a few remarks, alluded to the presence of their distinguished guest, and proposed, as the first toast, one which he said was always drunk at all Masonic celebrations—"The President of the United States."

The President replied as follows:

Brothers: In responding to the toast which you have just drunk, I can only tender you my sincere thanks for the reception that I have received in coming here to-day. Had I intended or felt inclined to make an address, I must freely say language would have been inadequate to express the emotions which have been awakened in me by so cordial a welcome. But I must leave my intelligent brothers to infer what I should have said or ought to have said. If it were necessary to make any excuses for not addressing you on this occasion, I might put forward those that have already been suggested by the Grand Master—first, that I must absent myself from the remaining part of this celebration; and, next, the severe press that has been made upon me since leaving Washington. To-day, as you all know (such of you as have participated in its labors), has been one of work, not one of play. Gentlemen, I regard the demonstrations made to-day, and the manifestation of feeling that has been exhibited on this occasion, as the beginning of a new era in Masonry; for it seems to me the prejudice, and, I was going to say, the incrustation which has rested upon Masonry for a long number of years, seems from the demonstration to-day to have been broken. As I am before you, I cannot repress or restrain myself from calling your attention to this fact. I have witnessed many Masonic celebrations and have participated in many, and I have heard the jeers and taunts cast upon them as the brethren have turned out in their appropriate attire; but on this occasion let me ask every man and brother that has been here to-day if he did not feel that he was a man, and that he was willing to wear and exhibit and to put on Masonry and all its appendages? One of the most remarkable things to-day has been that I have not heard the first expression of acrimony. (Loud applause.) Hence the remark I made, that we have commenced a new era; and now when Masonry is being developed, and its great principles being understood, it is pleasing for us to know that its principles embrace the universe, and are coextensive with humanity. Having reached this great end, all that is necessary is energy and progress, and the consummation of the great objects of Masonry will be accomplished. I should not have visited Massachusetts, at least on the present occasion, had it not been for the order of Masonry. I came in good faith for the express purpose of participating in and witnessing the dedication of this temple to-day to Masonry, and as far as I could, let it be much or little, to give it my countenance and my sanction. I have shown no restraint, for I have felt none, and in this, as in most things in which I have participated, I have first satisfied my conscience that I was right, and that being so have left consequences to take care of themselves. And now this great termination being reached, we must rejoice in the triumph of the living, the indestructible principles which have pervaded the fraternity from its advent till the present time. I did not rise, my brothers, for the purpose of making a speech, and I had not intended to say as much as I have. The little of talking I have done has been more a matter of necessity than of choice; but when compelled to speak, I care not before what audience or tribunal it has been—when truth, when principle, when my country, when the great cause of the human family was at stake, I have spoken. I have done so in times gone by when the very existence of my government and my country was imperiled. I believe that the great principles of Masonry are synonymous with the great principles of free government, and if my brothers will examine my public career from my advent in political life till the present time, I think that they will find that I have been true to both. Although personally a stranger in Massachusetts, I am her intimate friend and acquaintance, and politically it matters not where we are, whether in the East or the West, or the North or the South, when those great principles come up. Men that understand them can act in concert and harmony. I have never failed to defend the Order, though the fraternity have passed through many severe ordeals which have tried and subjected its votaries to tests of the most excrutiating character. I care not whether it is religion or politics, or both combined, in the pursuit and in support of a correct principle, I have never hesitated to express my views. I live for principle, I am devoted to principle, and I take fresh courage from the demonstrations which have been made to-day by the people of the good city of Boston and of the State of Massachusetts. I thank you for that demonstration—a manifestation of feeling and an outburst, as it were, of popular sentiment which has rarely been equaled, and I doubt whether one like it ever occurred in the United States or elsewhere. In conclusion, I have to say I am here by your invitation, and I thank you for it. Though I am pretty well advanced in life, I hope I may be spared for some time longer, and I do assure you that the remembrance of this occasion will be green and fresh in my memory when I shall go down to the grave. I am gratified, more than gratified, that I have had an opportunity to participate in the ceremonies here to-day. Then, in leaving the party here to-night, and in bidding you good-bye, let me leave with you the sincere thanks of a heart that beats for the Order and for a common country. Fraternally and affectionately I bid you farewell, and may God bestow upon you His choicest blessings. (Applause.)

REMARKS OF GENERALS ROUSSEAU AND BANKS.

The next toast, "Our Country," which it was intended should be responded to by Mr. Seward, was acknowledged by Bro. Gen. Lovell H. Rousseau, who spoke as follows:

GENTLEMEN: I am directed by Mr. Seward to tender his thanks to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts for the honor of the invitation to dine with them. He requested me to say that family affliction has prevented his acceptance of it. Since the loss of his daughter, some months ago, he has not, on any occasion, attended a festival or anything of that sort. He has also requested me to express to you his kind reception of the invitation, and tender his regret that he could not accept it.

The President then withdrew from the platform, and was immediately surrounded by his Masonic friends, who cordially shook him by the hand, and congratulated him on the happy events of the day. He was then, together with Gen. Rousseau, conducted to the reception room, and thence to his hotel, accompanied by several prominent members of the Order. On reaching the Tremont House, he was met by ex-President Pierce, who had just arrived from New Hampshire especially to pay his respects to him.

At the banquet, after the President retired, Bro. Gen. Banks was loudly called for, and, in responding, made a few brief remarks. After alluding to the visit of the President and the cordial welcome he had received, he said he was glad he had given the warm-hearted people of New England an opportunity to show how they felt toward a man who had been honored with the suffrages of the people. He was glad the President had given them opportunity to show that the citizens of Massachusetts, aye, the citizens of New England, without regard to personal or political opinions, in presence of the head of the Government, dismissed all prejudices and all partisan considerations, and displayed that honor to the Government which it had a just right to expect. Then passing on to the Masonic celebration, he said there was nothing wanting in this country more than the fraternization of its people. If the people of the different sections of the country would only fraternize with each other as they ought, now that the facilities of travel and communication were so perfect, many of the trials which had hitherto distressed us, and which had threatened the destruction of the Government, would be avoided; and in the festivities of the day he saw a bright and a cheering indication that there was one platform and one association where, independent of all politics and of all religion, upon which the people of the country could come together upon the basis of social fellowship and fraternal feelings. (Applause.)

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The Temple which was dedicated to God and Universal Brotherhood, June 24, has a width on Tremont street of 85 feet and a height of 90 feet. The octagon tower of the south corner is 121 feet high. The main entrance on Tremont street is flanked by buttresses, between which are emblematical marble columns in niches; above the latter is a moulded pediment, enclosing a plumb level. The buttresses before named terminate on the second story in finials, between which is a quatrefoil bulustrade. Above the latter is a three-lighted Gothic window, with buttresses on each side. The architrave of this window consists of rich mouldings, ornamented with flowered bosses, and a succession of bees on each side, approaching a hive at its apex; over the hive are the square and compasses in a circle, the latter being enclosed in a Gothic pediment surmounted by a Maltese cross in stone.

In the third story, above the part just described, is a large two lighted window, with a bulustrade at the bottom and niches on each side, over which are ornamental canopies.

At the left of the main entrance, and beginning on the second story, is a circular tower which terminates with a battlement. This tower is 104 feet high. Another smaller turret begins at the fourth story and extends nearly to the top of the roof. Between these is an ornamental pediment finished in curved lines, and terminating with a finial. Within the pediment is a rose window containing armorial trophies on each side, and near the top is the letter G, so significant to all true Master Masons.

The openings in the first story are circular, in the Romanesque style. The stories above have pointed Gothic openings, the windows growing more and more elaborate as the eye approaches the top, their form and finish indicating the progress of this style of architecture.

The octagonal tower at the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets (the south tower before mentioned) is one of the prominent features of the structure. The windows in it are finished in a style corresponding with those on the Tremont street front. On its second story are five panels enclosing various Masonic emblems, such as the crossed keys, interlaced triangles, anchor, and star with nimbus. On its third story is a bulustrade supported with ornamental brackets. The roof is elaborately finished with finials and tracery, all in stone.

The north tower terminates with a spire ornamented with tracery similar to that of the octagonal.

The front of the building is ornamented with belts in different designs, and above the main cornice is a battlement extending its whole length, and still above that a pitched roof, with Lutheran windows, slated and finished at the top with a beautiful cast iron crest.

The Boylston street side of the Temple is divided into three parts by the central portion, which comprises about one-third of its width, projecting several feet. This projection forms the appearance of a massive tower. In its first story is the foundation of solid masonry, for a distance of fifteen feet, then are four semi-circular windows, corresponding with the tops of the Romanesque windows on either side. Its second story includes four windows, the two central ones being between pilasters, above which is a Gothic pediment containing a large square and compass, in a circle finished with cusps. In its third story is a large two-lighted ornamental window, with a niche and smaller window on each side. The fourth story is an arcade, with columns and windows. Above this is the main cornice with a bulustrade, finished with a high conical roof, with turrets at each side.

The windows on the sides of this central tower are similar to those on the Tremont street front. The west end of the wall terminates with the octagonal tower, and at the east end is a square tower with a stone roof. This latter forms the southeast corner of the building.

The first story is occupied by Copeland & Tarbett as a confectionary and dining saloon. In the basement is a heating and ventilating apparatus as at the capitol at Washington city.

The second story are the offices of Grand Master, Grand Secretary and Superintendent, the Grand reception room for the G.·. L.·., Hall and the Grand Lodge Hall, of the Corinthian style of architecture, and denominated the Corinthian Hall. There are also committee rooms and anterooms.

The third story is divided into a small hall and adjoining rooms, and space for armories of Knights Templars.

The fourth story is appropriated to preparation, ante and working rooms for Lodges, Chapters and Encampments, rooms for Grand and Constituent Chapters and Councils. The Hall for the Chapter is styled the Egyptian.

The fifth story is for private rooms, offices, &c., for various Masonic bodies.

The sixth story is the reception room for Encampment of Knights Templars, the Grand Hall for Templars in the Gothic style, and rooms for the various Orders.

The seventh story contains three banqueting halls, pantries, &c. In the top are two tanks, holding 12,000 gallons of water.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

Wm. F. Costenbader has been appointed assistant Grand Lecturer of New York. His jurisdiction is that of the First Judicial District, embracing New York City and County. An excellent appointment. Bro. Quintard has declined.

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ADELPHIC LODGE MUSICAL RECEPTION.—On Saturday evening last we had the pleasure of assisting at the entertainment given by this Lodge to the families and friends of its members, at their rooms, 923 Broadway. The spacious hall was filled to repletion with an audience in which the ladies predominated. The East was occupied by W. Addon Smith, Jr., Master of the Lodge, M. W. John J. Crane, Joseph D. Evans, John W. Simons, R. W. John H. Anthon, Joseph H. Toone, W. Thomas S. Sommers, and Rev. Bro. J. W. Shackelford, Chaplain.

The entertainment consisted of a musical olio, under direction of Doctor Berge, the soloist being Miss M. E. Simms, whose voice at once sweet, flexible and of great compass, took the house by storm. She sang several pieces, but that which pleased us most was "Coming thro' the rye." Miss Libbie Smith and Miss Werneck did remarkably well, while Miss Thacher, Werneck and Bro. George B. Eddy received as they deserved the admiring plaudits of the audience. The choruses by the Mendelssohn Union were magnificent. In the absence of the pianist engaged for the occasion, Dr. Berge volunteered a solo on the piano, which was enthusiastically applanded.

During the interval between the first and second parts of the programme R. W. John H. Anthon, D. G. M., delivered a brief but happy address, with which the ladies were evidently delighted.

At the conclusion of the concert the company were invited to participate in a strawberry festival, prepared in an adjoining room, where berries as large as eggs, choice cream and the usual concomitants were served in ample supply, in addition to which each lady received a choice bouquet as a souvenir of the evening's entertainment.

We but express the general sentiment when we say that the affair was eminently gratifying and successful, and that thanks are due to Bros. Adon Smith, Jr., Master, L. M. Hoffman, S. W., A. G. Smith, J. W., and R. W. Ed. M. Banks, who was ubiquitous in his endeavors to promote the enjoyment of all present.

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Raymond Lodge, No. 644, after our Past Grand Lecturer, was constituted Saturday evening. Bro. Wm. T. Woodruff acted as Grand Master; R. W. William Sinclair, acting as Deputy G. M.; R. W. Royal G. Millard, S. G. W.; W. J. J. Gillespie, J. G. W.; W. B. Reid, G. T.; W. Wm. H. Thompson, G. S.; W. John Boyd, S. G. D.; Bro. John P. Davis, J. G. D.; R. W. Geo. N. Williams, of Central City Lodge, Syracnse, G. C.; R. W. Frederick Widdows, G. M.

The following are the officers of the Lodge:

W. Samuel W. Beckner, Master; John H. McKay, S. W.; Samuel W. Fort, J. W.; Francis L. Groom, T.; R. G. J. Kennard, S.; Charles Beck, S. D.; Louis A. Cauvet, J. D; Andrew J. Bucken, C.; Henry J. Conway, S. M. of C.; Thomas Kavanagh, J. M. of C; D. McKenzie, Tyler.

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Franklin Lodge, No. 447.—Bro. Barnett Woolf presented a collar, apron and P. M.'s jewels to Bro. P. M. D. D'Ancona. Bro. W. gave a brief history of the origin and progress of Franklin Lodge, and the valuable services of Bro. D'Ancona as master for six years. Bro. D'A. suitably replied.

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Perseverance Lodge, No. 652, has been constituted and the officers installed by R. W. Bro. Toone as G. M.; Bros. W. B. Church, D. G. M.; W. C. Barr, G. S. M.; Geo. Hobsort, S. J. W.; Wm Sinclair, G. T.; E. H. Kent, G. S; B. Loder, G. S. D.; M. Kelly, G. J. D.; W. John Thornton, G. Marshal.

BROOKLYN.

The stockholders of the Masonic Hall Association of Brooklyn will hold an election for five Trustees, to serve for five years, on Monday evening, July 8. The fund for the proposed building, collected by subscription, already amounts to about $100,000. The sum of $250,000 is required.

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The members of Fortitude Lodge No. 19, F. and A. M., are preparing for a picnic, to take place on July 10, in Pleasant Valley, New Jersey.

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Crystal Wave Lodge, No. 638, was constituted and its officers installed by R. W. John K. Oakley as G. M; Worshipful M. A. Briggs, D. G. M.; W. J. J. Couch, S. G. W.; W. Aaron Morley, J. G. W.; W. Jas. Boyle, G. T.; W. Wm. J. Hosford, G. S; Rev. Bro. John W. Leek, G. C.; W. Wm. A. Kelsey, G. M.; Bro. James E. Conor, S. G. D.; Bro. T. C. Graunis, J. G. D.; W. Bro. Fountain, G. Pursuivant.

The absence of all refreshments was a good example set by this Lodge. Bro. Day begins right.

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Mistletoe Lodge.—We acknowledge receipt of invitation to be present at the constitution of this Lodge and the installation of its officers, but were compelled by other duties to be absent. M. W. Bro. Johnson, Grand Master, officiated and all passed off harmoniously. The good brother, however, who delivered the address, made the capital mistake of keeping an impatient audience, on a warm evening, for better than an hour listening to his views on abstract topics in which a majority of them could not by any possibility be interested. On occasions of this kind, the address should never exceed ten or fifteen minutes, and be short, sharp and decisive. Outsiders will stand that much without flinching, and be likely to recollect and think of what they have heard. At the end of an hour's boring, the orator will find his labor to have been lost, and the sigh of relief as he makes his final bow will be his only reward.

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Tyrian Lodge, No. 618, located in East New York, was duly installed last Wednesday evening, R. W. John R. Oakley officiating as Grand Master *pro tem.* This Lodge, while under dispensation, was most successful in its labors, and we predict for it now, that it is fairly under warrant a brilliant and successful future. Keep a steady hand at the throttle-valve to regulate the steam and all will be well.

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Annual Banquet of Stella Lodge, No. 485.—This Lodge, which is one of the largest and best managed in Brooklyn, annually celebrates the festival of the summer solstice by a banquet in the most *recherché* style. This year the feast was held at the Mansion House, famed for its good cheer and the attentive manner in which on such occasions its guests are served. The company, numbering about two hundred, assembled in parlors set apart for their use, when the time allowed for preparation was pleasantly passed. Among the guests of note were delegations from Union Lodge of Philadelphia and Crawford Lodge of Meadville, M. W. John W. Simons. R. W. Jerome Buck. C. A. Marvin, Jno. K. Oakly, W. David Cavan, H. Farrington, Hon. John Oakley, Smith of the *Courier*, Corry O'Lanus of the *Eagle*, Rev. Bros. Wm. A. Bartlett and H. M. Gallaher and others. At 9 o'clock the banquet hall was thrown open, and the company being seated a most artistic banquet was spread before them, including every delicacy of the season, including a liberal supply of Jules Mumm and other brands of potables.

After the cloth was removed, the following toasts were drank with all the honors:

1st. *The Grand Lodge of the State of New York.*—Our Masonic parent, to whom our allegiance is cheerfully paid, whose peace, harmony and prosperity we earnestly desire as being the guarranty, that under its fostering care Masonry will prosper.

Response by M. W. Bro. Simons. Music.

2d. *The Grand Master and his associate Grand Officers.*—Chosen by the suffrages of the brethren to be our representatives, we honor them as officers and tender them the right hand of fellowship as brethren.

Response by R. W. Jerome Buck.

3d. *Our Brethren from Pennsylvania, Union Lodge of Philadelphia, and Crawford Lodge of Meadville.*—We greet them on this festal day as honored guests, and desire that the amenities of the present occasion should be the symbol of that brotherly interest we feel in their welfare, and of our earnest hopes for their personal and Masonic success.

Response by Bros. Klett and Seiples. Music.

4th. *The loving tie we feel.*—In other words, the sacred and inviolable bonds of the Craft. On this the natal day of our Patron Saint, we recognize their force, and pledge anew our vows of fealty to Masons and Masonry.

Response by R. W. C. A. Marvin.

5th. *Our visiting Brethren generally.*—Honored by their presence on this occasion, we greet them with a true Masonic welcome, and desire through them to express to our Sister Lodges our warm interest in their unity, peace and prosperity.

Response by W. David Cavan.

6th. *Masons everywhere.*—May the Great Architect have them in His gracious keeping; to those who doubt, teaching FAITH; to those who are in distress, HOPE; and to those who prosper, CHARITY.

Response by Bro. James Couch. Music.

7th. *The Clergymen of our Order.*—May their teachings of "God's holy word" enable us to see clearly all the beauties of the GREATEST of "Great Lights," and by its aid to enlighten all the dark places of the earth.

Response by Rev. Wm. Alvin Bartlett, a masterly production, and by all odds the speech of the evening.

8th. *The Masonic Press.*—As sentinels upon the watchtower, may its conductors feel the importance of its mission, and print nothing but what is proper to be written.

Response by Bro. Simons, of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, in which pleasant allusions were made to our cotemporaries, and the secular press given a chance by the health of Bro. Corry O'Lanus, who responded briefly, but neatly.

9th. *The Ladies.*—Though the doors of our institution are closed against them, they hold the keys to our hearts, and we will ever pay them willing and faithful homage.

Response by Hon. John Oakey, who, as usual, made his audience laugh consumedly.

The music for the occasion by Bros. Stein, Lockwood and Loretz, under the direction of Bro. John M. Loretz, Jr., organist for the Lodge.

The regular order having been completed, the flow of soul began and was kept up with enthusiasm until the waning hours admonished a retreat. Rarely has it been our good fortune to assist at a banquet where genuine Masonic harmony and spirit were so manifest as on this occasion, and we can sincerely congratulate Stella Lodge upon the marked and gratifying success of their festival.

In conclusion, we desire to acknowledge our indebtedness for kindly attentions to W. Bros. Palmer, Craige, Willetts and Short, and Bros. Fowler, Brasier, Mosscrop, and the elderly but genial Gates.

Until further advices, Stella Lodge may go up head.

NEW YORK STATE.

Buffalo.—A large number of the Masonic friends of R. W. Bro. Christopher G. Fox, J. G. W., gathered in the rooms of Queen City Lodge last evening, to participate in the presentation of a portrait of himself from his brethren. The presentation speech of W. Bro. P. A. Mattison, P. M., was of unusual neatness, free from "bombast" and earnestly expressive of the honest affectionate regard with which the members of Q. C. Lodge hold Bro. Fox, and their appreciation of his faithful, indefatigable and successful efforts to elevate his Lodge and the Fraternity in general. The response of Bro. Fox, was characteristically modest, and evinced a gratefull realization of the motives which actuated the donors. W. M. Tryon followed with a few remarks, full of feeling, congratulating the Lodge for the harmony and pure brotherly sentiments which pervade. An hour was then spent in pleasant social interchange of sentiment, the W. M. developing from the impromptu orators upon whom he called an amount of native talent that was highly edifying as well as interesting; closing with W. Bro. Chas. E. Young, who, in his usual happy manner "filled up time" until interrupted by a summons to adjourn to the adjoining room where a table, spread with the delicacies of the season, had been thoughtfully prepared. The usual toasts and responses followed, and at 11 o'clock the company separated, satisfied that in this instance the recipient was in every respect worthy of the expression received. The portrait was painted by Bro. A. Rockwell, of this city, and is a perfect and elegant piece of artistic skill and a wonderfully good likeness. C.

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FAIR AT GREENPOINT.—The brethren at Greenpoint, over the river, having no suitable hall wherein to meet, and despairing of exciting the capitalists of the place to put up a respectable building, have resolved to follow Dr. Franklin's advice, and do that which needs to be done themselves. As a means of raising the required funds they are now holding a Fair in Franklin near Noble Street. The exhibition will remain open until the 2d of July, when it will close with a promenade concert and calico ball. We trust that the enterprise may be abundantly successful, and that in due time our friends may be enabled to erect a building creditable to themselves and to the town.

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The following, are the District Deputies for the current year:

1st District—City of New York, north of Fourteenth street. W. Thomas H. Landon, of Bunting Lodge, No. 655.

2d District—City of New York, between Grand and Fourteenth streets. W. Oliver, G. Brady, Master of St. John's, No. 1.

3d District—City of New York, south of Grand street. W. Jerome Buck, of St. Nicholas Lodge, No. 321.

4th District—Kings, Queens and Suffolk Counties, W. Charles A. Marvin, Master of Altair Lodge, No. 601.

5th District—Richmond county, W. Bro. Dr. Chas. H. Hubbard.

16th District—Onondaga, Oswego, Cayuga and Cortlandt Counties, R. W. Orrin Welch, of Syracuse.

22d District—Erie County, W. John A. Lockwood of Buffalo.

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The following are the names of the Lodges Chartered at the last meeting of the Grand Lodge:

Teutonia, 617, N. Y. City, Hans. F. Toerve, M.; Citizen, 628, N. Y. City, Geo. Braker, M.; Goeth, 629, N. Y. City, Gustavis Lebelin, M.; Girard, 631, N. Y. City, Philander Reid, M.; Prudence, 632, N. Y. City, Samuel M. R. Bright, M.; Scotia, 634, N. Y. City, L. P. Buchanan, M.; Copestone, 641, N. Y. City, Thomas P. Pascall, M.; Knickerbocker, 642, N. Y. City, Jos. J. Jennings, M.; Daniel Carpenter, 643, N. Y. City, Wm. Jahne, M.; Raymond, 644, N. Y. City, Samuel W. E. Beckner, M.; Emanuel, 654, N. Y. City, B. Shuman, M.; Perseverance, 652, N. Y. City, William Prankard, M.; True Craftsman, 651, N. Y. City, Jacob P. Solomon, M.; Bunting, 655, N. Y. City, Benj. G. Lennox, M.; Livingston, 657, N. Y. City, J. F. Ellery, M.; Americus, 535 (Charter restored), Reves E. Selmes, M.; Constitution, 241, formerly Oscar Coles, William H. Devins, M.; Euclid, 656, Brooklyn, Kings County, Wm. A. Kelsey, M.; Misletoe, 647, Brooklyn, Kings County, Joseph D. Evans, M.; Crystal Wave, 638, Brooklyn, Kings County, Henry E. Day, M.; Adytum, 640, Brooklyn, Kings County, M. W. John W. Simons, M.; Manual, 636, Brooklyn, E. D., John Gibbs, M.; Lyrian, 618, East N. Y., Kings County, Joseph W. Welch, M.; Advance, 635, Astoria, Queens County, John Clark, M.; Hillsdale, 612, Hillsdale, Columbia County, Philip Becker, Jr., M.; Cleveland, 613, Cleveland, Oswego County, Israel Morse, M.; Newark Valley, 614, Newark Valley, Tioga County, George H. Allison, M.; Stissing, 615, Pine Plains, Duchess County, Lewis D. Hunting, M.; Cazenovia, 616, Cazenovia, Madison Co., Chas. Stebbins, Jr., M.; Eagle, 619, Richmond, Ontario Co., Thomas Walsh, M.; Clinton F. Page, 620, Otto, Cattaraugus Co., Ralph Dewey, M.; Orange, 621, Orange, Schuyler Co, Thos. J. Crouch, M.; Central Square, 622, Central Square, Oswego Co., F. A. Strong, M.; Sayles, 623, Bridgeport, Madison Co., R. Whitman, M.; Sharon Springs, 624, Sharon, Schoharie Co., B. B. Eldridge, M.; Fraternal, 625, White Corners, Erie Co., Charles E. Haviland, M.; Franklinville, 626, Franklinville, David Pheteplace, M.; Walkill, 627, Montgomery, Orange Co., Hugh B. Bell, M.; Gilboa, 630, Gilboa, Schoharie Co., Wm. S. Baldwin, M.; Richville, 633, Richville, St. Lawrence Co., Horace White, M.; Rising Light, 637, Belleville, Jefferson Co., Wm. Jenkins, M; Riverhead, 645, Riverhead, Suffolk Co., N. S. Woodhull, M.; Red Jacket, 646, Lockport, Niagara Co., John Collier, M.; Centreville, 648, Centreville, Ononadago Co., Isaac Baum, M.; McClellan, 649, Troupsburg, Steuben Co., John D. Holmes, M.; Amboy, 650, West Amboy, Oswego Co., F. A. Dauey, M.; Mamaro, 653, Mamaroneck, Westchester Co., William M. Gambling, M.; Morrisville, 658, Morrisville, Madison Co., A. J. French, M.; South Otselic, 659, Otselic, Chenango Co., Frank M. Benjamin, M.; Rochester, 660, Rochester, Monroe Co., John W. McElhaney, M.; Evening Star, 44, Hornellsville (Charter returned), H. E. Burvinger, M.; Cambridge Lodge retained U. D.; Bethovan Lodge retained U. D.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Grand Commandery.—Rev. Bro. Robert Pattison, in his late address before the Templars at Pittsburg, said:

Why, sirs, it does seem to me in this far off day that my highest ambition would be gratified if I could but make a pilgrimage to that land with a company of Christian Knights, walk with them through the village of Bethlehem and see the *star* of the East; go with them to Nazareth, and tarry for a little period in the carpenter shop of Joseph, and see the lad who, at twelve years of age, had astonished the doctors of the law; go to the beautiful Lake Gennesareth, whose bold and mountainous shores had been the scene of so many of the Saviour's miracles; march with them through the streets of Jerusalem, stopping to worship in the Temple at the holy altar; stand with them on Calvary Hill, and hear the words "It is finished" fall from the lips of Jesus ere he gives up the ghost; tarry with them at the sepulchre, and hear the angel say, "He is not here, He is risen;" and gaze with them from Mount Olivet after our ascended Lord, and hear from the clouds, He shall in like manner return again. It would be grand, it would be soul-inspiring, if we could return from such scenes with new energy, to battle against the living vanities and deceits of this world.

When these pilgrims are hindered, or put to death on their way to the holy city, is it surprising that some noble men are found to stand in the mountain passes for their protection and guard them across the plains? We might well be ashamed of our nature and blush for our manhood if, in such an exigency, none were found to defend the right.

The first aim and only object of Knights Templar in their origin was to protect these poor pilgrims in their journey back and forth from the seacoast to Jerusalem.

To alleviate the dangers and difficulties to which these pious pilgrims were exposed, to guard the honor of the saintly virgins and matrons, and to protect the gray hairs of the aged, nine noble Knights (to their glory be it said) formed a holy brotherhood in arms, and entered into a solemn compact to aid one another in clearing the highways of infidels and of robbers, and in protecting the pilgrims through the passes and defiles of the mountains to the Holy City. Their united devotion and valor exercised them for the safety of pilgrims on their way to the holy sepulchre.

The order rapidly increased in numbers and wealth, but they maintained their devotion and valor. The unconquerable spirit with which they were animated was manifested in many a well fought battle.

WISCONSIN.

The Grand Lodge, at its session just closed, installed the following officers:

Harlow Pease, G M; Alexander Meggett, G. S W.; C. F. G. Collins, G. J. W.; W. H. Hiner, G. Treasurer; W. T. Palmer, G. Secretary; J. A. Bates, D. G. M.; John Turner, G. M.; Samuel Moore, S. G D; Rev. Samuel Fallows, G. C.; Eli Hawks, G. P.; C. T. Mead, and W. L. Kennet, G. S; Eb. Clewett, G. T.

The Grand Lodge of Wisconsin was organized at Madison, December 18, 1843, with but three constituent Lodges, at Milwaukie, Mineral Point and Platteville, and with a membership of 100. Now there are 7,675 members. Six new Lodges were chartered.

◆◆

Equine.—We regret to announce that one of our esteemed friends, a worthy brother of a Brooklyn Lodge, was severely bitten by a horse on Thursday afternoon. A correspondent says: "We sincerely sympathize with the brother, but cannot refrain from endorsing the taste of the horse!"—*Dispatch.*

The brother alluded to is W. Benj. W. Palmer, of Stella Lodge. We are happy to add that he is rapidly recovering and that the horse "still lives."

◆◆◆

Valuable Masonic Books for Sale.—We are requested by Brother Robert Morris, to say that he has a few full sets for sale of *The Voice of Masonry*, quarto form, 1859 to 1861. These are exceedingly valuable, and can be had cheap. For price, &c., address him at La Grange, Ky.

◆◆

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

IOWA.—GRAND MASTER PECK'S DECISIONS, 1866-67.

Query.—A member is suspended for non-payment of dues. Within three or four months he pays the amount due and asks to be reinstated. Is a majority or two-thirds vote necessary for his reinstatement?

Answer.—By reference to substitute for Sec. XXXV., Grand Lodge By-Laws, you will discover that, if payment of the amount due at the time of his suspension is made within one year after his suspension, he is reinstated without a vote of the Lodge.

Query.—A candidate is balloted for and rejected, and so declared by the W. M. After the Lodge closes, it is ascertained that a *non-affiliate* had been balloting, and, further, that said non-affiliate is unfriendly to the candidate. As there was but one black ball cast, it is supposed that it was by him. Can the ballot be declared null and void and a new ballot ordered at the next stated meeting?

Answer.—No; but I consider that the circumstances warrant the granting of a dispensation for a new ballot, if desired, without waiting the prescribed six months.

Query.—Some six months ago, A. B. applied for initiation, and, after the usual course, was elected. After election, and before initiation, he learned that C. D. was a member of our Lodge, and as he was unfriendly with him, he (A. B.) said he did not wish to join any society of which C. D. was a member. There was nothing done for some months and, in the meantime, A. B. openly expressed himself an atheist. About this time A. B. and C. D. became fully reconciled, and A. B. now claims his initiation. We were ready to initiate him at one time, and he declined; now he is ready, and I decline until I hear from you. What shall we do?

Answer.—A. B. has no special claims upon the Lodge simply because he, at one time, has been elected to receive the first degree. An objection to his initiation is just as valid up to the time of his being placed in due form as though expressed in the way of a black ball at the time of balloting, and should be so regarded by the W. M. If he has openly expressed himself an atheist, the idea of initiating him should not be entertained for a moment, for, "agreeably to our Masonic institutes, no atheist can be made a Mason," and as soon as he has crossed the threshold of the preparation room he will be compelled to profess his belief in Deity or be permitted to retire.

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DAVID GRAHAM, Secretary.

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PRIMITIVE CHAPTER, No. 5, ROSE CROIX, A∴ & P∴ R∴ M∴, meets 1st, 3d and 5th Fridays, in Encampment Room, Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Grand and Centre Streets.

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☞ For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see the edition of this paper of April 6, 1867.

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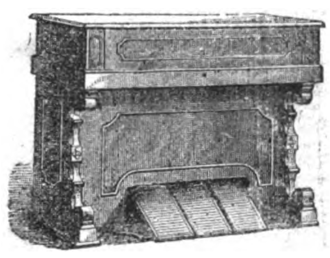

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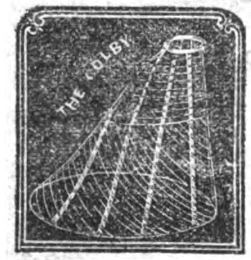

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ZETLAND CHAPTER, No. 141, meets at Masonic Hall, 114 and 116 East 13th Street.

PROGRESSIVE CHAPTER, No. 198, meets on the 1st, 3d and 5th Wednesdays, at Masonic Temple, cor. Grand and 7th Streets, Brooklyn, E. D.

OLIVE BRANCH CHAPTER, No. 6, A.·. & P.·. R.·., meets on the 2d and 4th Tuesdays, at 159 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn.

METROPOLITAN CHAPTER, No. 140, meets on the 1st and 3d Fridays, at Masonic Hall, 114 and 116 East 13th Street.

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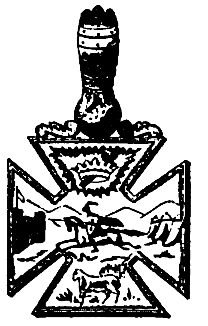

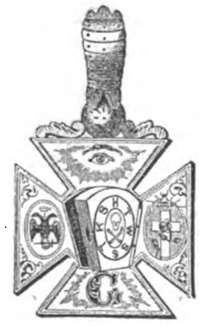

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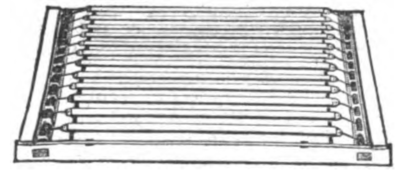

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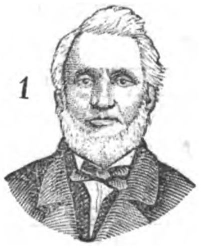

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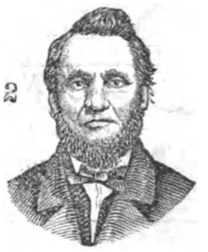

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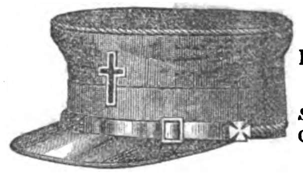

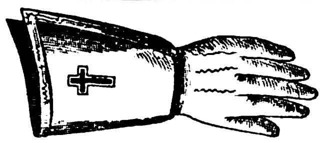

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